After the Print by Martin Droeshout

Engraved from the Folio Edition 1623

Redfield, New York
THE WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE

THE TEXT
REGULATED BY THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED FOLIO OF 1632, CONTAINING
EARLY MANUSCRIPT EMENDATIONS

WITH A

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

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

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
GLOSSARIAL AND OTHER NOTES
AND THE
READINGS OF FORMER EDITIONS

REDFIELD:
110 AND 112 NASSAU-STREET, NEW-YORK.
1853.
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year One Thousand Eight Hundred and Fifty-three, 

BY J. S. REDFIELD,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.
AMERICAN PREFACE.

In the present edition of the Works of Shakespeare, the text of the plays has been taken from that published in London by J. Payne Collier, a few months since, embodying the manuscript emendations recently discovered by him in a copy of the second folio edition published in 1632. The text of the Poems, the Life of Shakespeare, the account of the early English Drama, and the separate prefaces to the plays are from the octavo edition in 1844, by the same editor. As the latest edition contained no notes and those in his previous one were, to some extent, superseded by the alterations in the text, and were unsuited from their length to the requirements of a copy in a compact form, it was deemed advisable that new notes should be prepared.

This has been undertaken for the present work. It has been the aim by close condensation to convey a greater amount of information directly illustrative of the text than has ever been presented in a similar form. For information on an important portion of the task, that of indicating the variations between the quarto (where such are in existence) and folio copies of the plays, reliance has been placed almost entirely on Mr. Collier's first edition. That gentleman had free access to all the early copies in the libraries of the Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton, better known to American readers as Earl of Ellesmere; collections formed at great labor and expense, and far more complete than any previously brought together in public or private repositories. The notes illustrative of obsolete words, expressions and customs, have been derived from the edition of Mr. Collier already referred to, Mr. Knight's Pictorial Shakspere, the works of Dyce, Douce, Halliwell, Hunter, Richardson, and the American editions of Messrs. Verplanck and Hudson, with such aid as a long acquaintance with the Dramatic and general Literature of the age of Elizabeth and James could furnish.

Notes, pointing out or commenting upon the sentiments expressed in the text, have been purposely avoided, it being presumed that the reader having been furnished with every material for the employment of a correct taste and judgment, will prefer to exercise these faculties for himself.

Comment of this description, which has often been carried to an impertinent or tedious extreme, has also been avoided in noting the variations between the text of the
present and that of previous editions. The reader has been placed in possession of the old by the side of the new readings, and left to an unbiased choice between them. The frequent recurrence of notes of this description rendered necessary the simple abbreviation of f. e. for former edition, the edition referred to being that of Collier, published in 1844, and almost universally received as the established text, until the discovery by the same editor of the celebrated copy of the folio of 1632. No other abbreviations occur in the notes, unless the mention of the first, or folio of 1623, as "the folio," be so regarded.

It may be proper to state that the notes, unless where otherwise expressed, refer to the word preceding the corresponding numbers in the text.

As an interesting illustration, a characteristic fac-simile of a portion of a page of the corrected folio, 1632, is appended. The head of the Poet, which forms the frontispiece, is a faithful copy of the engraving by Martin Droeshout, which is printed on the title-page of the folios, of 1623, and 1632, and upon which Ben Jonson wrote the celebrated lines testifying so decidedly to the faithfulness of the likeness—a stronger guarantee than any other portrait of the Dramatist can claim.

G. L. D.

New York, September, 1853.
DEDICATION.

To the most Noble and Incomparable Pair of Brethren. 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 Lord Right Honourable,

Whilst we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your Lordships, we are fallen upon the ill fortune, to mingle two 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 favour, 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' likings 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; there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed, 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 Cock-pit, 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 oversee 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 impostors, that exposed them; even these, 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 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.
COMMENTSARY VERSES.

Upon the Efficacies 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 findest two contraries,
Two different passions from thy wrath 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. Shake-speare.¹

What need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-pointing pyramid?¹
Dear son of Memory, child of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a lasting monument:
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow; and that each part
Half, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took;
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving;
And, so sepulchred, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

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

Shake-speare, at length thy pious followers give
The world thy works; thy works, by which outlive
Thy children, and the 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 louth 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 cannery age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-brought book shall once invade.

¹ An Epitaph on the admirable Dramatic Poet, W. Shake-speare.] These lines, like the preceding, have no name appeas'd to them in the folio, 1632, but the authorship is ascertained by the publication of them as Milton's, in the edition of his Poems in 1615, Svo. We give them as they stand there, because it is evident that they were then printed from a copy corrected by the author: the variations are interesting, and Malone pointed out only one, and that certainly the least important. Instead of "weak witnesses" in line 6, the folio 1632 has "dull witnesses" instead of "live-long monument," in line 8, the folio has "lasting monument," instead of "heart," in line 10, the folio has "part," an evident misprint; and instead of "itself believing," in line 13, the folio has "herself believing," The last is the difference mentioned by Malone, who also places "John Milton" at the end, as if the name were found in the folio of 1632.

² Than when thy half-word parleying Romains spake.] Leonard Digges prepared a long copy of verses to the edition of Shakespeare's Poems in 1615, Svo, in which he makes this passage, referring to "Julius Cezar," more distinct; he also there speaks of the audiences Shakespeare's play at that time drew, in comparison with Ben. Jonson's. This is the only part of his production worth adding in a note.

³ So have I seen, when Cesar would appear,
And on the stage at half-wood parley were
Brutes and Caesars, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd! with what wonder they went thence!

Nor shall I ever believe or think thee dead,
(Though miss'd) before our bankrupt stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain t' out-do
Passions of Juliust, and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take,
Than when thy half-word parleying Romains spake:—
Till these; till any of thy volume's rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, (our Shake-speare,) thou canst never die,
But, crowned with laurel, live eternally.

L. Diggles

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

We wonder'd (Shake-speare) that thou wentst so soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room:
We thought thou'dst die; but this thy printed word
Tell's thy spectators, that thou wentst but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to art a more part:
That's but an exit of mortality,
This a re-entrance to a plandifice.

I. M."

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

To draw no envy (Shake-speare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book, and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
An neither muse 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 sealent ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affecition, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but groopes, and argeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise;
These are, as some infamous bufud, 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:—Soul 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:

When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Catiline;
Sejanus too, was irksome: they priz'd more
' Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.
And though the Fox and subtile Alchemyst,
Long intermitted, could not quite be mist;
Though these have shand'd all th' ancients, and might raise
Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire,
Acted, have scarce delay'd the sea-coal fire,
And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
Hat, Pains, the rest—you scarce shall have a room,
All is so past-pot'd: let but Beatrice
And Benedick be seen, no I in a trice
The cock-pit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
To hear Malvolio, that cross-gaited this pull
Brief, there is nothing in his wit-brought book,
Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth look," &c.

² Perhaps the initials of John Marston.

³ Referring to lines by William Base, then circulating in MS.,
and not printed (as far as is now known) until 1633, when they were freely imputed to Dr. Donne, in the edition of his poems in that year. All the MSS. of the lines, now extant, differ in minute particulars.
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 exceeds;
I mean, with great but disproportion'd muse:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers;
And tell the world thou didst our ignorance
correcting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line;
And though thou hadst small Latin, and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee, I would not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Aschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Paucius, Aeicus, him of Corlyon dead,
To him again, to hear thy prose so fit,
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 Briton! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
His name was not of 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;
Who were so richly strown a right gymnasium,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and desert'd lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet I must 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,
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the muses' anvils; turn the same,
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel he may gain a crown,
For a good poet's made, as well as born.
And such wort thou. Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race.
Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
In his well-turned and true-flled lines;
In each of which he seems to shew his grace,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance,
Sweet Swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our water yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James.
But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
Advance'd, and made a constellation there:
Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, childe, or cheere, the drooping stage;
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mournd like night,
And desairs day, but for thy volume's light.
Ben Jonson.

On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his poems.¹

A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear,
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours, just extent;
To outstrip haste, to retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethie, where (exhausted lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:

In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal short life on earth, but learn
The physiognomy of shades, 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
(Ample, and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's was a second year, and new scope a world,
To him and us, or to us and hurled:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hens,
Make kings his subjects; by exchanging verse
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so did he again, to hear thy prose so fit,
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, please'd in that ruth
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
Disgorgeing up his ravin for our sport: —
While the plebean imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rapturous joy.
To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire;
To steer the afections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew, stoln from ourselves: —
This, and much more, which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
As Shakespeare's freethold; which his cunning brain
Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train
The buskin muse, the comic queen, the grand
And louder tone of Olio, nimble hand
And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants;
These jointly woud him, envying one mother,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)
And wrong'd a curious robe, of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lovely crimson, and the scarlet bright.
Brandish'd and embroild'red 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 spun;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice;
Here hang a woosy rock; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain, pured: 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 they could no longer he 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 crow'd,
Which never fades; fed with ambrosian meat,
In a well-lined ventur, rich, and neat.
So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it;
For time shall never stall, nor envy tear it.
The friendly admirer of his endowments.
I. M. S.

¹ On worthy Master Shakespeare, and his Poems. These lines are subscribed I. M. S. in the folio 1623, "probably John Marve," says Malone. Most probably not, because Norney has left nothing behind him to lead us to suppose that he could have produced this surpassing tribute. I. M. S. may possibly be John Milton, Student, and no name
Upon the Lines, and Life, of the famous Scenic Poet, Master W. Shakespeare.

Those hands which you so clapp’d, go now and wring,
You Britons brave; for done are Shake-speare's days:
His days are done that made the dainty plays,
Which made the Globe of heaven and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
That corpse, that coffin, now bestick those bays,
Wlien crown’d him poet first, then poet’s king.

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

Hugh Holland.

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

TO THE READER.

This Figure, that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life:
O, could he but have drawn his wit
As well in brass, as he hath 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.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.
Richard Burbidge.
John Hemmings.
Augustine Phillips.
William Kempt.
Thomas Poole.
George Bryan.
Henry Condell.
William Sly.
Richard Cowley.
John Lowke.
Samuel Crosse.
Alexander Cooke.
Samuel Gilburne.
Robert Armin.
William Ostler.
Nathan Field.
John Underwood.

Nicholas Tooley.
William Eccleston.
Joseph Taylor.
Robert Benfield.
Robert Gough.
Richard Robinson.
John Shancke.
John Rice.
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Adsum Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Charles, Alanson, 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 flesh his puny sword in Frenchmens blood. 
Puc. Once I encountered him, and thus I said: Thou Maiden youth, be vanquished by a Maide. But with a proud Majestical high forme He answer'd thus: Yon Talbot was not borne To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench, He left me proudly, as unworthy fight. 
Bur. Doubtlesse he would have made a noble Knight: See where he lyes inhered in the armes Of the most bloody Nurser of his harms. 
Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones allunder, Whole life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder: Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we have fled During the life, let us not Wrong it dead.

Enter Luc.

Luc. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent, To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day. Char. On what submissive meassage art thou sent? Luc. Submission Dolphin? Tis a meere French word: We English' Warriours wot not what it means. I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane, And to survey the bodies of the dead. Char. For prisones ask't thou? Hell our prison is, But tell me whom thou seek'ft? 
HISTORY
OF
THE ENGLISH DRAMA AND STAGE
TO
THE TIME OF SHAKESPEARE.

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

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

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

During about 300 years this species of theatrical entertainment seems to have flourished, often under the auspices of the clergy, who used it as the means of religious instruction; but prior to the reign of Henry VI., a new kind of drama had become popular, which by writers of the time was denominated a moral, or moral play, and more recently a morality. It acquired this name from the nature and purpose of the representation, which usually conveyed a lesson for the better conduct of human life, the characters employed not being 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 is perhaps the only specimen of the kind in our language; and as it was unknown to all who have hitherto written on the history of our ancient drama, it will not here be out of place to give some account of the incidents to which it relates, and of the persons concerned in them. The title of the piece, and the year in which the events are supposed to have occurred, are given at the close, where we are told that it is "The Play of the Blessed Sacrament," and that the miracle to which it refers was wrought "in the forest of Aragon, in the famous city of Arles, in the year of our Lord God 1461." There can be no doubt that the scene of action was imaginary, being fixed merely for the greater satisfaction of the spectators as to the reality of the occurrences, and as little that a legend of the kind was of a much older date than that assigned in the manuscript, which was probably near the time when the drama had been represented.

In its form it closely resembles the miracle-plays which had their origin in Scripture-history, and one of the characters, that of the Saviour, common in productions of that class, is introduced into it: the rest of the personages engaged are five Jews, named Jonas, Jason, Jacob, Mephan, and Maltinus; a Christian merchant called Aristorus, a bishop, Sir Isidore a priest, a physician from Brabant called "Mr. Brundyche," and Colle his servant.

The plot relates to the purchase of the Eucharist by the Jews from Aristorus for 100L., under an assurance also that if they find its miraculous powers verified, they will become converts to Christianity. Aristorus, having possession of the key of the church, enters it secretly, takes away the Host, and sells it to the Jews. They put it to various tests and torments: they stab the "cake" with their daggers, and it bleeds, while one of the Jews goes mad at the sight. They next attempt to mail it to a post, but the Jew who uses the hammer has his hand torn off and here the doctor and his servant, Mr. Brundyche and Colle, make their appearance in order to attend the wounded Jew; but after a long comic scene between the quack and his man, highly illustrative of the manners of the time, they are driven out as impostors. The Jews then proceed to boil the Host, but the water turns blood-red, and taking it out of the cauldron with pincers, they throw it into a blazing oven; the oven, after Diod has run out "at the counts," bursts asunder, and an image of the Saviour rising, he addresses the Jews, who are as good as their word, for they are converted on the spot. They kneel to the Christian bishop, and Aristorus having confessed his crime and declared his repentance, is forgiven after a suitable admonition, and a strict charge never again to buy or sell.

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

2 We are indebted for a correct transcript of the original to the zeal and kindness of Dr. J. H. Todd, V.P., R.S.A.
3 In another part of the manuscript it is called "The Play of the Conversion of Sir Jonathas, the Jew, by the Miracle of the Blessed Sacrament;" but inferior Jews are converted, besides Sir Jonathas, who is the head of the tribe in the "famous city of Arles."

* This name may possibly throw some light on an obscure passage, in a letter dated about 1325, and quoted in "The History of Engl. Dram. Poetry, and the Stage," I. 181, where a person of the name of Thomas Wylde informs Cronwell, Earl of Essex, that he had written a play in which a character called "Colle, senator of Constantinople," was introduced, to the great offence of the Roman Catholic clergy.
explain the nature of the story about to be represented, in alternate stanzas; and the whole performance is wound up by an epilogue from the bishop, enforcing the moral, which of course was intended to illustrate, and impress upon the audience, the divine origin of the doctrine of transubstitution.

Were it necessary to our design, and did space allow of it, we should be strongly tempted to introduce some characteristic extracts from this hitherto unseen production; but we must content ourselves with saying, that the language, in several places appears to be older than the reign of Edward IV, or even of Henry VI, and that we might be disposed to attribute it to a somewhat previous generation of the drama to the period of Wickliffe, and the Lollards.

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

Of this singular union of discordant materials, no person who can follow the history of English drama can be surprised, for the literature of the Middle Ages has taken due notice; and 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 species of drama that we have written down 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.1 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 imitations, and a 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; but, as it has been printed by the Camden Society, it is not necessary to follow the writer in the attempt which might be urged to place it as early as 1543. That 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. It has never been mentioned, and as it exists only in manuscript of the seventh, it will not be out of place to quote its title, and to explain briefly in what manner the anonymous author carries out his design. He calls his drama "Repeace," 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 wrote it 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 "Avaries, Insolence, and Adultery." All this is distinctly stated in the author on his title-page, while he also employs the impersonations of Misséricordia, Veritas, Justitia, and Pax, (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 following may be gained by a detail of the import of the tedious interlocutions between the characters, represented, it would seem, by boys, who were perhaps the children of the Chapel Royal; for there are traces in the performance that it was originally acted at court. Respublica is a widow greatly injured and abused by Avaries, Insolence, Oppression, and Adultery; while People, using throughout a rustic dialect, also complain bitterly of their sufferings, especially since the introduction of what had been termed "Reformation" in matters of faith: in the end Justitia brings in Nemesis, to effect a total change by restoring the former condition of religious affairs; and the piece closes with the standard protest of the dramatic character, that the present state is an "Insolence." The production was evidently written by a man of education; but, although there are many attempts at humour, and some at variety, both in character and situation, the whole must have been a very wearisome performance adapted to please the court by its general tendency, but little calculated to accomplish any other purpose entertained by the author. It is of course the "Kynge John" of Bale, which it followed in point of date, and to which, perhaps, it was meant to be a counterpart.

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 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 a court dependent.2 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. But, as it is supposed to have been performed for the first time after Henry VIII had been some years on the throne; while, Skelton was composing such tedious elaborations as his "Magnificence," which, without any improvement, merely carried to a still greater length of absurdity the old style of moral plays, Heywood was writing his "John Tib and Sir John," his "Four Ps," his "Puritour and Friar," and pieces of that description, which presented both variety of matter and novelty of construction, as well as considerable wit and drollery in the language. He was a very original writer, and certainly merits more admiration than any of his dramatic contemporaries.

Besides "King John," Bale was the author of four extant dramatic productions, which may be looked upon as miracle-plays, both in their form and character; viz.: 1. The Three Laws of Nature, Moses and Christ; 2. A Vengeance Given by the God Thomas to Magnus, 3. A Vengeance of Christ. He also wrote fourteen other dramas of various kinds, none of which have come down to us. 3 In the latter part of the sixteenth century, the author was associated with Thomas Heywood, by whom he was supported, and who became a dramatist more than half a century afterwards, and who continued a writer for the stage until near the date of the closing of the theatres by the Parliament.

John Heywood, in all probability, died before Thomas Heywood was born.
Tier and his Wife" is a comedy in its incidents; but the allegorical personages, Desire, Destiny, Stiff, and Patience, connect it immediately with the earlier species of stage-entertainment. "The Conflict of Conscience," on the other hand, is a tragedy on the fate of an historical personage; but Conscience, Hypocrisy, Avarice, Horror, etc., are called in aid of the purpose of the grand and weighty personages who finally usurped the whole stage; while they in turn yielded to real and historical characters, at first only intended to give variety to abstract impersonations. Hence the origin of comedy, tragedy, and history, such as we find them in the works of Shakespeare, and of some of his immediate predecessors.

What is justly to be considered the oldest known comedy in our language is a date 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 1566. It is considered as the first entertainment of its kind in the English stage, and as the scene is laid in London, it affords a curious picture of metropolitan manners. The regularity 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, everyday 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 enamoured of himself, and who is encouraged in the good opinion he entertains of his own person and accomplishments by Matthew Merrygreek, a pedlar, who jests and jests. His wife, all undirty and unengaged, is his companion and servant. Ralph Roister Doister is in love with a lady of property, called Custance, betrothed to Gavin 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, endeavours to gain the affections of Custance. He writes her a letter, which Merrygreek reads without a due observance of the punctuation, so that it entirely perverts the meaning of the writer: he visits her while she is surrounded by her female domestics, but he is unceremoniously rejected; he resolves to carry her by force of arms, and makes an assault upon her bower, which is defended by the ladies with mops and brooms, she drives him from the attack. Then, her betrothed lover returns, who has been misconstrued on the subject of her fidelity, but he is seen 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 jested and laughed at, makes up his mind to be merry at the wedding of Goodluck and Custance. In all this we have no trace of anything like a moral play, with the exception, perhaps, of the character of Matthew Merrygreek, which, in some of its features, its love of mischief and its drollery, bears a resemblance to the comic-Wit of Wotton, who was the chief of essayists of the day. If, as seems probable, the comedy were written before 1556, when the Roister Doister play was first acted at Cambridge until 1556, nine years subsequent to the death of Udall; and it is in every point of view an inferior production. The plot is a mere piece of absurdity, the language is provincial (well fitted, indeed, to the country where the scene is laid), and to the clownish persons engaged in it, and the manner depicted are chiefly those of illiterate rustics. The story, such as it is, relates to the loss of a needle with which Gammer Gurton had mended Hodge's breeches, and which is afterwards found by the hero, when he is about to sit down. The humour, generally speaking, is as coarse as the dialogue; and though it is impossible to deny that in many places the method is crude, it is certainly such as could have produced "Ralph Roister Doister."

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 1563. It was originally called "Gorboduc;' but it was reprinted in 1571 under the title of "Forrexx and Forrex;" and a third time in 1580, in the form of "The Gobbe," it was published by Ralph Roister Doister. It was performed by the men of the Inner Temple. Although the form of the Greek drama is observed in "Gorboduc," and each not concluded by a chorus, yet Sir Francis Dugdale, from the circumstances of the publication, thinks it was "full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases," could not avoid complaining that the unities of time and place had been disregarded. Thus, in the very outset and origin of our stage, as regards what may be termed the regular drama, the liberty, which allowed full exercise to the imagination of the audience, and which was afterwards happily carried to a greater excess, was distinctly asserted and maintained. It is also to be remarked, that "Gorboduc" is the earliest known play in our language in which blank-verse was employed; but of the introduction of blank-verse upon our public stage, we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. It was an important change, which required a time, and which was not immediately adopted by the draughtsman of verse. Still, we have now entered upon the reign of Elizabeth; and although, as already observed, moral plays and even miracle-plays were still acted, we shall soon see what a variety of subjects, taken from ancient history, from mythology, fable, and romance, were employed for the purposes of the drama.

1 One of the latest pieces without mixture of history or fable, and consisting wholly of abstract personages, is, "The Tide tarryeth not Man," by George Wapul, printed in 1796: only a single copy of it has been preserved. (Literary London."
2 The principal persons introduced into it have the following names:—Painted-profit, No-good-neighbourhood, Wastefulness, Christianity, Corruptions, Cheats, Pecked-duckers, Greediness, Wantonness, and Authority-in-despair.
3 A very interesting epistle from Udall is to be found in Sir Henry Ellis's volume (edited for the Camden Society). "Original Letters of Eminent Literary Men."
4 That of Udall is first in the series.
5 The single copy is without pagination, so that we are not certain when it was printed: it cannot be ascribed to the press of 1559, for the publication of the "Play is last Ralph Roister Doister," it is ascribed to the "play is not Ralph Roister Doister."
6 We can, therefore, presume that it was published in that year, or in the next.
7 By "the other drama," we mean moral plays, into which the Vice was introduced, or for the amusement of the spectators; no character so called, or with similar propensities, is to be traced in miracle-plays. He was, in fact, the buffoon of our drama, in what may be termed, its second stage. The progress he made was founded upon Scripture-history, and when even moral plays, in order to be relished, required the insertion of a character of broad humour, and vociferous imitations, who was sometimes to be the companion, and at others, the castigation, of the devil, who represented the principle of evil among mankind. The Vice of moral plays subsequently became the fool and jester of comedy, tragedy, and history, and forms another, and another important branch of the dramatic drama of Elizabeth and James I."
8 In the Hist. Engl. Drama, Poetry and the Stage, ii. 429, it is said that the earliest edition of "Gorboduc" has no date. This is a mistake, as is shown by the copy in the 1580 edition of Lord Francis Egerton, which has "anno 1590, Septemb. 23rd" at the bottom of the title-page, Mr. Hallam, in his admirable "Introduction to the Literature of Ruman," (2nd Ed. 1837, p. 172), expresses his dissent from the position, that the first three acts were by Norton, and the next two by Sackville. The old title-page states, that "these acts were written by Ralph Roister Doister, and the new last by Thomas Sackville." Without the printer, William Griffith, were misinformed, this seems decisive. Notice, which we did not have in our possession."
9 Richard Edwards, was an obscure distinguished dramatic poet, who died in 1566, and who wrote the lost play of "Palamon and Arcite," which seems to have been what we have noticed, was written. We know nothing of the authorship, except the example of Sackville and Norton: his "Damon and Pithias," (the only piece by him that has survived) is in rhyme. See Dodgson's Old Plays, last edition, vol. i. p. 177. Thomas Twine, an actor in "Palamon and Arcite," wrote an epitaph upon its author. "Gammer Gurton's Needle," and "Gorboduc," (the last printed from the second edition) are also inserted in vol. i. and ii. of Dodgson's Old Plays.
Stephen Gosson, one of the earliest enemies of theatrical performances, writing his "Plays confuted in Five Actions" a little after the period of which we are now speaking, but adverting to the drama as it had existed some years before, tells us, that "the Prince of Pleasure, the Golden Ass, the Ethiopian History, Amadis of France, and the Round Table;—comedies in Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish, have been thoroughly ransacked to furnish the play-houses in London." Hence, unquestionably, many of the materials of what is termed our romantic drama were obtained. The accounts of the Master of the Revels between 1570 and 1580 contain the names of various plays represented at court; and it is to be noticed, that it was customary to practice the play at a later date, and it was probably the practice at the time to which we are now advertising, to select for performance before the Queen such pieces as were most in favour with public audiences; consequently the mention of a few of the titles of productions represented before Elizabeth at Greenwich, Whitehall, Richmond, or Nonsuch, will show the character of the popular performances of the day. We derive the following names from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," printed for the Shakespeare Society:—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Lady Barbara</th>
<th>Mutius Scavola</th>
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<tr>
<td>Iphigenia</td>
<td>Portio and Demorantes</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ajax and Ulysses</td>
<td>Titus and Grissopas</td>
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<td>Nymphs</td>
<td>Three Days of the Moon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Paris and Vienna</td>
<td>Cruelty of a Stomach</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Play of Fortune</td>
<td>The Greek Maid</td>
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<tr>
<td>Alceon</td>
<td>Rape of the second Helen</td>
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<tr>
<td>Quain and Clurina</td>
<td>The Four Sons of Pahius</td>
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<tr>
<td>Timocele at the Siege of Thesbes</td>
<td>History of Sarpedon</td>
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<tr>
<td>Persus and Andromeda</td>
<td>Murderous Michael</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Painter's Daughter</td>
<td>Scipio Africanus</td>
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<tr>
<td>The History of the Collier</td>
<td>The Duke of Milan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The History of Error</td>
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These are only a few out of many dramas, establishing the multiplicity of sources to which the poets of the time resorted. 1 Nevertheless, we find on the same indisputable authority, that moral plays were not yet altogether discarded in the court entertainments; for we read, in the original records, of productions the titles of which prove that they were pieces of that allegorical description; among these are "Truth, Faithfulness, and Mercy," and "The Marriage of Mind and Measure," which is expressly called "a moral."

Our main object in referring to these pieces has been to show the great diversity of subjects which had been dramatised before 1580. In 1581 Barnabe Rich published his "Every Man in his Professton," consisting of eight novels; and at the close of the work he inserts this strange address "to the reader."— 2 Now thou last perused these histories to the end, I doubt not but thou wilt deem of them as they worthwhilely deserve, and think such vanities more fitting to be presented on a stage (as some of them have been) than to be published in print. The fact is, that three dramas are extant which more or less closely resemble three of Rich's novels: one of them "Twelfth Night;" another, "The Weakest goeth to the Wall;" and the third the old play of "Philotas." 3

Upon the manner in which the materials thus procured were then 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 Cassandra," gives a compendious description of the nature of popular theatrical representations in 1578. "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 to conquer kingdoms, murder monsters, and bringeth gods from heaven, and doeth with devils from hell; and, till the ground is levelled for 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 all persons, a gross indiscreet." 4 This, it will be seen, is a distinct and peculiar feature, which is taken in our romantic drama, and of the reliance of poets, long before the time of Shakespeare, upon the imaginations of their auditors.

To the same effect we may quote a work by Stephen Gosson, to which we have before been indebted,—"Plays confuted in Five Actions,"— which must have been printed about 1580:— "If a true history (says Gosson) be taken in hand, it is made, like our shadows, longest at the rising and falling of the sun, shortest of all at high noon; for the poets drive it commonly unto such points, as may best show the majesty of their pen in tropical speeches, or set the hearers agog with eccentricities of love; and, in the next place, their own humours with scoffs and taunts; or bring in a show, to furnish the stage when it is bare." Again, speaking of plays professedly founded upon romance, and not upon "true history," he remarks: "Sometimes you shall see nothing but the adventures of an amorous knight, passing from country to country for the love of some lady, encountering many a terrible monster, made of brown mud, which, at his return is so wonderfully changed, that he cannot be known but by some posy in his tablet, or by a broken ring, or a handkerchief, or a piece of cockle-shell." We can hardly doubt that when Gosson wrote this passage he had particular productions in his mind, and several of the characters he describes are still extant.

Sir Philip Sidney is believed to have written his "Apology of Poetry" in 1588, and we have already referred to it in connexion 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 honest civility, nor skilful poetry. But if it be so in Gorboduc, how much more in all the rest, where you see that not one in five is the truest Asia of the one side, having so many defects, and so many errors and absurdities, that the player, when he comes in, must ever begin with telling where he is, or else the tale will not be conceived. Now you shall have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden: by and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then, we are to blame if we do not see a monster; Upon the luck of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cove; 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 travevlers she is got with child, delivered of a fair boy; he is lost, grows a man, falleth 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 justi-

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1 "The Play of Fortune," in the above list, is doubtless the piece which has reached us in a printed shape, as "The Rare Triumphs of Love and Honour," which was acted at Court in 1580, and again in 1582, but it did not come from the press until 1593, and copies of which are in the library of Lord Francis Egerton. The purpose of the anonymous writer was to compose an entertainment which should possess the great requisite of variety, with as much show as could at that early date be accomplished; and we are to recollect that the court theatres were not yet at their zenith. Hence, "The Induction" is in blank-verse, but the body of the drama is in rhymes. "The History of the Collier," also mentioned, was perhaps the comedy subsequently known and printed as "Grim, the Collier of Croyden," and it has been reasonably supposed that "Grim" is the same as Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors." 2 Until recently no edition of an earlier date than that of 1606 was known, but a quarto, "Measure of Sots," at Oxford, which is about to be reprinted by the Shakespeare Society. Malone had heard of a copy in 1593, but it is certainly a mistake. 3 It was organized for the Banbury Club in 1555, by J. W. Mackenzie, Esq.
fied." He afterwards comes to a point previously urged by Whetstone; for Sidney complains that plays were "neitherright tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns, not because the manner was设施 but through the want of skill, the doorkeepers, to play a part in majestical matters with neither decency nor discretion; so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor right sportfulness is by their mongrel tragi-comedy obtained."

It will be remarked that, with the exception of the instance of "Gorboduck," no writer we have had occasion to cite mentions the English Chronicles, as having yet furnished dramatists with stories for the stage; and we may perhaps infer that resort was not had to them, for the purposes of the public theatres, until after the date of which we are now speaking.

Having thus briefly adverted to the nature and character of dramatic representations from the earliest times to the year 1525, 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 permanently constructed for the purposes of the drama, until after 1575. Morality plays were exhibited in the halls of corporations, but more frequently upon moveable stages, or scaffolds, erected in the open air. Moral plays were subsequently performed under nearly similar circumstances, excepting that a practice had grown up, among the nobility and wealthier gentry, of having dramatic entertainments at particular seasons in their own residences.

The domestics of a great personage were the company of actors retained in the family, and sometimes by itinerant players, who belonged to large towns, or who called themselves the servants of members of the aristocracy. In 1412 the act was passed allowing strolling actors to perform, if licensed by some baron or nobleman of higher degree, but subjecting all who went to the penalties inflicted upon vagrants. Therefore, although many companies of players went round the country, and acted as the servants of some of the nobility, they had no legislative protection until 1572. It is a singular fact, that the earliest known company of players, traveling under the name and patronage of one of the nobility, was that of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. Henry VII. had two distinct bodies of "actors of interludes" in his pay, and from henceforward the profession of a player became well understood and recognized. In the later part of the reign of Henry VII., the players of the Duke of Norfolk and Buckingham, and of the Earls of Arundel, Oxford, and Northumberland, performed at court. About this period, and somewhat earlier, we hear of

* As early as 1465 a company of players had performed at the wedding of the Duke of York and Margaret, and in 1509 Sir John Howard, afterwards Duke of Norfolk, see "Manners and Household Expenses of England," printed by Mr. Butlif, M. P., for the Regions Club in 1791, p. 304.

The anonymous MS. play of "Sir Thomas More," written towards the close of the reign of Elizabeth, gives a very correct notion of the mode in which offices to perform were made by a company of players, and accepted by the owner of the mansion. Four players and a boy (for the female characters) tender their services to the Lord Chancellor, just as he is on the point of giving a grand supper to the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London: Sir Thomas More inquires what pieces they can perform, and the answer of the leader of the company supplied him with the "Crucifixion," the "Craving of a Bench," "Hit Nail on the Head," "Impatient Poverty," "The French Knaves," "Lusty Juventas," and "The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom." Sir Thomas More fixes upon the last, and it is accordingly represented, as a play within a play, before the banquet. Sir Thomas More was regularly licensed for public performance.

* Either from preference or policy, Richard III. appears to have been one of the first, and joined in the laude of dramatic performances. He patronized two distinct bodies of "minstrels," and performers on instruments called "shalmis." These facts are derived from a manuscript in the apartments of King Edward IV., formerly belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, preserved in the library of the Society of Antiquaries, and recently printed for the use of the members of the Roxburghe Club.  

**  At a considerably subsequent date some of these infant companies performed before general audiences; and to them we are added the Cheshire players, who were not only never attached to any established establishment, but were chiefly encouraged as a nursery for actors. The Queen of James I. had also a company of theatrical children under her patronage.

Companies attached to particular places; and in oveal records we read of the players of York, Coventry, Lavenham, 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 Westminster, 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 pageant.

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 of theatrical children. In fact, at this period dramatic entertainments, masques, disguising, and revels of every description, were carried on to a costly excess. Henry VIII. devoted the sum, until then paid for a play, from 6d. 13s. 4d. to 10l. William Cartus, the master of the children of the chapel, on one occasion was paid no less a sum than 200l., in the money of that time, by way of reward; and John Heywood, the author of interludes before mentioned, who was also a player upon the virginals, had a salary of 20l. per annum, in addition to what he received as a poet. John Heywood was appointed by Henry VIII. to the office 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 counties, and the companies of theatrical retainers, in the pay, or acting in various parts of the kingdom under the patronage of particular noblemen, became extremely numerous. Religious ideas were also introduced into the stage, and were in the getting up and representation of the performances, especially shortly before the dissolution of the monasteries: in the account-book of the Prior of Dunmow, between March 1532 and July 1536, we find entries of payments to Lords of Misrule there appointed, as well as to the players at the points of the Petition of the Earls of Dorset, Exeter, and Sussex. In 1543 was passed a statute, rendered necessary by the polenical character of some of the dramas publicly represented, although, not many years before, the king had himself encouraged such performances at court, by being present at a play in which Luther and his wife were ridiculed. The act prohibits "ballads, plays, rhymes, songs, and other fantasias" of a religious or doctrinal tendency, but at the same time carefully provides, that the clauses shall not extend to "songs, plays, and interludes" which had for object "the rebuking and reproaching of vices, and the setting forth of virtue; so always the said songs, plays, or interludes meddle not with the interpretations of Scripture."

The permanent office of Master of the Revels, for the
superintendence of all dramatic performances, was created in 1555 and Sir Thomas Catesby 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. Tytler, that Henry VIII. was not yet buried, and Bishop Gardiner and his parishioners, being in the possession of a grant, which was one of the results 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 Bankside; and it shows how early a date that part of the town was selected for such exhibitions. When Mr. Tytler adds that the players of the Earl of Oxford were "the first that were kept up with a regular house," he falls into a great error. Richard III., and others of the nobility, as already remarked, had companies of players attached to their households.

We have the evidence of Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie," 1589, for stating that the Earl of Oxford, under whose name the players in 1547 were about to perform, was himself a dramatic performer. Very soon after Edward VI. came to the throne, severe measures were taken to restrain not only dramatic performances, but the publication of dramas. Playing and printing plays were first entirely suspended; then, the companies of noblemen were allowed to perform, but not without strict conditions; and finally, the Provincial, and to the number of six of the Privy Council were required to their licenses. The objection stated was, that the plays had a political, not a polemical, purpose. One of the first acts of Mary's government, was to issue a proclamation to put a stop to the performance of interludes calculated to advance the principles of the Reformation; and we may be sure that the same thing was done in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The claim was of a century description. It appears on other authorities, that for two years there was an entire cessation of public dramatic performances; but in this reign the representation of the old Roman Catholic miracle-plays was partially and authoritatively revived.

It is not intended to detail the proceedings in connexion with theatrical representations at the opening of the reign of Elizabeth. At first plays were disconstrained, but by degrees they were permitted; and the queen seems at all times to have derived much pleasure from the services of her own players, those of her nobility, and of the different companies of children belonging to Westminster, St. Paul's, Wren's, and other schools. The Earl of Pembroke's court also performed "Gorboduc" on 18th January, 1562; and on February 1st, an historical play, under the name of "Julius Caesar," was represented, but by what company is no where mentioned.

In 1572 the act was passed (which was renewed with additional force in 1577) to restrain the number of itinerant performers. Two years afterwards, the Earl of Leicester obtained from Edward VI. a patent under the great seal, to enable his players James Burbage, Richard Jones, John Alleyn, William Johnson, and Robert Wilson, to perform "comedies, tragedies, interludes, and stage-plays," in any part of the kingdom, with the exception of the metropolis.

The Lord Mayor and Aldermen succeeded in excluding the plays from the strict boundaries of the city, but they were not able to prevent them from being performed out of the liberties; nor to be forgotten that James Burbage and his associates were supported by court favour generally, and by the powerful patronage of the Earl of Leicester in particular. Accordingly, in the year after they had obtained their patent, James Burbage and his fellows took a large house in the parish of St. Mary Eglise, and converted it into a theatre. This was accomplished in 1576, and it is the first time we hear of any building set apart for theatrical representations. Until then the various companies of actors had been obliged to content themselves with churches, halls, with temporary erections in the streets, or with inn-yards, in which they raised a stage, the spectators standing below, or occupying the galleries that surrounded the open space. Just about the same period 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 in use until 1600; and from this circumstance it appears that the theatre was standing there not many years afterwards.

John Stockwood, a puritanical preacher, published a sermon in 1578, in which he asserted that there were "eight ordinary places" in and near London for dramatic exhibitions, and that the united profits were not less than £2000 a year. In at least £12,000 of our present weekly expenditure is charged upon the name of White, equally opposed to such performances, preaching in 1576, called the play-houses at that time erected, "sumptuous theatres." No doubt, the puritanical zeal of these divines had been excited by the opening of the Blackfriars, the Curtain, and the Theatre, in 1576 and 1577, for the exclusive purpose of the drama; and the five additional places which had been licensed before the Parliament met in 1575 were not erected before 1578, were mostly likely a play-house at Newington-buts, or inn-yards, converted occasionally into theatres.

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

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1 The original appointment of John Bernard is preserved in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., to whom we owe the additional information, that this Clerk of the Revels had a house assigned to him, strangely called, in the instrument, "Egypt, and Flesh-Hall," with a garden which had belonged to the dissolved monastery of the Charter-house: the words of the original are, extanta illa domus et edification nuper vocata Egyptiana et Fleshitall, et ille domum etiam adjectum nuper vocitum in Garumt. The theatrical wardrobe of the Earl of Oxford was in the house of John's Gate, Clerkenwell.
2 In his "Edward VI. and Mary," 1539, vol. i. p. 39.
3 See Kemp's "Loyel Manuscripts," 1523, p. 61. The warrant for the purpose was under the seal manual, and it was directed to Sir T. Cawarden, as Master of the Revels:—We will and command you, upon the sight hereof, forthwith to make and deliver out of our Treasury the sum of £100 to the bailiffs of the city of London, for the use of our Chapel, for a play to be played before us at the feast of our Coronation, as in times past hath accustomed to be done by the bailiffs of our city, the time of our marriage, at the expense of the revenues of our kingdom. The date is 1539, was for some unexplained reason deferred until Christmas.
4 There is a material difference between the warrant under the privy seal and the one issued on the occasion; the former gives the players a right to perform as "well within the city of London and liberties of the same as elsewhere; but the latter is limited to the city. Mr. Tyrwhitt, in his note to this paragraph, and we need entertain little doubt that it was excluded at the instance of the Corporation of London, always opposed to theatrical performances.

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1 In 1557 the Boar's Head, Algate, had been used for the performance of a drama called "The Sack full of News," and Stephen Gosson in his "School of Abuse," 1579, (reprinted by the Shakespeare Society) mentions the Belfrey, the Bull and the Inn as at which particular plays had been represented. R. Flickner, in his "Short Discourse of the English Stage," appended to his "Lover's Kingdom," 1604, says that "at this day is to be seen" that "the inn yards of the Cross Keys, and Bull, in Grace and Bishopsgate Streets" had been used as theatrical purposes. In 1575, the Earl of Leicester's theatre was in the inn-yard of the Bear's Head, Algate, had belonged to the father of Edward Alleyn.

2 It has been supposed by some, that the Curtain theatre owed its name to the curtain employed to separate the acting and spectator's space. We have before us documents (which on account of the length we cannot insert) showing that such was probably not the fact, but that the name of the theatre was derived from the curtain of our Chapel, for a play to be played before us at the feast of our Coronation, as in times past hath accustomed to be done by the bailiffs of our city, the time of our marriage, the rent of which was used for the entertainment we have to offer our thanks to Mr. T. E. Tomlins of Islington.

3 In John Northbrooke's "Treatise," &c. against "vain plays or interludes," he says that "at the JB. of the Theatre, and in the printer's hands. It has been reprinted by the Shakespeare Society.

4 See the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," (published by the Shakespeare Society) p. 199. It seems that the Rose had been the sign of a house of public entertainment before it was converted into a theatre. It was at the east-end of the Southwark Wall, in the same neighbourhood.

5 By Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," printed for the Shakespeare Society, pp. 32 and
supposed that in 1583 she selected one company of twelve performers, to be called "the Queen’s players"; but it seems that she had two separate associations in her pay, each distinguished as "the Queen’s players." Tylden, the master of the revels at the time, records, in one of his accounts, that in March, 1583, she paid "to Richard Tarlton and Robert Wilson were placed at the head of that association, which was probably soon afterwards divided into two distinct bodies of performers. In 1590, John Lanham was the leader of one body, and Lawrence Dutton of the other.

We have thus brought our sketch of dramatic performances to the close of the 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 a matter which is more distinctly considered in the biography of the poet; but it is necessary here to fix 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 afford us little information, and indeed for several years, when such entertainments were certainly required by the Queen, we are without any detailed particulars of what was performed, or of the cost of preparation. We have such particulars for the years 1581, 1582, 1584, and 1587, but for the intermediate years they are wanting.

From 1581, 1582, and 1584, we have the following names of distinct performances of various kinds exhibited before the Queen:

A comedy called Delight.

The Story of Pompey.

A Game of the Cards.

A comedy of Beauty and Housewifry.

Love and Fortune.

History of Ferrar.

History of Telena.

Ariodatus and Genorena.

Pastorini or Philius and Cloris.

History of Felix and Phillomena.

Five Plays in One.

Three Plays in One.

Agamemnon and Ulysses.

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 expressly called "a comedy or moral," in the accounts of 1582; and we may not unreasonably suppose that "Delight," and "Beauty and Housewifry," were of the same class. "The Story of Pompey," and "Agamemnon and Ulysses," were evidently performances founded upon ancient history, and such may have been the case with "The Life of an Adventurer," and Felix and Phillomena," which has been called "the play of Fortune" in the account of 1573; and we may feel assured that "Ariodante and Genorena" was the story told by Ariosto, which also forms part of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing." "The History of Ferrar" was doubtless "The History of Error" of the account of 1577, the clerk having written the title by ear; and we may reasonably suspect that "Felix and Phillomena" was the tale of Felix and Feliciana, narrated in the "Diana" of Montemayor. It is thus evident, that the Master of the

186. The editor's "Introduction" is full of new and valuable information.

1 Tarlton died on 3 Sept., 1588, and we apprehend that it was not until after this date that Lanham became leader of one company of the Queen's. The account books of the Queen's Revels are, unfortunately, not very clear, and we had to call upon the Preparatory Office, bearing date on the day of his decease; he there calls himself "one of the gentlemen of the Queen's chamber," and leaves a "bequest to the Queen's chamber" of 50s. This is a "bequest of 50s. for his obitsory, specialties, and debts," to his son Philip Tarlton, a minor. He appoints his mother, Katherine Tarlton, his friend Robert Adams, and "his fellow William Johnson, one also of the group of her Majesty's chamber," trustees for his son, and executors of his will, which was proved by Adams three days after the death of the testator. A MS. in the British Museum, written for Sir Richard Devereux, which we are not able to quote, states that he was a widower; and of his son, Philip Tarlton, we never hear after the date of the will.

2 From 1587 to 1604, the most important period as regards Shakespeare, it does not appear that any official statements by the masters of the revels have been preserved. In the same way there is an unfortunate interval between 1604 and 1601.

3 One of the last pieces represented before Queen Elizabeth was a 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 undertaking had been written, and acted before public audiences; but those who entered the court in these matters might not consider it expedient to exhibit, in the presence of the Queen, any play which involved the actions or conduct of her predecessors. The companies of players engaged in these representations were the Earl of Oxford, the Earl of Leicester, Derby, Sussex, Essex, the Lords Holland and Strange, and the children of the Chapel Royal and of St. Paul's.

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 so far as to state that no fewer than two hundred persons, thus retained and employed, straitened in their silks about the streets. It may be doubted whether this statement is quite exaggerated, and whether the players resorted under their names at this date, and that each company consisted probably of eight or ten performers. On the authority we learn that theatrical representations upon the Sabbath had been forbidden; but this restriction does not seem to have been imposed without a considerable struggle. Before 1581 the Privy Council had issued an order upon the subject, but it was disregarded in some of the suburbs of London; and it was not until after a fatal exhibition of bear-baiting at Paris Garden, upon Sunday, 13 June, 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 we can judge from the information that has come down to our day, the order which had been issued in this respect was pretty strictly enforced. At this period, and 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 official statement of the Master of the Revels merely tells us, 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 school, were disposed of, and performed and represented before the Queen at Greenwich. No names of plays are furnished, but in 1587 was printed a tragedy, under the title of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," which purports to have been acted by some of the members of Gray's Inn before the Queen, on 28 Feb., 1587; this, in fact, must be the very production stated in the revels' account to have been performed and up by performed by these parties; and it requires notice, not merely for its own intrinsic excellence as a drama, but, because, in point of date, it is
The second play founded upon English history represented at court, as well as the second original theatrical production in blank-verse that has been preserved. The example, in this particular, had been set, as we have already shown, in "Gorboduc," fifteen years before; and it is probable, that in that interval not a few of the serious compositions exhibited at court were in blank-verse, but it had not yet been used on public occasions.

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 not in rhyme) were added by William Fulbecke and Francis Flower, while no less mean than Lord Bacon assisted Christopher Yeardley in the employment of blank-verse. Hughes evidently took "Gorboduc" as his model, both in subject and style, and, like Sackville and Norton, he adopted the form of the Greek and Roman drama, and adhered more strictly than his predecessors to theunities of time and place. The plot relates to the rebellion of Mordred against his father, King Arthur, and part of the plot is very revolting, on account of the incest between Mordred and his stepmother Guenevere. Mordred himself was the son of Arthur's sister; there is also a vast deal of blood and slaughter throughout, and the catastrophe is the killing of the son by the father, and of the father by the son. This plot, a partially disgraceful story could hardly have been selected. The authorship is more generally supposed to be a very bold and vigorous genius; his characters are strongly drawn, and the language they employ is consistent with their situations and habits: his blank-verse, both in force and variety, is superior to that of either Sackville or Norlow.

It is very clear, that up to the year 1580, about which date Gosson published his "Plays confuted in Five Actes," dramatic performances on the public stages of London were sometimes in prose, but more constantly in rhyme. In his "School of Abuse," 1579, Gosson speaks of "two or three" plays that were "in rhyme." He says in his "Plays confuted" he tells us, that "poets send their versyes to the stage upon such feet as continually are rolled up in s. o. 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 rhyme. The case seems to have been different, as already remarked, with some of the court-shows and private entertainments; but we are now advert- ing to the pieces represented at such places as the Theatre, the Curtain, Blackfriars, and in innyards adapted temporarily to dramatic amusements, to which the public was indiscriminately admitted. The earliest work in which the employment of blank-verse for the purpose of the common stage is noticed, is an epitaph by Thomas Nash introducing to the world his friend Robert Greene's "Metamorph," in 1587; there, in reference to "vain-glorious tragedians," he says, that they are "mounted on the stage of arrogation," and that they "think to out-brave better pens with the swelling bombast of bragging blank-verse." He afterwards talks of the "drumming decasyllibon" they employed, and difficulties they had in repeating it to the last syllable 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 "Tamburlaine," whom he seems to regard as the first who used blank-verse in an English blank-verse, and who, it should seem, had somewhere accused Greene of not being able to write it.

We learn from various authorities, that Christopher Marlowe was the author of "Tamburlaine the Great," a dramatic work of the highest celebrity and popularity, printed as early as 1590, and affording the first known instance of the use of blank-verse in a public theatre; the title-page of the edition 1590 states, that it had been "sundry times shown upon stages 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-actes,
And such conceits as clumsy wits keep in play,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war," &c.

Accordingly, nearly the whole drama, consisting of the value and second part, is in blank-verse. As Dryden's "Troyes ascention," in the dedication to Lord Or- cery of his "Rival Ladiis," in 1664, that "Shakespeare was the first who, to show the pains of continual rhyming, in- bented that kind of writing which we call blank-verse." The distinction belongs to Marlowe, whose tragedies have been a formidable rival of his genius. We live too much reverence for the exhaustless originality of our great dramatist, to think that he cannot afford this, or any other tribute to a poet, who, as far as the public stage is concerned, deserves to be regarded as the inventor of a new style of composition.

That the attempt was viewed with jealousy, there can be no doubt, after what we have quoted from Nash and Greene. It is most likely that Greene, who was elder than Nash, had previously written various dramas in rhyme; and the bold experiment of Marlowe having been instantly successful, Greene was tempted to abandon his old course, and his extant plays are all in blank-verse. Nash, who had at-
tackled Marlowe in 1587, before 1593 (when Marlowe was killed) had joined him in the production of a blank-verse tragedy on the story of Dido, which was published in 1594.

It has been objected against Tambouraine that it is written in a blank verse of a popular style, such indeed as Nash and Greene ridicule; but we are to recollect that Marlowe was at this time endeavouring to wear audiences from the "jiggling veins of rhyming mother-wits," and that, in order to satisfy the ear for the loss of the jingle, he was obliged to give blank verse a blank-verse form. The blank verse of Tambouraine will of itself account for breaches of a more correct taste to be found in "Tambouraine." In the Prologue, besides what we have already quoted, Marlowe tells the audience to expect "high asounding terms," and he did not disappoint expectation. Perhaps the better to reconcile the ordinary frequenters of public theatres to the change of blank verse scenes of low comedy, which the printer of the edition in 1599 thought fit to exclude, as "digressing, 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 "Tambouraine," he did not, even in the second part, think it necessary to make the frequent inroads on the rhymes. In those plays there which 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 remained in some sort the possession of the blank verse scenes 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 auditory than Marlowe held it when he wrote his "Tambouraine the Great." As the first employment of blank verse upon the public stage must have mattered of much importance, in relation to the history of our more ancient drama, and to the subsequent adoption of that form of composition by Shakespeare, we ought not to dismiss it without affording a single specimen from "Tambouraine the Great." The following is a portion of a speech by the hero to Zenocrate, when first he meets and sue to her:

"Diesels Zenocrate to live with me in order to be your follower? Think you I weigh this treasure more than you! Not all the gold in India's wealthly arms Shall buy the meanest soldier in my train. Zenocrate, in the lovely Dove, Brighter than is the silver Rhodope, Fairer than whitest snow on Cythonian hills, Thy person is more worth to Tambouraine, In some pun the possession of the Erodon crowns Which gracious stars have promis'd at my birth. A hundred Tarraus shall attend on thee, Mounted on steeds sweeter than Pegasus: Thy garments shall be made of Modian silk, Enfaced to precious jewels of mine own, More rich and valorous than Zenocrate's; With milk-white harts upon an ivry sled Thou shall be drawn about the frosty poles.

Our quotation is from a copy of the edition of 1600, 4to, in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, which we believe to be the earliest on the title-page it is stated that it is "now first and newly publi

The Nash having alluded to "Tambouraine" in 1587, it is evident that it could hardly have been written later than 1585 which is about the period when it has been generally acknowledged, and with an appearance of probability, supposed that Shakespeare arrived in London. In considering the state of the stage just before our great dramatist became a writer for it, it is clearly, therefore, necessary to advert briefly to the other works of Marlowe, observing in addition, with reference to "Tambouraine," that it is a historical drama in which the national dignity is regarded; that grace 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 in "Tambouraine" 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 the works of Marlowe, as is generally supposed, on the account of a supposed original works, they were written by a man who had set the example of the employment of blank verse the public stage, and perhaps of the historical and romantic drama in all its leading features and characteristics. His "Edward the Second" affords sufficient proof of both these points: the verification displays, though not perhaps in the same degree, the grandeur of Shakespeare in point of construction, as well as in interest, bears a strong resemblance to the "Richard the Second" of our great dramatist. It is impossible to read the one without being reminded of the other, and we can have no difficulty in assigning "Edward the Second" to an anterior period.

The same remark as to date may be made upon the works which come from the pen of Robert Greene, with the feathers of others: he alluded, as we apprehend, to the manner in which Shakespeare had availed himself of the two parts of the "Contention between the Houses, York and Lancaster," in the authorship of which there is much reason to suppose Greene had been concerned. Such evidence, if really relied upon the one in our "Introduction" to "The Third Part of Henry VI.," and a perusal of the two parts of the "Contention," in their original state, will serve to show the condition of our dramatic literature at that great epoch of our stage-history, when Shakespeare began to acquire celebrity. "The True Tragedy of Richard III." is a drama of about the same period, which has come down to us in a much more imperfect state, the original manuscript, having been obviously...
very corrupt. It was printed in 1594, and Shakespeare, finding it in the possession of the company to which he was engaged, was induced thereby to write and produce "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." 1

The dramatic works published under the name or initials of Robert Greene contain in one of them a necromancy aserted to have been written by "Orlando Furioso" (found upon the poems of Boiardo and Ariosto), first printed in 1594; "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungy," also first printed in 1594, and taken from a popular story-book of the time; "A phantom King of Arragon," 1594, for which we know no original; and "James the Fourth" of Scotland, 1598, partly borrowed from history, and partly mere invention. Greene also joined with Thomas Lodge in writing a species of moral-miracle-play, (partaking of the nature of both,) under the title of "A Looking-Glass for London and England," 1594, derived from sacred history; and to him has also been ascribed, "George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield," 1594. In the Library of G. B. Stevens, Greene's "Dulwich," the one printed in 1599, and the other in 1602. It may be seriously doubted whether he had any hand in the two last, but the productions above-named deserve attention, as works written at an early date for the gratification of popular audiences.

We are already referred to the "Greatworth of Wit," 1592, Greene also objects to Shakespeare on the ground that he thought himself "as well able to bombast out a blank-verse" as the best of his contemporaries. The fact is, that in this respect, as in all others, Greene was much inferior to Marlowe, and still less can his lines bear comparison with those of Shakespeare. He doubted as he began to write for the stage in rhyme, and his blank-verse preserves nearly all the defects of that early form: it reads heavily and monotonously, without variety of pause and inflection, and almost the only difference between it and rhyme is the absence of corresponding sounds at the ends of the lines.

The same defects, and in many respects a striking degree of originality, belong to another of the dramatists who is entitled to be considered a predecessor of Shakespeare, and whose name has been before introduced—Thomas Lodge. Only one play in which he was unassisted has descended to us, and it bears the title of "The Wounds of Civil War, lately set forth in the True Tragedies of Marcus and Sylvia." It was not printed until 1597, and it was written as late as 1580, and we may safely 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.

As regards the dates when his pieces came from the press, John Lyly is entitled to earlier notice than Greene, Lodge, or even Marlowe; and it is possible, as he was ten years older than Shakespeare, that he was a writer before any of them: it does not seem, however, that his dramas were acted in any of the public stages, but for court-shows or private entertainments. 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 his author's productions, in prose; but his "Woman in the Moon" (printed in 1597) is in blank-verse, and the "Maids Metamorphosis," 1600, (if indeed it be by him,) in rhyming clerk-verse. The latter was not 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; 2 but his theatrical productions (with the exception of "The Arraignment of Paris," printed in 1584, and written for the court) are of a different description, having been intended for exhibition at the ordinary theatres. His "Edward the First" he calls a "famous chronicle," and most of the incidents, as he remarks, were drawn from history, and the earliest plays founded upon English annals. It was printed in 1593 and in 1599, but with so many imperfections, that we cannot accept it as any fair representation 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 personified the character of the Queen to her husband, and generally confused the popular imagination as to the opening of it is spirited, and affords evidence of the author's skill as a writer of blank-verse. His "Battle of Alcazar" may also be termed a historical drama, in which he allowed himself the most extravagant licence as to time, incidents, and characters. It perhaps preceded his "Edward the First" in point of date (though not printed until 1584,) and the principal event it refers to occurred in 1578. "Sir Clymon and Clymades" is merely a romance, in the old form of a rhyming play; and "David and Bethsab," a scriptural drama, and a great improvement upon older pieces of the same description; Peele here confined himself strictly to the incidents in Holy Writ and it certainly contains the best specimens of his blank-verse composition. His "Old Wives Tale," in the shape in which it has reached us, seems hardly deserving of criticism, and it would have received little notice but for some remote, and perhaps accidental, resemblance between its story and that of Milton's "Comus." 3

Jerome used to say that 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 "Tamburlaine," 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 alty of Sir W. Draper, in 1600-7, of which an account is given by Horace Walpole. "Lord Mayn's Journals," printed for the Percy Society; he erroneously supposed it to have been the work of George Peele, who could not then have been more than fourteen years old, even if he carry back the date of his birth to 1538. George Peele was dead in 1590. 4

It may be doubted whether Peele wrote any part of this production; it was printed anonymously in 1596, and the emergence of authorship is the existence of a copy with the name of Peele, in an old hand, upon the title-page, which, so far as one can judge from the very early composition, and it belongs precisely to the class of romantic plays ridiculed by Stephen Gosson about 1584.

The "Old Wives Tale," in the Second Folio, 1632, ed. 1641. Of this resemblance, Earst, who first pointed it out, remarks, "That Milton had an eye on this ancient drama, which might have been a means of awakening his imagination to so much credibility, as that he conceived the Paradise Lost from seeing a mystery at Florence, written by Adriani, a Fiorentine, in 1517, and possibly the image of a Byssus how retorted to the same original, now lost: "The Old Wives Tale" reads exactly as if it were founded upon some popular story-

1 In the introduction to his "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, where he is speaking of the revival of plays, and among others of "the old canon historians, which he adds, had "departed a dozen years since"
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"Jerome," the story being continued from one play to the other, and managed with considerable dexterity. The interest in the matter given shows a generally well sustained, and none of the characters are drawn with little art and force. The success of "Jerome," 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 obdurate character. He produced alone a piece called "Summer's Last Will and Testament," which was written in the autumn of 1592, but not printed until 1600; it bears internal evidence that it was exhibited as a private show, and it could never have been meant for public performance.1 Henry Chettle, who was also senior to Shakespeare, has left behind him a tragedy called "Hoffman," which was not printed until 1630; and he was engaged with Anthony Munday in producing "The Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon," printed in 1594, which is among the most costly dresses that were purchased, that characters might be consistently habited; and, as a single proof, we may mention, that sometimes more than 20l. were given for a cloak, an enormous price, when it is recollected that money was then five or six times as valuable as at present.

We have thus briefly stated all that seems absolutely requisite to give the reader a correct notion of the state of the English drama and stage at the period when, according to the best judgment we can form from such evidence as remains to us, Shakespeare advanced to a forward place among the dramatists of the day. As long ago as 1579, Dryden gave currency to the notion, which we have shown to be mistaken, that Shakespeare "created first the stage," and he repeated it in 1692.2 It is not necessary to the just admixture of our noble dramatist, that we should do injustice to his predecessors or earlier contemporaries; on the contrary, his miraculous powers are best to be estimated by a comparison with his ablest rivals; and if he appear not greatest when his works are placed beside those of Marlowe, and Shakespeare, and Kyd, and Greene, and Greene's predecessors, it is only on account of his rank as dramatists, and however deserved their popularity, we shall be content to think, that for more than two centuries the world has been under a delusion as to his claims. He rose to eminence, and he maintained it, amid struggles for equality by men of high genius and varied talents; and with his example ever since before us, no poet of our own, or in any other country, has even approached his excellence. Shakespeare is greatest by comparison with greatness, or he is nothing.

1 It can be shown to have been represented at Croydon, no doubt and because of the presence of the Carews, under whose patronage Nash acknowledges himself to have been living. See the dedication to his "Terrors of the Night," fo. 194. The date of the death of Nash, who probably took a part in the representation of his "Summer's Last Will and Testament," has been disputed—whether it was before or after 1601; but the production of a cantharum upon him, from Drayton's "Famifia", printed in 1601, must put an end to all doubt. See the Introduction to Nash's "Pierce Penniless," 1592, as reprinted for the Victoria Press; p. 17. A copy of this comic is without a title-page, but it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication in 1594, and we may presume that it was printed about that date.

2 He had some share in writing the first part of the "Life of Sir John Oldcastle," which was printed as Shakespeare's work in 1600, although some copies of the play exist without his name on the title-page.


4 In his Prologue to the alteration of "Troilus and Cressida," 1693, he puts these lines into the mouth of the Ghost of Shakespeare:

"Untaught, unpractised, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first the stage.
In the dedication of the translation of Juvenal, thirteen years afterwards, Dryden repeats the same assertion in nearly the same words: "...I created the stage; among us, Shakespeare created the stage, and least of all did he create it such as it existed in the time of Dryden; it was, in truth, created by no one man, and in no one age; and whatever improvements Shakespeare introduced, when he began to write for the theatre our romantic drama was completely formed, and had none to contribute."—Pref. to "The Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i., p. xi.
CHAPTER I.


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.1 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 Knole, or Knowle, beginning in 1407 and ending in 1532, 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 Balishalle, or Balsal, Thomas Chaesper and John Shakespeare of Rowington, Richard Shakespeare of Woldiche, together with Jean, Jane, and William Shakespeares of places not mentioned: an Isabella Shakespeare is also there stated to have been priorissae de Wyardale in the 19th Henry VII.2 The Shakespeares of Wresal, 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 1582.3

The earliest date at which we hear of a Shakespeare in the borough of Stratford-upon-Avon is 17th June, 1555, when Thomas Sisie instituted a proceeding in the court of the bailiff, for the recovery of the sum of 8l. from John Shakespeare, who has always been taken to be the father of our great dramatist. Thomas Sisie was of Arscott, 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 "baker," as Aubrey had affirmed.4 He was said in wool, as Rowe had stated.5 We think that Malone was right, though the testimony is unquestionably more positive and authentic than the traditions to which we have referred. As it is also the most ancient piece of direct evidence connected with the establishment of the Shakespeare family at Stratford, and as Malone did not copy it quite accurately from the register of the bailiff's court, we quote it as it there stands:


John Shakespeare's trade, "glover," is expressed by the common contraction for the termination of the word; and it is, as usual at the time, spelt with the letter w instead of v. It deserves remark also, that although John Shakespeare is often subsequently mentioned in the records of the corporation of Stratford, not a single entry of a new apprentice to 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 jurymen of a court-leet. His name in the list was at first struck through with a pen, but underneath it the word set was written, probably by the town-clerk. Thus we find him in 1560 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 (no where before mentioned) was resident at Snitterfield in 1560.6 He was tenant of a house and land belonging to his information has not beenascertained: Malone conjectured that Andrew was in Stratford about 1580: he died about 1600, and, in all probability, obtained his knowledge from the same source as the writer of a letter dated April 19, 1600, to Mr. Edward Southwell, printed in 1648. It appears from hence that the parish clerk of Stratford, who was "above eighty years old" in 1634, had told Mr. Edward Southwell's correspondent that William Shakespeare had been "bound apprentice to a butcher;' but he did not say that his father was a butcher, nor did he add any thing as absurd as Aubrey sub joins, respecting the killing of a calf, "in a high style."7

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

In 1598, a person of the name of Anthony Shakespeare lived at Snitterfield, and, as we learn from the Master-book of the county of Warwick for that year in the State Paper office, he was appointed a "billman."
Robert Arden (or Ardem, as the name was anciently spelled, and as it stands in the papers in our hands) of Wilmetoc, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe. By a conveyance, dated 21st Dec, 11th Henry VIII, we find that Robert Arden then became possessed of houses and land in Sitterfield, from Richard Rushby and his wife: from Robert Arden the property descended to his son, who was purchased by Richard Shakespeare in 1550.

We have no distinct evidence upon the point; but if we suppose Richard Shakespeare of Sitterfield¹ to have been the father of John Shakespeare of Stratford,² who married Mary Arden, the youngest daughter of Robert Arden, it will easily and naturally explain the marriage of John Shakespeare of Sitterfield to one of the family of the Ardens, as Richard Shakespeare, the father of John, and the grandfather of William Shakespeare, was one of the tenants of the Robert Arden who died in 1556, and to whose seventh daughter, Mary, John Shakespeare was married.

No registration of that marriage has been discovered, but we need not hesitate in deciding that the ceremony took place in 1557. Mary Arden and her sister Alice were certainly unmarried when they were apprenticed as cotters under their father's will, dated 24th Nov, 1556, and the probability seems to be that they were on that account chosen for the office, in preference to their five married sisters. Jean, the first child of John Shakespeare and his wife Mary, was baptized in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon on the 15th Sept, 1558, so that we may reasonably infer that 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, a branch of trade much carried on in that part of the kingdom, and, as at least every year, his income† of £105 was sufficient for the payment of his court-leet in 1559. Therefore, we are, perhaps, justified in thinking that his affairs were sufficiently prosperous to warrant his union with the youngest of seven coheirs, who brought him some independent property.

Under her father's will she inherited 6£, 13s. 4d. in monies and 2£ in books and evidences; housing and meadow, 20 acres of arable land, six acres of meadow and pasture, and a right of common for all kinds of cattle.³ Malone knew nothing of Mary Arden's property in Sitterfield, to which we have already referred, and, without it, he estimated that her fortune was equal to 110£, 13s. 4d., which seems to us rather more than he should have assigned for a man of moderate fortune, from the information given by the bishop. We may, however, speculate, that at the time of their marriage John Shakespeare was twenty-seven years old, and Mary Arden eighteen; but the truth is that we have not a particle of direct evidence upon the point. Had she been so young, it seems very unlikely that her father would have appointed her one of his executors in the preceding year, and we are inclined to think that she must have been of age in Nov. 1556.

It was probably in contemplation of his marriage that, on 2d October, 1556, John Shakespeare became the owner of two copyhold houses in Stratford, the one in Greenhill-street, and the other in Henley-street, which were allotted to him by George Totum and Richard West, respectively; for, having been a gardener, it was natural he should be 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.⁴ In 1557 he was again sworn as a jurymen upon the court-leet, and in the spring of the following year he was anerde in the sum of fourpence for not keeping clean the gutter in front of his dwelling: Friendly

¹ The register of this event is in the following form, under the head "Baptismes, Anno Dom. 1557":—

RICARDUS ARDREM de Wilmetoc, filius et heres suus, et Maria huius, filia et heres suus.


³ The terms of Robert Arden's bequest in his daughter Mary are these:—"Also I gave and bequeathed to my youngest daughter Mary, all my land in Wilmetoc, called Asbyes, and the crop upon the ground, sowe and tythe of oats and rye, and all aires, irons, mow, and me." Boswell.


⁵ Copy the following description from the original borough-record, only avoiding the abbreviations, which render it less intelligible.

GEORGIUS TARCAR moriit, Johanni Shakspeare, etc. unnumturnamentum, etc. gaudia erit, etc. trabia et ad articibus, etc. gaude erit, etc. in tempore Hungariae Portu."—Adam Palmier, the other trustee, does not seem to have occupied any part of the property.
ciss Burbage, the then bailiff, Adrian Quiney, "Mr. Hall and Mr. Clopton" (so their names stand in the instrument) were each of them at the same time fined a similar sum for the same neglect. 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 16 years of age, and in Sept., 1558, he was appointed one of the four constables of the town, his name following those of Humphrey Plymger, 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 "officers", who was to impose fines upon their fellow-townsmen (such as he had himself paid in 1557) for offences against the bye-laws of the borough.

**CHAPTER II.**


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 infancy, and as her burial does not appear in the register of Stratford, she was, perhaps, interred at Sitterfield, where Richard and Thomas Shakespeare, John Allardens, and subsequently bailiff, Gilbert Shakespeare, were admitted, as tenant to Agnes Arden, widow of Robert Arden, and mother of Mary Shakespeare. 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 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: for instance, it was formerly thought that John Shakespeare, the father of the poet, had lost his first wife, Mary Arden, and had taken a second, in consequence of a memorandum in the register, showing that on the 25th Nov., 1554, John Shakespeare had married Margaret Roberts: Malone, however, took great pains to prove, and may be said to have succeeded in proving, that this entry and others, of the births of Philip, Ursula, and Humphrey Shakespeare, relate to John Shakespeare, a shoemaker, and not to John Shakespeare the glover.

John Shakespeare was again chosen one of the four affercers of Stratford in 1561, and the Shakespeare Society is in possession of the original certificate borne 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 Blyd, Lewis ap William, and William Mynsk. The most remarkable circumstance connected with it is the number of persons who were amerced in sums varying from five to fifty shillings. The bailiff that now is," was fined 3s. 4d. for "breaking the window-pane before communion day:" three other bakers were severally compelled to pay similar amounts on the same occasion, and for the same offence. In September following the date of this report John Shakespeare was elected one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible post, in which he continued two years.

The second child, Margaret Shakespeare, (as the name stands in the register,) was baptized on the 21st Dec., 1562, while he continued chamberlain. She was buried on 30th April, 1568.

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


So that whoever has the book (in all probability the clerk) either committed a common error, or else was no great proficient in the rules of grammar. It seems indeed, that our great dramatist had been brought into the world only three months before the parents of that child took place in 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, and we have already shown that his father was the owner of two copy-hold dwellings in Henley-street and Greenhill-street, and we may perhaps assert that this house 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. 1112, edit. 1615.) it raged with great violence throughout the year 1568, and did not so far abate that term could be kept, as usual at Westminster, until Easter, 1564. It was most fatal at Stratford between June and December, 1564, and Malone calculated that it carried off in that year more than a seventh part of the whole population, consisting of about 1400 inhabitants. It does not appear that it reached any member of the immediate family of John Shakespeare, and it is not at all unlikely that he avoided its ravages by quitting Stratford for Sitterfield, where he owned some property in right of his wife, and where perhaps his father was still living as tenant to Alexander Webe, who, as we have seen, in 1560, had obtained

confusion to which we have referred does not extend itself to any of the records of that body. After John Shakespeare, the father of our hero, had been the owner of the house called Mr. William Shakespeare: while the shoemaker, who married Margery Roberts, and who in the register is styled Humphrey, Philip, Ursula, and Humphrey, is invariably styled only John Shakespeare. There is no trace of any relationship between the two.

The affercers seem to have displayed unusual vigilance, and considerable severity: William Trout, Christopher Smythe, Mard Harge, and John Janson were all fined 3s. 4d. "for selling ale, and other unwholesome victual" at their house. Robert Arden and eleven other inhabitants were amerced in smaller sums on the same ground. Robert Perrot was compelled to pay 6s. 8d. "for making confusion" in the month of December.

The registrations of her birth and death are both in Latin:

"1562. December 2, Margareta filia Johannis Shakespeare."

"1568, May 27, Margareta filia Johannis Shakespeare."

The inscription on his monument supports the opinion that he was born on the 23rd April: without the contractions it runs thus:—

"Plaeca so. die 24 Aprilis."

And this, in truth, in the Latin, and John and Joan stand upon the point. Malone referred to the statement of the Rev. J. Greene, as an authority; but he was master of the free-school at Stratford nearly two centuries after the death of Shakespeare, and, in all probability, spoke only from the tenor of the inscription in the church.
In order to show that John Shakespeare was at this date in moderate, and probably comfortable, though not in affluent circumstances, Malone adduced a piece of evidence derived from the records of Stratford: it consists of the names of persons in the borough who, on this calamitous visitation of the plague, contributed various sums to the relief of the poor. The meeting at which it was determined to collect subscriptions with this object was convened in the open air, “At a hall holden in our garden,” etc.: no doubt on account of the infection. The donations varied between 7s. 6d. (given by only one individual of the name of Richard Symens) and 6d.; and the sum against the name of John Shakespeare is 1s. It is to be recollected that at this date he was a young man, and that Richard Shakespeare and his brother Edmund, who had both been enumerated five others gave the same amount, 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 Botte 4s. These subscriptions were raised on the 30th August, but on the 6th September a further sum seems to have been required, and the bailiff and six aldermen gave 1s. each, Adrian Quyney 1s. 6d., and John Shakespeare and four others 6d. each: only one member of the corporation, Robert Bratt, whose name will afterwards occur, contributed 4d. We are, we think, warranted in concluding, that in 1554 John Shakespeare was an industrious and thriving tradesman. He continued to live in Knott End and to advance in rank and importance in the corporation, and was elected one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford on the 4th July, 1555; but he did not take the usual oath until the 12th September following. The bailiff of the year was Richard Hill, a woolen-draper, and the father of our poet became the occupant of that situation rather more than three years afterwards, when his son William was about four years and a half old. John Shakespeare was bailiff of Stratford-upon-Avon from Michaelmas 1568, to Michaelmas 1569, the autumn being the customary period of election. In the meantime his wife had brought him another son, who was christened Gilbert, on 15th October, 1566. Joan seems to have been a favourite name with the Shakespeares: and Joan Shakespeare is mentioned in the records of the guild of Knowle, in the reign of Henry VIII.; and John and Mary Shakespeare christened their first child, which died an infant. Joan. A third daughter was born to them while John Shakespeare was bailiff, and her they also baptized Joan, on 15th April, 1569. The partiality for this name has been noticed, on which some biographers have remarked without being able to explain it, may be accounted for by the fact that a maternal aunt, married to Edward Lumbert, was called Joan; and it is very possible that she stood god-mother upon both occasions. Joan Lumbert was one of the daughters of Robert Arden, regarding whom, until recently, we have had no information.

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

Two new documents have recently come to light, which belong to this period, and which show, beyond all dispute, that John Shakespeare had risen to a station so respectable as that of bailiff of Stratford, with his name in the commission of the peace, he was not able to write. Malone referred to the records of the borough to establish that in 1558, when John Wheeler was called upon by nineteen aldermen and burgesses to undertake the duties of bailiff, John Shakespeare was among twelve other marksmen, including George Whately, the then bailiff, and Roger Sadler, the “head alderman.” There was, therefore, nothing remarkable in this inability to write; and if there were any partiality at this point (it being a little ambiguous whether the signum referred to the former, or rather to Thomas Dyxum, 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 3rd, and the other the 5th December, 11 Elizabeth, for the SRIP and BRYANT, tho’ they may be more due to himself, than to those of which his mark only is appended. The same fact is established by two other documents, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert, belonging to a period ten years subsequent to that of which we are now speaking.

CHAPTER III.


Although John Shakespeare could not write his name, it has generally been stated, and believed, that while he filled the office of bailiff he obtained a grant of arms from Clarenceux Cooke, who was in office from 1556 to 1592. We have considerable doubt of this fact, partly arising out of the circumstance, that although Cooke’s original book, in which he entered the arms he granted, has been preserved in the Heralds’ College, we find in it no note of any such concession to John Shakespeare. It is true that this book might not contain memoranda of all the arms Cooke had granted, but it is a circumstance deserving notice, that in 1556, while Shakespeare was of very small age, more than three years and a half, according to the date of his baptism, and though arms were made in 1556, we cannot help thinking, with Malone, that this instrument was obtained at the personal instance of the poet, who had then actually purchased, or was on the eve of purchasing, New Place (or “the great house,” as it was also called) in Stratford. The confirmation states, that the heralds had been “by credible report informed,” that “the parents and late antecessors” of John Shakespeare “were for their valiant and faithful services advanced and rewarded of the most prudent prince, Henry the Seventh;” but, as has been before stated, on examining the rolls of that reign, we can discover no trace of advancement or reward to any person of the name of Shakespeare. It is true, that the Ardens, or Alderns, were so “advanced and rewarded;” and these, though not strictly the “parents,” were certainly the “antecessors” of William Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 81. The register of the parish-church contains the subsequent entry: “1556, October 13. Gilbertus f. Johannis Shakespere.”

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

3 Malone gave both the confirmation and exemplification of arms, but with some variations, which are perhaps pardonable on account of the different periods of printing. Thus instead of "parent and late antecessors," in the confirmation; and of "whose parent and great grand-father, and late antecessors," instead of "whose parent, great grand-father, and late antecessors," in the exemplification. We are bound here to express our acknowledgments to Sir Charles Young, the present Garter King at Arms, for the trouble he took in minutely collating Malone’s copies with the documents themselves. Other errors he pointed out to us in his recent notice, as they apply to the instruments not necessary for our argument.

4 Robert Arden had two offices conferred upon him by Henry VII., in the 16th and 17th years of his reign; and he is spoken of in the grants by name parciunculam comine matre: the one office was that of keeper of the park at Aldercar, and the other that of bailiff of the lordship of Codnor, and keeper of the pastures. He obtained grants of lands in 2 Henry VII.; viz. the large manor of Yoxall, in the county of Stafford, on condition of a payment of a rent to the king of 46s. per annum.
Shakespeare. In 1599, an exemplification of arms was procured, and in this document it is asserted that the "great grandfather" of the surname of Shakespeare "was so 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 "faithful and approved service" to that "most prudent prince.

Another point, though one of less importance, is, that it is stated, in a note at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that John Shakespeare "showeth" a patent "under Clarence Cooke's hand;" the word seems originally to have been *sent*, over which "showeth" was written: if the original patent, under Cooke's hand, had been *sent* to the Hernals' College in 1560, as it actually had been, it is clear that the substituted word "showeth" is more indefinite, and may mean only, that the party applying for the confirmation alleged that Cooke had granted such a coat of arms. That William Shakespeare could not have procured a grant of arms for himself in 1560 is highly probable, from the fact that he was an actor, (a profession then much looked down upon) and not of a rank in life to entitle him to it; he, therefore, may have very fairly and properly put forward his father's name and claims as having been bailiff of Stratford, and a "justice of peace," and coupled that fact with the deserts and rewards of the Arden under Henry VII., one of whom was his maternal "great grandfather," and all of whom, by reason of the arms of his father with an Arden, were his "ancestors.

We only doubt whether John Shakespeare obtained any grant of arms, as has been supposed, in 1567-9; and it is to be observed that the documents relating to this question, still preserved in the Hernals' College, are full of corrections and interpolations, particularly as regards the ancestors of John Shakespeare: we are persuaded that when William Shakespeare applied to the office in 1569, Garter of that day, or his assistants, made a confusion between the "great grandfather" and the "ancestors" of John, and of William Shakespeare. What is stated, both in the confirmation and exemplification, as to parentage and descent, is true as regards William Shakespeare, but erroneous as regards John Shakespeare.

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 station in society and circumstances gave them no right to the distinction. The case of William Shakespeare was free from these objections of 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 remained in the office of arms in 1596; and the production of that alone, proving that he had the arms granted to him, would have justified Sir William Dethick. No copy, nor record, was however produced, but merely a memorandum at the foot of the confirmation of 1596, that an original grant had been *sent* or *shown*, which memorandum may have been added when Sir William Dethick's conduct was called in question; and certain other statements are made at the same time, which would be material to Garter's vindication, but which are not borne out by facts.

One of these statements is, that John Shakespeare, in 1596, was worth 500£, an error certainly as regarded him, but a truth probably as regarded his son.

It is really a matter of little moment whether John Shakespeare did or did not obtain a grant of arms while he was a "bailiff," or was merely inclined to think that he did not, and that the assertion that he was worth 500£, and that he was worth 500£, in 1596, originated with Sir W. Dethick, when he subsequently wanted to make out his own vindication from the charge of having conceded arms to various persons without due caution and inquiry.

In 1570, when William Shakespeare, was in his seventh year, his father, John, was elected to the office of copyholder or Ingent, in Stratford, within two miles of Stratford, which he held under William Clopen. We cannot tell in what year he first rented it, because the instrument proving his tenure is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th Dec., 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was 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.

If the corrections were made in the manuscript 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 children living, two boys and two girls, William, Gilbert, John, and Anne, but the last died at an early age, having been buried on 4th April, 1575. It is said that on the baptism of his daughter Anne, he was, for the first time, called "Magister Shakespeare" in the Latin entry in the Register, a distinction he seems to have acquired by having served the office of bailiff two years before. The same observation will apply to the registration of his fifth child, Richard, who was baptized on 11th March, 1573-4, as the son of "Mr. John Shakespeare." Richard Shakespeare may have been named after his grandfather of Snitterfield, 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 Holf 40£. This was probably the purchase of a house in Henley-street. It will not be forgotten that he was already the owner of a copyhold tenement in the same street, which he had bought 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 aught we know, he had lived from the time of his marriage, and continued to live in 1574, in the house in Henley-street, which had been alienated to him eighteen years before. It does not appear that he had ever parted with West's house, so that in 1574 he was the owner of three houses in Henley-street. Forty use the same shield of arms, single, or impaled as aforesaid, during the whole of the Shakespearean age. The motto, as given at the head of the confirmation, is NON SANZ DEXTRÆ.

For 2 Arden of Wellingtoue the heralds should have said Arden of Wilmecote.

3 Malone places reliance on the words of the clause roll, (from which all information is derived) "with the appurtenances," but surely "a good dwelling-house and orchard" would have been specified, and not included in such general terms: they are not mere "appurtenances.

4 The following are copies of the registration of the baptism and burial of, in the Parish Register of Stratford:

- 1571 Sept. 20: Anne filia Magistri Shakespeare.
- 1573 April 4: Anne, daughter of Mr. John Shakespeare.
- 1573 March 31: Richard son of Mr. John Shakespeare.

5 Malone speculates (Shakespeare, by Bowell, vol. ii. p. 106.) that Richard lived in Stratford till he was an old man, and that he was the author of the sonnet addressed to this child, but he was not aware of the existence of any such person as Richard Shakespeare, of Snitterfield, who, there is good ground to believe, was father to John Shakespeare of a field called Ingent, or Ingent, meadow, within two miles of Stratford, which he held under William Clopen. We cannot tell in what year he first rented it, because the instrument proving his tenure is dated 11th June, 1581, and only states the fact, that on 11th Dec., 1570, it was in his occupation. The annual payment for it was 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.

pounds, even allowing for great difference in value of money, seems a small sum for the two freehold houses, with gardens and orchards, sold to him by Edmund and Edmond Lambt.

It is, we apprehend, indisputable that soon after this date the tide of John Shakespeare's affairs began to turn, and that he experienced disappointments and losses which seriously affected his pecuniary circumstances. Malone was in possession of several leases both of Stratford-upon-Avon and of portions of the estate of Snitterfield, and they have the advantage of confirmatory testimony that has been procured. We will first advert to that which was in the hands of Malone, applicable to the beginning of 1578. At a borough hall on the 29th Jan. in that year, it was ordered that every alderman in Stratford should pay 5s. 6d. and every burgess 3s. 4d. towards a great feast and one another. Now, although John Shakespeare was not only an alderman, but had been chosen "head alderman" in 1571, he was allowed to contribute only 3s. 4d., as if he had been merely a burgess: Humphrey Plymley, another alderman, paid 5s., while John Walker, Thomas Brodgen, and Anthony Turner contributed 2s. 6d. each, William Duce 2s., and Robert Bratt "nothing in this place." It is possible that Bratt had been called upon to furnish a contribution in some other place, or perhaps the words are to be taken to mean, that he was excused altogether; and it is to be remarked that in the contribution to the poor in Sept. 1564, Bratt was the only individual who gave no more than fourpence. In later years required of the alderman should pay weekly to the relief of the poor 4d., John Shakespeare and Robert Bratt were excepted: they were "not to be taxed to pay any thing," while two others (one of them Alderman Plymley) were rated at 3d. a week. In March 1578-9, when another call was made upon the town for the purpose of purchasing provisions, callvers, etc. for the name of John Shakespeare is found, at the end of the account, in a list of persons whose "sums were unpaid and unaccounted for." Another fact tells strongly to the conclusion that in 1578 John Shakespeare was distressed for money; he owed a baker of the name of Roger Sailer 52s., for which Edmund Lambert, and a person of the name of Cowicke, had become security: Sailer died, and in his will, dated 14th November, 1578, he included the following among the debts due to him:-- Item of Edmund Lambert and Cornish, for the debt of Mr. John Shakspere, 52s. Malone conjectured that Edmund Lambert was some relation to Mary Shakespeare, and there can be little doubt of it, as Edward Lumbert had married her sister Joan, and in 1574 mortgaged his wife's estate in Ashtun Cantlowe, called Asbyes, for 30d., an additional circumstance to prove that he was in want of money; and so severe the pressure of his necessities about this date seems to have been, that in 1579 he parted with his wife's interest in two tenements in Stratford to Robert Webbe for the small sum of 4l. This is a striking confirmation of John Shakespeare's embarrassments, with which Malone was not acquainted; but the original deed, with the bond for the fulfilment of covenants, (both bearing date 15th Oct. 1579) subscribed with the distinct marks of John and Mary Shakespeare, and sealed with their respective seals, is in the hands of the Shakespeare Society in Stratford, and has been carefully preserved, but they may have been mortgaged at this period, and it is indisputable that John Shakespeare divested himself, in 1578 and 1579, of the landed property his wife had brought him, being in the end driven to the extremity of mining the trifling sum of 4l. by the sale of her share of two messuages in Snitterfield.¹

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, etc., 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 Shakspere of Stratford-upon-Avon," and in the bond for the performance of covenants, "Johannem Shakspere de Stratford-upon-Avon, in comitatu Warwick." He had been resident at Ingem, or at Snitterfield, he would hardly have been described as of Stratford-upon-Avon. Another point requiring notice in connexion with these two newly-discovered documents is that of John Shakespeare, and his wife Joan, who have been termed "yeoman," and not "grower"; 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, (perhaps after Edmund Lambert, the mortgagee of Asbyes) was born, and christened at the parish church.²

CHAPTER IV.

Education of William Shakespeare: probably at the free-school of Stratford. At what time, and under what circumstances, he was taught at this school, and afterwards in an attorney's office. His handwriting. His marriage with Anne Hathaway. The preliminary bond given by Fulck Sandellis and John Richardson. The 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. Anne Hathaway's family.

At the period of the sale of their Snitterfield property by his father and mother, William Shakespeare was in his sixteenth year, and in what way he had been educated is mere matter of conjecture. It is highly probable that he was at the free-school of Stratford, founded by Thomas Jodyffe in the reign of Edward IV., and subsequently chartered by Edward VI.; but we are destitute of all evidence beyond Rowe's assertion. Of course, we know nothing of the time when he might have been first sent there; but if so sent between 1570 and 1578, Walter Roche, Thomas Hunt, and Thomas Jenkins, were successively masters, and from them he must have derived the rudiments of his Latin and Greek. That his father and mother could give him no instruction of the kind is quite certain from the proof we have adduced, that neither of them could write; but this very deficiency might render them more desirous that their eldest son, at least, if not their children in general, should receive the best education circumstances would allow. The free grammar-school of Stratford afforded an opportunity of which, it is not unlikely, the parents of William Shakespeare availed themselves.

As he was employed at the time when he went to school, we are also in the dark as to the period when he left it. Rowe, indeed, has told us that the poverty of John Shakespeare, and the necessity of employing his son profitably at home, induced him, at an early age, to withdraw him.

¹ The property is thus described in the indenture between John Shakespeare and his wife, and Robert Webbe. For and in consideration of the sum of M. in hand paid, they "giving, granting, bar-

² Sealed and delivered in the presence of Nicholas Knoles, Vicar of Aston, Wylilam Maydes, and Anthony Os-
and it would be easy to multiply them. We may presume that, if so employed, he was paid something. Nay, if so, for, if he had been kept on, his father could have had no other motive for taking him from school. Supposing him to have ceased to receive instruction from Jenkins in 1579, when John Shakespeare's distresses were apparently most severe, we may easily imagine that he was, for the next year or two, in the office of one of the seven at his father's service. Moreover, he wrote a good hand we are perfectly sure, not only from the extant specimens of his signature, when we may suppose him to have been in health, but from the ridiculous which, in "Hamlet," (act v. sc. 2) he throws upon such as affected to write illegibly:

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

In truth, many of his dramatic contemporaries wrote excellently: Ben Jonson's penmanship was beautiful; and Peele, Chapman, Dekker, and Marston, (to say nothing of some inferior authors) must have given printers and copyists little trouble.

The exception, in more strict detail, 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 conclude to his marriage with Anne Hathaway, which could not have been taken place before 1582. We know that on that day two persons, named Fulke Sandells and John Richardson entered into a preliminary bond (which we subjoin in a note) in the penalty of 40l. 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 matrimony between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford. It is not known at what church the

justify mine own counde, for I loved the man, and do honour his memory (on this side idolatry) as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped. Such beauties of his, as 'Suffumissimae ornis, etc.' added by Augustus of Heliodore. His writing in his own power; would the use of it had been so too,

Hence he proceeds to instance a passage in "Julius Caesar." Ben Jonson then adds in conclusion: — But he redeemed his views with his virtues: there was ever more in him to be praised, than to be despised." He then says, that neither the players had "often mentioned," we find the following in the address of Heminge and Condell: "To the great variety of Readers, before it was much before the year of our Lord 1623, when the players had "often mentioned," the most of their productions, that there was a thought he uttered with that easiness, that we have source received from him a blot in his pages.

And the use of useless formal contractions, runs thus:

divinitis univeri per presentes, nos Falcenari, Sandelle de Stratford in comitatu Warwicke, agricultae, et Johanne Richardson bi- dem agricultae, tenevi et firmiter obligari Ricardum Cosin, generose, et Rocio Warrunomy, notorii publici, in quadraginta libris bonis, galis mones Anglesund evindares eidem Ricardo et Roberto, heredum, executoribus, vel assignatis suis, ad quam quidem solutionem bene et uterius faciens, obnubilam esse, et utrumque nostrum, per se pro toto et in solido, heredes, executoria, et administratores nostros firmiter per presentes, seculis nostris situllatis. Datum die Novembri, anno Regni nostri Equestri, de Anglia, Francia, et Hibernia Regni, Fidei Defensoriae, A.D. 1579.

The condition of this obligation is, such that, if hereafter there be no such person, or other person, as John Cosin, who shall not have an offer to the bondman, or his assigns, or executors, for such person, or other person, as John Cosin, for any precontract, consanguinity, affinity, or by any other lawful means whatsoever, that will William Shagpere, or the said Anne Hathaway, or any other person, or other persons, or any other person, for any such lawful pretext or impediment, or at all, if the said William Shagpere do not proceed to solemnization of marriage with the said Anne Hathaway, or if Anne Hathaway, or any other person, for any such lawful pretext or impediment, or at all, if the said William Shagpere do, upon his own proper costs and expenses, de- fend and save harmless the Right Reverend Father in God, Lord John Warden, bishop of Warwicke, from any suit or action which he might have at law against the said William and Anne to be married together with once making of the banns of matrimony between themselves; and for all other causes which may ensue by them occasioned thereby, that then the said obligation to be void and of none effect; or to be void and abide in full force and virtue.

The marks and seals of Sandelle and Richardson

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1. The narrowness of his father's circumstances, and the want of health of his father, were early causes of his being apprenticed to his father's trade, thence his early marriage, and unhappily prevented his father's proficiency. — Rowes Life.

2. Aubrey cites "Mr. Beeston" as his authority, and as persons of that name were connected with theatres before the death of Shakespeare, and long afterwards, we ought to treat the assertion with the most respect. Simon Forman, according to his Diary, was employed in this way in the free-school where he was educated, and was paid by the parents of the boys for his assistance. The same might be the case in Stratford.

3. A passage from the epistle of Thomas Nase before Greene's "Menaphon," has been held by some to apply to Shakespeare, to his company, as Mr. Rowe has conjectured. It appears to best answer to this supposition is an attention to dates: "Menaphon" was not printed for the first time, as is supposed in the printed editions of the Shakespeare playbooks; it was, however, the only Shakespeare play in which any play, much less "Hamlet." The "Hamlet" to which Nase alludes must have been known to the players in existence before Shakespeare took up the subject. The terms Nase employs are these, and it is to be observed, that by noerravit he means an attorney or attorney's clerk, employed to draw up bonds, &c., commencing "Noerravit universum," &c., "It is a common practice now-a-days, amongst a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of mercers, whereas they were born, and buste themselves with the indevors of art, that could scarcely Latinate their own name, if they should have needs: yet English Seneca, read by candidates, yields many good sentences, as Hades is a beggar, and so forth; and if you insinuate him faire in a frostie morning, he will affront you whole Reedales, I should say handfuls of tragical and heroic" scenes. The" Hamlet," preceding Shakespeare's tragedy, had been an attorney's clerk. In 1587, Shakespeare was only in his 17th year. The play ran through every art, and thrive by none. Seneca had been translated, and published collectively, six years before, and the play was spoken generally, and without more individual allusion than a modern poet, when, in the very same spirit, he wrote the couplet,

"Some clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to sorrows, or perhaps to gentler signs and wonders."
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 obtain such a dispensation from the Bishop of Worcester as would authorize a clergyman to unite the bride and groom in a public act of marriage under the pretense of the banns; and it is not to be concealed, or denied, that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secrecy. However, it ought not to escape notice that the seal used when the bond was executed, although damaged, has upon it the initials H.H., as if it had belonged to H. Hathaway, the father of the bride, and had been used on the bond in accordance 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 regard to the worldly prospects of the parties. The first child of William and Anne Shakespeare was christened Susanna on 26th 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 point directly at the evils resulting from unions in which the parties were “mismatched in respect of years.” The most remarkable of these is certainly the well-known speech of the Duke to Viola, in “Twelfth Night,” (act ii. sc. 4) where he says,

“Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him;
Surely she level in her husband’s heart:
For, were the contrary, she do prefix ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and uniform,
More longings, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than woman’s are.”

Afterwards the Duke adds,

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

Whether these lines did or did not originate in the author’s reflections upon his own marriage, they are so applicable to his own case, that it seems impossible he should have written them without recalling the circumstances at tending his hasty union, and the disparity of years between himself and his wife. Such, we know, was the confirmed opinion of Coleridge, expressed on two distinct occasions in his lectures, and such we think will be the conclusion to which most readers will arrive:—“I cannot hesitate in believing,” observed Coleridge in 1815, “that in this passage from ‘Twelfth Night,’ Shakespeare meant to give a caution arising out of his own experience; and, but for the fact of the disparity in point of years between himself and his wife, I doubt not that he would have thrown the parts of Viola and the Duke would have received this turn.” It is incident to our nature that, youths, just advancing to manhood, should feel with peculiar strength the attraction of women whose charms have reached the full-blown summer of beauty; but we cannot think that it was so necessary a consequence, as some have supposed, that Anne Hathaway should have possessed peculiar personal advantages. It may be remarked, that poets have often appeared comparatively indifferent to the features and persons of their mistresses, since, in proportion to the strength of their imaginative faculty, they have been able to supply all physical deficiencies. Coleridge was aware, if not from his own particular case, from recorded examples, that the beauty of the objects of the affection of poets was sometimes more fanciful than real; and his notion was, that Anne Hathaway was a woman with whom the boyish Shakespeare had fallen in love, per- haps more than any other woman, and that he was, of course, and that she had not any peculiar recommendations of a personal description. The truth, however, is, that we have no evidence either way; and when Oldys remarks upon the 93rd sonnet, that it “seems to have been addressed by Shakespeare to his beautiful wife, on some suspicion of her infidelity,” it is clear that he was under an entire mistake as to the individual: the lines,

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

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

The present may not be an improper opportunity for remarking (if, indeed, the remark might not be entirely spared, and the reader left to draw his own inferences) that the balance of such imperfect information as remains to us, leads us to the opinion that Shakespeare was not a very happy married man. The disparity in age between himself and his wife from the first was such, that she could not “sway level in her husband’s heart,” and this difference, for a certain time at least, became more apparent as they advanced in years: may we say also, that the peculiar circumstances attending their marriage, and the birth of their first child, would not tend, even in the most grateful and considerate mind, to necessitate the chiefest elements of comfortable and content in domestic life. To this may be added the fact (by whatever circumstances it may have been occasioned, 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 returned with him to London, or resided with him during any of his lengthened sojourns in the metropolis: that she may have done so is very possible: and in 1609 he certainly paid a weekly poor-rate to an amount that may indicate that he occupied a house in Southwark capable of receiving his family, but we are here, as upon many other points, without positive and direct testimony. We put out of view the doubtful and ambiguous indications to be gleaned from Shakespeare’s Sonnets, observing merely, that they contain 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 that much favourable evidence upon the point has been lost: all we venture to advance on a question of so much difficulty and delicacy is, that what remains to us is not, as far as it goes, perfectly satisfactory.

1 Malone conjectured that the marriage took place at Weston, or Illegesley, but the old registers there having been lost or destroyed, it is impossible to ascertain the fact. A more recent search in the registers has, however, led to the neighborhood of Stratford, which has not been attended with any success. Possibly, the ceremony was performed in the vicinity of Worcester, but the mere fact that the bond was there prefixed, is, as we think, of much more importance than the examination of the registers at Worcester has been equally fruitless.

2 Rowe tells us (and we are without any other authority) that Hathaway was “said to have been a substantial yeoman,” and she was most likely in possession of a seal, such as John Shakespeare had used in 1566.

3 The fact is registered in this form:—

“1583, May 20, Susanna daughter to William Shakespere.”

4 This statement is confirmed from our own notes of what fell from Coleridge upon the occasion in question. The lectures, upon which he was then engaged, were delivered in a room belonging to the Globe tavern, in Fleet-street. He repeated the same sentiment in B

publie in 1585, and we have more than once heard it from him in private society.

1 The Rev. Mr. Dyce, in his Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to the Aldine edition of his Poems, 1824. 1829, p. xii. It comprises all the main points of the biography of our poet then known.

2 When the Rev. Mr. Dyce observes that “it is unlikely that a woman of his wife’s spirit would be capable of the faintest affection of so imaginative a being as Shakespeare,” he forgets that the mere fact that Shakespeare was an “imaginative being” would render “personal charms” in his wife less necessary to his happiness.

3 In his MS. notes to Langbaine, in the British Museum, as quoted by Stowe. See also “Malone’s Shakespeare, by Bowell,” vol. xx. p. 300.

4 We have noticed this matter more at length hereafter, with references to authorities which have shown that Susanna Shakespeare, in 1609, was not rated to the poor of Southwark in respect of her theatrical property, and not for any dwelling-house which he occupied.
A question was formerly agitated, which the marriage bond, already quoted, tends to set at rest. Some of Shakespeare's biographers have contended that Anne Hathaway came from Shottery, within a mile of Stratford, while Malone avers that she was born at Luddington, about three miles from the borough. There is no doubt that a family of the name of Hathaway had been resident at Shottery from the year 1643, and continued to occupy a house there long after the death of Shakespeare; there is also a tradition in favour of a particular cottage in the village, occupied by Shakespeare's family, which is perhaps conclusive that Anne Hathaway was of that family. She is, however, described in the bond as "of Stratford," and we may take it for granted, until other and better proof is offered, that she was resident at the time in the borough, although she may have come from Shottery. Had the parties seeking the licence wished to misdescribe her, it might have answered their purpose better to have stated her to be of any other place rather than of Stratford.

CHAPTER V

Shakespeare's twins, Hamnet and Judith, born in 1585. His departure from Stratford. The question of deer-stealing from Sir Thomas Lucy considered. Authorities for the story of the young lady's marriage with a man named Fulman by Shakespeare against Sir Thomas Lucy. Proof, in opposition to Malone, that Sir Thomas Lucy had deer: his present of a buck to Lord Ellesmera. Other inducements to the boy's marriage, probably opium encouraged by the Corporation. Several of Shakespeare's fellow-actors from Stratford and Warwickshire. The Privy Pleasures of Kenilworth.

In the beginning of 1585 Shakespeare's wife produced him twin— a boy and a girl—and they were baptized at Stratford Church on the 2nd Feb. in that year. Malone supposed, and the supposition is very likely well founded, that Hamnet Sadler and his wife Judith stood sponsors for the infants, which were baptized by the Christian names of the godfather and godmother, Hamnet and Judith. It is a fact not altogether unimportant, with relation to the terms of affection between Shakespeare and his wife in the subsequent part of his career, that she brought him no more children, although in 1586 she was only thirty years old.

That Shakespeare quitted his home and his family not long afterwards has not been disputed, but no ground for this supposed departure has been derived from domestic disagreement. 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 Charlecote, the property of Sir Thomas Lucy, about five miles from the borough. As Rowe is the oldest authority in print for this story, we give it in his own words:—"He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and among them some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing the park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat over-effectually; and, as he thought that ill-use, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, he lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and return to the borough, where he lived until 1603.

We have said that Rowe is the oldest printed source of this anecdote, his "Life of Shakespeare" having been published in 1709; but Malone produced a manuscript of uncertain date, anterior, however, to the publication of Rowe's "Life," which gives the incident some confirmation. Had this manuscript authority been of the same, or even of a more recent date, and derived from an independent quarter, unconnected with Rowe or his informant, it would on this account have deserved attention; but it was older than the publication of Rowe's "Life," because the Rev. R. Davies, who added it to the papers of Fulman, (now in the library of Corpus Christi College) died in 1707. Rowe (as he distinctly admits) cannot have heard the story from Betterton, the actor, who died the year after Rowe's "Life" came out, and who, it has been repeatedly asserted, paid a visit to Stratford expressly to glean such particulars as could be obtained regarding Shakespeare. In what year he paid that visit is not known, but Malone was of opinion that it was before Betterton's visit. It is, however, to be thought, that it must have been comparatively early in Betterton's career, when he would naturally be more enthusiastic in a pursuit of the kind, and when he had not been afflicated by that disorder from which he suffered so severely in his later years, and to which, in fact, he owed his death. Betterton was born in 1655, and became an actor before 1660; and we should not be disposed to place this visit of Betterton later than 1670 or 1675, when he was thirty-five or forty years old. He was at that period in the height of his popularity, and being in the frequent habit of playing such parts as Hamlet, Lear, and Othello, we may readily believe that he would be anxious to collect any information regarding the author of those tragedies that then existed in his native town. We therefore apprehend, that Betterton must have gone to Stratford many years before the Rev. Richard Davies made his additions to Fulman's brief account of Shakespeare, for Fulman's papers did not devolve into his hands until 1688. The conclusion at which we arrive is, that Rowe's printed account is in truth truth, as far as it goes, but not as complete as Betterton's letter; that, as far as Betterton's letter, the manuscript authority produced by Malone; and certainly the latter does not come much more recommended to us on any other ground. Davies must have been ignorant both of persons and plays; but this very circumstance may possibly be looked upon as in favour of the originality and genuineness of what he furnishes. He does not tell us from whence, nor from whom, he procured his information, but it reads--"Of this relation of Mr. Jones: it runs thus:—

"A parliament member, a justice of peace, at home a poor scare-crow, at London an ass; a pedlar, a playhouse porter; in his youth, a bookbinder. Then Lucy is lowly, whatever befall it: He thinks himself great. We allow by his ears but with cases to mate. In the country, a gadfly; in London, a blurb, Sing lowly Lucy, whatever befall it."

What is called a "complete copy of the verses," contained in "Malone's Shakespeare, by Douce," i. p. 566, is evidently not genuine.
as if it had been obtained from some source independent of Bettoner, and perhaps even from inquiries on the spot. The whole was obviously exaggerated and distorted, but whether by Davies, or by the person from whom he derived the story, we must remain in doubt. The reverend gentleman died three years before Bettoner, and both may certainly have been indebted for the information to the same parties; but most likely Davies simply recorded what he had heard.

In reflecting upon the general probability or improbability of this important incident in Shakespeare's life, it is not to be forgotten, as Malone remarks, that deer-dealing, at the period referred to, was by no means an uncommon offence; that it is referred to by several authors, and punished as a statute offence in some places. It was 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 sale or emolument. If Shakespeare ever ran into such an indiscretion, (and we own that we cannot entirely discredit the story) he did not more than many of his contemporaries; and one of the ablest, most learned, and bitterest enemies of theatrical performances, who wrote just before the close of the sixteenth century, expressly mentions deer-dealing as a venial crime of which unripe and misguided youth was sometimes guilty, and he couples it merely with carousing in taverns and robbing orchards.'

Similarly it may be presumed, 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 "severely prosecuted" by Sir Thomas Lucy, as to render it expedient for him to abandon Stratford "for some time." Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600, and the mention of deer-dealing, and of the "dooze white luces" by Slender, and of "this doon white lories" by 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. True it is, that the coat of arms of Sir Thomas Lucy contained only "three luces (pike-fishes) har, argent," but it is easy to imagine that while Shakespeare would wish the ridicule to be understood and felt by the knight and his friends, he might not desire that it should be too generally intelligible, and therefore multiplied the luces to "a dozen," instead of stating the true number. We believe that "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was written before 1600, among other reasons, because we are convinced that Shakespeare would not have carried his resentment beyond the grave, and to have cast ridicule upon a dead adversary, whatever might have been his sufferings while he was living. Malone has attacked the story of deer-dealing on the ground that Sir Thomas Lucy never had any park at Charl-cote or elsewhere, but it admits of an easy and immediate answer; for, although Sir Thomas Lucy had no park, he may have had deer, and that his successor had deer, though no park, can be proved, we think, satisfactorily. Malone has remarked that Sir Thomas Lucy never seems to have sent the corporation of Stratford a buck, not an unusual custom, of sending the kind from persons of rank and wealth in the vicinity. The explanation of the fact may be accounted for on several grounds; but that the Sir Thomas Lucy, who succeeded his father in 1600, made such gifts, though not perhaps to the corporation of Stratford, is very certain. When Lord Keeper Egerton entertained Queen Elizabeth at Harefield, in August 1602, many of the nobility and gentry had presented buck to the King, and sent him an abundance of presents to be used or consumed in the entertainment, and on that occasion Sir Thomas Lucy contributed "a buck," for which a reward of 6s. 8d. was given to the bringer. This single circumstance shows that he had no park, he had deer, and it is most likely that he inherited them from his father. Thus we may pretty safely conclude that Sir Thomas Lucy who resided at Charl-cote when Shakespeare was in his youth, had venison to be stolen, although it does not at all necessarily follow that Shakespeare was ever concerned in stealing it.

The question whether he did or did not quit Stratford for the metropolis on this account, is one of much importance to Shakespearean students; and what position he might have occupied there, and all in probability, never arrive at certainty. Our opinion is that the traditions related by Rowe, and mentioned in Full-man's and in Oldys's 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 so rep- resentent by the near neighbourhood of such a hostile and powerful magistrate, but perhaps he would nevertheless not have quitted the town, had not other circumstances com-bined to produce such a decision. What those circumstances might be it is our business now to inquire.

Aubrey, who was a very curious and minute investigator, although undoubtedly too credulous, says nothing about deer-dealing, 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 been great encouragers of the drama, and so it is there. We know from various authorities that when itinerant actors came to any 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

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1 Dr. John Rainolds, in his "Overvail of Stage Players," 4to. 1699, p. 22. Some copies of the work (one of which is in the library of Lord Francis Egerton) bear date in 1600, and purport to have been printed at Middlethorpe; they are, in fact, the same edition, and there is no "Dr. John Rainolds," or "Mr. John Rainolds," except as found at the bottom of any of the title-pages. His words on the point to which we are now referring, are these: "Time of recrea-
tion, and unregulated manners: For no playhouse or public entertainment is now there, where there are scholars indeed, I mean good students, as it is for any: yet in my opinion it was not fit for them to play at stool-ball among wenches, nor at mum-chance or mum with idle base companions, nor at trusts in guild-halls, nor to dance about may-poles, nor to ride in ale-houses, nor to dirty their shirts, nor to steal deer, nor to rob orchards.

This work was published at the time when a new ed of a new theatre, called the Fortune, belonging to Henslowe and Alley, was evidently intended to be built, and was the immediate cause and occasion of the part of the Puritans. To precise the time at which the import as above quotation we might produce a passage from Forman's Diary, regarding the same subject. "The first Part of the Contention between the Houses, York and Lancas-
ter," printed for the Shakespeare Society, p. 106. One of the most curious and entertaining points of Shakespeare's life is his visit to Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, in a copy of Roper's Life of Sir Thomas More, edit. 1642, sold among the books of Horace Walpole. Speculating that Shakespeare's visit to the castle of Pembroke at Barickan, near the Earl of Bridgewater's, he adds that he had "a fine fair daughter, mistress to the Palgrave first, and then afterwards to the noble Count of Pembret's Privy Councillor, and a Knight of the Garter and a deer-stealer," &c. It was to William Earl of Pembroke, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, that the player-edili-
ders dedicated the folio Shakespeare of 1623, and one of Earl Philip's MS. notes, in the volume from which we have already quoted, contains the following mention of seven dramatic poets, in-cluding Shakespeare: "The true style of Master Chanyman; the labourd and understanding works of Mr. Johnson; Mr. Beaumont, Mr. Fletcher, (brother to Nat Fether, Mrs. White's first lover,) Mr. Killigrew, Mr. Munday, and Mr. Chapman (married and married to my Lady Baker)—Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Deckay, Mr. Heywood." Horace Walpole registers on the title-page of the "Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, 4to. 1699, John Aubrey, in his "Observations," of that volume observes: "Many of these [presents] deserve notice, but especially one of the items, where Shakespeare is recorded to have written a ballad, was sent of a "buck." Malone discredit the whole story of the deer-dealing, because Sir Thomas Lucy says that no buck was ever presented to the King, or presented by Sir Thomas Lucy himself. The year 1602. He gave "a buck," because he had bred it himself, and because it was perhaps well known that he kept deer; and he would have done this if he could have had a deer which he had not grown, under the ostentatious pretense that it was of his own rearing. Malone thought that he had triumphantly overthrown the deer-dealing story, but his refutation amounts to little or nothing. Whether it is nevertheless true is quite a different question.
Burbage, the father of the celebrated Richard Burbage, (the representative of many of the heroes in the works of the great dramatist) and one of the original builders of the Blackfriars theatre, was dispatched 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. Malone supposed that Thomas Greene might have introduced Shakespeare to the theatre, and at an early date he was certainly a member of the company called the Lord Chamberlain’s servants: how long he continued we are without information, although we know that he became, and perhaps not long after 1589, an actor in the rival association under Alleyn, and that he was one of Queen Anne’s Players when, on the accession of James I, she took a company of players, of whom the Earl of Devonshire was a member, and the Lord Chamberlain’s servants had been necessary for Shakespeare at an early date, he could easily have procured it from several other quarters.7

The frequent performances of various associations of actors in Stratford and elsewhere, and the taste for theatricals thereby produced, may have had the effect of drawing not only younger men, but also persons of public consideration, for nobody has pretended to bring forward a particle of proof upon the question, whether Shakespeare visited Kenilworth Castle, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained there by the Earl of Leicester in 1578, and whether the pomps and pageantry he then witnessed did not give a colour to his mind, and a direction to his pursuits. Considering that he was then only in his eleventh year, 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-abbot of Stratford, was not a man of sufficient rank and importance to be there in any official capacity; and he probably had not means to equip himself and his son for such an exhibition. It may be very well as a matter of fancy to indulge such a notion, but, as it seems to us, every reasonable probability is against it. That Shakespeare heard of the extensive preparations, and of the magnificent entertainment, there can be no doubt: it was an event calculated to create a strong sensation in the town-ball, 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 1560 when John Shakespeare was bailiff: the register of the season is not stated, 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 fund, while the Earl of Worcester’s servants in the same year received 3s. at various times by the selling side-men, and burgesses, but we may notice, that in 1577 the players of the Earl of Leicester and Worcester again exhibited; and in 1579 we hear of a company in Stratford patronized by one of the female nobility, (a very unusual circumstance) the Countess of Essex.8 Lord Strange’s men ” (at this date not players, but tumblers) also exhibited in the same year, and in 1580 the Earl of Derby’s players were duly rewarded. The same encouragement was given to the companies of the Earl of Worcester and Berkeley in 1581; but in 1582 we only hear of the Earl of Worcester’s actors having been in the town. In 1583 the earl of Berkeley’s players, and those of Lord Chal doomed, performed in Stratford. In 1586 the same company had been so successful as to have visited the borough. In 1588 “the players” (without mentioning what company) exhibited; and in 1587 no fewer than five associations were rewarded; viz. the Queen’s Players8, and those of the Earls of Essex, Leicester, and Stafford, with “another company,” the noblemen continuing them not being named.

It is to be remarked that several of the players, with whom Shakespeare was afterwards connected, appear to have come originally from Stratford or its neighbourhood. A family of the name of Burbage was resident in Stratford, and one member of it attained to the highest dignity in the corporation9: in the muster-book of the county of Warwick, in 1589, preserved in the State-paper office, we meet in various places with the name of Burbage, Siby, and Heninge, although not with the same Christian names as those of the actors in Shakespeare’s plays: the usual combination of Nicholas Tooley is, however, found there; and he was a well-known member of the company to which Shakespeare was attached10. It is very distinctly ascertained that James Tooley was of Burmington, and he is said to be possessed of 20l. goods. We are indebted to Mr. Lenox for directing our attention to this document, which he only recently discovered in the public archives.

3 It was a conjectured, but, we believe, upon no evidence before the following entry in the register of deaths at Stratford, that Greene was in some way related to Shakespeare: —

1689. March 6. Thomas Green, alias Shaksper.

This was perhaps the father of Thomas Greene, the actor, who was a cornelian of great reputation and popularity, and became so famous in a character called Bubble, that the play of the “City Gallant,”(acted by the Queen’s Players) in which it occurs, with the constantly repeated couplet: “Died on the morning — The 8th of July in the year 1589,” in the account of the Revels of 1611-12, it is called first “the City Gallant, or, towards To quogue: it was printed in 1589, under the double title of both a new Play, “The Queen’s Players,” and in a copy from one T. Heywood, by which it appears that Greene was then dead. A piece of verse, called “A Poet’s Vision and a Prince’s Glory,” 1589, is signed by Thomas Greene by the title-page; it may appear that this were the comedian. The Greens were a very respectable family at Stratford, and one of them was a solicitor settled in Warwick.

4 Upon this point we differ from the Rev. Mr. Halpigh in his ingenious and agreeable “Essay upon Oberon’s Vision,” printed by Shakespeare Press, 1862, where we are assured that Shakespeare was the first to start the idea that Shakespeare had been present at the entertainment at Kenilworth, and the Rev. Mr. Halpigh calls it a pleasant conceit, on which John Benet, Archbishop of Canterbury, was afterwards driven by Dr. Drake: nevertheless, he afterwards seriously argues the matter in a vast number of his letters. But it is only to be hoped that all the right of his gentry on both sides of the family. This appears to us even more a pleasant conceit than that of Percy, Malone, and Shaksper, who suppose a direct connection to have gone to Kenilworth, under the wing of Thomas Greene.
CHAPTER VI.

John Shakespeare removed from his situation as alderman of Stratford, and its possible connexion with William Shake- speare's departure from London in the latter part of the year 1592. 1 William Shakespeare was actor in the Blackfriars Theatre in 1588. Complaints against actors: two companies silenced for bringing Martin Mar-prelate on the stage. Certificate of the sherrifs in the Blackfriars. Shakespeare, in all probability, a good actor: our older dramatists often play a part. Shakespeare's earliest compositions for the stage. His "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" probably written before he came to London.

This period in the life of our great dramatist was an important incident in the life of his father. John Shakespeare was deprived of his position as alderman of Stratford in the autumn of 1596; we say position, for he was deprived of his own, not because any resolution precisely warranting those terms was come to by the rest of the corporation, but because it is quite evident that such was the fact, from the tenor of the entry in the records of the borough. On the 6th Sept. 1596, the following memorandum was made in the register by the town clerk: 2

"At this hall William Smythe and Richard Court are chosen to be aldermen, in the place of John Wheler, and John Shakespeare; for that Mr. Wheler doth deserve to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakespeare doth not come to the halles, 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 there is no doubt, as Malone ascertained from an inspection of the ancient books of the borough, that he had ceased to attend the halls, when they were "warned," or summoned, from the year 1579 downwards. This date of 1579 is the more important, although Malone was not aware of the fact, because it was the same year in which John Shakespeare was so distressed for money, that he disposed of his wife's small property in Stratford for 4l.

We have thus additional reasons for thinking, that the 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 connexion this last event may have had with William Shakespeare's determination to quit Stratford cannot be known from any circumstances that have since come to light, but it will not fail to be remarked, that in point of date the events seem to have been coincident, and the connexion with Maltese "supposed" that our great poet left Stratford "about the year 1586 or 1587," 3 but it seems to us more likely that the event happened in the former, than in the latter year. His twins, Hamnet and Judith, were baptized, as we have shown, early in February, 1585, and his father did not cease to be an alderman until about a year and seven months afterwards. The fact, that his son had become a player, may have had something to do with the lower rank his brethren of the bench thought he ought to hold in the corporation; or the resolution of the son to abandon his home may have arisen out of the degradation of the father in his native town; but we cannot help thinking that the two circumstances were in some ways connected, and that the period of time that elapsed between the resignation of William Shakespeare, to seek his fortune in a company of players in the metropolis, may be fixed in the latter end of 1586.

Nevertheless, we do not hear of him in London until three years afterwards, when we find him a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre. It had been constructed (or, possibly, if not an entirely new building, some large edifice had been adapted to the purpose) on the site of the dissolved monastery, 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 1590 no fewer than sixteen performers were sharers in it, including, besides Shakespeare and Burbage, Thomas Greene of Stratford-upon-Avon, and Nicholas Tooley, 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 1599 some general complaints seem to have been raised against "a Jig," or humorous theatrical ballet, called "The Horse-load of Fools," which, in the manuscript in which it has been handed down to us, is stated to have been written by Richard Tarlton, and acted at the court, and in the presence of the queen, and which is to be found in the printed version of the "D'Urfey Anthology," 4 under the title of "The Horse-load of Fools." The suppression may have been occasioned by some allusion to the king's wife or favorite; or it may have been a case of mistaken identity.

1 Gascoyne's "Princely Pleasures," sc. was printed in 1576, and Lanham's "Letter" from Kenilworth in the preceding year. Gascoyne was himself a performer in the shows, and, according to Lanham, represented a "Savage Man," who made a speech to the Queen as she came from hunting. Robert Lanham, the affected, but clever writer of the "Letter," was most likely (as is suggested in the Bridge-water Catalogue, 4th, 1597, p. 100) related to John Lanham, the player, who was one of the Earl of Leicester's players, and is named in the royal licence of 1574. "Robert Lanham," observes the compiler of that Catalogue, "seems to be the more correct as much a comedian upon paper, as John Lanham was upon the stage."

2 William Tyler was the bailiff of the year. See Malone's Shakespeare by Bowell, vol. ii. p. 157.

3 This use of the word "warned" occurs several times in Shakespeare: in "Antony and Cleopatra," (p. 4) Octavius tells Antony, "I have warned thee, 0 Antony," and in "King John" (p. 4) after King Philip has slain his son: "Some trumpet summoneth hither to the walls! These men of Angiers," a citizen exclaims from the battlements, "Who is it that hath sumed us to the walls?"

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1 This feud comes from the citizens; We may not use the word freewe: I know him as well as you By his livery gowns: Or a rare horse-mad family.

2 He is a fool by prettiness And servility, he sayes, And hates all kinds of wisdoms, But most of all in plays Of a verie obstinate family.

3 You have him in his livery gowns, But presently he can Qualifie for a mule or mare, Or for an alderman's horse With a gold chaine in his familie.

4 Being borne and bred for a fool, Why should he be wise, It would make him not fit to sit With knaves and scum Of a verie long earde familie.

Possibly the lord mayor and aldermen, complained of this very composition, and it may have been one of the causes which, soon afterwards, led to the silencing of the company: at all events it was not likely to consolidate the members of the corporation.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

been made, that improper matters were introduced into plays; and it is quite certain that "the children of Paul's," as the acting choir-boys of that cathedral were called, and the association of regular professional performers occupying the stage, and that, accordingly, Earl Mar-a-prelate upon their stages, in a manner that had given great offence to the Puritans. Tyndale, the master of the revels, had interposed, and having brought the matter to the knowledge of Lord Burghley, two bodies of players, those of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange, (the latter by the way having just been twenty years since he 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 properly conclude that they had quietly cast off their augmented revenue. We are led to infer, however, that they also apprehended, and experienced, some measure of restraint, and feeling consciences 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 unruly or improper sentences. The particular paper which was a certificate that no such kind of performance had ever been preferred against them. This certificate passed into the hands of Lord Ellesmere, then attorney-general, and it has been preserved among his papers. We subjoin a copy of it in note 1.

It seems rather strange that this testimonial should have occurred, particularly considering that it is expected that they would have procured a certificate from some disinterested parties; and we are to take it merely as a statement on their own authority, and possibly as a sort of challenge for inquiry. When they say that no complaint of the kind had ever been preferred against them, we are of course to understand that the assertion applies to the period of the breach withStrange and their theatres, which had been made in 1589, and in which the sharers at Blackfriars thought themselves unjustly included. In this document we see the important fact, as regards the biography of Shakespeare, that in 1599 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, preceded those of Kempe, Johnson, Goodale, and Army. Kempe, we know, was the successor of Tarlton (who died in 1588) in comic parts, and must have been an actor of great value.

1 All the known details of these transactions may be seen in "The Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 271, &c.

2 It is on a long slip of paper, very neatly written, but without any official authority.

3 These are to certify your right Honorable Lords, that her Majesty's poor Players, James Burbage, Richard Burbage, John Heminges, John Shakespeare, John Goodale, John Wadson, Thomas Pope, George Peele, Augustine Phillips, Nicholas Toveley, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, William Johnson, Baptiste Goodale, and Robert Army, being all of them sharers in the black Fryers playhouse, have never given cause of displeasure, so that they have brought you no trouble of Religion, unfit to be handled by them, or to be presented before lewd spectators: neither hath any complaint been in that kind ever made against them, or any of them. Wherefore, they trust most humbly in your Lordships consideration of their former good behaviour, being at all times(read), and willing, to yeild obedience to command whatever your Lordships in your wisdom may think in such case meet, &c.

Nov. 1599.

Here we see that Shakespeare's name stands twelfth in the enumeration of them; but it is not certain that they were on the succession in which they are inserted, because among the four names which follow that of our great dramatist are certainly two performers of the highest reputation, and the other of long standing in the profession.

The name of the actor "Almond for a Parrot," printed without date, but not later than 1599, (the year of which we are now speaking) Thomas Nash calls Kempe "a Jestmonger and Vice-great gene-

eral," while Dr. Wood says of Thomas Dekker, "he was an Author." 1612, (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 34) tells us that Kempe succeeded Tarlton, "as well in the favour of his Majesty, as in the opinion of the grooms of the chamber.

4 He was also one of the executors under Tarlton's will, and was also trustee for his son Philip. See p. xii. What became of Johnson after 1599, we have no information.

5 He was one of the actors, with Laneham, in the anonymous

and eminence in the company: Johnson, as appears by the royal license, had been one of the theatrical servants of the Earl of Leicester in 1574; of Goodale we have no account, but he bore a Stratford name; and Army, though he had been instructed in the theater, was a man quite young, and of low rank in the association. The situation in the list which the name of Shakespeare occupies may seem to show that, even in 1599, he was a person of considerable importance in relation to the success of the sharers in Blackfriars theatre. In November, 1589, he was in the middle of his twenties and in the prime of his strength, if not in the highest maturity, of his mental and bodily powers. We can have no hesitation in believing that he originally came to London, in order to obtain his livelihood by the stage, and with no other view. Aubrey tells us that he was "inclined naturally to poetry and acting," and the rest of his life, 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 not exceedingly well;" and we are convinced that the opinion, founded chiefly upon a statement by Rowe, that Shake-

speare's place among the players was a very unimportant one. It seems likely that for two or three years he employed himself chiefly in the more active duties of the profession he had chosen; and Peele, who was a very practised and popular playwright, considerably older than Shakespeare, was a member of the company, without saying anything of Wadson, Johnson, and Kempe. The inordinate passage date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Army, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. There is reason to think that Peele did not continue one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants after 1590, and his extant dramas were acted by the Queen's players, or by those of the Lord Admiral; but the latter association Peele seems subsequently to have entered. Henslowe's account book, a subsequent date he was one of Henslowe's dramatists; or of Army, then only just coming forward as a comic performer. There is reason to think that Peele did not continue one of the Lord Chamberlain's servants after 1590, and his extant dramas were acted by the Queen's players, or by those of the Lord Admiral; but the latter association Peele seems subsequently to have entered. Henslowe's account book, and the frequent passages quoted, is the more important, as he is also mentioned among the players in the Fragment of 1598, printed in 1594, purports on the title-page to have been played by them. While Peele remained a member of the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, Shakespeare's services as a dramatist may not materially have interfered with his exertions as an actor; but afterwards, when Peele had joined a rival establishment, he may have been much more frequently called upon to employ his pen, and then his value in that department becoming clearly understood, he was less frequently a performer.

Out of the sixteen sharers of which the company he be-

written manuscript play of "Sir Thomas More." (Harl. Coll., No. 7385) which, we may conjecture, was licensed for the stage before 1592.

4 This fact is stated in a publication entitled "Tartar's Jest," of which a first edition is said to have been printed, but not doubted collected and published very soon after the death of Tarlton in 1588.

5 When the Rev. Mr. Dyce published his edition of Peele's Works, he was not aware that there was any impression of that author's "Tale of Troy," in 1604, as well as in 1599, containing such variations as show that it must have been corrected and augmented by Peele after its first appearance. The impression of 1601 is the most complete, and extensive volume not exceeding an inch and a half high by an inch wide, with the following title: - The "Tale of Troy," By G. Peele, M. of Arts in Oxford. Printed by A. H. 1613. We will add only two passages out of many, to prove the nature of the changes and additions made by Peele after the original publication. In the edition of 1604, the poem thus opens:

1 In that world's wounded part, where waves yet swell
With everlasting showers of tears that fell,
And lasted more than with griefs endured.
That long warded, Troy, Neptune's city, stood,
Gorgously built, like to the house of Fame,
Or court of Love, as some describe the same, &c.

The four lines which commence the second stage of Mr. Dyce's edition are thus extended in the copy of 1601:

"His court presenting to our human eyes
An earthly heaven, or shining Paradise,
Where fair men and women, with magnificence,
Glistening like stars of pure immortall fire.
Thus happy, Paim, didst thou live of yore,
That to thy fortune heavens could add no more."

Peele was dead in 1598, and it is likely that there were one or more interesting impressions of "The Tale of Troy," between 1589 and 1604.
longed to 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 busily and profitably engaged as a dramatist; and this remark on the rareness of his appearance on the stage in 1590 probably is 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 ascerts, he only took the short part of the Ghost in this tragedy, we are to recollect that even if he had considered himself competent to it, the study of such a character as Hamlet, (the longest on the stage as it is now acted, and still longer as it was originally written) must have consumed more time than he could well afford to bestow upon it, especially when we call to mind that there was a member of the company who had previously represented most of the heroes, and whose excellence was as undoubted, most of whose parts he required, his popularity was extraordinary. 2 To Richard Burbage was therefore assigned the arduous character of the Prince, while the author took the brief, but important part of the Ghost, which required person, deportment, judgment, and voice, with a delivery distinct, solemn, and impressive. All the elements were there, which were needed for the due performance of "the buried majesty of Denmark." 2

It may be observed, in passing, that at the period of our drama, such as it existed in the hands of Shakespeare's immediate predecessors, authors were most commonly actors also. Such was the case with Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, Peele, probably Nash, Munday, Wilson, and others: the custom prevailing in those 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. We have no hint that Dekker, Chapman, or Marston, though contemporary with Ben Jonson, were actors; and Massinger, Beaumont, Fletcher, Middleton, Daborne, and Shirley, who may be said to have followed them, as far as we now know, never had anything to do with the performance of their own dramas, or of any other poet's. In the course of the plays, the voice of the author seems to have been generally distinct, while the contrary was certainly the case some years anterior to the demise of Elizabeth.

It is impossible to determine, almost impossible to guess, what Shakespeare had or had not written in 1589. That he had chiefly employed his pen in the revival, alternation and improvement of existing dramas we are strongly disposed to believe, but that he had not ventured upon original composition it would be much too bold to assert. "The Comedy of Errors" we take to be one of the pieces, which, having been first written by an inferior dramatist, was heightened and amended by Shakespeare, perhaps about the date of which we are now speaking; and "Love's Labour's Lost," or "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," may have been original compositions brought upon the stage prior to 1590. We also consider it more than probable that "Titus Andronicus" belongs even to an earlier period; but we feel satisfied, that although Shakespeare had by this time given the world one or two fully successful attempts at poetic composition, and in the severe rivalry, 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 and forty, before going to work with his own pen. A man of great success at attempts at poetical composition; and we feel morally certain that "Venus and Adonis" was in being for a deadly mortal strife, that he was not content to stop the breach.

"Of one who was his rival's foe,
With his own dagger slain,
He groaned and word spoke never more,
Fleet's not through the eye and brine."

Which pretty exactly accord with the tradition of the mode in which he came to his end, in a scuffle with a person of the name of Archer: the register of his death at St. Nicholas, Deptford, notes the name:—"1 June, 1593. Christopher Marlowe slain by Francis Trollope, one of the players, in a scuffle at St. Nicholas's Pier." Shakespeare was then thirty-three years of age, and his "Venus and Adonis" had been published, and "The Rape of Lucrece" was in its fourth edition. So much is necessary for the date of his death. There would have been no difficulty as to his time of birth, had he written in the sonnet,"When first to drab"—and as having been "the Muse's darling for his verse." 3

"One upon this point we cannot agree with Mr. F. G. Tomlins, who has written a very sensible and clever work called "A Brief view of the History of the English Drama from its Earliest Times to the Present Day." He argues that Shakespeare probably began with original composition, and not with the adaptation and alteration of works, but he found in possession of the stage when he joined the Lord Chamberlain's players. We know that the earliest charge against him by a fellow dramatist was, that he had availed himself of the productions of others, and we have every reason to believe that some of the plays upon which he was first employed were not by any means entirely his own: we allude among others to the three parts of "Henry VI." 1 It seems to us much more likely that Shakespeare not only instance carried with himself to alterations and improvements of the plays of predecessors, that he at once found himself capable of inventing and constructing a great original drama. However, it is but fair to quote the words of Mr. Tomlins:—

"We are thus driven to the conclusion that his writing must have procured him this laureate position. What had he written? In the next question that presents itself. Probably "original" plays, for the adaptation of the plays of others could scarcely be entrusted to the inexperienced hands of a young genius who had not manifested his knowledge of stage matters by any productions of his own. This kind of work would be jealously watched by the managers, and must ever have required him the greatest skill and experience. Shakespeare, mighty as he was, was human, and it is scarcely possible that a genius, so ripe, so rich, so overflowing as his, should not have its enthusiastic kindred as his literary assistants. What was perhaps the mechanical, polishing of the inferior productions of others," p. 31.

Upon this passage we have only to remark that according to our view, it would be more requisite to require him the "skill and experience" to write a new play, than merely to make additions to the speeches or scenes of "an old." 2

"His 'sugar'd sonnets' were handed about among his private friends" many years before they were printed: Francis Meres mentions them in the words we have quoted, in 1598.
anterior to Shakespeare's quitting Stratford. It bears all the marks of youthful vigour, 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, and in the stage while he was still a boy and an object; 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. F. W. In the same way, the Blackfriars was the first to give currency to this lide invention, and it was the Blackfriars theatre which had re-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 unfrequently performed in Stratford, and at that date the Queen's Players and the Lord Chamberlain's company were not very known 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 in a station of life, nor so destitute of means and friends, as to have been reduced to such an extreme as to know how to make a living. The London company, which consisted of several persons, whom we have been described as tongue-tied and coarse, had scarcely been composed together for the purpose of being able to come to London for the purpose of pursuing its theatrical career. The earliest allusion to Shakespeare in Spenser's "Tears of the Muses," 1591. Proof of its applicability—What Shakespeare had probably by this date written—Edmund Spenser of London was doubtless associated with the theatre of the time merited the character given by Spenser. Greene, Kyd, Lodge, Peele, Marlowe, and Lyly, and their several claims: that of Lyly supported by Malone. Temporary cessation of Shakespeare's public performances in London. Provenance of the "Tears of the Muses," a poem printed in 1591. The application of the passage to Shakespeare has been much contested, but the fraudulant reprint, which also contains various pieces to which it is known, Beaumont had no pretensions. To afford the better means of comparison, and as we know of only one copy of the edition of 1603, we subjoin the title-page prefixed to it: "Salmasia and Hermaphroditus. Salmasidae spolia sine saprimento et audore. Imprinted at London for John Hodges, &c. 1602?" 40. It is almost to be wondered that the getten up of this piece of information did not support it by reference to Shakespeare's obvious knowledge of horses and horsemanship, displayed in so many parts of his works. The description of the horse is: "Venus and Adonis" will at once occur to every body; and how much it was admired at the time is evident from the fact, that it was plagiarised so soon after the publication of the poem. 42. Malone has written "Venus and Adonis," in manuscript; it is quite as probable, as that Shakespeare had seen "Hero and Leander" before it was printed. Malone has published for us the result of his researches, and it is a gross exaggeration of its style; and Barbauld's "Myrtha the Mother of Adonis" is a poor and coarse imitation: the same may be said of "Myrtha the Mother of Adonis," and Shirley's "Narcissus," which must have been written many years afterwards, is a production of the same class as Marston's "Pyramis and Thisbe." Besides having written "Venus and Adonis," Shakespeare gave to Blacklock the bookseller, we do not know: But there is another way of looking at this passage, which I have been called "Salmasia, and Hermaphroditus," first printed in 1602, and assigned to Francis Beaumont in 1640. It was, it seems, that Shakespeare was a novice in the art of riding, among other passages, see his account of Lamord's horsemanship in "Hamlet." The propagators and supporters of Shakespeare's authorship have attempted to show that Shakespeare probably derived his minutes and accurate acquaintance with the subject from his early observation of the skill of the English nobility and gentry, after they had resided at the play-houses of Stratford. But chide skill to ride seems a science. Proper to gentle blood."—Spenser's F. Q. b. ii. c. 4. 43. We have already stated that although in 1590 only one unique copy of a manuscript performed in Stratford, in the very next year (that in which we have supposed Shakespeare to have become a regular actor) five companies were entertained in the borough: one of these consisted of the members of the Blackfriars company, and the "Salmasia, and Hermaphroditus," was probably written by Shakespeare, and the performance of the Blackfriars theatre belonged: and it is very possible that Shakespeare may have adopted the profession of an actor, and that in 1597 such extraordinary encouragement was given to theatricals in Stratford. 44. Malone (Shakespeare by Boswell, vol. ii. p. 185) says that Spen...
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, and Truth to imitate, the works of others. We will first quote the lines, literal as they stand in the edition of 1591, and afterwards say something of the claims of others to the distinction they confer.

"And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
In mock her selfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Minniek shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in doleour drunk.

In stead thereof setting Scourillitie,
And scornfull Fellow, which contempt is crest,
Rolling in ymes of shamelesse ribandie,
Without regard or due Decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

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

The most striking of these lines, with reference to our present inquiry, is,

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

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

It is to be borne in mind that these stanzas, and six others, are put into the mouth of Thalia, whose lamentation on the degeneracy of the stage, especially in comedy, followed upon the death of Marston, and no doubt added to the impression that the whole passage referred to Shakespeare, introduced it into his "Life," in his first edition of 1709, but silently withdrew it in his second edition of 1714: his reason, perhaps, was that he did not see how, before 1591, Shakespeare could have shown that he merited the character given of him and his productions—

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

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

"Tears of the Muses" was published in 1590, but the volume in which it first appeared bears date in 1591. It was printed with some other poems under the title of "Complaints. Containing sundrie small Poems of the Worlds Vanities. Whereof the next Page maketh mention. By Ed. Sp. London. Imprinted for William Ponsheche, ",c. 1591." It will be evident from what follows in our text, that a year is of considerable importance to the question.

Perhaps it was printed off before his "Bartholomew Fair" was acted: it certainly was one of his earliest poems, which was new. But Jonson did not think he had a right to publish it in the seventeenth year of the company (the servants of the Princess Elizabeth) by whom it had been performed. A still later poem, "The Widow," written about 1591, in which he was assisted by Fether and Middleton; "The Case As alter'd," printed in 1592, "The Women in Love," which was not published till 1600; and "Eastward Hoe," published in 1607, in which he was joined by Chapman and Marston: this last play exposed the authors to great danger of punishment.

We are not to be understood as according in the subscription to Shakespeare of various plays imputed to him in the folio of 1604, and

we feel assured that he had not composed any of his greatest works before 1591, he may have done much, besides what has come down to us, ample to warrant Spenser in applauding him as the "Philostratus of Dramas." His earliest printed plays, "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard II," and "Richard III," bear date in 1597; but it is indisputable that he had at that time written considerably more, and part of what he had so written is contained in the folio of 1629; never having made its appearance in any earlier edition. When Ben Jonson published the large volume of his "Works" in 1616, he excluded several comedies in which he had been aided by other poets, and re-wrote part of "Sejanus," because, as is supposed, Shakespeare, (who performed in it, and whom Jonson terms a "happy genius," as having assisted him in the composition of the tragedy as it was originally acted. The player-editors of the folio of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories," in 1623, may have thought it right to pursue the same course, excepting in the case of the three parts of "Henry VI.," the poet, or poets, who had contributed to these histories (perhaps Marlowe and Greene) had been then dead thirty years; but with respect to other pieces, persons still living, whether authors or booksellers, might have joint claims upon them, and hence their exclusion. We only put this as a possible circumstance; but we are persuaded that Shakespeare, early in his theatrical life, must have written much, in the way of revivals, alterations, or joint productions with other poets, which has been forever lost. We here, as before, conclude that none of his greatest dramatic productions had come from his pen; but if in 1591 he only be set down as "a poet," "a man," and "Love's Labour's Lost," they are so infinitely superior to the best works of his predecessors, that the justice of the tribute paid by Spenser to his genius would at once be admitted. At all events, if before 1591 he had not accomplished, by any means, all that he was capable of, he had given the clearest indications of high genius, abundantly sufficient to justify the anticipation of Spenser, that he was a man

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

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

Another point not hitherto noticed, because not hitherto known, is, that there is some little ground for thinking, that Spenser, if not a Warwickshire man, was at one time resident in Warwickshire, and later in life he may have become acquainted with Shakespeare. His birth had been conjectured to place him in the county of Derbyshire; and the many allusions in his "Preludions" it has been supposed that he was born in London: East Smithfield, near the Tower, has also been fixed upon as the part of the town where he first drew breath; but the parish registers in that neighbourhood have been searched in vain for a record of the event. An Edmund Spencer unquestionably dwelt at Kingsbury, in Warwickshire, in 1569, which was the year when the author of "The Faerie Queene" went to Cambridge, and elsewhere. We believe that he was concerned in "The Yorkshire Tragedy," and that he may have contributed some parts of "Ardon of Faversham," but in spite of the ingenious letter, published at Edinburgh in 1850, we do not think that he aided Fletcher in writing "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and there is not a single passage in "The Birth of Merlin," which is worthy of his most careless moments. Of "The first part of Sir John Oldcastle" we have elsewhere spoken; and several other supposititious dramas in the folio of 1623, mentioning "Spenser," have been supposed to have been written by him. But his "The Tragedy of the Worldlings," which is the earliest of his plays, was published in 1590, and has been supposed to be the work of other dramatists.

This date has always appeared to us too late, recollecting that Spenser wrote none of the black-verse sonnets, prefixed to Vandesellius's "Theatre for Worldlings," printed in 1590. If he was born in 1533, in 1590 he was only in his sixteenth year, and the sonnets to which we refer do not begin till 1580; and "The Faerie Queene," so differend inquirer into such matters, and he could discover no entry of the kind. See his "Supplemental Apology," p. 23. Subsequent investigations, instituted with reference to this question, have led to the same result. Oldys is responsible for the statement.
was admitted a sizar at Pembroke College. The fact that Edmund Spenser (a rather unusual combination of names) was an inhabitant of Kingsbury in 1569 is established by the muster-book of Warwickshire, preserved in the state-paper office, to which we have before had occasion to refer, but it does not give the ages of the partners. This Edmund Spenser, it is suggested, was possibly the father of the other (whose Christian name is no where recorded) and if it were the one or the other, it seems to afford a link of connexion, however slight, between Spenser and Shakespeare, of which we have had no previous knowledge. Spenser was at least eleven years older than Shakespeare, but their early residences in the same part of the kingdom may have given rise to an intimate afterwards: 1 Spenser must have appreciated and admired the genius of Shakespeare, and the author of "The Tears of the Muses," at the age of thirty-seven, may have paid a merited tribute to his young friend of twenty-six.

The Edmund Spenser of Kingsbury may have been entirely a different person, of a distinct family, and 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 he may have been the author of "The Faerie Queene," and that the greatest romantic poet of this country was upon terms of friendship and cordiality with the younger man. There is a work in Spenser's handwriting with which we were unacquainted when we wrote the Introduction to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," may appear to give new point, and a more certain application, to the well-remembered lines of that drama (Act v. sc. 1) in which Shakespeare has been supposed to refer to the death of Spenser, 2 and which may have been a subsequent insertion, for the sake of repaying by one poet a debt of gratitude to the other.

Without taking into consideration what may have been lost, if we are asked what we think it likely that Shakespeare had written in and before 1591, we should answer, that he had altered and added to three parts of "Henry VI" that he had written, or added in writing. "Thus Adrianus," that he had revised and amended "The Comedy of Errors," and that he had composed "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," and "Love's Labour's Lost." Thus, looking only at his extant works, we see that the eulogy of Spenser was well warranted by the plays Shakespeare, at that early date, had produced.

It will be seen that the point we were more especially, 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, or to Lodge, nor Kyd, nor Peele; Marlowe had never touched comedy; but if the point be pressed, and if it be remembered that Spenser had not the same nature and inartistic talent, the claim put in by Maloue 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 he has gone in his "Tears of the Muses." If Malone had wished to point out a dramatist of that day to whom the words of Spenser could by no possibility apply, he could not have made a better choice than when he fixed upon Lyly. However, he labours the contrary position with great pertinacity and considerable tenacity, and it is extraordinarily how a man of much reading, and of sound judgment upon many points of literary discussion, could impose upon himself and be led so far from the truth, by the desire to establish a novelty. At all events, he might have contented himself with an endeavour to prove the negative as regards Shakespeare, without going the strange length of attempting to make out the affirmative as regards Lyly.

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

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

With regard to the lines which state, that Willy

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle Cell, Than so himself to mockery 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. The choir-boys of Paul's Cathedral, and the "men of the country, being "matters of state and religion" on their stage, when they introduced Martin Mar-prelate into one of their dramas: and the players of the Lord Admiral and Lord Strange were prohibited from acting, as far as we can learn, on a similar ground. The interdiction of performances by the children of Paul's was prolonged in for about ten years, although the public companies (after the completion of some inquiries by commissioners specially appointed) were allowed again to follow their vocation, there can be no doubt that there was a temporary suspension of all theatrical exhibitions in London. This suspension commenced a short time before Spenser wrote his "Tears of the Muses," in which he notices the silence of Shakespeare.
We have no means of ascertaining how long the order, inhibiting theatrical performances generally, was persevered in; but the plague broke out in London in 1592, and in the autumn of the year, when the number of deaths was greatest, "the Queen's players," in their progress round the country, whether they wandered when thus prevented from acting in the metropolis, performed at Chesterton, near Cambridge, to the great annoyance of the heads of the university.

It was at this juncture, probably, if indeed he ever were in that country, that Shakespeare visited Italy. Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever, and in many respects original work, "Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," has maintained the affirmative with great confidence, and has brought as much internal evidence as 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 contemporary translations of the tales on which "The Merchant of Venice" and "Othello" are founded; but Shakespeare may have understood as much Italian as answered his purpose without having gone to Venice. For the same reason we lay no stress upon the recent discovery of a fact (but that it was a fact he did not write) that Shakespeare reconstructed his "Twelfth Night", with the aid of one or two Italian comedies; they may have found their way into England, and he may have read them in the original language. That Shakespeare was capable of translating Italian sufficiently for his own purposes, we are morally certain; but we think that if he had travelled to Venice, Verona, or Florence, we should have had more distinct and positive testimony of the fact in his works than can be adduced from them.

Other authors of the time have left such evidence behind them as cannot be disputed. Lyly tells us so distinctly in more than one of his pieces, and Rich informs us that he became acquainted with the novels he translated on the other side of the Alps; Daudet goes the length of letting us know where certain of his sonnets were composed: Lodge wrote some of his tracts abroad; Nash gives us the places where he met particular persons; and his friend Greene admits his obligations to Italy and Spain, whither he had travelled early in life in pursuit of letters. In truth, at that time the productions of Italian authors were prevailing vogue for foreign travel, and it extended itself to mere actors, as well as to poets; for we know that William Kempe was in Rome in 1601, during the interval between the time when, for some unexplained reason, he quitied the company of the Lord Chamberlain's players, and joined that of the Lord Admiral. Although we do not believe that Shakespeare ever was in Italy, we admit that we are without evidence to prove a negative; and he may have

1 They consisted of the company under the leadership of Lawrence Dutton, one of the two associations acting at this period under the Queen's name. Both were unconnected with the Lord Chamberlain's company, and were directed by an Italian, Biuse Biusello. 2 See Mr. Halliwell's "Endus Coventrin" for the Shakespearean history of the company. In "Rooke's Search for Money," some of the evidence of Kempe, who, it seems, had waged a certain sum of money that he would go to Rome and back in a given number of days. In the introduction of the history of Kempe's "Nine Days Wonder," it is shown that Kempe also dined a moris in France. These circumstances were unknown to the Rev. A. Dyce, who, in his "Life of Shakespeare," p. 100, for the Camden Society. 3 It is a new fact that Kempe at any time quitied the company played in the recently published "Rooke's Search for Money," and that Kempe had acted in the company to which he had belonged. Mr. Dyce attributes the omission of Kempe's name in that instrument to his death, because, in the

CHAPTER VIII

Death of Robert Greene in 1592, and publication of his "Groatworth of Wit," by H. Chettle. Greene's address to Marlowe and Shakespeare, and his envious mention of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's own reasons for the apology of the latter in his "Kind-heart's Dream." The character of Shakespeare there given. Second allusion by Spenser to Shakespeare in "Colin Clout's come home again," 1594. The gentle Shakespeare. Changes in the character of his composition 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 notable and distinguished of the literary men of the time,—Robert Greene. He expired on the 3d of September, 1592, and left behind him a work purporting to have been written during his last illness: it was published a few months afterwards by Henry Chettle, a fellow dramatist, under the title of "A Groatworth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance," bearing the date of 1592, and preceded by an address from Greene "To those Gentlemen, his quondam acquaintance, who spend their wits in making Plays." Here we meet with the second notice of Shakespeare, not indeed by name, but with such a near approach to it, that nobody can entertain a moment's doubt that he was intended. It is necessary to quote the whole passage, and to observe, before we do so, that Greene is addressing himself particularly to Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele, and urging them to break off all connexion with players:—"Base minded men all three of you, if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like me, sought these burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those anticks garnished in our colours. Is it not strange to them at whom they all have been beholding; is it not like that, to whom they have all been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both of them at once forsaken? Yes, trust them not; for there is an upright crew, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tiger's heart and the fire of his wits stirs wind, and he is as well able, to bountse blast our blank-verse, as the best of you: and, being an absolute Johannet Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shaque-scene in a country. 0! that I might cure your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions, but let them attend to honest laws. The chief and obvious purpose of this address is to

register of St. Saviour's, Southwark. Chalmers found an entry, dated Nov. 2, 1603, of the burial of "William Kempe, a wright." There are, besides many of the common names of William Kempe; and the William Kempe who had acted with Shakespeare was certainly alive in 1605, and had by that date rejoined the Lord Chamberlain's company. No, in the following unannounced memoranda relating to him are extracted from Henslowe's Diary:

Lent unto W. Kempe, the 10 of March, 1592, is redy mony twenty shillings for his necessary use, the some of xxv. 2 Lent unto W. Kempe, the 22 of August, 1602, to buye bucke-rum to make a poyne of greatnes house, the some of ve. 3 'Dy unto the tyerman for mackynge of W. Kempe's sewt, and the boyse, the 4 September, 1602, some of wit, ce. 4 We have some doubts of the authenticity of the quotation of "Groatworth of Wit," as a work by Greene. Chettle was a neatly dramatic, and possibly wrote it in order to avail himself of the high popularity of the productions, that is just beginning to appear in London, of the publication of it, Chettle re-asserted that it was by Greene, but he admitted that the manuscript from which it was printed was in his own hand. He is explained, by stating that Greene's copy was so illegible that he was obliged to transcribe it. "It was ill-written," says Chettle, "as Greene's hand was none of the best;" and therefore he re-wrote it.
duke Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele to cease to write for the stage, and in the course of his exhortation, Greene bitterly inveighs against "an upstart crow," who had availed himself of the dramatic labours of others, who imagined himself able to write as good blank-verse as any of his contemporaries, who was a Johannes Pico-totum, and who, in his own opinion, was "the only SHAKE-SCENE in a country." All this is clearly layed down at Shakespeare, until the post-printing stage of the "name of Shake-scene," and the "Tiger's heart wrapp'd in a player's hide," are a parody upon a line in a historical play, (most likely by Greene) "O, tiger's heart wrapp'd in a woman's hide," from which Shakespeare had taken his "Henry VI." part iii.

From hence it is evident that Shakespeare, near the end of 1592, if not before, was so important a rival of the dramatists, who, until he came forward, had kept undisputed possession of the stage, as to excite the envy and enmity of Greene, even during his last and fatal illness. It also we, think, establishes another point not hitherto adverted to, viz. that our great poet possessed such variety of talent, that, for the purposes of the company of which he was a member, he could do anything that he might be called upon to perform: he was the Johannes Pico-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, (some of them by Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, or Peele) and no doubt he contributed prologues or epilogues, as occasion required, to scenes or passages on any temporary emergency. Having his ready assistance, the Lord Chamberlain's servants required few other contributions from rival dramatists: 3 the Shakespeare was the Johannes Pico-totum who could turn his hand to any thing connected with his profession, and who, in all probability, had thrown men like Greene, Lodge, and Peele, and even Marlowe himself, into the shade. In our view, therefore, the quotation we have made from the "Groatsworth of Wit," proves more than has been usually collected from it.

It was natural and proper that Shakespeare should take offence at this gross and public attack: that he did there is no doubt, for we are told so by Chettle himself, the avowed editor of the "Groatsworth of Wit," he does not indeed mention Shakespeare, but he designates him so intelligently 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 "Kind-heart's Dream," which was published without date, but as Greene expired on 3d September, 1592, and Chettle tells us in "Kind-heart's Dream," that Greene died "about three months" before, it is certain that "Kind-heart's Dream" came out prior to the end of 1592, and so the whole passage relating to Marlowe and Shakespeare is mostly interesting, and we therefore extract it entire.

1 About three months since died M. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands: among others his "Groatworth of Wit," in which a letter, written to divers booksellers, is offer'd to that actor, and blank-verse is together with the apology, written by the dramatist, to Shakespeare, who had been offended at a work, which he supposes that time I did not so much Spanish, the first time I wish I had, for that as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used my own discretion (especially when I, a certain actor having such as I am so sorry th as the original fault had been my fault; because myself I have seen his demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality he professes: besides, divers of worship have read his uprightness of dealing, and approved his honesty, and his acquaintance in writing, that approves me. For the first, [Marlowe] whose learning I reverence, and at the persuading of Greene's book struck out what then in conscience I thought I should do in some dissertation writ, and I am but true, yet to publish it was intolerable, him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

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

Large streams of honey and sweete nectar flows.} 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 "Colin Clout's come home again," which was published with a dedication dated 27th December 1591: "To the most welcome and industrious reader, and admirer of 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 Willy, and designates him "that same gentle spirit, from whose pen...""
CHAPTER IX.


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 Labour'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 four last 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 must now return to Stratford-upon-Avon, in order to advert to a very different subject.

A document has been recently discovered in the State Paper Office, which is highly interesting with respect to the religious tenets, or worldly circumstances, of Shakespeare's father in 1592. Sir Thomas Lucy, Sir Fulk Greville, Sir Henry Goodere, Sir John Harrington, and four others, having been appointed commissioners to make inquiries "touching all such persons" as were "jusitis, seminary priests, fugitives, or recusants," in the county of Warwick, sent to the Privy Council what they call their "second certificate," on the 25th Sept. 1592. It is divided into different heads, according to the respective hundreds, parishes, &c, and each page is signed by them. One of these diaries applies to Stratford-upon-Avon, and the return of names there is thus introduced:

"The names of all such Recusants as have bene heart fore presented for not coming monethly to the church, according to her Majesties laws, and yet are thought to forbear the church for debt, and for fear of process, or for some other worse faultes, or for age, sicknes, or impotency of bodie."

The names which are appended to this introduction are the following:

"Mr. John Wheeler, John Wheeler, his son, William Bainton,
Mr. John Shakesper, Richard Harrington, William Finlen,
Mr. Nicholas Barneshurste, George Bardolph, 
Thomas James, alias Giles,"

and opposite them, separated by a bracket, we read these words:

"It is sayd, that these last nine come not to church for fear of process of debt."

Here we find the name of "Mr. John Shakespeare" either as a recusant, or as "forbearing the Church," on account of the fear of process for debt, or on account of "age, sickness, or impotency of body," mentioned in the introduction to the document. The question is, to which cause we are to attribute his absence; and with regard to process for debt,

1. In a passage we have already extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions," but he is there perhaps referring to his "Comedy of Errors." We have to express our best thanks to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this manuscript, and for supplying us with an analysis of its contents.

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

3. In a passage we have already extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions," but he is there perhaps referring to his "Comedy of Errors." We have to express our best thanks to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this manuscript, and for supplying us with an analysis of its contents.

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9. In a passage we have already extracted from Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," he mentions Shakespeare's "gentle expressions," but he is there perhaps referring to his "Comedy of Errors." We have to express our best thanks to Mr. Lemon for directing our attention to this manuscript, and for supplying us with an analysis of its contents.
we are to recollect that it could not be served on Sunday, so that apprehension of that kind need not have kept him away from church on the Sabbath. Neither was it likely that his son, who was at this date profitably employed in London as an actor and author, and who three years before was a sharer in the Blackfriars theatre, would have allowed his father to claim this distinction, so as to enable him to attend the usual place of divine worship. Therefore, although John Shakespeare was certainly in great pecuniary difficulties at the time his son William quitted Stratford, we altogether reject the notion that the son had permitted his father to live in comparative want, while he himself was possessed of more considerable means. 

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

With regard to his religious opinions, it is certain that after the breach alderman of Stratford, on 4th July 1565, he must have taken the usual oath required from all protestants; but, according to the records of the borough, he was not administered to him until the 12th September following his election. This trifling circumstance perhaps hardly deserves notice, as it may have been usual to choose the alderman officers at one court, and to swear them in at the next. So far John Shakespeare may have conformed to the requirements of the law, but it is still possible that, he may not have adopted all the new protestant tenets, or that having adopted them, like various other conscientious men, he saw reason afterwards to return to the faith he had abandoned. We have no evidence on this point as regards him; but we have evidence, as regards a person of the name of Thomas Greene, (who, although it seems very unlikely, may have been the same man who was an actor in the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and who was a co-sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre, in 1595) who is described in the certificate of the commissioners as then of a dissenting persuasion. If it is possible that John Shakespeare had been "reconciled to the Romish religion." The memorandum is in these terms:

"It is hereby to be remembered that one Thomas Greene, of this parish, heretofore presented and indicted for a recusant, hath confessed to Mr. Robs. Burgoyn, one of the commissioners, that he then was reconciled to the Romish religion, while he was prisoner in Worcester gaol. This Greene is not everie day to be found."

On the same authority we learn that the wife of Thomas Greene was "a most wilful recusant," and although we are by no means warranted in forming even an opinion on the question, whether Mary Shakespeare conformed to the ancient faith, we have no doubt that she was a zealous adherent of the recusant party. The religious opinions of the commissioners, that some of her family continued Roman Catholics. In the document under consideration it is stated, that Mrs. Mary Arden and her servant John Browne had been presented to the commissioners as 1

1 By an account of rents received by Thomas Rogers, Chamberlain of Stratford, in 1566, it appears that "John Shakespeare" occupied a house in Bridge-street, at an annual rent of twelve shillings, nine shillings of which had been paid. Perhaps (as Malone thought) this house was that whence the father of the poet, having been bulifin and head-alderman, was usually styled Mr. John Shakespeare, as we have before remarked. However, it is a coincidence that the name of John Shakespeare immediately follows that of Henry Field, whose goods, Mr. John Shakespeare was subsequently employed to value: they were therefore in all probability neighbours.

2 "Shakespeare and his Times," vol. i. p. 8. Dr. Drake seems to be of the opinion that John Shakespeare may have refrained from attending the consistory court, which consisted of laymen, at the time that the ordinance, which by an act of Elizabeth, 1559, was confirmed, forbade attendance by any person of the name of Shakespeare. In the face of this ordinance, it is quite possible that John Shakespeare was duly examined, and, if in the case of others, it may not have been so in his. It is also possible that he was not on this occasion present, as the charge of having resided in London for a considerable time. It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to the evidence of the existence of Protestant sentiments on the part of the poet, as the very existence of such a question is a point of grave importance, and one which has been a matter of controversy for many years. It is the purpose of this paper to call attention to the evidence of the existence of Protestant sentiments on the part of the poet, as the very existence of such a question is a point of grave importance, and one which has been a matter of controversy for many years.

3 Of course, unless, as does not appear in this copy, John Shakespeare was the author of the document must have been subscribed by some person on his behalf.

4 Nearly all the "passages in his works, as an original or doctrinal character, are followed by the name of the author. Sometimes the name is given in full, son, K. C. H., in a very elegant volume, printed in 1831, for the benefit of the theatrical funds of our two great theatres. The object of this work was to verify, for the sake of the church, the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare. The whole is examined, and the name of the son is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication. In the group, which forms the title-page of the works of Shakespeare, it is the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare, which is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication. In the group, which forms the title-page of the works of Shakespeare, it is the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare, which is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication. In the group, which forms the title-page of the works of Shakespeare, it is the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare, which is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication. In the group, which forms the title-page of the works of Shakespeare, it is the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare, which is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication. In the group, which forms the title-page of the works of Shakespeare, it is the name of the son, as the author of the works of Shakespeare, which is in no case found to be in the records, or any other publication.
of a printer, named Richard Field, who, it has been said, was of Stratford, and might be the son of the Henry Field, or Field, whose goods Shakespeare purchased in 1599. It was to be recollected that at the time
"Venus and Adonis" was sent to the press, while it was printing,
and when it was published, the plague prevailed in London to such an excess, that it was deemed expedient by the privy council to put a stop to all theatrical performances. Shakespeare seems to have Availed himself of the interval for the 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, at an earlier date, he had altered, amended, and revived. The poem came from Field's press in 1593, and, as there is no evidence of the dedication, it seems probable that this was the first instance in which the author introduced his name, and was, therefore, his "signature," and himself. "Lucrece," however, was on every account, acceptable, and Shakespeare followed it up by inscribing to the same peer, but in a more mature and confident strain, his "Lurenee" in the succeeding year. He then "dedicated his love" to his juvenile patron, having "a warrant of his honourable disposition" for him, but it is certainly no just claim 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 doughtless laid 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 all the necessary information. Rowe gives the statement in these words:

"There is one instance so singular in the insignificance of

1 By the following order, derived from the registers -

"That for avoindng of great con* of people, which caused
increase of the infection, it were convenient for the Aldermen, Players, Bear-
byings, Cockpits, common Bowling-alleys, and such like unne-
cessaries, the month of May to be observed during the time of infection,
for that infected people, after their long keeping in, and before they be
clered of their disease and infection, being deaious of recreation,
used to resort to such, assemblies, went, through heats and throages,
they infect many sound persons."

In consequence of the virulence and extent of the disorder, Mich-

2 The author of the present Life of Shakespeare is bound to make
one exception, which has come particularly within his own knowl-
exg. All the plays before 1594. Shakespeare is known to have been
infection, as the rest of the playhouses were closed during the time of infection,
for that infected people, after their long keeping in, and before they be
cleared of their disease and infection, being deouis of recreation,
used to resort to such, assemblies, went, through heats and throages,
they infect many sound persons.

3 Neither are we to imagine that Shakespeare would have to
the whole sum of 1000l. as his contribution to the cost of the Globe,
the public interest; or, that he would, in such a case, have been likely to
may feel assured, never entered the mind of a man like Lord South-
ampton."

4 When the Globe had been burned down in June, 1619, it was re-
built very much by the contributions of the king and the nobility. lord Southamton may have intended the building of a new theatre,

5 Malone knew nothing of any copy of 1594. The impression
of 1602 was printed for W. Leake; only a single copy of the edition has
the very handsome dedication which follows it, pleasant and after his own honour and dignity,” by bestowing uppon him a sum worthy of his title and char-
acter, and which his wealth probably enabled him without difficul-
ty to afford. We do not believe that there has been any exaggeration in the amount, (although that is more possi-
ble) and Lord Southampton may thus have intended also to
influence his heart, and 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 1595. 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 Privy Council; its results. Repair of the Blackfriars theatre. Shakespeare a resident in Southwark in 1596; proof that he was off 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 13th March, 1594, could not have been completed early in 1595, as we apprehend that it would be finished and ready for the reception of audiences early in the spring of 1595. It was a round wooden building, open to the sky, while the stage was protected from the weather by an overhanging roof of thatch. The number of persons it would contain we have no means of ascertaining, but it was certainly of larger dimensions than the Little Theatre, and 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 some of there is any indication of the setting in of fine cheerful weather.

Before the building of the Globe, for the exclusive use of the theatrical servants of the Lord Chamberlain, there can be little doubt that they did not act all the year round at the Blackfriars; they appear to have performed sometimes at the Curtain in Shoreditch, and Richard Burbage, at the time of his death, still had shares in that playhouse. Whether they occupied it in common with any other association is not so clear; but we learn from Henslowe’s Diary, that in 1594, and perhaps at an earlier date, the company of which Shakespeare was a member had played at a theatre in Newington Butts, where the Lord Admiral’s servants also exhibited. At this period of our stage-history the performances usually began at three o’clock in the afternoon, for the citizens transacted their business and dined early, and many of them afterwards walked out into the fields for recreation, often visiting such theatres as were open purposely for their reception. Henslowe’s Diary shows that the Lord Chamberlain’s and the Lord Admiral’s servants had shared the profits from the first productions in what was called the Globe, in 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 productions were by our great dramatist, it is, of course, impossible to affirm; but the strong probability seems to be, that they were older dramas, of which he, subsequently, more or less, availed himself. Among these was a “Hamlet,” acted on 11th of June, 1594: a “Taming of a Shrew,” acted on 11th June, 1594; an “Androcles,” acted on 12th June, 1594; a “Venetian Comedy,” acted on 12th Aug., 1594; a “Cesar and Pompey,” acted 5th Nov., 1594; a “Second Part of Cesar,” acted 26th June, 1595; a “Henry V.,” acted on 28th Nov., 1595; and a “Troy,” acted on 222 June, 1596. To these we might add a “Palamon and Arete,” acted on 17th Sept., 1594 if we suppose Shakespeare to have had any hand in writing

*The Two Noble Kinsmen,* and an “Antony and Valera,” (acted on 20th June, 1595) as it is called in the barbarous record, which may possibly have had some connexion with the action of the Globe, we think that Shakespeare did not aid in these representations, and if he was perhaps, too much engaged with the duties of authorship, at this date, to take a very busy or prominent part as an actor.

The fact that the Lord Chamberlain’s players acted at Newington until November, 1596, may appear to militate against our suggestion, that the Globe was finished and ready for performances in the spring of 1595; and it is very possible that the construction occupied more time than we have imagined. Malone was of opinion that the Globe might have been opened even in 1594; but we postpose that event until the following year, because we think the time too short, and, because, unless it were entirely completed early in 1594, it would not be required, insomuch as the company for which it was built seem to have acted at the Blackfriars in the winter. Our notion is, that, even after the Globe was finished, the Lord Chamberlain’s servants now and then performed at Newington in the summer, because audiences, having been accustomed to expect them there, assembled there in the pursuit of their amusement, and 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. If any members of the company had continued to play at Newington after November 1596, we should, no doubt, have found some trace of it in Henslowe’s Diary.

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

We may feel assured that the important incident of the opening of a new theatre on the Bankside, larger than any that then stood in that or in other parts of the town, was celebrated by the production of a new play. Considering his station and duties in the company, and his popularity as a dramatist, we may be confident also that the new play was written by Shakespeare. In the imperfect state of our information, it would be vain to speculate which of his dramas was brought out on the occasion; but if the reader will refer to our several Introductions, he will see which of the plays according to such evidence as we are acquainted with, may appear in his view to have the best claim to the distinction. Many years ago we were strongly inclined to think it probable that the old and the new play of” Henry VI., the “Third Part of,” and the “wooden O” is most pointedly mentioned in that drama; so that at all events we are satisfied that it was acted in that theatre; there is also a nationality about the subject, and a popularity in the treatment of it, which would render it particularly appropriate; but on further reflection and information, we are unwillingly convinced that “Henry VI. Part 3” was not written until some years afterwards. 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 a speculation.

Allowing about fifteen months for the erection and completion of the Globe, we may believe that it was in full operation in the spring, summer, and autumn of 1595. On the approach of cold weather, the company would of course return to their winter quarters in the Blackfriars, which
was erected, lighted from within, and comparatively warm. This theatre, as we have stated, this day had been in process of building for seven years, and early in 1596 the sharers directed their attention to the extensive repair, enlargement, and, possibly, entire re-construction of the building. The evidence that they entertained such a design is very decisive; and we may perhaps infer, that the prosperity of their new experiment at the Globe encouraged this outlay. 

Thus, even to the death of calculating the year) Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain at the time, but who died about six months afterwards, wrote to Sir William More, expressing a wish to take a house of him in the Blackfriars, and adding that he had heard that Sir William More had parted with a portion of his own residence "to some that mean to make a play house in it."

The truth, no doubt, was, that in consequence of their increased popularity, owing, we may readily imagine, in a great degree to the success of the plays Shakespeare had produced, the company which had occupied the Blackfriars theatre found that their house was too small for their audiences, and wished to enlarge it; but it appears rather singular that Lord Hunsdon, the Lord Chamberlain, should not be at all aware of the intention of the players acting under the sanction of his name and office, and should only have heard that some persons "meant to make a play house of part of Sir William More's residence. We have not a copy of the whole of Lord Hunsdon's letter—only an abstract is extant—though we know that it was read in the council, and even know that there was any theatre at all in the Blackfriars.

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 1596. The first of these is a representation from certain inhabitants of the precinct in which the playhouse was situated, not only against the permission of the work of repair and enlargement, thus commenced, but against all 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 rule, inasmuch 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 1595 no fewer than sixteen sharers were enumerated, and that then Shakespeare's name was the twelfth; but it did not by any means follow, that because there were sixteen sharers in the receipts, they were also proprietors of the building. The question, however, was brought to light, and in 1601 to the clarion of Thomas Pope, (from whose will we have already given an extract) Richard Burbage, John Hemings, (properly spelt Heninge) Augustine Phillips, William Shakespeare, William Kempe, (who withdrew from the company in 1601) William Slye, and Nicholas Tooley, were "owners" of the theatre as well as sharers in the profits arising out of the performances. The fact, however, seems to have been either not known to the sharers in which plays were represented, the proprietor of the freedom, was Richard Burbage, who in 1595 advertised it from his father, and transmitted it to his son. 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 significance."

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 Alley and Henslowe at Dulwich College, we are enabled to show that both the remonstrance and the petition were drawn up very shortly after the formation of the (step-father to Alley's wife, and Alley's partner) seems always, very prudently, to have kept up a good understanding with the officers of the department of the revels; and on 3rd May, 1596, a person of the name of Vele, servant to Edmond Tyney, 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 Vele 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 enform you that my late Mr. Kempe, of the Blackfriars, had a rec. from the L. in the council order that the L. Chamberlaine, justly, but yet seems to be concern'd at the Blackfryars, according to their petition in that behalf, but leave shall be given unto them to make good the decaye of the saide house, but not to make the same larger than the present building, that belonging to the Revelers, this 3 of male, 1596."

"Mr. Vele."

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 precinct objected not only to the repair and enlargement, but to any dramatic representations in that part of the town; the company petitioned to be allowed to carry out their design, as regards 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 remended, we are sure from the fact, that the house continued long afterwards to be employed for that purpose for which it had been originally constructed."

What is of most importance in this proceeding, with reference to Shakespeare, is the circumstance upon which we have already remarked; that whereas his name, in 1595, stood twelfth in a list of sixteen sharers, in 1596 it was advanced to the fifth place in an enumeration of eight persons, who termed themselves owners and players of the private house, or theatre, in the precinct and liberty of the Black-
friars." It is not difficult to suppose that the speculation at the Globe had been remarkably successful in its first season, and that the Lord Chamberlain's servants had thereby been induced to expend money upon the Blackfriars, in order to render it more commodious, as well as more capacious, and that, from calculation, that the receipts at the one house during the winter would be greater in consequence of their popularity at the other during the summer.

Where Shakespeare had resided from the time when he first came to London, until the period of which we are now speaking, we have no information; but in July, 1596, he was living in Southwark, perhaps to be close to the scene of action, and to render him familiar with 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 poet 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. Among those returned seems to have been the paper in question, which is valuable only because it proves distinctly, that our great dramatist was an inhabitant of Southwark very soon after the Globe was in operation, although it by no means establishes that he had not been resident there long before.

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

"Inhabitants of Sowtherk have complained, this—of July, 1596.
Mr. Markis
Mr. Tuppin
Mr. Loughorth
Wilson the pyper
Mr. Barrett
Mr. Shakesper
Phillipes
Tunson
Mother Golden the bande
Nagges
Fillpott 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 derogatorily of all the persons he enumerates, but still he designates some as "Mr. Markis, Mr. Tuppin, Mr. Loughorth, Mr. Barrett, and Mr. Shakesper;" but "Phillipes, Tunson, Nagges, and Fillpott," he only mentions by their surnames, while he adds the words "the pyper" and "the bande after Wilsones and Mother Golden," probably to indicate that any complaint from the above-named was but little weight. All that we can certainly collect from the memorandum is what Malone gathered from it, that in July 1596, (Malone only gives the year, and adds "near the Bear-garden," which we do not find confirmed by the contents of the paper) in the middle of what we have considered the second season at the new theatre called the Globe, Shakespeare was an inhabitant of Southwark. That he had removed thither for the sake of convenience, and of being nearer to the spot, is not unlikely, but we have no evidence upon the point: as there is reason to believe, that the old Blackfriars, the principal notice of the Globe, lived in Holywell Street, Southwark, near the Curtain play-house, such an arrangement, as regards Shakespeare and the Globe, seems the more probable.

CHAPTER XI.

Chancer-y suit in 1597 by John Shakespeare and his wife to recover Asbyes: their bill; the answer of John Lambert; and the replication of John and Mary Shakespeare. Probable result of the suit. William Shakespeare's annual visit to Stratford. Death of his son Hamnet in 1596. General scarcity in England, and its effects at Stratford. The quantity of corn in the hands of William Shakespeare and his neighbors in February, 1598. Bon Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," and probable instrumentality of Shakespeare in the original production of it on the stage. Henslowe's letter respecting the death of Gabriel Spencer.

We have already mentioned that in 1578 John Shakespeare and his wife, in order to relieve themselves from pecuniary embarrassment, mortgaged the small estate of the latter, called Asbys, at Wilmeceote in the parish of Aston Cantlow, to Edmund Lambert, for the sum of 40L. As it consisted of nearly sixty acres of land, with a dwelling-house, it must have been worth, perhaps, three times the sum advanced, and by the admission of all parties, the mortgagees were again to be put in possession, if they repaid the money borrowed on or before Michaelmas-day, 1680. According to the assertion of John and Mary Shakespeare, they tendered the 40L. on the day appointed, but it was refused, unless other moneys, which they owed to the mortgagees, were repaid at the same time. Edmund Lambert (perhaps the father of Edward Lambert, whom the eldest sister of Mary Shakespeare had married) died in 1596, in possession of Asbys, and from him it descended to his eldest son, John Lambert, who continued to withhold it in 1597 from those who claimed to be its rightful owners.

In order to recover the property, John and Mary Shakespeare filed a bill in chancery, on 24th Nov., 1597, against John Lambert of Barton-on-the-Heath, in which they alleged the fact of the tender and refusal of the 40L. by Edmund Lambert, who, wishing to keep the estate, no doubt coupled with the tender a condition not included in the deed, that the mortgage be paid in one year, a condition required by Edmund Lambert, was not denied by John and Mary Shakespeare, but they contended that they had done all the law required, to entitle them to the restoration of their estate of Asbies; in their bill they also set forth, that John Lambert was "of great wealth and ability, and well friends and allied amongst gentlemen and freeholders of the country, in the county of Warwick," while, on the other hand, they were "of small wealth, and very few friends and alliance in the said county." The answer of John Lambert merely denied that the 40L. had been tendered, in consequence of which he alleged that his father became "lawfully and absolutely seized of the premises, in his demesne as of fee." To this answer John and Mary Shakespeare put in a replication, reiterating the assertion of the tender and refusal of the 40L. on Michaelmas-day, 1680, and praying Lord Keeper Egerton (afterwards Baron Ellesmere) to decree in their favour accordingly.

1 "Inquiry into the Authenticity," &c., p. 215. He seems to have reserved particulars for his "Life of Shakespeare," which he did not live to complete, and which was imperfectly finished by Boswell.
2 "The Life of Gabriel Phillips, who belonged to the company of the Lord Chamberlain's servants, and whose name stands fourth in the royal license of May 1663. He died as nearly as possible two years afterwards, his will being dated on the 4th May, and proved on the 13th May, 1665. Among other bequests to his friends and "fellows," he gave "a thirty-shilling piece of gold" to William Shakespeare. He was a distinguished comic performer, and the earliest notice we have of him is prior to the death of Tachtson in 1585."
3 "It is just possible that by "Wilseone the pyper" the writer meant to point out "Jack Wilson," the singer of "Sigh no more, ladies," in "Much ado about Nothing," who, might be, and probably was, a player upon some wind instrument. See also the "Memoirs of Ed-ward Capell" (Sir John, Bart., on the subject of the learned society) p. 152, for a mea-
If any decree were pronounced, it is singular that no trace of it should have been preserved either in the records of the Court of Chancery, or among the papers of Lord Ellesmere; but such is the fact, and the inference is, that the suit was settled by the parties without proceeding to this extremity. We can have little doubt that the bill had been filed with the concurrence, and at the instance-employed in order to commence and prosecute the suit in Chancery: and unless we suppose them to have stated and re-stated a deliberate falsehood, respecting the tender of the 40s., it is very clear that they had equity on their side. We think, therefore, we may conclude that John Lambert, finding he had no chance of success, relinquished his claim to Asbyes, perhaps on the payment of the 40s. and of the sums which his father had required from John and Mary Shakespeare in 1580, and which in 1597 they did not dispute to have been due.

Among other matters set forth by John Lambert in his answer, is that the Shakespeare were anxious to regain some of their Asbyes, because the current lease was near its expiration, and they hoped to be able to obtain an improved rent. Supposing it to have been restored to their hands, the fact may be that they did not let it again, but cultivated it themselves; and we have at this period some new documentary evidence to produce, leading to the belief that our poet was a land-owner, or at all events a land-occupier, to some extent in the neighbourhood of Stratford-upon-Avon. Aubrey informs us, (and there is not only no reason for disbelieving his statement, but every ground for giving it credit) that William Shakespeare was "wont to go to his native county once a year." Without seeking for any evidence upon the question, nothing is more natural or probable, and when, therefore, he had acquired sufficient property, he might be anxious to settle his family comfortably and independently in Stratford. We must suppose that his father and mother were mainly dependent upon him, notwithstanding the recovery of the small estate of the latter at Willmote, and he may have employed his brother Cott, who was two or three years younger than himself, and perhaps accustomed to agricultural pursuits, to look after his farming concerns in the country, while he himself was absent superintending his highly profitable theatrical undertakings in London. In 1595, 1596, and 1597, our poet must have been in the receipt of a considerable and an increasing income; he was part proprietor of the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres, both excellent speculations; he was an actor, doubtless earning a good salary, independently of the proceeds of his shares; and he was the most popular 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 misfortune to lose his only child. Hamnet, born 2 linstar of June 1585: the boy completed his eleventh year in February, 1596, so that his death in August following must have been a very severe trial for his parents.1

Stow informs us, that in 1596 the price of provisions 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." Malone found, and printed, a letter from Abraham Sturley, of Stratford-upon-Avon, dated 24th Jan., 1597-8, stating that his "neighbours groaned with the wants they felt through the dearness of corn," and that malcontents in great numbers had gone to Sir Thomas Lucy and Sir Palko Greville to complain of the maltsters for engrossing it. Connected with this dearth, the Shakespeare Society has been put in possession of a document of much value as regards the biography of our poet, although, at first sight, it may not appear to deserve notice, it is sure in the end to attract. It is thus headed:—

"The route of corn and malt, taken the 4th of February, 1597, in the 40th year of the reign of our most gracious Sovereign Lady, Queen Elizabeth, &c."

and in the margin opposite the title are the words "Stratford Burroughie, Warwickie." It was evidently prepared in order to ascertain how much corn and malt there really was in the town; and it is divided into two columns, one showing the "Townsmen's corn," and the other the "Strangers' malt."

The names of the Townsmen and Strangers (when known) are all given, with the wards in which they resided, so that we are enabled by this document, among other things, to prove in what part of Stratford the family of our great poet then dwelt: it was in Chapel-street Ward, and it appears that at the date of the account William Shakespeare had ten quarters of corn in his possession. As soon as he was on the spot, he would have this immediate neighbourhood, and in what order the names are given, we copy the account, as far as it relates to Chapel-street Ward, exactly as it stands—

**Chapel Street Ward.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Number of Quarters</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Edmund Smythe, Jun.</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Coxe</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Thomas Dyson</td>
<td>174</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Thomas Barbor</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Myshall, Hare</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Ruffell</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hugh Ayngor</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Badesey</td>
<td>6 quarters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>John Rogers</td>
<td>10 quarters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mary Emmetts</td>
<td>8 quarters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mr. Aspinal</td>
<td>11 quarters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Shakespeare</td>
<td>10 quarters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jul. Shave</td>
<td>7 quarters</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

We shall have occasion hereafter again to refer to this document upon another point, but in the mean time we may remark that the name of John Shakespeare is not found in any part of it. This fact gives additional probability to the belief that the two old people, possibly with some of their children, were living in the house of their son William, for such may be the reason why we do not find John Shakespeare mentioned in the account as the owner of any corn. It may likewise in part explain how it happened that William Shakespeare was in possession of so large a quantity: in proportion to the number of his family, in time of scarcity, he would be naturally desirous to be well provided with this article of diet. 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. Ten quarters does not seem much more than would be needed for his own consumption; but it affords some proof of his means and substance at this date, that only two persons in Chapel-street Ward had a larger quantity in their hands. We are led to infer from this fact 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 Willmote, of which we know

besides 9 quarters of barley— nurturing, and to 15

besides malt, the Townsmen, it is said, were

besides malt, 9 quarters; that the maltsters together

besides malt and mill-corn, and

besides barley; but it seems to have been con-

besides malt of 40s. of "wheat and mill-corn," and

besides malt and mill-corn, and

besides 9 quarters of barley— their ears, and to be distinguished in Chapel-street Ward.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

that no fewer than fifty, out of about sixty, acres were arable.

We must now return to London and to theatrical affairs there, and in the first place advert to a passage in Rowe's Life of Shakespeare, relating to the real or supposed intercourse between our great dramatist and Ben Jonson. Rowe tells us that Shakespeare's acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the former, into whose hands it put, after having turned it carelessly and superfluously over, was 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 afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public. This anecdote is entirely disbelieved by Mr. Gifford, and he retells his incredulity upon the supposition, that Ben Jonson's earliest known production, "Every Man in his Humour," was originally acted in 1597 at a different theatre, and he produces as evidence Henslowe's Diary, which, he states, proves that the comedy came out at the Rose.

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

"This comedy was first acted in the year 1598." Are we prepared to disbelieve Ben Jonson's positive assertion (a man of the highest and purest notions, as regarded truth and integrity) for the sake of a theory founded upon the bare assumption, that Henslowe by "Umers" not only meant Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," but could mean nothing else?

Had it been brought out originally by the Lord Admiral's players at the Rose, and acted with so much success that it was repeated eleven times, as Henslowe's Diary shows was the case, as Ben Jonson certainly represents it, why should we not have supposed that Ben Jonson should not have said so; and if he had afterwards withdrawn it on some pique, and carried it to the Lord Chamberlain's players, we can hardly conceive it possible that a man of Ben Jonson's temper and spirit would not have told us why in some other part of his works.

Mr. Gifford, passing over without notice the positive statement we have quoted, respecting the first acting of "Every Man in his Humour" by the Lord Chamberlain's servants in 1598, proceeds to argue that Ben Jonson could stand in need of no such assistance, as Shakespeare is said to have afforded him, because he was "as well known, and perhaps better," than Shakespeare himself. Surely, with all deference for Mr. Gifford's 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 made the progress in his profession of actor, writer, 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 Humour." It is also to be observed, that Henslowe had no pecuniary transactions with Ben Jonson prior to the month of July, 1598. In both points, therefore, we could scarcely have failed to find some memorandum of payments, anterior to the production of the comedy on the stage in May, 1597.

To this, that nothing could be more consistent with the amiable and generous character of Shakespeare, than that he should thus have interested himself in favour of a writer who was ten years his junior, and who gave such undoubted proofs of genius as are displayed in "Every Man in his Humour." Our great dramatist, established in public favour by such comedies as "The Merchant of Venice," and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," by such a tragedy as "Romeo and Juliet," and by such histories as "King John," "Richard III.," and "Richard II.," had become popular; and above all rivalry, and could well afford this act of "humanity and good-nature," as Rowe terms it, (though Mr. Gifford, quoting Rowe's words, accidentally omits the two last,) on behalf of a young, needy, and meritorious author. It is to be recollected also that Rowe, the original narrator of the incident, does not, as in several other cases, give us, if he at all doubted its correctness, but unhesitatingly and distinctly, as if it were a matter well known, and entirely believed, at the time he wrote.

Another circumstance may be noticed as an incidental confirmation of Rowe's statement, with which Mr. Gifford could not be reconciled. If the fact has only been re- 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 Alleyne on the subject on the 26th September, uses these words:—"Since you were with me, I have lost one of my company, which hurth me greatly; that is Gabriel, for he is slain in Hoxton Fields by the hands of Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer." New, had Ben Jonson been at that date the author of the comedy called "Umers," and had it been his "Every Man in his Humour," which was acted by the Lord Admiral's players twelve times, it is not very likely that he "wished" him "out of" his "Umers," and then 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;" he was writing also to his step-daughter's husband, the leading member of his company, to whom he would have been ready to give the fullest information regarding the disastrous affair. We only add this additional matter to show the improbability of the assumption, that Ben Jonson had anything to do with the comedy of "Umers," acted by Henslowe's company in May, 1597; and the probability of the position that, as Ben Jonson himself states, it was originally brought out in 1598.

2 Misses of the materials of the following note, which sets right so important error relating to Ben Jonson's mother, we are indebted to Mr. W. W. Cunningham.
3 Malone and Gifford (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 5) both came to the conclusion that the Mrs. Margaret Jonson, mentioned in the register of the burial in the Fields as having been married, 17th November, 1573, to Mr. Thomas Fowler, was the mother of Ben Jonson, who then took a second husband. "There cannot be a reasonable doubt of this," they say; and it is, therefore, inexplicable otherwise. It appears that Ben Jonson's mother was living after the comedy of "Eastward Ho!" which gave offence to King James, (and which he defended in "Laius," p. 194.) Ben Jonson's Conversations, p. 20.) It is impossible that the Mrs. Margaret Fowler, who was married in 1573, was dead before 1598; and he was buried "in the Fields." It is said that he survived his three wives, Elizabeth, Margaret, and Elizabeth, who were buried in the same grave. The inscription which we have been in Bury's ed. of Steele's Survey, 1706, v. i. p. 69) informs us also, that Mr. Thomas Fowler was "born at Wiccan, in the county of Lancaster," and that he had been "married and buried" the 2d of July, 1573, "in the church of Mary, and for the first ten years of Queen Elizabeth. The date of his death is not stated in the inscription, but by the register of the church it appears that he died before 1598." If Mr. Thomas Fowler, who died before 1595, could not have been the mother of Ben Jonson, who was living about 1604; and if Ben Jonson's mother lived a second time, we have yet to ascertain who was his second husband.
4 The precise form in which the entry stands in Henslowe's so-called book of accounts is:—"Maye 1597. 11. It. at the comdy of Vmers.
5 Ben Jonson's Works, 8vo, 1616, vol. i. p. 10.
6 The Memoirs of Edward Alleyn. P. 267.) The author of that work has since seen reason to correct himself on this and several other points.
CHAPTER XII

Restriction of dramatic performances in and near London in 1597. — Thomas Nash, and his play, "The Isle of Dogs;" imprisonment of Nash, and of some of the players of the Lord Admiral. — Favour shown to the companies of the Lord Chamberlain and of the Lord Admiral. — Printing of St. Bartholomew's Day. — Nash's works. — Life of Francis Meres, published by F. Meres in 1598. — Shakespeare authorized the printing of none of his plays, and never corrected the press. — Carelessness of dramatic authors in this respect.

"The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. — Shakespeare's reputation as a dramatist.

In the summer of 1597 an event occurred which seems to have produced for a time a serious restriction upon dramatic performances in the capital. It has been supposed that circumstances of the year, had written a comedy which he called "The Isle of Dogs;" that he had partners in the undertaking there is no doubt; and he tells us, in his tract called "Leuten Stuff," printed in 1599, that the players, when it was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants, in the beginning of August, 1597, had taken most unwarrantable liberties with his piece, by making large additions to it, for which he was not only to have been responsible. The exact nature of the performance is not known, but it was certainly satirical, no doubt personal, and it must have had reference also to some of the political and public questions of the day. The representation of it was forbidden by authority, and Nash, with others, was arrested from "privy occasion," and sent to the Fleet prison. One of the offending actors had escaped for a time, and the privy council, not satisfied with what had already been done in the way of punishment, wrote from Greenwich on 15th August, 1597, to certain magistrates, requiring them strictly to examine all the parties in custody, with a view to the discovery of others not yet apprehended. This important official letter, which has hitherto been unmentioned, we have inserted in a note from the registers of the privy council of that date; and by it we learn, not only that Nash was the author of the "seditious and scandalous" comedy, but possibly himself an actor in it, and "the maker of part of the said play," especially pointed out, who was in custody, to receive some punishment; there were and mutinous behavior both deserve; these shall be, therefore, to re-

quire you to examine those of the places that are omitted, whose names are known to you, Mr. Topcliffe, what is because of the rest of theirs fellows that either had their parts in the deatings of that seditious matter, or that were actors of plays in the same, what copies they have given forth of the said plays, and to whatsoever such other parties as you shall think meete to be demanned of or impeached of, you shall, as occasion shall make, receive some answer hereafter. We pray you also to prepare such papers as were found in Nash his lodgings, which Perry, a messenger of the Chamber, shall deliver unto you, and to certify us the examinations you take. So be it. Greenwich, 15. Aug. 1597.

"From the Council Register.
RIZZI. No. 1555."

"2 We find evidence in a satirist of the time, that about this date the Theatre was abandoned, though not "plucked down."

BIBLIOGRAPHY.
before mentioned, he maintains that he was the most inno-
cent party of all those who were concerned in the transac-
tion. It seems evident, that in 1598 there was a strong
position on the part of some members of the Queen’s
government to restrict dramatic performances, in and near
London, to the servants of the Lord Chamberlain and of the
Lord Admiral.

As far as we can judge, there was good reason for show-
ing favour to the association with which Shakespeare was
connected, because nothing has reached us to lead to the
belief that the Lord Chamberlain’s servants had incurred any
displeasure: if the Lord Admiral’s servants were to be
permitted to continue their performances at the Rose, it
would seem that the Lord Chamberlain’s had not been
prevented the Lord Chamberlain’s servants from acting at
the Globe. 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 1599 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 La-
bour’s Lost” and “Henry IV,” part i. in 1598; but, as we
learn from indisputable contemporaneous authority, he
had written seven others, besides what he had done in the
way of alternating adaptations and adaptations of the earlist en-
morbidities of Shakespeare’s dramas made its first
appearance, in a work by Francis Meres entitled “Palladis Ta-
mia, Wits Treasury.” In a division of this small but thick
volume (consisting of 666 v0 pages, besides “The Table”),
headed “A comparative discourse of our English Poets,
with the Grecian, Latine and Italian Poets,” the author in-
serts a list which, though not in any respect as accurate
as it stands in the original, because it has no where, that
we recollect, been quoted quite correctly.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy
and Tragedy; so Shakespeare: “Plautus is most excellent
English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for
Comedy, witness his Gullion of Verona, his Errors, his Love
labor lost, his Love labours wonne, his Midsummer nights
dreams, & his Merchant of Venice; for Tragedy his Richard
the 2, Richard the 3, Henry the 4, King John, Titus An-
 drionicus and his Romeo and Juliet.”

Thus we see that twelve comedies, histories, and trage-
dies (for we have specimens in each department) were
known as Shakespeare’s in the Autumn of 1598, when the
work of Mervs came from the press; it is a remarkable
circumstance, evincing strikingly the manner in which the
various 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
written on them. If the time was hard because of the
they considered that the omission would not affect the sale: 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 1597,
1599, and 1609, (see Introduc’t) The reprints of “Richard
the 2,” “Richard the 3,” “Henry the 4,” and “Henry the 5,”
as before observed, have Shakespeare’s name on the title pages, and they were issued, perhaps, after Mervs had distinctly assigned those “histo-
ries” 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,
even though the edition 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 some mangled and deformed copies of
some of his most celebrated plays to remain in the public
years, and did not think it worth his while to expose the
fraud, which remained, in several cases, undetected, as far as
the great body of the public was concerned, until the ap-
pearance of the folio of 1623. Our great dramatist’s indif-
ference upon this point seems to have been shared by many,
and by most, of his own companions. If the trend and
its repetition in 1609, will be aware that it is full of the
Plautus, Terence, Newus. Sext. Turpilius, Lucius Iunius, and
M. Domitianus, and that the volume containing them
in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, is known: it is neces-
sary to bear in mind, that the impression of “Romeo and Juliet”
in 1597 was made from a different quarto, which is in the state in
which the tragedy came from the hand of its author.

The following passages, in the same division of the
work of Mervs, contain mention of the name or works of Shakespeare.

1. As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras,
as the sweate of salt in soil of golden in melting by
day, and being by Shakespear: witness his Venus and Adonis, his Lucrece, his
sugred sonnets among his private friends &c., fol. 251.

2. As Epinio Stoel said, the Muses would speak with Plautus
tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say the Muses would
speak with Shakespeare’s fine-fled phrase, if they would speak English.” for
English.

3. As And R.O. saith, of his Exegi monumentum are perennis, Restat; put pyramidum altius; Quod non imber edax; Non Aquila
integritate, sed honeste et integre temponum; so I say of Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer,
Danie, Dryonds, Shakespear, and Warrers works.” fol. 262.

4. As Calliius among the beestes, and Horace and Catullus among the Latines, are the best lyrick poets; so in this faculty the best among our poets is Spenser (who excellent in all) and Drayton, Shakespeare, Benet.” fol. 292.

5. As these tragick poets flourished in Greece, Aschylus, Euripide,
Aristophanes, Sophocles, Seneca, Tragedies of Plautus, Atheniensis, Apollodorus Tarsenses, Neonhscus Pythagor, Thucydes,
Aetas, and Timon Apollonii; and these among the Latines, Ander, Terence, Tullus, Senecas, and those among our best for tragédie; the Lord Bucckhun, Doctor Leg of Cambridge,
Dr. Edes of Oxford, Master Edward Ferris, the Author of the Mir-
reres, John Dryton, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Dccker, and Benjamin Johnson.” fol. 3-33.

6. As the best poet for comedy among the Greeks are these: Menan-
der, Aristophanes, Esopiis Atheniensis Alexis, Terius, Niceratus, Ammisias Atheniensis, Anasaxrides Rhodos, Aristonymus, Archip-
hus Atheniensis, and Callias Atheniensis; and among the Latines,
Plantus, Terence, Newus, Sext. Turpilius, Lucius Iunius, and
M. Domitianus, and that the volume containing them
in the library of Lord Francis Egerton, is known: it is neces-
sary to bear in mind, that the impression of “Romeo and Juliet”
in 1597 was made from a different quarto, which is in the state in
which the tragedy came from the hand of its author.

It was entered for publication on the Stationers’ Registers in Sep-
tember, 1598. Mervs must have written something in verse which
repeatedly referred to Shakespeare, and to his friend Fitzgeoffry in his Apologie, as a poet and theologian: he was cer-
tainly well acquainted with the writings of all his poets, and
his character is so deeply versed in his life and works, that it is
in company with Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Ben Jonson, Sylvester,
Chapman, &c.” fol. 233.
very grossest blunders, which the commonest corrector of the press, much less the author, if he had seen the sheets, could not have allowed to pass. Nearly all plays of that time were in that state, and hastily printed, but Heywood's "Rape of Lucrece," as it originally came from the press with the author's "imprimatur," is, we think, the worst specimen of typography that ever met our observation 1.

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 not inserted 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 Labour's Won" has been supposed, since the time of Dr. Farmer, to be "All's Well That Ends Well," which we think is mistaken. Our notion is (see Introduction) that the original name given to the play was "Love's Labour's Won"; and that, when it was revived with additions and alterations, in 1605 or 1608, it received also a new appellation.

In connection with the question regarding the interest taken by Shakespeare in the publication of his works, we may mention the impudent fraud practised in the year 1597 upon the appearance of the list furnished by Meres. In 1599 came out a collection of short miscellaneous poems, under the title of "The Passionate Pilgrim." They were all of them imputed, by W. Jaggard, the printer, or by W. Leake the bookseller, to Shakespeare, although some of them were afterwards assigned to the Davenant, in the Introduction to our reprint of this little work we have stated all the known particulars regarding it; but Shakespeare, as far as appears from any evidence that has descended to us, took no notice of the trick played upon him: possibly he never heard of it, or if he heard of it, left it to its own detection, not thinking it worth while to interfere 2. It seems to us very probable that Shakespeare could have no doubt but the public would have been as ready to believe in this new oration of the author's to the applause of 1599, and the manner in which a scheming printer and stationer endeavored to take advantage of that popularity.

Yet it is singular, if we rely upon several coeval authorities, how little our great dramatist was about this period known and admired for his plays. Richard Burbage published his "Eecution of Lady Jane," 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 Venus, and whose Lucrece, sweet and chaste,
Thy name in fame's immortal book hath place;
We live ever out, at least in fame's livetide;
Well may the body die, but fame die never."

Here Shakespeare's popularity, as "pleasing the world," is noticed; but the proofs of it are not derived from the stage, where his dramas were in daily performance before crowded audiences, but from the success of his "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece," which had gone through various editions. Precisely to the same effect, but a still stronger instance, we may refer to a play in which both Burbage and Kempe are introduced as characters, the one of whom had obtained such celebrity in the tragic, and the other in the comic parts in Shakespeare's dramas: we allude to "The Return from Parnassus," which was indisputably acted before 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;"
"Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

Not the most distant allusion is made to any of his dramatic productions, although the poet criticised by the young students immediately before Shakespeare was JonJon, who was also the first of the far-far away, or of a bricklayer, in England," but "a slow inventor." Hence we might be led to imagine that, even down to as late a period as the commencement of the seventeenth century, the reputation of Shakespeare depended rather upon his poems than upon his plays; almost as if productions for the stage were not looked upon, at that date, as part of the recognized 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, followed by the lease of the Theatre, by Richard Burbage and the 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. Disobedience of various companies 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 important 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," before, 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, 1597–8, and that he had ten quarters of corn there; and we need not doubt that it was the house which he built in 1599. He lived in the reign of Henry VII.: the Clunyutos subsequently sold it to a person of the name of Botte3, 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 twelve 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.

3 Botte probably lived in it in 1594, when he contributed 4s. to the poor who were afflicted with the plague: this was the highest amount subscribed, the bailiff only giving 3s. 4d., and the head alderman 2s. 6d.

4 That Shakespeare was considered a man who was in a condition to lose considerable sums of money, is proved by the evidence of Richard Quainey, (father to Thomas Quainey, who subsequently married Shakespeare's youngest daughter Judith,) who then lived and placed him in a house on the west side of the lych-gate of our present church. But in November 1598, they had failed to return the house. We wish to call the attention of our present money, and in terms which do not indicate any doubt that our post would be able to make the advance. This application is contained in a letter which must have been sent by hand, as it unluckily contains no direction: it is the only letter yet discovered addressed to Shake- speare, and it was first printed by Roswell from Malone's papers, vol. iv, p. 225.

5 "Loving Corinian, I am bold of you,\ as of a friend, craving your help with xxxv, upon Mr. Bushell & my securities, or Mr. Myttons with me.\ Mr. Roswell not come to London as yeate, & I have
We consider the point that Shakespeare had become owner of New Place in or before 1597 as completely made out, as, at such a distance of time, and with such imperfect information upon nearly all matters of his history could be at all expected.1

We apprehend likewise, as we have already remarked (p. xlvi), that all things of it that we know of his arms in 1596, obtained as we believe by William Shakespeare, had reference to the permanent and substantial settlement of his family in Stratford, and to the purchase of a residence there consistent with the altered circumstances of that family—altered by its increased wealth and consequence, owing to the success of this great drama, and to the marriage of his eldest child. The removal of the Lord Admiral's players, under Henslowe and Alleyne, 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 equal to sustain the rivalry with the Lord Chamberlain's servants, under Shakespeare, in the permanent and substantial settled theatre at the Globe. That theatre was opened, as we have adduced reasons to believe, in the spring of 1597: the Rose was a considerably older building, and the necessity for repairing it might enter into the calculation, when Henslowe and Alleyne thought of trying the experiment in a different part of the metropolis, and on the Middlesex High-road. We may imagine the trees being at this date merely wooden structures, and much frequented, they would soon fall into decaying, especially in a marshy situation like that of the Bankside: so damp was the soil in the neighbourhood, that the Globe was surrounded by a moat to keep it dry; and, although we do not find the first any where stated, it is most likely that the Rose was similarly drained. The Rose was, in its 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 of Cholmley about the year 1584; but it seems to have early required considerable reparations, and they might be again necessary prior to the especial case. You shall send me much in helping me out of all the debts I owe in London; I thank you, and make much to my ransom which would not be indebted. I am now towards the Cowrie, in hope 2 unknown for the dispatch of my Business. You shall receive the credit my money by me, that the business of a noble but provident selfe soe as I hope & you shall not need in fear; but with all hasty thankfulness I will holde my tymne & content you, and hope it shall be as quickly and as well as it can be in your selves. My tyne bids me hasten to a ende, & soe I committ thys [to] yours care & hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall not be backe this night from this part of the world, but I endeavour, the Lord will have us all, and soe. From the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 October, 1596.

You and all kindesses. REG. QUEEN.

"To my Loving friend & contrynman Mr Ws.
Shakespeare."

The deficiency as regards the direction of the letter, lamented by Malone, is not of so much importance, because we have proved that Shakespeare was resident in Southwark in 1598 and he probably was so in 1596, because the reasons which we have supposed, induced him to take up his abode there would still be in operation, in as much force as ever.

1 In the garden of this house it is believed that Shakespeare planted a mulberry tree, about the year 1598: such is the tradition, and we are disposed to think that it is founded in truth. In 1598, King James was anxious to introduce the mulberry (which had been imported about half a century earlier) into general cultivation, and the remainder of this letter is written upon the subject to most of the justices of peace and deputy lieutenants in the kingdom: the plants were sold by the State at the price of 4s. each. The mulberry was particularly valued as a public use for the planting of mulberry trees "near the palace of Westminster." The mulberry tree, said to have been planted by Shakespeare, was moved in 1768 from the grounds of the Palace of Westminster to the pleasure ground of the Abbey of Westminster, where it still remains. Place remained in possession of Shakespeare's successors until the Restoration; it was then repossessed by the Clapton family: about 1705, was sold by the Countess of Clapton, and the name of the tree, which was known as "the mulberry tree of Sir John Clapton," was changed to the mulberry tree of the name of Ostrull, who, on some offence taken at the authorities of Westminster, was ordered there to be punished, and paid it down, and cut down the mulberry tree. According to a letter in the Annual Register of 1700, the wood was bought by a silversmith, who offered a reward for the destruction of it for the curious. In our time we have seen as many relics, said to have been formed from this one mulberry tree, as could hardly have been furnished by all the mulberry trees in the county of Warwick.

2 We may be disposed to assign the following lines to about this period: a little earlier; they relate to some theatrical wager in which Alleyne, of the Lord Admiral's players, was, for a part not named, to be matched against Kempe, of the Lord Chamberlain's servants. By the terms of the wager one play, there can be little doubt that some work by Shakespeare was intended; and we know from Heywood's "Hierarchie of the Blessed Anges," 1583, that Shakespeare is named as the Roman writer, the Irae deum, the Irae deum, the Irae deum... 3 The document is preserved at Dulwich, and was first printed in the "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," p. 12.

"If noes was nowe wyne an other wager For thine frende, and fellow stager, Tarlton himselfe thou dost excel, And so doth the better, if thou wilt. And now shall Kempe orecome as well. The moneys downe, the place the Hope, Thuys shal hyde his selfe, and the Pope. Fear not, the victorie is thine; Thou still as maeshee ned shal shyne, If Roscius Richard foames and fumes, The Globe shall have but emptie roomes, If thou dost act; and Willies newe playe Shall passe for some curiouse playe. Consent them, Nedde; doe us this grace; Thou cannot fail in ane case; For in thee, comminge thy playes, All sides shall brave Ned Allin sayes."
to certain magnates of Middlesex requiring them to put a stop to the performance of a play at the Curtain, in which were introduced "soberly, melancholy, and grave, but not alive," but saying nothing about the closing of the house, although it was open in defiance of the imperative command of the preceding year. We know also upon other testimony, that not only the Curtain, but theatres on the Banksides, besides the Globe, (where performances were allowed) were then in occasional use. It is barely possible, therefore, that the order of the 22d June, 1600, was never strictly enforced, and one of the most remarkable circumstances of the times is, the little attention, as regards theatres, that appears to have been paid to the absolute authority of the court. It seems exactly as if restrictive measures had been adopted in order to satisfy the importunity of particular individuals; but there was no disposition on the part of the court to carry them into execution. Such was probably the fact; for a year and a half after the order of the 22d June had been issued it was renewed, but, as far as we can learn, with just as little effect as before.

Besides the second edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in 1599 (which was most likely printed from a playhouse 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 as we have before remarked had probably been published in 1594) the Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Henry IV., part ii, and All's Well that Ends Well. Only the latter was 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 as a revised edition of Shakespeare upon the title-page, and it is, if possible, a more imperfect and garbled representation of the play, as it proceeded from the author's pen, than the "Romeo and Juliet" of 1597. Whether any of the managers of theatres at this date might not, sometimes be concerned in selling impressions of dramas, we have no sufficient means of deciding; but we do not believe it, and we are satisfied that dramatic authors in general were content with disposing of their plays to the several companies, and looked for no emolument to be derived from publication. 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 surreptitiously printed.

We ought not to pass over without notice a circumstance which happened in 1600, and is connected with the question of the authorized or unauthorized publication of Shakespeare's plays. In that year a quarto impression of a play, called "The first part of the true and honourable History of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," came out on the title-page of which the name of William Shakespeare appeared at length. We find by Henley's Diary that this disclaimer of the authorship of four poets, Anthony Munday, Michael Drayton, Robert Wilson and Richard Hathway; and to attribute it to Shakespeare was evidently a mere trick by the bookseller, [Thomas] [Havier], in the hope that it would be bought as his work. Malone remarked upon this fraud, but he was not aware, when he wrote, that it had been detected and corrected at the time, for since his day more than one copy of the "First Part, etc." of Sir John Oldcastle has come to light, upon the title-page of which no name is to be found, the bookseller apparently having been compelled to cancel the leaf containing it. From the indifference Shakespeare seems uniformly to have been displayed on matters of the kind, we may, possibly, conclude that the impression was made at the instance of one of the four poets who were the real authors of the play; but we have no means of speaking decisively upon the point, and the step may have been in some way connected with the objection taken by living members of the Oldcastle family to the name, which had been assigned by Shakespeare in the first instance to Falstaff.

CHAPTER XIV.

For though he beare inclined bee in plaiaster, When he was free, he was this townes school-master. And that well you see, is not that Arbernes, The Nymph of Sicile: Noe, men maye courau A Health of the plump Lyman, nobest grapes, The second spring I keep, as did that dragon Hesperian apples. And nowe, sir, a plague on This your people town, if you not welcome me! But whohe can doubt of this, when, loe! A well come is newe into the gate? I would say more, But words now falling, dare not, least I mazz.

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

1 It was a charge against Robert Greene, that, driven by the pressure of necessity, he had on one occasion raised money by making "a double sale" of his play called "Edward Parens," to the players and afterwards to the press. Such may have been the fact, but it was unquestionably an exception to the ordinary rule.

2 The name of the "True" "Henry VI" was the "Four Parts of Henry the Sixth," the "First Part," to "Fourth Part." It is curious how in the whole of the life of Shakespeare, without exception, how in the whole of his plays, without exception.
1607, and Chalmers, weighing the evidence in favour 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 2nd February, 1607, when
it was played at the Reader's Feast in the Middle Temple.
This eye-witness, the husband of the name of Manning-
ham, 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, (Vol.
iii. p. 317) 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 Bur-
gage, which has been supposed to depend upon the authority of Nicho-
las Tooley, but on looking at the original record again, we
doubt whether it came from any such source. A "Mr. Towse is
repeatedly introduced as a person from whom Manningham derived information, and that name, though
blotted, seems to be placed at the end of the paragraph, certainly
without the addition of any Christian name. This
circumstance may make some difference as regards the au-
thenticity of the story, because we know not who Mr. Towse might be, while we are sure that Nicholas Tooley
was a fellow-actor in the same company as both the indi-
viduals to whom the story relieves. At the same time it
may be supposed that the "English players," originating, as was often the case, in some older joke,
and applied to Shakespeare and Burbage, because their
Christian names happened to be William and Richard.

Elizabeth, from the commencement of her reign, seems
to have extended her personal patronage, as well as her
public countenance, to the drama; and scarcely a Christmas
even has passed since she ascended the throne, that she did
not invite some one of the select minstrels to entertain her
before the festivity, often of long duration. In the forty-five
years she occupied the throne, when there were not dra-
matic entertainments, either at Whitehall, Greenwich, North-
such, 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, on a visit of inspection, in the very
beginning of August, 1602, that "Othello" (having been
got up for her amusement, and the Lord Chamberlain's
players brought down to the Lord Keeper's seat in Hart-
fordshire 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 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 was a novelty, and therefore attracting public attention.
Hence we are led to believe, that "Twelfth Night" (not
printed until it formed part of the folio of 1623) was writ-
ten at the end of 1600, or in the beginning of 1601; and that
"Othello" (first published in 4to, 1622,) came from the
author's pen about a year afterwards.

In the meantime, without detracting the performance of
"Othello" at Harefield, the company by which it was re-
presented is called "Burbages Players," that designation arising out of the fact, that he was looked upon as the
leader of the association; he was certainly its most cele-
brated 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 we do not
think any argument, one way or the other, is to be drawn
from the fact that the company, when at Harefield, does
not seem to have been under his immediate government.
Whether he was or was not one of the "players in" "Othello" in and after 1603, we have no 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, in a passage already
quoted, that she had "opened her royal car 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 Edin-
burgh to London, on the 7th May, 1603. Before he quitted
his own capital he had had various opportunities of wit-
nessing 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 Scot-
land? We have certainly no affirmative testimony upon

**Harry shall not be seen as King or Prince, They died, the brief home for ever. Not to revive again. Jeronimo Shall cease to mourn his son Horatio. They cannot all play that they bid not. A murder by horrid outcry; and Antonio's dead. Edward shall lack a representative; and Cordelia, I say, may not live. Tyrant Macbeth, with a wondrously bloody hand, We usually now hope to understand. Salicots and Northumberland, For ne'er thy like upon our stage shall come, To charm the faculties of ears and eyes. Unless we could command the dead to rise. Vindex is gone, and what a loss was he! Frankford, Brachiano, and Malvolio. Heart-broke Philaster, and Amintas too, Are lost for ever, with the red-haired Jew. Which sought the bankrupt merchant's pound of flesh, By woman-lawyer caught in his own mesh. • • • And his whole action he would change with ease From Richard's, to Leant (if youthful) to be seen. But let me not forget one chiefest part Wherin, beyond the rest, he mov'd the heart; In stature stam'd, his hear in furnace-A-Field, Who sent his wife to fill a fill-less grave, Then shew himself upon the bloody bed. All these, and many more, with him are dead," &c.

The MS. from which the above lines are copied seems, at least in one place, defective, but might be cured by the addition of the words,

A ballad was published on the death of Elizabeth, in the com-
memoration of which Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and Thomas Greene,
is supposed to have written it. Of "A Poetick Epistle to the Queen," 4to, 1663, we are called upon to contribute some verses in honour of the late Queen:

"You poets all, brave Shakespeare, Johnson, Greene, Bestow your time to write for England's Queen alive. Exepting for the fair lady, the production is utterly contemptible, and must have been the work of some of the "goblins and underlives" of poetry, who, according to a poem in H. Chevrel's "English Poets," had put forth, upon the occasion " rude rhymes, and metres reasonless."
the point, beyond what may be derived from some passages in "Macbeth," descriptive of particular localities, with which passages our readers must be familiar: there is, however, ample room for conjecture; and although, on some points, we may be compelled to hit upon a conclusion beyond 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.

The year 1599 has been commonly supposed the earliest date of London performances by Shakespeare's company. It was in that year, but it can be shown beyond contradiction that "her Majesty's players," meaning those of Queen Elizabeth, were in Edinburgh ten years earlier. In 1589, Ashby, the ambassador extraordinary from England to James VI. of Scotland, thus writes to Lord Burghley, under date of the 23d October—":

"My Lord Bothwell begins to show himself willing and ready to do her Majesty any service, and desires her to be thought of as he shall deserve: he sheweth great kindness to our nation, using her Majesty's Players and Canoniers with all courteously."

In 1589, the date of Ashby's dispatch, Shakespeare had quitted Stratford about three years, and the question is, what company was intended to be designated as "her Majesty's players." It is an admitted fact, that in 1588 the Queen's Company at Court, commanded by Sir Henry Chicheley, had engaged some professional servants of some of her nobility, and they were afterwards called "her Majesty's players." and we also know, that in 1590 the Queen had two companies acting under her name; in the autumn of the preceding year, it is likely that one of these associations had been sent to the Scottish capital for the amusement of the young king; and the company formed in 1588 may have been divided into two bodies for this express purpose. Sir John Sinclair, in his "Statistical Account of Scotland," established that a body of comedians was in Perth in June, 1589; and although we are without evidence that they were English players, we may fairly enough assume that they were the same company spoken of by Ashby, as having been used courteously by Lord Bothwell in the October following. We have no means of ascertaining the names of any of the players, nor indeed, excepting the leaders Lancham and 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, (exactly the same season as that in which, ten years earlier, they are spoken of by Ashby) 43d, 64, 8d. were delivered to "his Highness' self," to be given to "the English comedians" in the next month they were paid 41l. 12s. at various times. In December they received no less than 33l. 6s. 8d.; in April, 1600, 10s.; and in December, 1601, the royal bounty amounted to 400l. 4

The fact, 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 22 marks as a gratuity, and that one of them had performed in the Freedom of the city was confirmed upon Laurence Fletcher, who is especially styled "comedian to his Majesty." The company had arrived in Aberdeen, and had been received by the public authorities, under the sanction of a special letter from James VI. and, although they were in fact the players of the Queen of England, they might on this account be deemed and treated as the players of the King of Scotland.

Our chief reason for thinking it unlikely that Shakespeare would have accompanied his fellows to Scotland, at all events between October, 1599, and December, 1601, is, that, as the principal writer for the company to which he was attached, he could not well have been spared, and because we have good ground for believing that about that period he must have been unusually busy in the composition of plays. No fewer than five dramas seem, as far as evidence, positive or conjectural, can be obtained, to belong to the interval between 1598 and 1602; and the proof appears to us tolerably conclusive, that "Henry V." and "Twelfth Night," were written between 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. 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 1589 and 1599 for him to have done so. Nevertheless, we have no tides that any English actors were in any part of Scotland during those ten years.

CHAPTER XV.


Before he even set foot in London, James I. thought it necessary to put a stop to dramatic performances on Sunday. This fact has never been mentioned, because the proclamation he issued at Thetford on 7th May, containing the paragraph for this purpose, has only recently come to light. There had been a long pending struggle between the Puritans and the players upon this point, and each party seemed by turns to gain the victory; for various orders were, from time to time, issued from authority, forbidding exhibitions of the kind on the Sabbath, and those orders had been uniformly more or less 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 mere circumstance of the company in which this paragraph, 4 For these particulars of payments, and some other points connected with them, we are indebted to Mr. Lavington of Edinburgh, who has made extensive and valuable collections for a history of the Stage in Scotland.

5 The accounts of the revels' department at this period are not so complete as usual, and in Mr. P. Cunningham's book we find no details of any kind between 1597 and 1604. The interval was a period of the greatest possible interest, as regards the performance of the productions of this company, and we earnestly hope that the missing accounts may yet be recovered.

3 Between September, 1599, and September, 1599, Queen Elizabeth had sent, as a present to the young King of Scotland on his marriage with Anne of Denmark, all the necessary appurtenances, and we find charged for in the accounts, the three pieces of canvass displayed for that period. See "Hist. of Engi. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. 1. p. 170. It is most likely that the actors from London accompanied this gift.

4 From MS. Harl. 4047, being copies of despatches from Mr. Ashby to the Lord Privy Seal, and members of the Council in London. We are indebted to Mr. N. Hill for directing our attention to this curious notice.

5 See Mr. P. Cunningham's "4 Extracts from the Revels' Accounts," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. xxi.
against dramatic performances on Sunday, is found, seems to prove that it was an after-thought, and that it was inserted, because his couriers had urged that James ought not even to enter his new capital, until public steps had been taken to put an end to the profanation. 4

The King, having issued this command, arrived at the Court of Augsburg, where he placed 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 accession of the new sovereign; for ten days after his arrival he signed the patent which allowed the King's playhouse to make a little profit out of his 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 name, not only at the Globe or on the Bankside, but in any part of the kingdom; viz. Lawrence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Philpilpes, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Sly, Robert Arny, and Richard Cowley.

We miss from this list the names of Thomas Pope, William Kempe, and Nicholas Toole, who belonged to the company which was discharged by King James in 1594. Lawrence Fletcher, Henry Condell, and Robert Arny, with the addition of Richard Cowley. Pope had been an actor in 1589, and perhaps in May, 1603, was an old man, for he died in the February following. Kempe had joined the Lord Admiral's players soon after the opening of the Fortune, on his return from the Continent, for we find him in Henslowe's pay a year or two after this, from the association at this date, or his name would hardly have been omitted in the patent, as an established actor, and a man of some property and influence; but he, as well as Kempe, not long subsequently rejoined the association with which they had been so long connected.

We may assume, perhaps, in the absence of my direct testimony, that Lawrence Fletcher did not acquire his prominence in the company before James was master of the Tower, for the records are silent respecting Lear and the King. He had been in Scotland, had performed with his associates before James in 1599, 1600, and 1601, and in the latter year he had been registered as "his Majesty's Comedian at Aberdeen. He might, therefore, have been a favourite with the King, and being also a considerable shareholder in the association, he perhaps owed his place in the patent of May, 1603, to his circumstances. 5 The King of Shake- speare comes next, and as author, actor, and sharer, we cannot be surprised at the situation he occupies. His progress upward, in connexion with the profession, had been gradual and uniform: in 1589 he was twelfth in a company of sixteen members, in 1596 he was fifth in a company of eight members; and in 1603 he was second in a company of nine members.

The degree of encouragement and favour extended to actors by James I. in the very commencement of his reign is remarkable. Not only did he take the Lord Chamberlain's players unto his own service, but the Queen adopted the company under the wardship and patronage of Sir Henry Condell, of whom she was a personal friend; the patent was not issued without the Queen's consent, nor could it be obtained without her authority. She had granted the King to license the company, but the King was the proprietor of the stage-company. 6 And then comes, as a sure mark of James's favour, his appointment of John Morall to the Court of August, where, by the act of 37 Car. 2, passed the 27th May, 1603, King James ordained, "that the places of singing, reading, and common place shall be..." The law was not the more effective, because it was never carried into effect; the severe penalties it inflicted were not enforced, and the King'sevil. 7

The patent under the great seal, made out in consequence of this natural, and of the King's licence, was granted on the 11th June, 1603. 8

4 The paragraph is in these terms, and we quote them because they have been thus printed by the writer of what is called the "Memoirs."—By the King.

4 And for that we are informed, that there hath been heretofore great neglect in this kingdom of keeping the Sabbath day; for the inhabitants of the several cities and boroughs do open their usual places of amusements and playing, and also of course are glad to have a day of rest by the law. We do straightway charge and command that no bearer-baying, Bally-baying, Enteriudes, common Plays, or other like disorderly or unlawful exercises, or pastimes, be frequented, kept, or used at any time hereafter upon the Sabbath day.

5 Nothing seems to be known of the birth or origin of Lawrence Fletcher, (who died in September, 1606;) but we may suspect that he was an elder brother of the actor, William Fletcher, (born in 1575.) In the Second Part of King Henry the Fifth, the father, (he died, on 15 June, 1598, having made his will in October, 1601, before he was translated from Worcester to London. This document seems never to have been examined, but it appears from it, as Sir P. Cunningham informs us, that he had no fewer than nine children, although he only mentions his sons Nathanial and John by name. He died poor, and among the Landsdowne MSS. is one, enti-

6 The policy of this court was such as to elude the operation of the law, and the King's pleasure was not to be questioned, as of the preceding page we shall see. But the true and only legitimate and proper effect of this act of 37 Car. 2, passed the 27th May, 1603, King James ordained, "that the places of singing, reading, and common place shall be..."—By Worcester into London brought his state.

7 It afterwards goes on thus:

"The Prince of prelacy, which now long since Was banish'd with the Pope, is said of late to be scale; he must have a council to be made by him, and By Worcester into London brought his state."

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the passage in "Hamlet," (brought out, as we apprehend, very shortly before he came to the throne) where it is said of these "abstracts and brief chronicles of the time," that it is "better to have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live." James made himself sure of their good report; and an epigram, attributed to Shakespeare, has descended to us, which doubtless was intended in some sort as a grateful token for the royal countenance bestowed upon him, which no one was unconnected with it. We copy it from a coeval manuscript in our possession, which seems to have belonged to a curious accumulator of matters of the kind, and which also contains an unknown production by Dekker, as well as various other pieces by dramatists and poets of the time. The lines are entitled,

"SHAKESPEARE ON THE KING."

"Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,

Triumphs their tomb, felicity her date:

Of nought but earth can earth make us parterker,

But knowledge makes a king most like his Maker."

We have seen these lines in more than one other old manuscript, and as they were constantly attributed to Shakespeare, and in the form in which we have given them above, are in no respect unworthy of his pen, we have little doubt of their authenticity.

Having established his family in "the great house" called "New Place" in his native town in 1597, by the purchase of the homestead, it seems as if Shakespeare the author had contemplated considerable additions to his property there. In May, 1602, he laid out £230 upon 107 acres of land, which he bought of William and John Combe, and attached it to his dwelling. The original indenture and its counterpart are in existence, bearing date 1st May, 1602, but to neither of them is the signature of the poet affixed, and it seems that he being absent, his brother Gilbert was his immediate agent in the transaction, and to Gilbert Shakespeare the property was delivered to the use of William Shakespeare. In the autumn of the same year he became the owner of a copyhold tenement (called a cotugian in the instrument) in Walker's Street, alias Dead Lane, Stratford, surrendered to him by Walter Goley. In November of the next year he gave Horace Underhill £20 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, the latter a farm of some 70 acres; of New Place, the additional messuage, and the additional mortgage, which he had recently purchased from Underhill.

Whether our great dramatist was in London at the period when the new king ascended the throne, we have no means of knowing; but that he was so in the following autumn we have positive proof for, in a letter written by Mrs. Alleyn, the wife of Edward Alleyn, the actor, to Miss Alleyn, then in the country, dated 20th 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 Summer were engaged in the performance of the accounts of the prevalence of the plague, and the consequent cessation of dramatic performances, and had returned to the metropolis; and it is not at all unlikely that Shakespeare was one of those who had returned, having taken the opportunity of visiting his family at Stratford-upon-Avon.

According to Elizabeth the Children of the Chapel (originally the choir-boys of the royal establishment) had become an acknowledged company of players, and these, besides her association of adult performers, Queen Anne took under her immediate patronage, with the style of the Children of her Majesty's Reves, requiring that the pieces they proposed to represent should first be submitted to, and have the approbation of the celebrated Samuel Daniel, Instrument of their appointment bears date 30th January, 1603-4; and from a letter from Daniel to his patron, Sir Thomas Egerton, preserved among his papers, we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare, as well as Michael Drayton, had been candidates for the post of master of the Queen's revels: he says in it, "I cannot but know, that I am lesse deserving than some that were 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 seemeth to my humble judgement that one is the author of plays, now dayly performed in public places, and that he should have been appointed an actor of no small gain, and moreover himself an actor in the Kinges company of comedians, could not with reason pretend to be master of the Queenes 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, had we not every reason to believe that at this date he had ceased to be a dramatic author. He had been a writer for Hemowe and Alleyn's company during several years, first at the Rose, and afterwards at the Fortune; but he seems to have relinquished that species of composition about a year prior to the demise of Elizabeth, the last piece in which he was concerned, of which we have no intelligence, being noticed by Hemowe under date of May, 1602; this play was called "The Harpies," and he was assisted in it by Dekker, Middleton, Webster, and Munday.

It is highly probable that Shakespeare was a sutor for this office, in contemplation of a speedy retirement as an actor. We have already spoken of the presumed exertion of the company of players, and, besides the fact 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 William Shakespeare, the 107 acres of land purchased from William and John Combe) who probably survived the Restoration, is supposed to have been the author of "this tradition." He had acted also in Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," in 1598, after (as we believe) introducing it to the company; and he is supposed to have written part of, as well as known to have written, the parts of the two thousand, from being imputed to him, to take in this volume, and in this general line of work, it is very evident that the connexion between the Devil and John a Combe, or John of Combe (as he is there called) was much older—"so see had he never rent at the date, the devil and John of Combe should not have feight Kate L. to Briedwell." There is no ground for supposing that Shakespeare was ever on bad terms with any of the Combes, and in his will he expressly left his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe, in a MS. of that time, now before us, we find the following given as an account of the same Sir John a Combe.

"Here ten in the hundred lies dead and imgraved:

But a hundred to ten his soul is not saved."

And the couplet is printed in no very different form in "The Meres of the Muses," 1608, No. 91.

1 A coeval copy of the court-roll in the hands of the Shakespeare Society.


3 See the introduction to "As you like it."
performed in, the same author's "Sejanus" in 1605. This is the last work 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:—Burbage, Shakespeare, Fletcher, Phillips, Condell, Heminge, Armin, Sly, Cowley, Ostler, and Day. If Shakespeare had not then actually ceased to produce plays, it would inevitably be inferred in deciding that he quit his last and most important profession, that department of the profession very shortly afterwards.

CHAPTER XVI.


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

In the next year (at what particular part of it is not stated) Sir Leonard Haldane, 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) Armin, and others, players at the Blackfriars, have again most unjustly and wickedly, to bring their stage into the godly and virtuous aldermen of the city of London, to their great scandal and the lessening of their authority," and the interposition of the privy council to prevent the abuse was therefore solicited. What was done in consequence, if anything were done, does not appear in any extant document.

The spring of the next year a still graver charge was brought against the body of actors of whom Shakespeare, until very recently, had been one; and it originated in no less a person than the French ambassador. George 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 performance of it was prohibited: as soon, however, as the court had quitted London, the King's players persisted in acting it; in consequence of which three of the players were arrested, (their names are not given) but the author, and the two dramas were printed in 1608, and again in 1625; and looking through them, we are at a loss to discover anything, beyond the historical incidents, which could have given offence; but the truth certainly 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 ambassador to his court, that one of the dramas originally contained a scene in which the Queen of France and Madeleine, a parallel to the Queen of England, were introduced, the former, after having abused her, giving them the latter a box on the ear.

This information was conveyed to Paris under the date of the 5th April, 1606; and the French ambassador, apparently in order to make his court acquainted with the lawless character of dramatic performances at that date in England, adds a very singular paragraph, proving that the King's players, only a few days before they had brought the Queen of France upon the stage, had not hesitated to introduce upon the same boards their own reigning sovereign in a most unseemly manner, making him swear violently, and beat a gentlewoman with his cane, and make her fear for her life for the chase. This course indicates a most extraordinary degree of boldness on the part of the players; but, nevertheless, they were not prohibited from acting, until M. Beaumont had directed the attention of the public 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 a large sum to be allowed to continue their performances. The French ambassador himself apprehended that the appeal to the King's pecuniary

1 From lines preceding it in the 4to, 1605, we know that it was brought out at the Globe, and Ben Jonson admits that it was ill received by the audience.
2 An many were the productions of this great and various author, one of which is mentioned by Ant. Wood (Ath. Oxon, edit. Blome, vol. ii. p. 576), and the other by Waton (Hist. Eng. Poetr. vol. iv. p. 373, edit. T. S.), on the authority merely of the stationers' registers; but none of our literary antiquaries seem to have been able to meet with them. They are both in existence. The first is a defence of his "Anadromus Librataria," 1604, which Edwards, in consequence of the marriage of the Earl of Somerset and the Countess of Essex, which Chapman tells us he had been "most maliciously misinterpreted." It is called "A free and offencless Justification" of his poem, and it was printed in 1614. It is chiefly in prose, but at the end is a dialogue in rhyme, between Enthus and Theodiscus, the last being meant for Chapman: Wood only supposed that Chapman wrote it; but if he could have read it, he would have entertained no doubt. It appears that "Anadromus Librataria" was a covert attack upon him, and from this action Chapman was anxious to relieve himself. The poetical dialogue is thus rendered by Thence, and sufficiently explains the object of the writer.

"Ho, you! Thedalis! you must not dreams! You're thus dismist in peace; seas too extreme Your song hath strid up to be called too soon: Nay, your very notes are not so just; Your Persists is display'd, and sleighteth now Your work as idle, and as servile yow, Your people are gone, and your plays away Your misty clouds; and he sees, clear as day, Y've made him scandal'd for another wrong."

Bucklersbury, while his apprehensions rise."

The other production, of which our knowledge has also hitherto been "curiously" omitted, is "Seven Peasantable Psalms, paraphrastically translated," with other poems of a miscellaneous kind at the end: it was printed in small folio, 1609, dedicated to Sir Edward Philipps, Master of Trinity, where Chapman speaks of his yet unfinished translation of Homer, which, he adds, the Prince of Wales had commissioned him to translate. Among the epistles which this poetical piece has a copy of Chapman's "Memorable Masque" on the marriage of the Palgrave and Princess Elizabeth, corrected by Chapman in his own hand; but the errors are few, and not very important. It shows the patient accuracy of the accomplished writer.
wants would be effectual, and that permission, under certain restrictions, would not long be withheld. 1

Not all Shakespeare's plays are derived from the Blackfriars or the Globe theatres, as an actor merely, we may be tolerably certain he relinquished when he ceased to perform. He would thus be able to devote more of his time to dramatic composition, and, as he continued a sharer in the two undertakings, perhaps his income on the whole was not much lessened. Certain it is that in 1603 he had already drawn up a lease, in which he was anxious to invest advantageously in property or in near the place of his birth. Whatever may have been the circumstances under which he quitte Stratford, he always seems to have contemplated a permanent return thither, and kept his eyes constantly turned in the direction of his birth-place. As late as January, 1598, he had been advised "to deal in the matter of titles" of Stratford; 2 but perhaps at that date, having recently purchased New Place, he was not in sufficient funds for the purpose, or possibly the party in possession of the lease of the tithe, though not unwilling to dispose of it, required more than it was deemed worth.

At all events, nothing was done on the subject for more than six years; but on the 24th July, 1605, we find William Shakespeare, who is described as "of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman," executing an indenture for the purchase of the unexpired term of a long lease of the great tithes of "corn, grain, blade, and hay," and of the small tithes of "wool, lamb, and other small and privy tithes, herbage, oblations," &c., in Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welebone. 3

In the 6th of Elizabeth, January, 1605, he had been advised "to deal in the matter of titles" of Stratford; but perhaps at that date, having recently purchased New Place, he was not in sufficient funds for the purpose, or possibly the party in possession of the lease of the tithe, though not unwilling to dispose of it, required more than it was deemed worth.

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not twenty-eight at the time of his death, had embraced the profession of a player; having perhaps followed the fortunes of his brother William, and attached himself to the company, and with his name in any list of the associations of the time, nor is he mentioned as an actor among the characters of any old play with which we are acquainted. We may presume, therefore, that he attained no eminence; perhaps his principal employment might be under his brother in the management of his theatrical concerns, where he only took part in the assistance of a 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 stood 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 conveyed to the Church of St. Mary ad Crypt, Stratford. She was, in the 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 in this period to have been at its height. His "King Lear" was printed three times for the same bookseller in 1608; and in order perhaps to increase its sale, (as well as to secure the publisher from the attacks of the old "King Lear," a play upon the same story, being given to him instead) the name of "M. William Shake-speare" was placed very conspicuously, and most unusually, at the top of the title-page. The same observation will in part apply to "Pericles," which came out in 1609, with the name of the author rendered particularly obvious, although in the ordinary place. "Troilus and Cressida," which was published in the same year, also has the name of the author very distinctly legible, but in a somewhat smaller type. In both the latter cases, it would likewise seem, that there were plays by older or rival dramatists upon the same incidents. The most noticeable proof of the advantage which a bookseller conceived he should derive from the announcement that the work he published was by our poet, is afforded by the title-page of the collection of his dispersed sonnets, which was ushered into the world as "Shakespeare's Sonnets," in very large capitals, as if that mere fact would be held a sufficient recommendation.

In a former part of our memoir (p. xxv) we have alluded to the circulation of books that were read by the poet at the time of the 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 six-pence a week to the poor there, (as high a sum as anybody in that immediate vicinity was assessed at) is stated in the account of the Life of Edward Alleyn, printed by the Shakespeare Society, (p. 90) and there it is too hastily inferred that he was rated at this sum upon a dwelling-house occupied by himself. This is very possibly the fact; but, on the other hand, the truth may be, that 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 in the same district. The parish register of St. Saviour's establishes, that in 1601 the churchwardens had been instructed by the vestry "to talk with the players respecting the payment of 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. As a confirmatory circumstance we may add, that when Henslowe and Alleyn were about to build the Fortune play-house, in 1599-1600, the inhabitants of the Lordship of Finsbury, in the parish of Cripplegate, petitioned the privy council in favour of the undertaking, one of their reasons being, that "the players were contented to give a very liberal portion of money weekly towards the relief of the poor." Perhaps the parties interested in the Globe were contented to come to similar terms, and the parish to accept the money weekly from the various individuals. Henslowe, Alleyn, Lowin, Town, Juby, &c., who were assessed, besides Shakespeare, in the Globe, contributed to the payment of the poor, which would include bad, large, small, and moderate houses, and other theatres in the same neighbourhood, contributed in different proportions for the same purpose, the largest amount being six-pence per week, which was paid by Shakespeare, Henslowe, and Alleyn.

The ordinary inhabitants included in the same list, doubtless, paid for their dwellings, according to their several rents, and may have been the case with Shakespeare, we cannot pretend to say for certain, that a moderate 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.

Attemp 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, the interest and property of Shakespeare and other sharers. The income of Richard Burbage at his death. Diary of the Rev. J. Ward, Vicar of Stratford, and his statement regarding Shakespeare's expenditure. Copy of letter from that gentleman to Francis Carter, describing playwrights and Burbage. Probable decision of Lord Chancellor Ellerslie in favour of the company at the Blackfriars theatre.

We have referred to the probable amount of the income of our great dramatist in 1609, and within the last ten years a

Francis Carter. 
Mr. Scott Carter. 
Mr. Edmund Collin. 
John Barret. 
Mr. Toune. 
Mr. Jul. 
Mr. Richard Hunt. 
Mr. Simon Bird.

The second division consists of seven persons who only paid one penny per week, and among them we perceive the name of no individual who, according to other evidence, appears to have been in any way connected with theatres. Malone (see his "Shakspere," p. 315,) has seen this document; but he mis-states that it belongs to the year 1609, and not 1608.
document has been discovered, which enables us to form some judgment, though not perhaps an accurate estimate, of the sum he annually derived from the private theatre in the Blackfriars.

From the outset of the undertaking, the Lord Mayor and aldermen of London had been hostile to the establishment of players within this precinct, so near to the boundaries, but beyond the jurisdiction of the corporation; and, as we have already shown, they had made several fruitless efforts to dislodge them. The attempt was renewed in 1608, when Sir Henry Montague, the Attorney General of the day, gave an opinion in favour of the claim of the citizens to exercise their municipal powers within the precinct of the late dissolved monastery of the Blackfriars. The question seems in some shape to have been brought before Baron Ellesmere, then Lord Chancellor of England, who required from the Lord Mayor and his brethren proofs that they had exercised any authority in the disputed liberty. The distinguished lawyers of the day retained by the city were immediately employed in searching for records applicable to the point at issue; but as far as we can judge, to no such proofs, as were thought necessary by the highest legal authority of the time, and applicable to any recent period, were forthcoming. Lord Ellesmere, therefore, we may conclude, was opposed to or inclined to distrust the jurisdiction of the city.

Failing in this endeavour to expel the King’s players from their hold by force of law, the corporation appears to have taken a milder course, and negotiated with the players for 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 particularity the amount of interest then claimed by each sharer, those sharers being Richard Burbage, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, John Heminge, Henry Condell, Joseph Taylor, and John Lowin, with four other persons named, each the owner of half a share.

We have inserted the document entire in a note, and have found that Richard Burbage was the owner of the freehold of the property (which was then held in fee, for a father) as well as the owner of four shares, the value of all which, taken together, he rated at 1332L 6s. 8d. Laurence Fletcher (if it be he, for the Christian name is written “Laz.”) was proprietor of three shares, for which he claimed 700L. Shakespeare was proprietor of the wardrobe and properties of the theatre, estimated at 500L, as well as four shares, valued, like those of Burbage and Fletcher, at 33L 6s. 8d. each, or 933L 6s. 8d., at seven years’ purchase: his whole demand was 1433L 6s. 8d., or 500L, less than that of Burbage, in as much as the fee was considered worth 1000L, while Shakespeare’s wardrobe and properties were valued at 500L. According to the same calculation, Heminge and Condell were each of them successful in securing their two shares, and Taylor 500L for his share and a half, while the four unnamed half-sharers put in their claim to be compensated at the same rate, 466L 13s. 4d. This mode of estimating the Blackfriars theatre made the value of it 6160L 13s. 4d., and to this sum was to be added remuneration to the hired men of the company, who were not sharers, as well as to the widows and orphans of deceased actors: the purchase money of the whole property was thus raised to at least 7000L.

Each share, out of the twenty into which the receipts of the theatre were divided, yielded, as was alleged, an annual profit of 33L 6s. 8d. to Shakespeare and his four co-sharers. His annual income, from them only, was 1332L 6s. 8d.; he was besides proprietor of the wardrobe and properties, stated to be worth 500L; these, we may conclude, he lent to the company for a certain consideration, and, reckoning wear and tear, ten per cent, seems a very low rate of payment; we will further, at that sum, which would add 500L a year to the 1332L 6s. 8d. already mentioned, making together 1832L 6s. 8d., besides what our great dramatist must have gained by the profits of his pen, upon which we have no data for forming any thing like an accurate estimate. Without including any thing on this account, and supposing only that the Globe was as profitable for a summer theatre as the Blackfriars was for a winter theatre, it is evident that Shakespeare’s income could hardly have been less than 364L 13s. 4d. Taking every known source of emolument into view, we consider 400L a year the very lowest amount at which his income can be reckoned in 1608.

The document upon which this calculation is founded was preserved among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, but a remarkable incidental confirmation of it has still more recently been brought to light in the State-paper office. Sir Dudley Carlton was ambassador at the Hague in 1619, and John Chamberlaine, writing to him on 19th of March in that year, and mentioning the death of Queen Anne, states that “the funeral is put off to the 29th of the next month, to the great hinderance of our players, which are forbidden to play so long as her body is above ground; one special man among them, Burbage, is lately dead, and hath left, they say, better than 300L land.”

Burbage was interred at St. Leonard’s, Shoreditch, on 16th March, 1619, three days anterior to the date of Chamberlaine’s letter, having made his mummificative four shillings per day for each body he interred in the same churchyard; and his partner, Shakespeare, and his other co-sharers were equally as much in need of money as was the widow and orphans of Burbage’s sons. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten, that although Shakespeare continued a large sharer with the leading members of the company in 1608, he had retired from the stage about four years before; and having ceased to act, but still retaining his shares in the profits of the theatres with which he was connected, it is impossible to say what arrangement

1 These transactions most probably occurred before September, 1608, because Laurence Fletcher died in that month. However, it is not quite certain that the “Laz.” mentioned in the document, was Laurence Fletcher: we know of no person named Lazaz, or Laz. or Fletcher, though he may have been the personal representative of Laurence Fletcher.

2 It is thus headed—

“For avoiding of the Playhouse in the Precinct of the Blacke Friers.”

The Life of William Shakespeare. [iii.

Imp. Richard Burbage oweth the Fee, and is also sharer therein. His interest he rateth at the gross summe of 1000L for the Fee, and for his four shares 1332L 6s. 8d. in the Wardrobe and Properties.

Item. Laze. Fletcher oweth three shares, which he rateth at 700L, that is, at seven years purchase for each share of 1332L 6s. 8d., one of those sharers, Caleb Farrant, of Farrant’s Grafton, Devonshire.

Item. W. Shakespeare asketh for the wardrobe and properties of the same playhouse 500L, and for his three shares 1332L 6s. 8d. in the Wardrobe.

Item. Heminge and Condell ech 2 shares.

Item. Joseph Taylor share and an hale.

1933 6 8

466 13 4

Summa totals 6160 13 4

Moreover, the hired men of the Company demand some recompense for their great loss, and the Widows and Orphans of Players, who are paid by the Sharers at divers rates and proportions, so as in the whole it will cost the Lo. Mayor and the Citizens at least 2000L.”

1 This new and valuable piece of information was pointed out to us by Mr. Lemon, who has been so indefatigable in his researches as to have since, in 1823, published a edition of Purchas.

2 The passage above quoted renders Middleton’s epigram on the death of Burbage (Works by Dyce, vol. v. p. 563) quite clear:

“Antoanernan and star-gazers this year
Will write of Burbage with good, and ill year.
Death interposing Burbage, and their staying,
Hath made a visible eclipse of playing.”

It has been stated that the death of Burbage, by causing a temporary suspension of plays in consequence of the death of Burbage; but the stay was the prohibition of acting until after the funeral of Queen Anne.”
he may have made with the rest of the company for the regular contribution of dramas, in lieu of perhaps of his own personal exertions.

In a work published a few years ago, containing extracts from the Diary of the Rev. John Ward, who was vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, and whose memoranda extend from 1602 to 1610, we find it stated that Shakespeare, in his early days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of 1000l. a year, as I have heard. We only adduce this passage to show what the opinion was as to Shakespeare's circumstances shortly after the Restoration. We take it for granted that the sum of 1000l. (equal to not less than 6000l. now) was a considerable sum; but it may warrant the belief that Shakespeare lived in good style and port, late in life, in his native town. It is very possible, too, though we think not probable, that after he retired to Stratford he continued to write, but it is utterly incredible that subsequent to his retirement he "supplied the stage with two plays every year," He might not be able to once to relinquish his old and confirmed habits of composition; but such other evidence as we possess is opposed to Ward's statement, to which he himself appends the cautionary words, "as I have heard." Of course he could have known nothing but by hearsay forty-six years after our poet's decease. He might, however, easily have known inhabitants of Stratford, and have been informed of the productions, considering the opportunities he possessed, it strikes us as very singular that he collected so little information.

We have already adverted to the bounty of the Earl of Southampton to Shakespeare, which we have supposed to have been consequent upon the dedication of "Venus and Adonis," and "Lucrece," to that nobleman, and coincident in point of date with the building of the Globe Theatre. Another document has been handed down to us among the papers of Lord Ellesmere, which proves the strong interest Lord Southampton still took, about fifteen years afterwards, in Shakespeare's affairs, and in the prosperity of the company to which he was attached; it has distinct reference also to the dignity and unequal struggle between the corporation of London and the players at the Blackfriars, of which we have already spoken. It is the copy of a letter subscribed H. S. (the initials of the Earl) to some nobleman in favour of our great dramatist, and of the chief performer in many of his plays, Richard Burbage, and recollecting what Lord Southampton had before done for Shakespeare and the theatre which from the first he had patronized our stage and drama, it seems to us the most natural thing in the world for him to write a letter personally on behalf of parties who had so many public and private claims. We may conclude that the original was not addressed to Lord Ellesmere, or it would have been found in the depository of his papers, and been inserted in our volume as a copy of it may have been furnished to the Lord Chancellor, in order to give him some information respecting the character of the parties upon whose cause he was called upon to decide. Lord Ellesmere stood high in the confidence of his sovereign; he had many important public duties to discharge besides those belonging to his great office; and notwithstanding he had shown himself at all times a liberal patron of letters, and had had many works of value dedicated to him, we may readily imagine, that although he must have heard of Shakespeare and Burbage, he was in some degree of ignorance as to their individual destinies, which this communication was intended to remove. That it was not sent to him by Lord Southampton, who probably was acquainted with him, may afford a proof of the delicacy of the Earl's mind, who would not seem directly to interpose while a question of the sort was pending before a judge, (though possibly not in his judicial capacity) the history of whose life establishes that there was no cause of the Blackfriars that the Earl's signature was involved was he equally deaf to public and private influence.

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 a beyond dispute that it belongs to this period, while the lord mayor and aldermen were endeavouring to expel the players from a situation where they had been uninterruptedly established for more than thirty years. There can be no doubt that the object the players had in view was obtained, because we know that the lord mayor and his brethren were not allowed, until many years afterwards, to exercise any authority within the precinct and boundaries of the Blackfriars that the King's stage fans continued to occupy the theatre long after the death of Shakespeare.

CHAPTER XVIII.


There is reason for believing that the important question of jurisdiction had been decided in favour of the King's players before January, 1609-10, because we have an instrument of that date authorizing a juvenile company to exhibit at Blackfriars, as well as the association which had been in possession of the theatre ever since its original construction. One circumstance connected with this document, to which we shall presently advert, may however appear to cast a doubt upon the point, whether it had yet been finally determined that the corporation of London was by law excluded from the precinct of the Blackfriars. It is a fact, of which it may be said we have conclusive proof, that almost from the first, if not from the first, the good behaviour, he hath been come possessed of the Blackfryers playhouse, which hath been employed for players'shitence it was not by the King's major. There is now seven years since I was sent to you with the warrant, and I would have you hereby to know that the mouth is nothing else deserving favor, and my especiall' frindes, till of late an actor of good account in the company, now a sharer in the same, the writer of some of our best English players, which, as your Lordship knoweth, were most singularly liked of Queen Elizabeth: when the company was called uppon to performe before her Majesty at Whitehall Palace, and the same was so well accepted by both and all, as that the late King James above, since his coming to the crowne, hath extended his royal favour to the company in divers ways and at sundrie tymes. This is a thing of great moment both to the Blackfriars and the Whitehall actors; and indeed allmost of one town: both are rich famous in their qualities, though it longeth not of your Grace and wase (though I desire it) as I rest recommended it to your Grace and to the publice ears. Their trust and stock nowe is not to bee molusted in their way of life, whereby they maintaine their livings, and of their names (of good reputation) as well as the widows and orphans of some of their dead fellowes.

"Copia verborum."

"Your Lo. most bountious at con."

"H. B."

Lord Southampton was clearly mistaken when he stated that the Blackfriars theatre had been built nearly fifty years: in 1607 it had been built about thirty-three years.
Blackfriars theatre had been in the joint possession of the Lord Chamberlain's servants and of a juvenile company called the Children of the Chapel; they were also known as "her Majesty's Children," and "the Children of the Blackfriars," and had been licensed to perform at the Children of the Chapel during the seven months from April to October. After the opening of the Globe in 1598, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to the Children of the Chapel, and that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars. 1 After the opening of the Globe in 1598, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to the Children of the Chapel, and that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars. 1 After the opening of the Globe in 1598, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to the Children of the Chapel, and that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars. 1 After the opening of the Globe in 1598, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to the Children of the Chapel, and that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars. 1 After the opening of the Globe in 1598, we may presume that the Lord Chamberlain's servants usually left the Blackfriars theatre to the Children of the Chapel, and that they employed the theatre on alternate days with their older competitors, but that, when the Lord Chamberlain's servants acted elsewhere in the summer, the Children of the Chapel commenced their performances at the Blackfriars.
The Taming of the Shrew, or for the older play, with nearly the same title, upon which it was founded.

Troilus and Cressida* and "Pericles," which were printed in 1609, are the only other two works which, we think, can be ascribed with little doubt that they had been written and prepared for the stage only a short time before they came from the press. With the single exception of "Othello," which came out in 4to in 1622, no other new drama by Shakespeare appeared in a printed form between 1670 and the date of the publication of the first folio, 1623. Of the plays, which were found in that volume, were penned by our great dramatist after 1609, because we have separately considered the claims of each in our preliminary Introductions. "Timon of Athens," "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbeline," "The Winter's Tale," and "The Tempest," seem to belong to a late period in our poet's theatrical career, and some of them were doubtless written between 1609 and the period, whatever that period might be, when he entirely relinquished dramatic composition.

Between January 1609-10, when Shakespeare was one of the parties to whom the warrant for the Children of the Queen's Revels was conceded, and the year 1612, when he had taken up his residence at Blackfriars, and so far as we can ascertain, he had disposed of his temporary residence, it is possible that he withdrew from the metropolis, if he did not withdraw from the theatrical life. The fact, however, that neither the stay in London nor the temporary residence, in the absence of other evidence, may be ascribed to Shakespeare's interest in the theatre, and that it was not for his personal advantage or profit. The absence of any fact connected with his personal history*.

It would seem both natural and prudent that, before he withdrew from the metropolis, he would dispose of his theatrical property, which must necessarily be of fluctuating and uncertain value, dependent, then, on the general interest in the theatre, and the success of its management.

In his will (unlike some of his contemporaries who expired in London) he says nothing of any such property, and we are left to infer that he did not die in possession of it, having disposed of it before he finally retired to Stratford. It is to be recollected also that the species of interest he had in the Blackfriars theatre was held independently of his shares in the receipts, was peculiarly precarious: it consisted of the wardrobe and properties, which in 1608, when the city authorities contemplated the purchase of the whole establishment, were valued at 500s.; 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. The fee, or freehold, of the house and ground was in the hands of Richard Burbage, and from him it descended to his two sons: that was a permanent and substantial possession, very different in its character and durability from the dresses and machinery which belonged to Shakespeare. The mere circumstance of his holding a mere temporary interest in the theatre, seems to authorize the conclusion, that he sold it before he retired to the place of his birth, where he meant to spend the rest of his days with his family, in the tranquil enjoyment of the independence he had secured by the exertions of five and twenty years. Supposing him to have begun his theatrical career at the end of 1586, as we have imagined, the quarter of a century would be completed by the close of 1612, and for aught we know, that might be the period Shakespeare had in his mind fixed upon for the termination of his toils and anxieties.

It has been suggested that Edward Alleyn, the actor-founder of the college of "God's Gift" at Dulwich, purchased property in the Blackfriars in 1612*, and although it may possibly have been theatrical, there seems sufficient reason to believe that it was not, but that it consisted of certain leasehold houses, for which according to his own account-book, he paid a quarterly rent of 40l. The brief mention of this purchase, preserved at Dulwich, certainly relates to any thing rather than to the species of interest which Shakespeare indisputably had in the wardrobe and properties of the Blackfriars theatre; the terms Alleyn uses would apply only to tenements or ground, and as Burnage valued his freehold of the theatre at 1000l, we need not hesitate in deciding that the lease Alleyn purchased for 599l. 6s. 8d. was not a lease of the play-house. We shall see presently that Shakespeare himself, though under some peculiar circumstances, became the owner of a dwelling-house in the Blackfriars, unconnected with the theatre, very soon after he had taken up his abode at Stratford, and it is quite possible that he might desire, by a wise investment in the same neighbourhood in 1612. 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 need not hesitate in concluding that, in the then prosperous state of theatrical affairs in the metropolis, he was easily able to procure a purchaser.

He must, however, have been interested in the theatre in the Globe, but whether he was also the owner of the same species of property there, as at the Blackfriars, we can only speculate. We should think it highly probable that, as far as the mere wardrobe was concerned, the same dresses were made to serve for both theatres, and that when the summer season began, he disposed of his property; when it was conveyed over the water from the Blackfriars, and remained there until the company returned to their winter quarters. There is no hint in any existing document what became of our great dramatist's interest in the Globe; but here again we need not doubt, from the profit that had always attended the undertaking, that he could have had no difficulty in finding parties to take it off his hands. Burbage we know was rich, for he died in 1619" worth 300l a year, in land, besides his personal property, and he and others would have been glad to add to their capital, so advantageously employed, by purchasing Shakespeare's interest.

It is possible, as we have said, that Shakespeare continued to employ his interest in the Globe, and that he would have made a profit during his leisure time, but we must doubt whether, with his long experience of the necessity of personal superstition, he would have continued a shareholder in any concern of the kind over which he had no control. During the whole of his life in connexion with the stage, even after he quitted it as an actor, he seems to have

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1 One copy of the folio is known with the date of 1692 upon the title-page. The volume was entered at Stationers' Hall on the 8th Nov. 1692, as if it had not been published until late in that year. Thus it may be ascribed by J. B. and Jaggard some time after publication, in order to secure their right to the plays first printed there, which were by far the least popular. (2) We do not, perhaps, except a writ issued by the borough court in June 1610, as the will of Shakespeare, for the recovery of a small sum. A similar occurrence had taken place in 1604, when our poet succeeded to the property of his mother, and was in possession of the houses at Dulwich, which was mortgaged to Rogers, for corn sold to him. These facts are ascertained from the existing records of Stratford.

2 The "Memoirs of Edward Alleyn," pp. 105, where a conjecture is hastily hazarded that it might be Shakespeare's interest in the Blackfriars theatre. Upon this question we agree with Mr. Knight in his "Shakespeare: a Biography," prefixed to his pictorial edition of the Poet's works.

3 "Money paid by me E. A. for the Blackfriars. 1609 More for the Blackfriars 1610 More again for the Blackfriars 100s. The writings for the same and other small charges 3d. or 8d."

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* We have already inserted an extract from an epistle upon Burbage, in which the writer enumerates many of the characters he sustained. The following lines in Sloane MS. No. 1796 (pointed out by Mr. Bruce) are just worth preserving on account of the eminence of the man to whom they relate

"An Epistle on Mr. Richard Burbage, the Player." The play, or scene, was acted at the Theatre Royal, Where every man has his allotted part, This man has now, as many men can tell, Each man his part, and all is acted well The play now ended, think'st thou this grave to be The house of his retirement, Where to give his fame this be not afraid: Here lies the best tragedian ever play'd."

From hamlet, Act III., s. 8. 319. The infernal, and Screen in the last act, that what was called the "tiring room" in theatres, was so called because the actors retired to it, and not attired in it. It must therefore be understood that this is sometimes found it called "the sitting room" by authors of the time.
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

The immediate members of this family resided at Stratford in this straw year were comparatively few. Richard Shakespeare had died at the age of forty, only a month before. William Shakespeare signed the deed for the purchase of the house in Blackfriars. Since the death of Edmund, Richard had been our poet's youngest brother, but regarding his way of life at Stratford we have no information. Gilbert Shakespeare, born some two years and a half after William, was also probably at this time an inhabitant of the borough, or its immediate neighbourhood, and perhaps married, for in the register, under date of 3rd February, 1611-12, we read an account of the burial of "Gillibrain Shakespeare, adolescent," who might be his son.

Joan Shakespeare, who was five years younger than her brother William, had been married at about the age of thirty to William Hart, a latter, in Stratford; but as the town had been incorporated twenty-five years, she could not appear in the register. Their first child, William, was baptized on 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, who died a day after the marriage, her husband, was baptized Elizabeth on 21st February, 1607-8; so that Shakespeare was a grandfather before he had reached his forty-fifth year; but Mrs. Hall had no further increase of family.

By whom New Place, otherwise called "the great house," was inhabited at this period, we can only conjecture, though we may assign Shakespeare's 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 sided in keeping up the vivacity of the family circle. Shakespeare himself, only completed his forty-eighth year in April, 1612, and every tradition and circumstance of his life tends to establish not only the gentleness and kindness, but the habitual cheerfulness of his disposition.

Nevertheless, although we suppose him to have separated himself from the labours and anxieties attendant

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1 It was sold by auction by Messrs. Evans, of Pall Mall, in 1841, for 1625. The autograph of our poet was appended to it, in the year 1812, by a man who was again brought to the hammer of the same parties, when it produced the nearly 100/. for which it had been sold in 1841. The autograph of Shakespeare, on canvas as well as at the auction of Montacute House, folio, 1603, (which we feel satisfied is genuine) had been previously sold by auction for 100l., and it is now deposited in the British Museum. We have never seen a copy of its autograph, but it has only upon the title-page the comparatively worthless signature of the reigning monarch.

2 By his will he left this house, occupied by a person of the name of John Robinson, to his daughter Susanna.

3 The register of Stratford merely contains the following among the deaths in the parish:—

4 Rich. Shakespeare."

5 It appears by the register that Mary Hart died in 1607. When Shakespeare made his will, a blank was left for the name of his nephew Thomas Hart, as if he had not recollected it; but perhaps it was merely the omission of the scrivener. The Harts lived in a house belonging to Shakespeare.

6 It has been generally stated that Charles Hart, the celebrated actor after the Restoration, was the grand-nephew of Shakespeare, the eldest son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, but we are without any evidence for this opinion.

7 Our poet married his second wife, Sarah, daughter of John Hart, a keeper of a house of entertainment close to the Fortune theatre, and she may have been the son of Shakespeare's sister Joan, and the father of Charles Hart the actor, who died about 1679.
upon his theatrical concerns, he was not without his annoyances, though of a different kind. We refer to a chancery suit in which he had been involved in 1604, in the purchase of land in news. 1606, of the remaining term of a lease of part of the title of Stratford. It appears that a rent of 27s. 13s. 4d. had been reserved, which was to be paid by certain lessees under peril of forfeiture, but that some of the parties, disregarding the consequences, had refused to contribute their proportion: and Richard Lane of Avaton, 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 now where stated; and the only important point of interest is that in the hands of the Shakespeare Society, is, that our great dramatist therein stated the value of his "meas" of the titles to be 60L per annum.

In the summer of 1615 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 divest himself of all 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 29th June, 1613, in consequence of the thatch, with which it was partially covered, catching fire from the discharge of some theatrical artillery. The play that evening was "The Prestige," and the new representation: Sir Henry Wotton gives it the title of "All Is True," and calls it "a new play," while Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Annuales," distinctly states that it was "Henry the Eighth." It is very possible that both may be right, and that Shakespeare's historical drama was that night revived under a new name, and therefore mistakenly called "a new play" by Sir Henry Wotton, although it had been nearly ten years on the stage. The Globe was rebuilt in the next year, as we are told on what may be considered good authority, at the cost of King James and of many noblemen and gentlemen, who seem to have contributed sums of money for the purpose. If James I. lent any pecuniary aid on the occasion, it affords another out of many proofs of his disposition to encourage the drama, and to assist the players who acted under the royal name. Although Shakespeare might not be in any way pecuniarily 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 much of his name was so widely interest.

He must himself have had an escape from another 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, then built of wood, or of materials not calculated to resist combustion; but that which occurred on 14th July, 1614, seems to have done more damage than both of its predecessors. At the instance of various gentlemen in the neighbourhood, including Sir Fulke Greville, Sir Richard Verney, and Sir Thomas Lucy, King James issued a proclamation, or brief, dated 11th May, 1615, in favour of the inhabitants of Stratford, authorising the collection of donations in the different churches of the kingdom for the repair of the ravages occasioned by the fire. Let it be observed that within two hours the fire had consumed "fifty-four dwelling-houses, many of them being very fair 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, seems to have been situated in a part of the town which fortunately did not suffer the ravages of the flames.

The name of Shakespeare is not found among those of 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 in November following the fire, and possibly was taking some steps in favour of his fellow-townsmen. However, his rapid intervention to help related to the projected inclosure of certain common lands in the neighbourhood of Stratford in which he had an interest. Some inquiries as to the rights of various parties, were instituted in September, 1614, as we gather from a document yet preserved, and which is now before us. The individuals whose claims are set out are: Mr. Shakespeare, Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Francis Smith, Mace, Arthur Cowdrey, and "Mr. Wright, vicar of Bishopston." 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 "Auncient Freedholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcome."

"Mr. Shakespeare, 4 yard 17: noe common, nor ground

1 The play house in Salisbury Court, in Fleet street, was pulled down by a company of soldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these said soldiers, on Saturday, the 15th of February, 1614. We the inhabitants, who do not agree to this act, shall be compell'd to submit to it.
3 This fact has been noticed by several other new and curious particulars respecting the fate of the Blackfriars theatre, the Whitefriars (called the Salisbury Court theatre), the Phoenix, the Fortune and the Hope (all of which he had acted in). In some manuscript notes to a copy of Stowe's "Annuales," by Howes, folio, 1613, in the possession of Mr. Pickering: they appear to have been made just after the fire which was noticed in them. The burning of the Globe is there erroneously fixed in 1612. When, too, it is said that the Hope was built in 1610, the meaning must be that it was then repaired and altered to suit the "new playhouse Society."
4 Hugh Ormes.—The Globe play house, on the Bank side in Southwark, was burnt down to the ground in the years 1612. And new built up again in the years 1613, at the great charge of King James, and the town of Southwark. The ground on which the theatre was built by Sir Mathew Branch on Monday, the 15th of April, 1614, to make tenements in the room of it.
5 The lease for the ground in Black Friers London, which had stood many years, was pulled down to the ground on Monday, the 6th of August, 1605, and tenements built in the room.

6 The play house in Salisbury Court, in Fleet street, was pulled down by a company of soldiers, set on by the Sectaries of these said soldiers, on Saturday, the 15th of February, 1614. We the inhabitants, who do not agree to this act, shall be compell'd to submit to it.
7 This fact appears in a letter, written by Thomas Greene, on 17th November, 1614, in which he tells some person in Stratford that he intended to go to see his "comin Shakespeare," who had reached town a day before.
8 Malones informs us, without mentioning his authority, that "in Shakespeare's time there were certain lands, called the Saxon yard land, in the town of Stratford, not terraced, that were converted to the same authority, a yard land in Wilmecote consisted of more than fifty acres."
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

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beyond Gospel bush: no ground in Sandfield, 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 shall see presently, 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 which party Shakespeare favoured) 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, and resident of Lord Ellesmere as auditor of his domestic expenditure.

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 conversation with Mr. Mainwaring. He seems at all times to have been of a very accessible and kindly disposition. Greene was in London on the 17th November, and sent to Stratford a short account of his proceedings on the question of the inclosure, in which he mentioned that he had seen Shakespeare and Mr. Hall (probably meaning Shakespeare's son-in-law) on the preceding day, who told him that they thought that it should be done. Greene returned to Stratford soon afterwards, and having left our poet in London, at the instance of the corpora- tion, he subsequently wrote two letters, one to Shakespeare, and the other to Mainwaring, (the latter only has been preserved) setting forth in strong terms the injury the inclosure would do to Stratford, and the heavy loss the inhabitants had not long before sustained from the fire. 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 very possibly in the metropolis at the time when a narrative poem, founded in part upon his historical play of "Richard III.," was published, and which until now has escaped observation, as well as another, dedicated to the memory of Shakespeare, in the same month, and bearing the same 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. We know of no poet of that day to whom they would apply, excepting Charles Best, who has several pieces in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody," 1605, but he has left nothing behind him to im-

1 The memorandum of the contents of his letter (to which, we have already referred on p. 153.) is in these terms, avoiding abbreviations:—

"Mr. Greene's comma, no sooner came to him at Stratford, than he desired to see him, how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to inclose no further than to Gospel bush, and so up straight (leaving out the churchyard) to the garden in Clinton bed, and take in Salisbury yeene; and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction. And not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

In what way, or in what degree, Shakespeare and Greene were related, so that the latter should call the former his "cousin," we must remain a matter of speculation; but it will be recalled that the parish register of Stratford shows that Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare, entered the church as a child of eighteen. Whether Thomas Greene, the solicitor, was any relation to Thomas Greene, the actor, we have no means of ascertaining.

It had been, as we have seen, but at the end of the prefatory matter: the whole title runs thus—

"The Ghost of Richard the Third. Expressing himselfe in these three parts, as he shewed the Ghost at the gate in Clinton bed, and take in Salisbury yeene, and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction. And not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

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In what way, or in what degree, Shakespeare and Greene were related, so that the latter should call the former his "cousin," we must remain a matter of speculation; but it will be recalled that the parish register of Stratford shows that Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare, entered the church as a child of eighteen. Whether Thomas Greene, the solicitor, was any relation to Thomas Greene, the actor, we have no means of ascertaining.

It had been, as we have seen, but at the end of the prefatory matter: the whole title runs thus—

"The Ghost of Richard the Third. Expressing himselfe in these three parts, as he shewed the Ghost at the gate in Clinton bed, and take in Salisbury yeene, and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction. And not before: and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

In what way, or in what degree, Shakespeare and Greene were related, so that the latter should call the former his "cousin," we must remain a matter of speculation; but it will be recalled that the parish register of Stratford shows that Thomas Greene, alias Shakespeare, entered the church as a child of eighteen. Whether Thomas Greene, the solicitor, was any relation to Thomas Greene, the actor, we have no means of ascertaining.
London in the middle of November, 1614, as we have re-
marked, he was perhaps there when "The Ghost of Rich-
ard the Third" came out, and, like Ben Jonson, Chapman,
and others, might be acquainted with the author. He pro-
bably returned home before the winter, and passed the
rest of his days in tranquil retirement, and in the enjoy-
ment of the society of his friends, whether residing in the
country, or in the city of London, within the" vicinity of the
Pos-

2 The registration in the books of the Stratford church is this: funny, position, 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 Shake-
peare's fatal illness we have no satisfactory means of
knowing; but it was probably not of long duration; and
whether he died before or after his burial, is not noted in the
records. What is certain is that in his last illness by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, who had then
been married to Susanna Shakespeare more than eight years;
we have expressed our opinion that Dr. and Mrs. Hall lived in
the same house with our poet, and it is to be recollected
that in his will he leaves New Place to his daughter Susa-
nia. 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 manus-
pcript, and published in 1657 by Jonas Cooke, with the title of
"Select Observations on English Bodies," but the case of
Dr. Hall's grand-daughter was that of a complaint which
fortunately the "observations" only begin in 1617. One of
the earliest of them shows that an epidemic, called the "new
fever," then prevailed in Stratford and "invaded many." Possibly Shakespeare was one of these; though, had such
been the fact, it is not unlikely that, when speaking of "the
Lady Beauvoir" who suffered under it on July 1st, 1617, Dr.
Hall would have referred back to the earlier instance of his
father-in-law. He does advert to a tertian ague of which,
at a period not mentioned, he had cured Michael Drayton,
( an excellent poet," as Hall terms him) when he was,
perhaps, on a visit to Shakespeare. However, Drayton, as
formerly remarked, was a native of Warwickshire, and Dr.
Hall may have been called to attend him elsewhere.
We are left, therefore, in utter uncertainty as to the im-
mediate 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 the retirement of his house and the safety and
comfort 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,

3 For a copy of this curious and interesting work, we gladly
express our obligations to Mr. William Fricker, of Hyde, near Manchester.
4 The several times speaks of sicknesses in his own family, and in a manner in which he had removed them: a case of his own, in which
4 it is certain that Ben Jon-

"Obit Anna Dominii 1616."

And it is remarkable that he was born and died on the same
day of the same month, supposing him, as we have every
reason to believe, to have first seen the light on the 26th
years had he been otherwise; and we are sure also, that if Drayton
had been, as Ben Jonson supposed, at Stratford, he would give him a free
and hearty welcome. We have therefore no hesitation in saying that Dr.
was at all given to intoxication, although it is certain that Ben Jon-

5 The Rev. John Ward's Diary, to which we have before referred,
contains the following undated paragraph:

6 And we are aware that the "betrayal" is not given in the Stratford
records, of the birth of Shakespeare in 1607. "Mrs. Hall, of Stratford, my wife," is
more than once introduced in the course of the volume, as well as "Ed-

7 The inscription on Dr. Hall's monument at Stratford, 1617,
reads, "Here lies the body of Henry, son of Bernard Hall, and his
wife Susanna, who died childless in 1679; and was buried, not at Stratford with her
own family, but at Abingdon with that of her second husband. She was the
last of the lineal descendants of William Shakespeare."
April, 1654. It was most usual about that period to mention the day of death in inscriptions upon tomb-stones, tablets, and monuments; nay, great daughters, with other members of the Shakespeare family. We are thus informed that his wife, Anne Shakespeare, "departed this life the 6th day of Aug. 1632."

Dr. Hall "deceased Nove. 25. A.D. 1623."

Thomas Nash, who married Hall's daughter, "died April 4, A.D. 1647;" Susanna Hall "deceased the 11th of July, A.D. 1649.

Therefore, although the Latin inscription on the monument is not difficult to read, 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 23rd April, 1616. It is quite certain from the register of 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 23, Will Shakspeare, Gent."

Whether from the frequent prevalence of infectious disorders, or from any other cause, the custom of keeping the bodies of relatives unburied, for a week or more after death, seems originally to have sprung from superstition, and we may illustrate this point also by reference to facts regarding some of the members of the Shakespeare family. Anne Shakespeare was buried two days after she died, viz. on the 8th Aug., 1623; Dr. Hall and Thomas Nash were buried on the day after they died; and although it is true that there was an interval of time, varying with the length of the day's heat, and with the custom of burying persons very shortly subsequent to their decease. In the case of our hero, indicating that he expired on the 22nd April, there was, as in the case 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 Probate Court, probate having been granted on the 22nd 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, was living at the time of his death in a country house, by her 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's and daughter's" 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 will Elizabeth Hall is called the testator's "niece," when she was, in fact, his granddaughter.

The bequest which has attracted most attention is an interlineation in the following words, "Itm I give 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 that in which the husband and wife had slept, when he was in Stratford earlier in life, and every night since his retirement from the metropolis: the best bed was doubless reserved for visitors; if, therefore, he were to leave his wife any express legacy of the kind, it was doubtless natural and considerate 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, that Shakespeare's property being principally landed, 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.

"Witty above her sex, but that's not all; "Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall. Shakespeare's only will, as it is called, that is, the Whol of him with whom she's now in bliss.

Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear To weep with her that wept for all? The wise shall see her set at ease, Of equal honor, them with comforts cordial. Her love and life, her memory sweet, When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed."

The register informs us that she was buried on the 10th July, 1649. The following is copied from the register:

"1623. August 8. Mrs. Shakespeare,"


"1647. April 5. Thomas Nash, Gent."


We are indebted to Sir F. Madden, Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum, for the use of a most exact collation of Shakespeare's will; in addition to copies which we have several times gone over, every line and word of it. We have printed it as nearly as possible as it appears in the original.

Another trifling circumstance leading to the conclusion that the will was prepared in January, though not executed until March, is that Shakespeare's sister is called Jone Hart, and not Jone Hart, redivo, as husband and wife died a few days before her; she was buried on 17 April, 1616, as "Will Hart, hatter." She was buried on 4 Nov. 1616. Both entries are contained in the parish registers of Stratford.

This vindication of Shakespeare's memory from the supposed neglect of his wife we owe to Mr. Knight, in his "Pictorial Shakes- pere." See also our account of "Shakespeare's Stricken Rime."
CHAPTER XXI

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 commemorative verses prefixed to that volume, which he states shall outlive the poet's tomb:

"when that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford Monument,
Here we shall view still life.

This is the most ancient notice of it; but how long before 1623 it had been placed in the church of Stratford-upon-Avon, we have no means of deciding. It represents the poet sitting under an arch, with a banner 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 Stanton) and we may conclude, with Condell and others, 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 considerately 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 is noticed, more particularly that after he separated himself from the business and anxiety of a professional life, and withdrew to the permanent inpling of his native air, he became more robust, and the half-length upon his monument conveys the notion of a cheerful, good-tempered, and somewhat jovial man. The expression, we apprehend, is less intellectual than it must have been in reality, and the forehead, though lofty and expansive, is not strongly marked with thought: on the whole, it has rather a look of gaiety and good humour than of thought and reflection, and the lips are full, and apparently in the act of giving utterance to some amiable pleasantry.

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

"Ivedio Pyvies, genio Socrateo, arte Maronem, \quad \text{and other Latin lines.}
Turner testis, pulchra in statua. Olympe labet.
Stay, Passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envieth Death hathCast Within this monument: Shakespeare; with whom
Quick natrov disse: whose name doth deck ye Tome
For more than cost; and ye the full, ye he hath writ.
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his writ.

Oluit ano Dot, 1616.
Etatis. 58. die 23 Apri."

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 1597, from the original manuscript dated 1602) informs us, speaking of course from tradition, that they were written by Shakespeare himself:

"Good friend, for Iesse sake forbear
To digg the dust entombed here,
Best be ye man ye spares thes stone,
And ev'ry unkind he ye 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. Yet, on the other hand, in the first rather looks like the author of " Lear" and "Macbeth," and the last like the author of "Much Ado about Nothing" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor": the one may be said to represent Shakespeare during his later years at Stratford, happy in the intercourse of his family and friends and the cheerful companion of his neighbours and townsman; and the other, Shakespeare in London, which he regarded as the great works he had written or projected, and with his mind somewhat burdened by the cares of his professional life. The last, therefore, is obviously the likeness which ought to accompany his plays, and which his "friends and fellows," Heminge and Condell, preferred to the head upon the "Stratford Monument," of the erection of which they must have been awarded.

There is one point in which both the engraving and the bust in a degree concurs,—we mean in the length of the upper lip, although the peculiarity seems exaggerated in the bust. We have no such testimony in favour of the truth of the resemblance of the bust as the engraving, opposite to which are the following lines, subscribed with the initials of Shakespeare, which are extracted from a letter written by him:

"Let the reader bear in mind that Ben Jonson was not a man who could be hired to commend, and that, taking it for granted he was sincere in his praise, he had the most unmeaningless of questions—whence the resemblance between the living man and the dead representation."

We may then Jonson's testimonial exactly as it stands in the folio of 1623, for it afterwards went through various literary changes.

"To the Reader.

"This Figure, that thou here seest put,
Was for gentle Shakespeare cut;
Wherein the Grauer had a strife
With Nature, to out-do the life;
O, could he but have drawne his wit
As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that we can ever expect.
But, since he cannot, Reader, looke
Not on his Picture, but his Book."

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

The fact that Droeshout was required to employ his skill upon a bad picture may tend to confirm our reliance upon the likeness: had there been so many pictures of Shakespeare as some have contended, but as we are far from believing, Heminge and Condell, when they were seeking for an appropriate ornament for the title-page of their folio, would hardly have chosen one which was an unskillful painting, if it had not been a striking resemblance. If only half the pictures said, within the last century, to represent Shakespeare, were in fact from the life, the poet must have living, who could have contradicted him, had the praise not been deserved. Jonson does not speak of the painter, but of the "graver," who are we inclined to think did full justice to the picture placed in his hands. Besides, Droeshout was a man of considerable eminence in his branch of art, and has left behind him undoubted proofs of his skill—some of them so much superior to the head of Shakespeare in the folio of 1623, as to leave the certainty that the picture from which he worked was a very coarse specimen of art.

1. It was originally, like many other monuments of the time, and some in Stratford church, coloured after the life, and so it continued until Malone, in his mistaken zeal for classical taste and severity, and forgetfulness of the condition in which the work was produced, had it painted one uniform stone-colour. He thus exposed himself to much unmerited ridicule. It was afterwards found that the head had the face and features of a man who never existed.

2. Besides, we may suppose that Jonson would be careful how he applauded the likeness, when there must have been so many persons
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; and the play-critics could have found
no difficulty in procuring a picture, which had better pre-
tensions to their endowments. Do we therefore, the very ob-
fects of the engraving, which accompanies the folio of 1623,
are a recommendation, since they serve to show that it was
both genuine and faithful.

Aubrey is the only authority, beyond the inferences that
may be drawn from the portraits, for the personal appear-
ance of Shakespeare; and he sums up our great poet's phy-
sical and moral endowments in two words: "He was a
handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of
a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit." We have every
reason to suppose that this is a correct description of his
personal appearance, but we are unable to add to it from
any other source, unless indeed we were to rely upon a few
equivocal passages in the "Sonnets." Upon this authority
it has been supposed by some that he was lame, and cer-
tainly the 37th and 39th Sonnets, without allowing for a
figurative mode of expression, might be taken to import as
much. If we were to consider the words literally, we
should imagine that some accident had befallen him, which
rendered it impossible that he should continue on the stage,
and that therefore he was rendered of none account on it
from then on. We know that such was the case with one of his
most famous predecessors, Christopher Marlowe1, but we
have no sufficient reason for believing it was the fact as re-
gards Shakespeare; he is evidently speaking metaphorically
in both places, where "lame" and "lameness" occur.

His most important, his best words that hiliarity, vivacity,
and what Aubrey calls his "very ready, and pleasant, and
smooth wit," (in our author's own words, "pleasant without
scurrility, witty without affectation") cannot be doubted,
since besides what may be gathered from his works, we
have it from various quarters; and although nothing very
good of this kind may have descended to us, we have suf-
cient reason to believe that he must have been most welcome
visitor in all companies. The epithet, "gentle," has been
frequently applied to him, twice by Ben Jonson, (in his
lines before the engraving, and in his laudatory verses pre-
fixed to the plays in the folio of 1623) and if it be not to be
understood precisely in its modern acceptation, we may be
sure that one such distinguishing feature in his character was
general kindliness: he may have been "sharp and authentico-
but never needlessly bitter or ill-natured": his wit had no
malice for an ingredient. Fuller speaks of the "wit-combats"
between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson at the convivial
meetings at the Mermaid club, established by Sir Walter
Ralph2; and he adds, "which two I behold like a Spanish
galleon man-of-war, and a Merchant-Admiral, Master Jen-
son, 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." The simile is
well chosen, and it came from a writer who seldom said
anything ill. Connected with Ben Jonson's solidity and
downright is a witticism between him and Shakespeare, said
to have passed at a tavern. One of the Ashmolean manu-
scripts (No. 38) contains the following—

"Mr. Ben Johnson and Mr. Wm. Shakespeare being mer-
rie at a tavern, Mr. Jonson begins this for his epitaph,

Here lies Ben Jonson
Who was unto me:
It gives it to Mr. Shakespeare to make up, which presently

That, while he liv'd, was a slow thing,
And now, being dead, is no thing!"

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
these of Johnson and Jonson. The same ex-
cuse, if required, may be made for two other pieces of
unpretending pleasantry between the same parties, which
we subjoin in a note, because they relate to such men,
and have been handed down to us upon something like
authority.

Of a different character is a production preserved by
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."

But Shakespeare, like all mortals, was only an earthly
playwright and he had his human frailties. Fuller states:

"Written upon the west end thereof.

Not monumental stone preserves our fame,
Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name.
The memory of our fame finds firmest stands
Shall out-live marble and defacers' hands.
When all to time's consumption shall be given,
Stanley, for whom these stands, shall stand in heaven."

With Malone and others, who have quoted them, we
feel satisfied of the authenticity of these verses, though we
cannot perhaps think, as he did, that the last line bears
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 acquisitions; his
learning of a different kind, perhaps, exceeded that of all the
ancients put together.

Shakespeare was god-father to one of Ben Jonson's children,
and after the death of that little Jon of Jonson, Jonson came to
cheer him up, and ask him why he was so melancholy?—"No,
thank, Ben, (says he) I but have been considering a great
while what should be the fitting gift for me to bestow upon my god-
child, and I have resolve'd at last."—I presume, what says he?
I mean, Ben, I'll even give him a dozen of Latten spoons, and
one of them for his hair.

Of course the joke depends upon the pen between Latin, and the
mixed metal called latten. The above is from a MS. of Sir H.
Estrange, who quotes the authority of Mr. Donne. It is inserted in
Mr. Tho. H. the amusing volume, printed for the Camden Society,
under the title of "Anecdotes and Traditions," p. 9. The next is
from a MS. called "Poetical Characters," formerly in the Har-
rian Collection —

Verstes by Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, occasioned by the
mass metal called latten.

"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 di.
We are both actors and spectators too."
such, "strong marks of the hand of Shakespeare." The coincidence between the line

"Nor sky-aspiring pyramids our name,"

and the passage in Milton's Epitaph upon Shakespeare, prefixed to the folio of 1662,

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

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

We have thus brought into a consecutive narrative (with as little interruption of its thread as, under the circumstances, and with such disjointed materials, seemed to us possible) 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 of

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

"An Epitaph.

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

Wm. Shakespeare."
THE LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

bond as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be mar-
ried vnto or attaine after doe sufficiently Assurance vnto her
& thisue of her bodie landes Answerable to the porcion
by this my will gyven vnto her & to be adjudged soe by my
executors & overseers then my will ys that the said Collyns
shall vnto such husband as shall make such assurance to
his owne vse. Item I gyve & bequeath vnto my saied sis-
ter Jone xxv. & all my wearing Apparell to be paiied & del-
ered within one year after my Deceas And I doe will &
devise vnto her the house wherein she dwellett for her natural lief vnder
the yearely Rent of xii Item I gyve & bequeath the
three saies William Harte & Hart. & Michael Harte
Pounds A pece to be paiied within one yeare after
my deceas her. Item I gyve & bequeath unto the saied
Elizabeth Hall All my Plate (except my brod sliver & gilt
bole) that I now have to the Date of this my will Item I
gyve & bequeath vnto the Poore of Stratford aforesaid ten
pounds to Mr Thomas Combe my Sword to Thomas Rus-
sell Esquier Fyve poudes & to Francis Collins of the Bo-
rough of warr in the countie of warr gentleman thirs
een pounds Six shillings & Eight pence to be paiied within
one yeare after my Deceas Item I gyve & bequeath to
Hamlett Sadler xxviij to buy him A Ringe to William
Raynoldes gent xvij viij to buy him a Ringe to my go
don William Walker xx in gold to Anthony Nashe gent xvij
viij & to Mr John Nashe xxviij viij & to my Fellowes John
Hemynges Richard Burbage & Henry Cundell xxviij viij
Apeece to buy them Ringes Item I gyve will bequeath &
devise vnto my Daughter Susanna Hall for better enabling
of her to perform this my will & towards the performances
thereof All that Capitol messuage or tenementes with
appurtuences in Stratford aforesaid Called the new place
wherein I nowe Dwell & two Messuages or tenementes with
thappurtuences scituant lying & being in Henley streete
within the borough of Stratford aforesaid And all my
barne stables Orchards gardens landes tenementes & her-
ditamentes whatsoever scituant lying & being or to be had
Receyved perceyved or taken within the towne Hamlettes
Villages Fieldes & grounds of Stratford vpon Avon Old-
strafford Bushlopton & Welcombe or in anie of them in the
said countie of warr And alsoe All that messuage or tenen-
mente with thappurtuences wherein One John Robinson
dwelleth scituant lying & being in the blackfriers in London
nere the Wardrobe & all other my landes tenementes & hered-}
 ditamentes whatsoever. To have & to hold All & singu-
lar the saied premises with their appurtuences vnto the
saeid Susanna Hall for & during the terme of her natural
lief & after her deceas to the first some of her bodie law-
fullie yasueinge & to the heires Males of the bodie of the saied
first Sonne lawfullie yasueing & for defalt of such issue to
the second Sonne of her bodie lawfullie issuing & to the
heires males of the bodie of the saied Second Sonne law-
fullie yasueing & for defalt of such heires to the third Sonne
of the bodie of the saied Susanna. Lawfullie yasueing & to
the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne law-
fullie yasueing. And for defalt of such issue the same soe to
be & Remaine to the Fourth Fifth sixte & Seaventh sonnes of
her bodie lawfullie issuing one after Another & to the
heires Males of the bodie of the saied Fourth fith Sixte
and Seaventh sonnes lawfullie yasueing in such manner as
yt ys before Lyttmated to be & Remaine to the first second
& third Sons of her bodie & to their heires Males And for
defalt of such issue the saied premises to be & Remaine to
my saied Niece Hall & the heires Males of her bodie lawfullie issuing
And for defalt of such issue to the Right heires of
me the saied William Shakespeare for ever Item I gyve
vnto my wief my second best bed with the furniture Item I
gyve & bequeath to my saied Daughter Judith my broad
silver girt bole All the rest of my goodes Chattle Leases
plate Jewels & household stuff whatsoeuer after my Dettes
and Legacies paiied & my funerall expenses discharged I
give devise and bequeath to my Sonne in Lawe Hall
& my Daughter Susanna his wief whom I ordaine &
mak euector of this my last will and testament And I
doe intreut & Appoint the said Thomas Russell Esquier &
Francis Collins gent to be overseers hereof And doe Re-
voke All former wills & publish this to be my last will and
testament In Witness whereof I have hereunto put my
hand the Daie & Year first aboue written.

"By me William Shakespeare.

Witnes to the publishing hereof Fra. Collyns
Byrde Dooy Comisse. xxde die mensis Junij Anno Dal 1616
Jurnat Johaniss Hall vnius
ex de Cui de De bene & Jurat
Revat plate & Susanne Hall
alt ex &c et vebit de petitur


1 The words "the house" are interlined.
2 The first sheet ends with the word "bequeath," and the testator's
signature is in the margin opposite.
3 After "deceas" follow these words, struck through with the pen,
"to be set out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my execu-
tors with thadvise and directions of my overseers for her best profis
vntill her marriage and then the same with the increase thereof to be
paid vnto:" the ensure ought also to have included the word "her,"
which follows "vnto." 4 The words "the saied Elizabeth Hall" are interlined above her,
which is struck through with the pen.
5 This parenthesis is an interlinear.
6 "Hamlet Sadler" is an interlineation above Mr. Richard Tyler
Gelfen, which is erased.
7 The words "to William Raynoldes gentleman xxviij viij" to buy
him A Ringe" are interlined.

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

9 The words "to my Fellowes John Hemynges Richard Burba-
ige & Henry Cundell xxviij viij" to buy them Ringes" are inter-
lined.
10 The words "for better enabling of her to perform this my will
& towards the performances thereof" are interlined.
11 The words "in Stratford aforesaid" are interlined.
12 After "Fourth" the word sonnes was first written, but erased
with the pen.

14 The second sheet ends with the word "heires," and the signa-
ture of the testator is at the bottom of it.
15 The words "Item I gyve vnto my wief my second best bed with
the furniture" are interlined.
16 The words "the said" are interlined.
17 The word "hand" is interlined above scale, which is erased
with the pen.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

THE TEMPEST.

("The Tempest" was first printed in the folio edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," published 1623, but the play was not acted until 1611. It occupies nineteen pages, viz. from p. i, to p. 19 inclusive. It fills the same place in the folio 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 Nov. 16, 1611: the passage, in its correctness, is extracted from the "Accounts of the Revels at Court," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham for the Shakespeare Society, p. 211; the memorandum is in the following form:"

Hallomus nyght was presented att Whitsall before the Kinges Majestye 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 Oct. 30, and Nov. 16, 1611; and it is remarkable that ten of these (as far as we possess any information respecting them) were comparatively new plays, and with regard to the eleventh, it was not more than three years old. We may, perhaps, be warranted in supposing, therefore, that "The Tempest" was also not then an old play.

It seems to us, likewise, that the internal evidence, derived from style and language, clearly indicates that it was a late production, and that it belongs to about the same period of our great dramatist's literary history as his "Winter's Tale," which was also chosen for a 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 "The Tempest" is not modern, but classical, and "The Winter's Tale" is a piece in which the unities are utterly disregarded, while in "The Tempest" they are strictly observed. It is only in the involved and parenthetical character of some of the speeches, and in the occasional insertions of accounts, 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.

Without here advert ing to the real or supposed origin of the story, or to temporary incidents which may have suggested any part of the plot, we may remark that there is one piece of external evidence which strongly tends to confirm the opinion that "The Tempest" was composed not very long before Ben Jonson wrote one of his comedies: we allude to his "Bartholomew Fair," and to a passage in "The Induction," frequently mentioned, and which we concur in thinking was intended as a link not only at "The Tempest," but at "The Winter's Tale." Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," was acted in 1614, and written perhaps in the preceding year, during the popularity of Shakespeare's two plays; and there we find the following words, which we reprint, for the first time, exactly as they stand in the original edition, where italic type seems to have been used to make the allusions more distinct and obvious:—

"If there be never a Servant, do you know who can do these parts? and what sort of Antiques? Hee is loth to make Nature afraid in his Players like those that begot Tales, Tempestes, and such like Drolleries. The Tempestes, and "drolleries," which last Shakespeare himself employs in "The Tempest," (Act iii. sc. 3) seem so applicable, that they can hardly relate to any thing else.

The interesting, however, is, what form "The Tempest" was put on 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 apparent difference in circumstances pointed out by Farmer; viz. that in "The Merchant of Venice," written before 1598, the name of Stephano is invariably pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, while in "The Tempest," the proper pronunciation is as constantly required by the verse. It seems certain, therefore, that Shakespeare found his error in the interval, and he may have learnt it from Ben Jonson's "Every Man in His Humor," in which Shakespeare performed, and in the original list of characters to which, in the edition of 1601, the names not only of Stephano, but of Prospero occur.

Another circumstance shows, we think almost decisively, that "The Tempest" was written before the translation of Montaigne's Essays, by Florio, made its first appearance in print. In Act ii. sc. 1, is a passage so closely copied from Florio's version, as to leave no doubt of identity. It will be said that these lines may have been an insertion subsequent to the original production of the plays; but it seems that the passage is not such as could have been introduced, like some others, to answer a temporary or complimentary purpose, and that it is given as a necessary and continuous part of the dialogue.

The Rev. Mr. Hunter, in his very ingenious and elaborate "Disquisition on the Tempest," has referred to this and to other points, with a view of proving that every body has been mistaken, and that one of his latest was, one of Shakespeare's earliest works. With regard to the point derived from Montaigne's Essays by Florio, 1603, he has contended, that if the particular passage is not the work of Shakespeare, we must have no slightest hint Shakespeare may have seen the translation in manuscript; but unless he saw it in print or manuscript as early as 1596, nothing is established in favour of Mr. Hunter's argument; and surely when other circumstances show that "The Tempest" was not written till 1610, we need not hesitate long in deciding that our great dramatist went to no manuscript authority, but took the passage almost verbatim, as he found it in the complete edition. In the same way Mr. Hunter has argued, that "The Tempest" was not omitted by Meres in his list in 1599, but that it is found there under its second title, of "Love's Labour's Won," but this is little better than a gratuitous assumption, even supposing we were to admit that "All's well that ends well" is not the play intended by Meres. Our notion is, that "All's well that ends well" was originally called "Love's Labour's Won," and

Malone (Shakes, by Boswell, vol. x. p. 78,) quotes this important passage from Florio's translation of Montaigne with a singular degree of incorrectness: with many minor variations he substitutes partitions for "dividens," and omits the words "no mattering of lands" altogether. This is a case in which verbal, and even literal, error is serious; and surely this is the case we are now considering.

In the Introduction to "The Winter's Tale," we have assigned a reason, founded upon a passage in E. Greene's "Pandosto," showing that "The Tempest" was another of the same sort of play.

Mr. Hunter contends that in "The Tempest," "love's labours"

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

Neither can we agree with Mr. Hunter in thinking that he has placed the idea of The Tempest in Lear. The play was suggested to Shakespeare by the storm, in July 1609, which dispersed the fleet under Sir George Somers and Sir Thomas Gates, of which an account was published by a person of the name of Jourdan in the following year; but, as we have already said, satisfactorily made out by Malone, and the mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes" by Shakespeare seems directly to connect the play with Jourdan's "Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Bermudas," printed in 1610. We are told at the end of the play, in the folio of 1623, that the scene is laid "in an uninhabited island," and Mr. Hunter has concluded that this island was Lampedusa, which unquestionably lies in the latitude of the Bermudas the scene of Shakespeare's play could take. Our objection to this theory is two-fold: first, we cannot persuade ourselves, that Shakespeare had any particular island in mind; and, secondly, if he had meant to lay his scene in Lampedusa, he could hardly have used Mr. Thoresby's name in some part of his performance: in consequence of the deficiency of scenery, &c., it was the constant custom with our early dramatists to mention distinctly, and often more at once, where the action was supposed to take place. As a minor point, we may add, that we know of no extant English authority to which he could have gone for information, and we do not suppose that he consulted the Turco Greco of Crusins, the only other authority quoted by Mr. Hunter.

No novel, in prose or verse, to which Shakespeare resorted for the incidents of "The Tempest" has yet been discovered; and, that there were any allusions, or points of resemblance, between T. Warton that he had seen such a tale, it has never come to light, and we apprehend that he must have been mistaken. We have turned over the pages of our books, we believe, every Italian novel ever translated into English, but we have found no traces of the incidents of "The Tempest," but without success. The ballad entitled "The Inchanited Island," printed in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Contemporaries," is a tolerably large poem than the play, from which it varies in the names, as well as in some points of the story, as if for the purpose of concealing its connection with a production which was popular on the stage. Our opinion decisively is, that it was founded upon some story containing traces of the incidents of "The Tempest," and not upon any ancient narrative to which Shakespeare also might have been indebted. It may be remarked, that here also no locality is given to the island: on the contrary, we are told, if it ever had any existence but in the imagination of the poet, that it had disappeared—

"From that date forth the Isle has been
By wandering sailors never seen:
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars
Above its savage rocky shores,
Now is known to sleep.

Mr. Thoms has pointed out some resemblances in the incidents of an early drama, "The Enchanted Isle," by Diderot and Sibert; and "The Tempest"; his theory, that a drama upon a similar story was at an early date performed in Germany, and that if it were not taken from Shakespeare's play, it was perhaps derived from his source, is no new opinion. He is preparing a translation of it for the Shakespeare Society, and we shall then be better able to form an opinion, as to the real or supposed connection between the two.

When Coleridge tells us (Ld. Ber. ii. p. 94) that "The Tempest" is a specimen of the purely romantic Drama," he of course refers to the nature of the plot and personages: in one sense of the words, it is not a "romantic drama," insomuch as the moral is more of the romantic kind than of the tragedy, which contains no allusions to good or bad in 1811, and three years earlier Coleridge had spoken of "The Tempest," as certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only: Schlegel was of the same opinion, without consulting any other sources; and we have attempted a comparison between "The Tempest" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," adding, "The preponderance of thought in "The Tempest," exhibited in its profound and original characterisation, strikes us at once; but we must also admire the deep sense of the art (Sinnlichkeit Kunst) which is apparent in the structure of the whole, in the wise economy of its means, and in the skill with which the scaffolding is raised to sustain the marvellous aerial structure." Ueber Dram. Kunst und Litt. Vol. iii. p. 128, edit. 1817.

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. 20 to 39. It is the last of the division of Comedies. It is there divided into Acts and Scenes. It also stands second in the later folios."

The only ascertainet 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 furnished in his PalladisTamia, 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 characters, that it was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest of Shakespeare's original comedies. It first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it first appeared, but that is no criterion of the period at which it was originally written. We would, therefore, like to fix any part of the 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 works of Meres, immediately before "Love's Labour's Lost." Meres calls it the "Gentlemen of Verona," and Dr. Johnson, in his "Dictionary of the English Language," 1755, first argued that it was produced in 1595, but he afterwards adopted 1591 as the more probable date. The quotes to which he refers, in truth, prove nothing, either as regards 1595 or 1591.

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 "Diana" of Montemayor, which was not translated into English by B. Yonge until 1608; but the incidents, common to the drama and to these two works, are only such as are found in every romance, or would present themselves spontaneously to the mind of a young man: the one is in the command of banditti by Valentine; and the other the assumption of male attire by Julia, for a purpose nearly similar to that of Viola in "Twelfth Night." Extracts from the "Arcadia" are found only to be found in "Shakespeare's Library," vol. ii. The notion of some critics, that "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" contains few or no marks of Shakespeare's hand, is a strong proof of their incompetence to form a judgment.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

"[A Most pleasant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir John Falstaff, and the merry Wives of Windsor. En-}mixed with sundrie variable and pleasing humors, of Sir Hugh the Welsh knight, Justice Shallow, and his wife Cousin the Slander. With whole swaggering vaunts of Altrum, Postell, and Corporal Nym. By William Shakespeare. As it hath bene diners times Acted by the right Honorable my Lord Chamberlaines servants. Both before her Maiestie, and elsewhere. London Printed by T. G. for Arthur Johnson, and are to be sold at his shop in Powles Church-yard, at the sign of the Flower de Leuse and the Crown. 1602." 4to. 27 leaves.


"Every Man in his Humour," while we admit the senten-}ces, we cannot by any means allow the conclusions, of Mr. Hunter's reasoning."
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The 4to. of 1600, was "printed by T. H. for R. Merlinh." etc. In the folio, 1623, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" occupies twenty-two pages, viz. from p. 69 to p. 80 inclusive, in the division "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 copyright, and, quoting from John Busby, and the original entry, and the assignment of the play, ran thus in the Registers of the Stationers' Company. 18 Jan. 1601. John Busby] An excellent and pleasant confection of Sir John Falstaff, and the merry wyves 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, but it certainly has not introduced the allusion 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 did not introduce the 4to. out of the quarto; and our conviction is, that is, the first edition of "Henry V." in 1600, it was made up, for the purpose of sale, partly from notes taken at the theatre, and partly from memory, and that the numbers being the same as in both parts as ordered out by the copist 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." An exact reprint of the 4to. of 1602 has recently been made by the Shakespeare Society, under the care of Mr. J. O. Halliwell; and any person comparing it with that very hasty and mangled outline, and the complete and authorized comedy in the folio of 1623, printed from the play-house manuscript in the hands of Ho- ningham and Condell: on this comparison we rely for evidence to establish the position, that the 4to. of 1602 was not only published without the consent of the author, or of the company for which it was written, but that it was fraudulently made up by some person or persons who attended at the theatre for the purpose. It will be found, that there is no variation in the progress of the plot, and that although one or two transpositions may be pointed out, of most of the speeches, necessary to the development of the connexion of the parts, is lost, or fragmentary: all are made to look like prose or verse, apparently at the mere caprice of the writer, and the edtion is wretchedly printed in a large type, as if the object had been to bring it to the public, in order to take advantage of the interest.

That temporary interest perhaps arose more immediately out the representation of the comedy before Queen Elizabeth, during the Christmas holidays preceding the date of the entry in the Stationers' Registers: the title-page states, that it had been noted "by the Lord Chamberlain's servants" before the Queen "and elsewhere:" but 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 "dozen white lutes" in the first scene were meant to ridicule him, Shakespeare could not have lived long. But it is certain that the line was reprinted in its original form, and that the play, was "performed" after the death of the object of it. That it continued a favourite play we can readily believe, and we learn that it was acted before James I., not long after he came to the throne: the very same reminiscence accounts of the "Revels at Court," in the latter end of 1604.

"By his Majesty's players. The Sunday following A Play of the Merry Wives of Windsor." 1

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

What has led some to imagine that the surreptitious impression of 1602 was the comedy as it first came from the hand of the composer, and that the later editions, which transposed the order of the acts and scenes, which with it was composed. This tradition, when traced to its source, can be carried back no farther than 1702: John 1 See Mr. Peter Cunningham's "Extractions from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," (printed for the Shaksper Society) p. 292. We Dennis in that year printed his "Comical Gallants," founded upon the "Merry Wives of Windsor," and in the dedication he states, that "the comedy was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, and by her special direction, and that in order 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 been written in 1673, and indeed it was printed by the shop of John Davenant, it has been conjectured that the latter might have communicated it to the former. We own that we place little or no reliance on the story, especially recollecting that Dennis had to a certain extent a case of plagiarism in showing that Shakespeare had composed the comedy in an incredibly short period, and consequently that it was capable of improvement. The assertion by Dennis was repeated by Davenant, Pollock, etc.; and, however exaggerated, was a degree of currency and credit to which it seems by no means entitled. It has been a disputed question, in what part of the series of dramas in which Falstaff is introduced, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be read: Johnson thought it came in between "Henry IV." part ii. and "Henry V." Malone, on the other hand, argued, that it should be placed between the two parts of "Henry IV." but the truth is, that almost insuperable difficulties present themselves to either hypothesis, and we doubt whether the one or the other is well founded. Shakespeare, having for some reason been compelled to introduce Falstaff into his play, there were persons he might be immediately surrounded, and Bardolph, Pistol, Nym, and Mrs. Quickly, naturally presented them- selves to his mind: he spared to the audience, with whom they had a large following, to show the characters still to be Falstaff's companions; and though Shakespeare had in fact hanged two of them in "Henry V.," and Mrs. Quickly had died, he might trust to the forgetfulness of those before whom the comedy was to be represented, and give little for the consideration, since so eagerly debated, in what part of the series "The Merry Wives of Windsor" ought to be placed. Shakespeare might sit down to write the comedy without reflecting upon the manner in which he had previously disposed of some of the characters he was about to introduce. Any other mode of solving the modern difficulty is unsatisfactory, and do not believe that it ever presented itself to the mind of our great dramatist.

The earliest notice of any of the persons in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is contained in Dekker's play called "Satromastix," 1602, where one of the characters observes, "we must have false fires to amuse these spangle-habees, these true heers of master Justice Shallow." These allusions must have been made soon after Shakespeare's comedy had appeared, and were, if we are to judge by the Justice Shallow of "Henry IV." part ii.

With regard to the supposed sources of the plot, they have all been collected by Mr. Halliwell in the appendix to his re- publication of the "History of the English Dramatic Literature," in 1602: the tale of "The Two Lovers of Pisa," the only known English version of the time, is also contained in "Shakespeare's Library," Vol. ii.; but our opinion is, that the true original of the story (if Shakespeare did not himself invent the incidents) has not come down to us.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, & Tragedies," 1623, where it occupies twenty-four pages, viz. from p. 61 to p. 84, inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." The quarto, first printed, reprinted in the later folios of 1662, 1664, and 1685.

In the "History of English Dramatic Poetry," III. 68, it is remarked, that although it seems clear that Shakespeare kept Whetstone's "Promos and Cassandra" in his eye, while writing "Measure for Measure," it is probable that he also made use of "Forman's Dream of a Spirit at Christmas Time," and 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 the dramatist was trying in all directions for stories which they could convert to their purpose, they would not have passed over the novel by Giraldi Cinthio, which had not only been translated, but had no previous existing knowledge of any early performance of "The Merry Wives of Windsor."
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actually converted into a drama nearly a quarter of a century after his death. In Shak- speare’s "Promes and Cassandra," a play in two parts, was printed in 1576, though, as far as we know, never acted, and he subsequently introduced a translation of the novel (which he admitted to be its original) in his "Quarto of the Three". 2 No plays, however, excepting "Promes and Cassandra," and "Measure for Measure," founded on the same incidents, have reached our day, and Whetstone’s is the only existing ancient version of Shakespeare’s plays.

The Title of Cinthio’s novel, the fifth of the eighth Decad of his "Hedwomithy", gives a sufficient account of the progress of his story as he relates it, and will show its connexion with Shakespeare’s "Othello". Messianico, the Imaginari, in Ispri, once What, in a young vinegar, viola- tore of a vergine, and condemned à morte: la sorella cerca di liberarsi: Juriste di speranza alla donna di pigliarla per mog- lìa: per cui, a lui si face; e la notizia dissantisima Juriste fa tagliar al giovane la testa, e la manda alla sorella. Ella non vuole assicurare l’Imaginari, che quale sua esposa adJuriste la donna; possa lo far dalle due cose. La don- na, libera, e con lui si vive amorevissimi.

Whetstone adopts these incidents pretty exactly in his "Promes and Cassandra," but Shakespeare varies from them chiefly by the introduction of Mariana, and by the final union between the Duke and his lady, chosen for performance in Shakespeare’s "Julio in William,” which was produced in English, 1604. This fact is stated in Edmund Tylney’s "History of the Exces- ses of the revels from the end of Oct. 1604, till the same date in 1606,” preserved in the Audet Office: the name of the master of the revels runs alternation, as follows:

"By his Mat‘s Plagers. On St. Stevens night in the Hall, a Play called Money for Messer."

In the column of the account headed "The Poets which may be Plagers," we find the name of "Shakssbery," entered, which was the mode in which the ignorant scribe, who prepared the account, spelt the name of our great dramatist. This is the first allusion (such as to the war) with Spain, "the sweete," of course, an act of omission. However, such could not have been the case with "The Comedy of Errors," and "Love’s Labour Lost," which were written before 1598, and which were also performed at Christmas and Twelfth-tide, 1599-5. Tyrwhitt was at one time of opinion, from the passage in A. II. se. 4.

"As these blacke masks."
"Proclaim an ever-finding beauty ten times louder. Than beauty could display,"
that this drama was "written to be acted at Court, as Shake- speare would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to set a common audience. He was afterwards disposed to amend his action, but it is supported by the quotations from the Revels account, unless we imagine, as is not at all impossible, that the lines respecting "black masks" and some others (to use Tyrwhitt’s words), "of particular flattry to the courtiers." It is known that the play, on account of its popularity, had been chosen for performance before the king. One of these passages seems to have been the following, which may have had reference to the crowd attending the revival. James I. in London, not very long before "Measure for Measure," had acted a Whet-hall.

"...and even so."

The general, subject to a well-wish’d King, stood to his nobleness in unobvious kindness, Crow’d to his presence, where their unsought love Must needs appear offensive."

1 Whetstone’s "Hegotamor" is not pagd, but "the rare His- torie of Promes and Cassandra," commences on Sigm. N. i b. 5

Steevnes quotes a passage from "A True Narration of the Entertainment of the King," his relation from the essay of London, printed in 1606, where it is said, "he was faine to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and daily acseys of people comming." Taken with the context, the lines make more sense.

We may, therefore, arrive pretty safely at the conclusion, that "Measure for Measure" was written either at the close of 1599, or in the beginning of 1600.

"Measure for Measure" was first printed in the folio of 1623; and exactly fifty years afterwards was published Sir William Davenant’s "Law against Lovers," founded upon it, and "Much ado about Nothing." With some ingenuity it is said that the "Measure" was introduced into London, and to "Measure for Measure" Shakespeare’s throughout, is to me the most painful, say rather, the only painful part of his genuine works. The comic and tragic parts equally border on the middle—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, cannot be forgiven, because we cannot conceive them as being mo- ral), but like a baseness degrading to the charac- ter of woman." In the course of Lectures on Shakespeare delivered in the year 1818, Coleridge pointed especially to the artifice of Isabella, and her seeming consent to the suit of Angelo, when she is an ancient character of the female sex. He then called "Measure for Measure" only the "least agreeable" of Shakespeare’s dramas.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"The Comedie of Errors" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies sixteen pages, viz. from p. 58 to p. 109 inclusive. In LeRoy’s "Court of Comedies," it was inserted in the three subsequent impressions of the same volume.

We have distinct evidence of the existence of an old play called "The Historie of Error," which was acted at Hampton Court on new-year’s night, 1576-7. The same play, in all probability, was repeated at Windsor on twelfth night, 1582-3, though, in the accounts of the Master of the Revels, it is called "The Historie of Ferrar." Boswell (Mal. Shakep. III. 408) not very happily conjectured, that this "Historie of Ferrar" was some piece by George Ferrars, as if it had been named after its author, who had been dead some years: the fact, no doubt, is, that the clerk who prepared the account merely wrote the title by his ear. Thus we see that, shortly before Shakespeare is supposed to have come to London, a play was performed, and that a "History of Error" might be founded. "The Historie of Error" was, probably, an early adaptation of the "Menadromi of Plauto," of which a free translation was published in 1595, under the long title:

"A pleasant and fine Conceited Comadie, taken out of the most excellent witty Poet Plautus: Chosen purposely from out the rest, as least harmefull, and yet most delightful. Written in English by W. W.—London, Printed by Tho. Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Gratious streete. 1595." 4to.

The title-page, therefore, does not (as we might be led to suppose from Steevens’s note in "Of Plays") mean that the "Menadromi" by name, but we learn from it the com- mencement of the piece itself.

Ryton was of opinion, that Shakespeare was not under the "plotting obstacles," but it is supported by the quotation from the Revels account, unless we imagine, as is not at all impossible, that the lines respecting "black masks" and some others (to use Tyrwhitt’s words), "of particular flattry to the courtiers." It is known that the play, on account of its popularity, had been chosen for performance before the king. One of these passages seems to have been the following, which may have had reference to the crowd attending the revival. James I. in London, not very long before "Measure for Measure," had acted a Whet-hall.

"...and even so."

The general, subject to a well-wish’d King, stood to his nobleness in unobvious kindness, Crow’d to his presence, where their unsought love Must needs appear offensive."

1 In Act I. and Act II. of "The Comedy of Errors," in the folio of 1623, Antonibals of Syracuse is twice called Errotes and Errotis, which
Blackstone entertained the belief, from the "long hollering" which was the "Comedy of Errors," that it was "among Shakespeare's more early productions;" this is plausible, but we imagine, from their general dissimilarity to the style of our great dramatist, that these "long hollering verses" formed a portion of the first draft, of which Shakespeare made more 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 period it had been written and printed the Preface to the play can only speculate. Malone refers to a part of the dialogue in Act III. sec. 2, where Dromio of Syracuse is conversing with his master about the "kitchen wenches" who insisted upon mistaking him and who who was deceived in his identity. Shakespeare did not have the illusion to the hostility between France and her "heir," after the war had been so long carried on, that interest in, or attention to it in the comedy, had been relaxed.

Another question by Antipholus, and the answer of Dromio, immediately preceding what is above quoted, is remarkable on a different account:

"Ant. S. Where Scotland?

"Jor. S. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand."

"From this passage," (says Malone) "we may learn that this comedy was not revived after the accession of the Scotch monarch to the English throne; otherwise it would probably have been struck out by the Master of the Revels." However, we are now certain (a curious fact hitherto unknown), that "The Comedy of Errors" was represented at W. and J. in 1602, and that the Master of the Revels allowed the production of the play. Hence, also, the name of Shackerd, or Shakespeare, being inserted in the margin as "the Poet which mayd the Playe." The Comedy of Errors" was, therefore, not only "revived," but represented at court very soon after James I. came to the crown; we may be confident, however, that the question and answer respecting Scotland were not repeated on the occasion, though retained in the MS. used by the actor-editors for the folio of 1623.

In his Lectures on Shakespeare in 1818, Coleridge passed over "The Comedy of Errors" without particular or separate observation; but in his Literary Remains we find it twice mentioned (vol. II. p. 110 and 114), in none of the same terms. Shakespeare, he observes, "has in this piece presented us with a legitimate farce, in exactness consonant with the philosophical principles and character of farce, as distinguished from comedy and entertainments. A proper farce 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, and it is often to be gathered from the circumstance, he places "Errors" second, in two persons, yet these are mere individual accidents, causa mensae, and the stage will not excuse the inserting mile. But farces are allowed on the stage, and we are justified in so doing by the laws of its end and constitution."

**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

"[Much ado about Nothing. As it hath been sundry times publickly acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare—"Shakespeare," V. S. 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 121, and from p. 122 to 123. It was probably written in 1600.

We have no information respecting "Much Ado about Nothing" anterior to the appearance of the 4to. edition in 1600, excepting that it was entered for publication on the books of the Stationers' Company, on the 26th of August in that year, in the following manner:—

"23 Aug. 1600.

And, Wise Wm. Aspley! Two books, the one called Muche ado about Nothinges, and the other The Second Part of the History of King Henry the fifth, with the Humours of Sir John Falstaff: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare."

There is another memorandum in the same register, bearing date on the "4th of August," without the year, which runs in the margin "the 4th day 1600," and which, though it seems likely, might be a mistake, is my copy of the book. Every man in his Humour, a book. The Comedy of Much Ado about Nothinges, a book."

Opposite the titles of the above, the following marginal notes are inserted:—

"The first entry, there is little doubt, belongs to the year 1600, for such is the date immediately preceding it; and, as Malone observes, the clerk seeing 1600 just above his pen, when he inserted the notice for staying the publication of "Much Ado about Nothing" and the two other plays, did not think it necessary to repeat the figures. The caveat of the 4th August against the publication had most likely been withdrawn by the 23rd of the same month. The object of the "Stay" was probably to prevent the publication of "Henry V.," or "Every Man in his Humour," and "Much Ado about Nothing," by any other booksellers than Wise and Aspley.

"The title of "Much Ado about Nothing," which came out in 1600, (and we know of no other impression in that form) is a well-printed work for the time, and the type is unusually good. It contains no hint from which we can at all distinctly infer the date of its composition," but Malone supposed that it was written early in the year in which it came from the press. Considering, however, that the comedy would have to be put on, acted, and become popular, before it was published, or at least advertised, it is possible that the book 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 seen to show that booksellers would fritter it to procure it to be printed.

It is not included by Meres in the list he furnishes in his Palladis Tamia, 1598; and "England's Parlament," 1600, contains no quotation from 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 4 understand from one of Mr. Vertue's MSS. formerly passed under the title of Benedict and Beatrice.) Heminge, the player, received on the 30th, 1607, a warrant from the King for exhibiting six plays at Hampton Court, among which was this comedy." The change of title, if indeed it was made, could only have been temporary. The division of Acts (Scenes are not marked) were first made in the folio of 1623. The adaptation of "Much Ado about Nothing," coupled with the chief incidents of another Shakespeare's drama, (see the "Introduction") to Measure for Measure, a play by Beaumont and Fletcher, was first printed in the edition of his works in 1673.

The serious portion of the plot of "Much Ado about Nothing" is conjectured to be a corruption of erraticus. Antipholus of Ephesus, in the same way, is once called Serpens (misprinted, perhaps, for serpent) and there are two Antipholuses of Ephesus; and Antipholus of Syracuse, and "Antipholus of Ephesus," the episdes of erraticus and curreptus were not obtained by Shakespeare from \[\text{\textit{Iliad}}\]. The list supplied by Meres is of twelve plays; and, if anything is to be gathered from the circumstance, he places "Errors" second, "Gentlemen of Verona" coming before it.
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p. 144, inclusive. It was reprinted in 1631, 4to, "by W.S.,
for John Smeatons," and the title-page states that it was published "as it was acted by his Majesties Servauns at the Blacke-Friers, at the Blacke-Friers, 1632, for the stage. In his course of Lectures delivered in 1818,
Corderly was so convinced upon this point, that he said,
"the internal evidence was indisputable;" and in his "Life-
"Labour's Lost," while Arden is more frequently introduced as "the Braggart" than by his name. Steevens, after stating that
he had not been able to discover any novel from which
this comedy had been derived, adds that "the story 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 that suggest any such derivation.
Shakespeare, it most likely came into this country in a printed
form.

The question whether Shakespeare visited Italy, and at
what period of his life, cannot properly be considered
as determined; but it is a very important point in relation both to his bi-
ography and works. It was certainly a very general custom
for our poets to travel thither towards the close of the reign
of James I.; and our earliest authority for the visit, in the
words of Mr. Robert Greene, is given in his "Repentance," 1592,
that he had been in Italy and Spain: Thomas Nash, about the same
date, mentions what he had seen in France and Italy; and
Daniel has several early sonnets on his "going to Italy," and
his residence there. Some of our most celebrated actors
of that time also made journeys across the Alps; and Mr. Hal-
lwell, in the notes to his "Coventy Mysteriws," printed for
Shakespeare, 1633, says that "we have seen, performed Dogberry
in "Much Ado about Nothing," was in Rome in 1601.

It is vain to attempt to fix with any degree of accuracy
the date when at any particular play the title-page has been newly corrected and augmented:
we are likewise told that it was presented before Queen
Elizabeth "this last Christmas." It was not uncommon for
dramatists to revise and add to their plays when they were
published for extempore performances, as in the case with
"Love's Labour's Lost." "The last Christmas"
probably meant Christmas, 1598; for the year at this period
did not end until 26th March. It seems likely that the com-
day had been written six or even eight years before that;
but it was revised in 1598, with certain corrections and augmenta-
ments in the history of the middle ages, with their Courts of
Lannoy, and all that is connected with it. In the case of
many kings, with a sort of epicolic interest, and may well be
supposed to have occupied more considerable space than
the notion that it contained the only theatre of the
domain or principality."

It is asserted that William Burton, that the character of Holofernes
Shakespeare intended to ridicule Fawio,
and that our great poet here
condescended to personal satire. The only apparent offence by Fawio
was his impertinent courtship, and the want of decorum in English dramatic representations. The pro-

That is, yet not altogether so improbable to those who are

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"Nothing," which relates to Hero, Claudius, and "John the
Bastard," is extremely similar to the story of Ariodante and
Genevra, in Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," B. V. It was "sepa-
tately verified in English as well as in Latin," founded upon the
kingly portion of "Much Ado about Nothing."

Something of that sort also is suggested in the case of
"Love's Labour's Lost," though as in a portrait taken in his
own lifetime, as in the case of Shakespeare's character, Vienna
in "Love's Labour's Lost," as it is, by the choice of the
character and the whimsical determination in which the
title-page is a very important point in relation both to his bi-
ography and works. It was certainly a very general custom
for our poets to travel thither towards the close of the reign
of James I.; and our earliest authority for the visit, in the
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INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS

To perform before the Queen, and this circumstance has contributed to its publication immediately afterwards. The evidence derived from passages and allusions in the piece, to which Malone refers in his "Chronological Order," is clearly of little value, and he does not give place much confidence to it. In "Love Labour's Lost," 22 leaves were printed in 1629, and the same year came out a poem by R[obert] T[jo]ne] entitled "Alba," in the commencement of one of the stanzas of which this comedy is introduced by name:

"Love's Labour Lost I once did see, a play
Yelded so."

This does not read as if the writer intended to say that he had seen it recently. There is a coincidence in Act III. sec. 1, which requires notice: Costard there jokes upon the mixture between Midsommer night's dream and fairy tale; and in "The TAMUris," Dr. Steevens undertook that Shakespeare was "certainly indebted for his vein of jocularity" in this instance to a tract by H[ervase] Markham, called, "A Health to the Gentlemanly Profession of Serving Men," which Dr. Farmer informs us did not appear until 1608, the year in which "Love's Labour's Lost" came from the press. It was, possibly, a current jest, and it will be found, which on the title-page of the original, and not as Steevens inserted it, in a note upon the passage.

It is capable of proof that the play, as it stands in the folio of 1623, was rewritten from the 4to of 1598, as it adopts various passages and alterations, which, without intrusion, went directly into the folio, and it been taken from a distinct manuscript. There are, however, variations, which might show that the player-editors of the folio resorted occasionally to some authority besides the 4to. These differences are pointed out in the notes. The 4to has no divisions into Acts and Scenes; and the folio only distinguishes the Acts, but with considerable inequality: thus the third Act only occupies about a page and a half, while the 4to Act (misprinted "Alba") extends to nine pages. Nevertheless, it would have been taking too great a liberty to alter the arrangement in this respect, although, as the reader will perceive, it might be improved with advantage.

There is no entry of "Love's Labour's Lost" at Stationers' Hall, until 22d Jan. 1606-7, when it was transcribed by Burby (the publisher of it in 1608) to Ling, who perhaps contemplated a new edition. If it were printed in 1606 or 1607, no such impression has come down to us. 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-NIGHTS DREAM.

"A Midsommer nights dream. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shake- speare. Imprinted at London, for Thomas Fisher, and are to be sold oue at his shoppe, at the Signe of the White Hart, on Fleet streete.

"A Midsommer night's dream. As it hath beene sundry times publickely acted, by the Right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Written by William Shake- speare. Printed by James Roberts, 1630."

In the folio, 1623, it occupies 18 pages, viz., from p. 145 to 163 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It is of course, like the other plays, inserted in the later folios. The earliest impressions as not called comedy, history, or 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 Cotes, Falstaff, and the London 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:


There is no memorandum regarding the impression by Roberts, which perhaps was unauthorised, although Heminges and Conyett followed his text when they included "Midsommer-Night's Dream" in the folio of 1623. In some instances the 4to adopts the evident misprints of Roberts, while such improvements as are mentioned in the 1597 folio are more accurate: both the errors and emendations, if not merely trifling, are pointed out in our notes. The chief difference of the twain is that in the latter the Acts are not numbered.

We know from the Palladis Tomis of Meres, that "Midsommer Night's Dream" was in existence at least two years before its date in the press. On the occasion when it was written, two pieces of internal evidence have been especially noticed. Mr. Halliwell, in his "Introduction to a MidsommerNight's Dream" has produced a passage from the Diary of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which he points out as referring to the description of the state of the weather, and the country given by the Fairy Queen. The memorandum in Forman's Diary relates to the year 1594, and Stowe's Chronicle may be quoted to the same effect.

The other supposed temporary allusion occurs in Act v. sec. 1. and is contained in the lines:

"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death / Of learning, late deceased in beggary,"

which some have imagined to refer to the death of Spenser. It so, must have been an insertion in the drama subsequent to 1596, when first printed, because Spenser died in 1599. When "Midsommer-Night's Dream" was mentioned by Meres. It is very doubtful whether any particular reference was intended to Shakespeare, and who, perhaps, only meant to refer in strong terms to the godly. Warton carried the question back to shortly subsequent to the year 1591, when Spenser's "Tears of the Muses" was printed, which, from the time of its issue to that of Malone, was supposed to be a high literary tragedy of Shakespeare. There is a slight coincidence of expression between Spenser and Shakespeare, in the poem of the one, and in the drama of the other, which deserves remark: Spenser says,

"To W. S. / To W. S., / Yeo, ye Moone, ye dead of late."

And one of Shakespeare's lines is:

"Of learning, late deceased in beggary."

Yet it is quite clear, from a subsequent stanza in "The Tears of the Muses," that Spenser did not refer to the death of "Willy," whoever he were, but merely that he "rather chose to sit in idle cell," than write in such unfavourable times. In the same manner, Shakespeare might not mean that Spenser's death alluded indeed to be caus'd by him, but "deceased," but merely, as Spenser expresses it in his "Colin Clout," that he was "dead in dole." The allusion to Queen Elizabeth as the "fair vestal, throned by the west," in A. ii. sec. 1. seems to have been taken from the "Fair isle," [1598].

It seems highly probable that "A Midsommer-Night's Dream" was not written before the autumn of 1594, and if the speech of Titania in A. ii. sec. 1., were intended to describe the country of Alba, the kingdom, Merchiston, in which part of the season, we may infer that the drama came from the pen of Shakespeare at the close of 1594, or in the beginning of 1595.

"The Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, and the same poet's "Tybe 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, [Oberon, Titania, and Robin Goodfellow, 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 Goodfellow, and the Devil's Tales," which was printed in 1589, 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 called himself of existing popular superstitions. In "Percy's Reliques" (III. 254, edit. 1813), is a ballad entitled "The War."

The war was broken down, and at Stratford Bowre, the water was never so by rackets, with the like. In the 12th Decr. the Queen burst down the bridge at Cambridge. In Rarkshire were many great water, and therewith was much harm done seidely." MS. Ash. 384, fol. 165.

3. A wood-cut is on the title-page, intended to represent Robin Goodfellow: he is like a Satyr, with hoofs and horns, and a broun over his shoulders. Sir Hugh Evans, in "The Merry Wives of Wind- sor," was no doubt thus dressed, when he represented Titania, or Robin Goodfellow. A copy of the wood-cut may be seen in "The Bridge- water Library Catalogue," 4to, 1657, p. 255.
Merry Franks of Robin Good-fellow," attributed to Ben Jonson, of which I have a version in a MS. of the time: it is the more curious, because it has the initials B. J. at the end. It contains some variations and an addition somewhat similar to the subject of the poem, it may be worth while here to subjoin:—

"When as my fellow elves and I
In circled ring do trip around,
If I by our secret eye see
Do happen to be seen or found;
If that they
No words do say,
But mum continue as they go,
Mum and mystery do.
Put great in shoe.
And wind out laughing, ho, ho, hoo!"

The incidents connected with the life of Robin Good-fellow were, no doubt, worked up by different dramatists in different ways; and in "Hamann's Diary," are two entries of money paid to Henry Chettle for a play he was writing in Sept. 1692, under the title of "Robin Good-fellow." There is every reason to believe that, "Midsummer-Night's Dream" was a popular course at the time, for W. Shakespeare, printed in the first folio, it is thus mentioned by Taylor, the water-poet, in his "Sir Gregory Nences:"—"I say, as it is unquestionably written and commended to posterity, in the medium of song, and the same oftens with it is with good will: we came with no intent but to offend, and show our simple skill."—(See A. v. s. 1.)

It appears by a MS. preserved in the Library at Lambeth Palace, that there was printed, "The Dream," in 1566, at the house of John Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, on 27th Sept. 1691. Hist. of Eng. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, ii. 56.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

"The excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew looked towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of it by the choice of three caskets. Written by W. Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600," 4to, 40 leaves.

"The most excellent History of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock the Jew towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh: and the obtaining of Portia by the choice of three chests. As it hath beene times times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants, printed by J. Roberts, 1600, 4to, 40 leaves.

"The two plots of "The Merchant of Venice," of convenient length, and new to English readers, are the only distinct novels in various ancient foreign authorities, but no English original of either of them of the age of Shakespeare has been discovered. That there were such originals is highly probable, but if so the author has no reliance of our popular literature. Whether the separate incidents, relating to the bond and to the caskets, were ever combined in the same novel, at all as Shakespeare combined them in his drama, cannot be determined. (Shakespeare Society's Reprint, p. 30.) The terms, "woolly chasers," may certainly have reference to the choice of the caskets; and the conduct of Shylock is very well intended by the words, "bloody minds of usurers." I do not pretend that a theatrical performance should have existed, anterior to the time of Shakespeare, in which the separate plots were united; and it is not unlikely that the same novel had been published which gave the same incidents in a combined form. "On the whole," says the learned and judicious Tyrwhitt, "I am inclined to suspect that Shakespeare followed some hitherto unknown story, which moved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one."

Both stories are found separately in the Latin Gesta Romanorum, with considerable variations: that of the bond is chap. xlvii. of MS. Harl. 2270, as referred to by Tyrwhitt; and that of the caskets is chap. xex, of the same collection. The Petorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino also contains a novel very similar to that of "The Merchant of Venice," with regard to the bond and the wedding, but differs widely from Shakespeare in the dwelling of a lady at Belmont. These adventures seemers afterwards to have been changed, in some English version, for the incidents of the caskets. In Boccaccio's Decameron (Dec. 1, 9, 4, 4, 6) there is a similar story, but the circumstances connected with the bond and its forfeiture, is contained in "The Orator: handling a Hundred several Discourses," a translation from the French of Alexander Silvayn, by Anthony Munday, who published it under the name of "Lazarus Pint, in 1596, 4to. There, with the head of "Declaration 95," we find one "Of a Jew, who for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian," and it is followed by "The Christian's Answer," but nothing is said of the incidents, out of which these "declarations" arose. Of the old ballad of "The Cruelte of Germuus, a Jew," in "Percy's Reliques," I. 225 (editor 1812) no dated edition is known; but many readers who know of the old version with our "adventures on the Viarions on the Faerie Queen," I. 128, that it was not founded upon Shakespeare's play, and was anterior to it; it might owe its origin to the ancient drama of "The Jew," mentioned by Groton. When Shakespeare's play was acted in Venice, 1594, contains an entry relating to the performance of "The Venetian Comedy," which Malone conjectured might mean "The Merchant of Venice," and it is a circumstance not to be passed over, that in 1594 the company of actors to which Shakespeare was attached was playing at the theatre in Newington Butts, in conjunction, as far as we can now learn, with the company of which Henslowe was chief manager.

Meres has "The Merchant of Venice" in his list, which was published in 1598, and we may suppose that the author, knowing how long prior to that date is was written. If it were "The Venetian Comedy," of Henslowe, it was in a course of performance in August, 1594. The earliest entry regarding "The Merchant of Venice," as the "Register of the Stationers' Register is curious, from its particularity:—

"22 July, 1598, James Roberts. A book of the Marchant of Venice, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venice. Provided that ye bee not printed by the said James, or by any other whosoever, without licence first had from the right honourable the Lord Chamberlen."

Shakespeare was one of the players of the Lord Chamberlain and the company whose business it was to print the application of the play without the consent of the company, to be signified through the nobleman under whose patronage they acted. This caution was given two years before. "The Merchant of Venice" actually came from the press: we find it published in 1600, both by J. Roberts and by Thomas Heyes, in favour of the last of whom we meet with another entry in the Stationers' books, without any proviso dated.

"28 Oct. 1600, Thomas Heyes. The books of the Merchant of Venice." By this time the "licence" of the Lord Chamberlain for printing the play had probably been obtained. At the bottom of the title-page of Roberts's edition of 1600, no place is stated. At the end of the edition, "Priviledg'd," and "Printed by J. Roberts, 1600," while the imprint to the edition of Heyes informs us that it was "printed by IR," and that it was "to be sold in Pauls Church-yard," &c. J. R., the printer of the edition of Heyes, was, most likely, J. Roberts: but it is entirely a distinct impression to that which appeared in the same year with the name of Roberts. The edition of Roberts is, on the whole, to be preferred to that of Heyes: but the edition of the latter is a much earlier copy, being a single folio, Heyes, adopting various misprints, but inserting also several improvements of the text. These are pointed out in our notes in the course of the play. The similarity between the "Merchant of Venice" and the "Dream of Baldassare, conte de Venezia," has, to some confusion of the speakers in all the copies, quarto and folio, which it has not always been found easy to set right. "The Merchant of Venice" was performed before James I. on Shrove-Sunday, and again on Shrove-Tuesday, 1605: hence we have a right to infer that it gave great satisfaction at court. The fact is thus recorded in the original account.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

of expenses, made out by the Master of the Revels, and still preserved in the Audit Office:—

By His Maj’st Flaires. On Shrovetuesday a play of the Marchant of Venice was acted at the old Globe Theatre, London:

By his Maj’st Players. On Shrovetuesday a play called the Marchant of Venise again, commanded by the Kings Maj’st.

The name of Shakespeare, for Shakespeare, as "the poet which made the play," is added in the margin opposite both these entries. Notwithstanding the popularity of this drama before the closing of the theatres in 1642, it seems to have been so much forgotten soon after the Restoration, that in 1664, Thomas Jordan made a ballad out of the story of it in his "Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie," and thought himself in liberty to pervert the original, by making the Jew’s daughter the heroine of his story; and, when, at the trial, she takes the office which Shakespeare assigns to Portia.

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. 155 to p. 167 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, the author of "The Enraged Medicine," and "Euphues's Legacie," which was originally printed in 1590, a second in 1592, and a third edition came out in 1598. We have no intelligence of any re-impression of it between 1592 and 1609. 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. If so, "As You Like It" may have been written in the summer of 1598, and first acted in the winter of the same, or in the spring of the following year.

The 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" and it will be well to insert it here, precisely in the manner in which it stands in the original record:

"This 4 August.


Opposite in the memorandum are added the words "To be stiled." It will be observed, that there is an important deficiency in the entry, as regards the purpose to which we wish to apply it:—the date of the year is not given; but Malone conjectured, and in that conjecture I have expressed concurrence, that the name which we read in the text of the folio, with the date of "4 August," did not think it necessary there to repeat the year 1600, as it was found in the memorandum immediately preceding, that the play was written between May and November 1598. Malone, "Henry the fifth," and "Much Ado about Nothing," were both printed in 1600, and Ben Jonson’s "Every Man in his Humour" in the year following; though Gifford, in his edition of that poet’s works (vol. i. p. 2), by a strange error, states, that the first impression was in 1608. The "stay," as regards "Henry the fifth," "Every Man in his Humour," and "Much Ado about Nothing," was doubtless soon removed; for "Henry the Fifth," was entered again for publication on the 14th August; and, as has been already shown, Wisse and Aspley took the same course with "Much Ado about Nothing" on the 3rd August. There is no known edition of "As You Like It" prior to its appearance in the folio of 1623, (where it is divided into Scenes, as well as Acts) and we may possibly assume that the "stay" was not, for some unexplained and uncertain reason, removed as to that comedy.

Malone supposed to refer to an alabaster figure of Diana on the east of Cheapside, which, according to Stowe’s "Survey of London," was set up in 1595, and was in decay in 1603. This description may be compared with that given by Maltese, of Stowe’s "Survey of London," (2rd ed., i. 174), which states that the water came "prilling from her naked breast." Therefore, this passage proves nothing as far as respects the
date of "As You Like It." Shakespeare probably intended to make no allusion to any particular fountain.

It is not to be forgotten, in deciding upon the probable date of "As You Like It," that Malone has already shown, as he informs us, while on a voyage with Captain Clarke, "to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries," had either the "Coke’s Tale of Gamelyn" (falsey attributed to Chaucer, as Tyrwhitt discovered, and removed from Chaucer’s "Canaries," i. cxxvii. Ed. 1830) strongly in his recollection, or, which does not seem very probable in such a situation, with a manuscript of it actually before him. It was not printed until more than a century afterwards. According to Farmer, Shakespeare looked no farther than Lodge’s novel, which he followed in "As You Like It," quite as closely as he did Greene’s "Pandosto" in the Winter’s Tale. There are one or two coincidences of expression between "As You Like It" and "The Cokè’s Tale of Gamelyn," but not perhaps more than might be accidental, and the opinion of Farmer appears to be sufficiently borne out. Lodge’s "Rosalynde" has been recently reprinted under the title of "Shakespeare’s "Rosalynde," of which allusion, though it may not be easy, therefore, for the reader to trace the particular resemblances between it and "As You Like It."

In his Lectures in 1878, Coleridge eloquently and justly praised the "pretty beauty and artificial manner 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, "in the "Winter’s Tale," gives a description of situation very 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, usually only to make us remember that he wrote of Shakespeare himself. We have this statement on the authority of Olydy’s 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 somewhere, either 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 forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sung a song." This description very exactly tally with "As You Like It," A. ii. 7. Shakespeare "made no use of it, nor in any other work yet discovered, for the characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Andrey. On the admirable manner in which he has made them part of the staple of his story, and on the importance of these additions, it is needless to enlarge. It is rather singular, that Shakespeare should have introduced two characters of the name of Jaques into the same play; but in the old impressions, Jaques de Bois, in the prefixes to his speeches, is merely called the "Second Brother."

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"[The Taming of the Shrew] was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-three pages, viz. from p. 229 inclusive, in the division of "Comedies." It was rebound in the later third folio."

1 If we suppose that the third edition of Lodge’s "Rosalynde" was occasioned by the popularity of Shakespeare’s comedy, founded upon one of the earlier impressions in 1596 or 1592, it would show that "As You Like It" was acted in 1598, and might have been written in 1597.
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, alone, being only too excusable, still seems to indicate that he had not the slightest intention of concealing his obligation. When Steevens published the "Six Old Plays," more or less employed by Shakespeare, and especially by his "Taming of a Shrew" than that of 1607 was known. It was conjectured, however, that it had come from the press at an earlier date, and Pope appeared to have been once in possession of a copy of it, and the scene as engraved in 1567, had been recovered, and is now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: the exact title of it is as follows:

"A Pleasant Conceited Historie, called The Taming of a Shrew: and was sundry times acted by the Right honorable the Earle of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by Peter Short and are to be sold by Cutbert Barthe, at his shop at the Royall Exchange. 1610, 4to.

It was reprinted in 1616, and a copy of that edition is in the possession of Lord Francis Egerton. The impression of 1607, the copy used by Steevens, is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire.

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." When Blount and Jagard, on the 8th Nov. 1623, entered several copies of "The Taming of the Shrew," and Tragedyes, see many of the said copies as are not formerly entered to other men, "they did not include "The Taming of the Shrew" hence an inference might be drawn, that this play was not yet published in the present year. But such entry has been found, and Shakespeare's comedy, probably, was never printed until it was inserted in the folio of 1623.

On the question, when it was originally written, and whether it 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 1596, and subsequently gave 1599 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. In this he is mentioned by the name of Baptist's Father of Katharine and Bianca. Had he been aware when he wrote "Hamlet" that Baptist 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 after.

The recent reprint of "The Pleasant Comedy of Patient Grissil," by Dekker, Chettle, and Haukston, from the edition of 1608, tends to throw light on this point. Henslowe's Diary establishes, that the three dramatists acted together when performing it in the winter of 1599. It contains various allusions to the taming of shrews; and it is to be recollected that the old "Taming of a Shrew" was acted by Henslowe's company, and was mentioned by the name of 1595. One of the passages in "Patient Grissil," which seems to connect the two, occurs in Act v. sc. 2, where Sir Owen producing his wands, says to the marques, "I will learn your medicines to tame shrews." This passage is not understood, because we find by Henslowe's Diary that, in July, 1592, Dekker received a payment from the old manager, on account of a comedy he was writing under the title of "A Medicine for a Wound." Sir Owen, in the later text of the play: as the title of "The Taming of the Shrew" was written, one of the managers of the theatre. At this time, the "Taming of a Shrew" had been laid by a public performance, and Shakespeare having very nearly adopted its title, Dekker took a different one, in accordance with the expression he had used two years before."

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 "Palladio Tame." Sir John Harrington, in his "Memoirs of the Renovation of Poesy," 1598, says, "The fairest specimen of 'Taming a Shrew,' which hath made a number of us so perfect that now every one can rule a shrew in our country, says that he had her," he meant the old "Taming of a Shrew," reprinted in the same year. We have not only the comedy in which Petruchio and Katharine are chiefly engaged, but the Induction, which is carried out to a close, and the Epilogue and the Tapster conclude the piece, as they had begun it.

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 to what original the writer of "The Taming of a Shrew" referred. Yet, according to the Induction, Douce was of opinion that the story of "The Sleeper awakened," in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainment," was the source of the many incongruities which here from time to time, been referred to. Warton (Hist. Engl. Poetry, iv. 117. Edit. 1824) tells us, that among the books of Collins was a collection of tales by Richard Edwards, dated in 1570, and including "the Induction of the Tinker in Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew.'" This may be the original employed by the author of the old "Taming of a Shrew." For the play itself he, perhaps, availed himself of some new translation of Nott. vii. p. 2, of the "Petrarch's Notions of Shakespeare's Plays."

The Suppositi of Ariosto, freely translated by Gascoyne, (before 1586, when it was acted at Gray's Inn) under the title of "The Supposes," seems to have afforded Shakespeare 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." In the list of persons prior to Gascoyne's "Supposes" Shakespeare found the name of Petruchio, (a character not so called by Ariosto,) and hence, perhaps, he adopted it. It affords another slight link of connexion between "The Taming of the Shrew" and the "Supposes," but there exists a third, still slighter, of which no notice has been taken. In the play of "Sleeper awakened," the character of "Petruchio," is a soldier; but in Shakespeare's play, he has a merchant of Venice for a companion. The "Taming of the Shrew," was known in the beginning of the eighteenth century, may be judged from the fact, that "The Tatler," No. 251, 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 its allusions are twice pointed out, 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 "The Lover's Labor Lost." In the copy of the play in the Folio of 1623 it was written before 1598; because in that year, and under the title of "Love Labour's Wonne," it is included by Francis Meres in the list of Shakespeare's plays introduced into his "Palladio Tame." It was the opinion of Coleridge, an opinion which he first delivered in 1815, and again in 1818, though not found in his "Literary Remains," that "All's Well that Ends Well" was a early composition, 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 Teek, at a later date, adopted and enforced the same belief. So far we are disposed to agree with Teek; but when he adds, that some passages in "All's Well that Ends Well," which it is difficult to understand and explain, are relics of the first draught of the play, we do not concur, because they are chiefly to be discovered in the action of the drama which affords evidence of riper thought, and of a more involved and constrained mode of writing. Surely those parts which reminded Teek, as he states, of "Venus and Adonis," are to be placed among the earlier efforts of Shakespeare. There can be little doubt, however,
that Coleridge and Tiele are right in their conclusion, that "All's Well that Ends Well," which was printed for the first time in the folio of 1623, contains indications of the workings of Shakespeare's mind, and specimens of his composition at two separate periods, but possibly at two different parts of the same period. It is often but recently controverted, whether the "Love Labours Won" of Meres were the same piece as "All's Well that Ends Well." The supposition that they were identical is first suggested, but latterly is rejected by Dr. Parr of Bertram, in his "Essay on the learning of Shakespeare." On the other hand, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," Svo. 1839, has contended that "by Love Labours Won" Shakespeare meant "The Tempest," as if it were the original bore to the "Love Labours Won," as its second title. I do not think that Mr. Hunter, with all his acuteness and learning, has made out his case satisfactorily; and in our introduction to that particular volume we cannot assign that play to the year 1610, or 1611. Mr. Hunter argues that "The Tempest," even more than "All's Well that Ends Well," desires the significant name of "Love Labours Won," and he certainly is successful in showing that "All's Well that Ends Well" bosome its own title in two separate quotations. They are from towards the close of the play; and here, perhaps, we meet with the strongest evidence that this portion was one of his author's later efforts.

My notion is (and the speculation deserves no stronger term) that "All's Well that Ends Well" was in the first instance, and prior to 1599, called "Love Labours Won," and that "Love Labours Won" was the title of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, or perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the marks of alteration on the Newes Papers Show, that "Love Labours Won" was then in the book. At this date, however, "Love Labours Lost" probably continued to be represented; and we learn from the Readers' Accounts that it was chosen for performance at court between Jane 1st and March 3rd in 1606.

"Betwix Newers Day and Twelfe Day, a play of Loves Labours Lost." The name of the author, and of the company by whom the piece was acted, are not in this instance given. We have no information that "All's Well that Ends Well" met with the same instant success and popularity. Perhaps if it was to be performed at court, it was not chosen because of its title, in order to give an appearance of greater novelty to the representation 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 Bocaccio in this very form, or in the present translation, of which it might be considered the counterpart. It was then, or perhaps, laid by for some years, and revived by its author, with alterations and additions, about 1605 or 1606, when the marks of alteration on the Newes Papers Show, that "Love Labours Lost" was then in the book. At this date, however, "Love Labours Lost" probably continued to be represented; and we learn from the Readers' Accounts that it was chosen for performance at court between Jane 1st and March 3rd in 1606.

We have no record of the performance of "Twelfth-Night" at court, nor do we find it mentioned at Stationers' Hall until November 5, 1623, when it was revised by Blount and Jaggard, as about to be included in the first new folio of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies." This text seems to have been originally 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 first written, but we know that it was printed and published in the form of the Reader's Feast at the Middle Temple on Feb. 2, 1623-24, according to our modern computation of the year. The fact of its performance we have on the evidence of an eye-witness, who seems to have been a barrister, and whose Diary, in his own hand-writing, is preserved in the British Museum (Harl. MSS. 5333). The memorandum runs, literary, as follows:—

"Feb'y 2, 1601. [2]. At our feast we had a play called Twelfth-Night, or What You Will, much like the comedy of errors, or Menoend in Plautus, but most like and near to that in Italian, called Janganni. A good practiser in it to make the stewart believe his lady widdows was in love with him, by counterfying a letter, as from his lady, in general terms his own fancy, and sending him new things in verses, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him believe they took him to be mad."

A remarkable entry was pointed out in the "History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," vol. i. p. 327. Svo. 1831, and the Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his "Disquisition on the Tempest," Svo. 1839, has ascertained that it was made by a person of the name of Marlingham. It puts an end to the conjecture of Malone, that "Twelfth-Night" was written in 1607, and to the less probable speculation of Tyrwhitt, that it was not produced until 1614. Even if it is 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 ascertained, that it is capable of proof that it was written posterior to the publication of the translation of Lincei in 1609. It is certain that Shakespeare belonged to the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles, and the comic business in which the last engaged, were, as far as we now know, the invention of Shakespeare. The traditions respecting the original "Pleasure," or "Love's Labours" of Bertram, and he changed Giglietta to Helena, probably because he had already made Juliet the name of one of his heroes. The "Pleasure" is an English adaptation of "Twelfth-Night," as we have shown. According to our supposition, these passages, as well as another in the "Hogard," amid all the signs that "All's well that ends well" is the original text, were added when the play was revived in 1599 or 1606, and when a new name was given to it. "All's well that ends well" is merely a provincial phrase of the same kind as "All was well that it was well" or "All was well that ends well," which Shakespeare wrote. See note 1, p. 97, of "The Comedy of Errors." 2 They were published together in 1575, and hence it has arisen the erroneous notion that this was in Shakespeare's language. See note 1, p. 97. As for the name of "What you will," it is certain that "The Palace of Pleasure" was first printed in that year. Prior dates the dedication of his "second book." From my pore house, besides the Towns of London, the 1I. of November, 1597."
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

The plays of Shakespeare have been a constant source of inspiration and study. In this section, we will explore the notable themes and characteristics found within his works. Starting with his most famous productions, we will delve into the rich tapestry of stories, characters, and language that have made Shakespeare's plays enduring classics of Western literature.

Ixxx

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 translated thus: and the name of the Comedy, with 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 1565, or in the beginning of 1566: it must have been published; and from thence transferred to the Middle Temple about six months afterwards, on account of its continued popularity.

Several originals of "Twelfth-Night," in English, French, and Italian, have been pointed out nearly all of them discovered within the present century, and to these we shall now advert. A voluminous and various author of the name of Barbade Richard, an English actor, and also 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. To this production more particular reference is not necessary, as it forms part of the publication called "Shakespeare's Library." If our great dramatist at all availed himself of its incidents, he must of course have used an earlier edition than that of 1606. One minute circumstance in relation to it may deserve notice. Manningham in his Diary calls Olivia a "widow," and in Bandello, Sirlia is a widow, both in the English edition, with no indication that she 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 Feb. 2, 1601-2, she was a widow, and that the author, perhaps, intended for it that he so made her. 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.

But to the point. This, work to which Shakespeare 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. In Bandello it is under the title of "Limpias," and in Belleforest it is called "La fin di Limpias," and it was printed at Paris in 1572, 12mo, it is headed as follows:—

Comme une fille Romaine, se vantant en page, servist long temps un sien ami sans esteigne, et depuis l'est est a marie, avec autres divers discours. Allthough Belleforest inserts no names in his title, he adopts those of Bandello, but abridges or omits many of the speeches and some portions of the narrative: what in Bandello occupies several pages is sometimes reduced to a single sentence. In the subsequent passage, because it will more exactly show the degree of connexion between "Twelfth-Night" and the old French version: it is where Nicola, the Vida of Shakespeare, divides and joins the name of the Duke. It is an interview with Catelle, the Olivia of "Twelfth-Night," on behalf of Lattance, who answers to the Duke.

Mais Catelle, qui avoir plus Puis sur l'orateur et sur la nature beaute, que Porrile aux paroles venant, estoyt en une estrange mane, et volontiers se fut jete a la porte pour le baiser tout a son aise; mais la honte la retint pour un temps: a la fin n'en pouvant plus, et vaine de ceste impatience d'amour, et se trouvant favorable et la comodite, ne seient de tant so commender, que l'embrassant fort estrange- ment elle ne le laisse d'une doumaine de fois, et ce avec telle lastivite et gestes effrontez, que Romme s'apparent bien que ces deux gens estoient la increangeableness that the ambassades de cely qui la courtois.

A certain provoking argument, in the name of David, prie, madame, me faire tant de bien que me donnant congé, j'aye de vous quelque gracieuse responce, avec laquelle je puissé faire content et joyeux ce seigneur, lequel est est continuer et tommenter continu pour me seoir en toute la vertu luy, et s'il a rien acquis en vos bonnes graces. Catelle, humant de plus en plus le venin d'amour par les yeux, lui manifestait une seconde fois, et plus beau.

Upon the novel by Bandello two Italian versions have been composed, which were printed, and have come down to us. The title of one of these is given by Manningham, where he says that Shakespeare's "Twelfth-Night," was most like and neere to that in Italian called "Fornanti." It was 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 "Enea," and another called "Natolia," or "La Donna," bears a somewhat similar title:—

"FG Inganni Commedie degli Accademici In-
**INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.**

Gastonaz. Where is she?  
Ruberto. Not far from you.  
Gastonaz. And that content that I should lie with her.  
Ruberto. If God wills that you should do it.  
Gastonaz. How shall I get to her?  
Ruberto. Plead with me to you.  
Gastonaz. How do you know that she loves me?  
Ruberto. Because she talks to me of her love.  
Gastonaz. Do I know her?  
Ruberto. As well as you see me.  
Gastonaz. Is she young?  
Ruberto. Of my age.  
Gastonaz. And loves me?  
Ruberto. Adore you.  
Gastonaz. Have I ever seen her?  
Ruberto. As often as you have seen me.  
Gastonaz. And to me herself?  
Ruberto. Because she sees you the slave of another woman."

The resemblance between Gineura and her brother Fortunato is so great, that Portia has mistaken the one for the other, and in the end, like Sebastian and Olivia, they are united; while Gastonaz, being cured of his passion for Dorotea, and grateful for the persevering and disinterested affection of Gineura, is married to her. Our great dramatist has given an actual, as well as an intellectual elevation to the whole, he was not for to fall in love in which he has treated it; and has converted what may, in most respects, be considered a low comedy into a fine romantic drama.

So much for *QF Ingannati*, and it now remains to speak of *Flamminio*, in which Shakespeare directed the "Twelfth Night," attention was first directed by the Rev. Joseph Hunter in his *"Disquisition on Shakespeare's Tempest,*" p. 72. *QF Ingannati* follows Bandello's novel with more exactness than *Flamminio* does to Shakespeare's, and here we have the important feature that the heroine called Lelia (dissigned as Fabio) is page to Flamminio, with whom she is in love, but who is in love with a lady named Isabella. In *QF Ingannati* Flamminio is employed by Flamminio to forward his suit with Isabella. What succeeds is part of the Dialogue between Lelia, in her male attire, and Flammmio:

"Lelia. Do as I advise. A banana Isabella, and love one who loves you in return. You cannot find her as beautiful; but, tell me, is there any woman whom you can love, and who loves you?  
Flamminio. There was a young lady named Lelia, whom I was there and thereabout, and who was in the fairest, the cleverest, and the most courteous damsel of this country. I will show you her one of these days, for I formerly looked upon her with some regard. She was then rich and about the court, and continued in love with her for nearly a year, during which time she showed me much favour. Afterwards she went to Miranda, and it was not, for to fall in love with Isabella, who has been as cruel to me as Lelia was kind.  
Lelia. Then you deserve the treatment you have received. Since you aligned who she loved you, you ought to be slighted in return by others.  
Flamminio. What do you say?  
Lelia. How would you treat the first, and still love you more than ever, why did you abandon her for Isabella? I know not who could pardon that offence. Ah! signor Flamminio, did you get any love from her?  
Flamminio. You are only a boy, Fabio, and know not the power of love.  
Lelia. For the love of others, but help loving Isabella.” I adore her, nor do I wish to think of any other Isabellas.

Elsewhere the resemblance between "Twelfth Night" and *QF Ingannati*, in point of situation is quite as strong, but there the likeness ends, for in the dialogue we can trace no connexion between the two. The author of the Italian comedy has obviously founded himself entirely upon Bandello's novel, of which there might be some translation in the title of Shakespeare more nearly approaching the original, than the version which Rich published before our great dramatist wrote to "Twelfth Night." Neither had he, in literal translation, had or had not been made, Shakespeare may have gone to the Italian story, and *Le Novelle di Bandello* were very well known in England as early as about the middle of the sixteenth century. If Shakespeare had followed Rich we should probably have discovered some verbal trace of his obligation, as in the cases where he followed Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," or, still more strikingly, where he availed himself of the works of Greene and Lodge. In *QF Ingannati* we find nothing but incident in common with "Twelfth-Night."

The vast inferiority of the former to the latter in language and sentiment may be seen in every page, in every line. The mistake of the brother for the sister, by Isabella, is the same in both, and it terminates in a somewhat similar manner, for the female attendant of the lady, meeting Fabriolo (who is the same) elsewhere, enquires for the lady Lelio, his mistress, who receives him with open arms. Flamminio and Lelia are of course united at the end of the comedy.

The likeness between *QF Ingannati* and "Twelfth-Night" is certainly in some points of the story, stronger than that between *QF Ingannati* and Shakespeare's drama; but to neither is it confined, with any degree of certainty, that our dramatist retained, as he had perhaps read both, when he was considering the best model of adapting to the stage the incidents of Bandello's novel. There is no hint, in any source discovered, that Flamminio has any part in 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 empires, braggarts, pedants, and servants, who deal in the coarsest jokes, and are guilty of the grossest buffoonery. Shakespeare shows his infinite superiority in each department: in the more serious portion of his drama he employed the incidents furnished by predecessors as the mere scaffolding for the construction 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 inimitable resources.

It was an opinion, confidently stated by Coleridge in his lectures in 1818, that the passage in Act ii. sc. 4, beginning "Too old, by heaven! let still the woman take "Tis merry mischief, for a thing so delightful had a direct application to the circumstances of his own 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 Coleridge does not give 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 them with all the attributes of sex, and supplying them 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. 277 to 308, and is the last in the division of "Comedies." The back of p. 308 is left blank and unpagged. The later folios adopt the same arrangement.

Learns does can be entertained, that "The Winter’s Tale" was produced at the Globe, very soon after that theatre had been opened for what might be called the summer season in 1611. In the winter, as has been well ascertained, the king's players performed it at the Blackfriars, and they usually removed to the Globe, which was open to the sky, late in the spring.

Three pieces of evidence tend to the conclusion, that "The Winter’s Tale" was 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 winter nights tail."d"

No author's name is mentioned, but the piece was represented at a court entertainment, after the scenes of the *Winter's Tale* had been acted in the margin, and there can be no hesitation in deciding that "The Winter’s Night’s Tale" was Shakespeare's "Winter’s Tale." The fact of its performance has been established by Mr. Peter Cunningham, in his valuable work, entitled "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," 8vo, 1842, printed for the Shakespeare Society. *The Winter’s Tale" was probably selected on account of its novelty and popularity.

1 From the Introduction to the same work, we find that "The Winter’s Tale" was also represented at court on Easter Tuesday, 1615.

2 The expenses of eleven other plays are included in the same account, viz., *"The Almanack," "The Twins' Tragedy," "Cupid's Revenge," "The Silver Age," "I accreta," "The Nobleman," "Hubert's Holiday," and "The Maid's Tragedy." At most, only one of these had been printed before they were thus acted, and some of them

never came from the press. *"The Nobleman," by Cyril Tournour, was represented at the *Players' Hall* for publication on 15th February, 1611. *"Laocritas" is only said to have been retrieved, "Rape of Lucrece," which bears date in 1608: if so, there is no evidence that it was ever published. A play that came from the press at any period were printed subsequently to 1611-12, the earliest in 1613, and the latest in 1655. Hence a strong inference may be drawn, that they were all dramas which had been recommended for court-performance by their 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 Notebook, kept by Dr. Simon Forman, (MSS. Ashm. 398.) in which, under date of the 15th May, 1611, he states that he saw one of Shakespeare's plays at the Globe Theatre on the 15th May preceding the representation of it at Court on the 6th November. He gives the following brief account of the plot, which ingeniously includes all the main incidents:—

"There was a gentleman, the son of a king of Bohemia, who was overcome with jealousy of his wife with the king of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him; and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned him, who gave him a dish of the same sort of sou, which did not kill him, but carried him back to Bohemia. Remember, also, how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c. &e., and how, except the child was found dead, the child was carried into Bohemia, and how the child was caused to be carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd; and the king of Bohemia’s son married that wife, and how they fled into Sicilia to Leoncet; and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman whom Leoncet sent, it was that child, and by the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leoncet’s daughter, and was then sixteen years old. Remember, also, the rogue that came in all tattered, like Col Pipec, and how he feigned him sick, and to have been robbed of all he had; and how he hoaxed the poor man of all his money, and after came to the sheaf-sheer with a pedlar's pack, and there committed the murder of his wife, after he was apparelled with the king of Bohemia’s son, and then how he turned courier, &c. &c.

We are inclined to reason 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 corroborated by the evidence of events when Malvole discovered late in life, which induced him to relinquish his earlier opinion, that "The Winter’s Tale" was written in 1604. He found a memorandum in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, on the 15th August, 1623, in which it was stated that "The Winter’s Tale," was "an old play formerly allow’d by Sir George Buc." Sir George Buc was Master of the Revels from October, 1610, until his death, and the date of his death is 1611, when he was 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 1609-10, with a view to its production on the Bank-side, as soon as the usual performances by the King’s players commenced there. Sir Henry Herbert informs us, that he gave an order to the Revels Office to retire "The Tempest" in August 1623, "the allowed book" (that to which Sir George Buc had appended his signature) "was missing." It has been supposed that he had been destroyed when the Globe Theatre was consumed by fire on 29th June, 1613.

We have seen that "The Tempest" and "The Winter’s Tale" were both acted at Whitehall, and included in Sir George’s copy of the proceedings of the Revels from October, 1611, to October, 1612. How little 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 the novel of which upon the latter is founded.

As early as the year 1588, Robert Greene printed a tract entitled "A Discourse of Timon of Athens, dedicated to the Right Honourable and Illustrious Company of the Revels, and others, to the great benefit and profit of them, and others to come." And while this is the earliest tract printed on the subject, it is not the earliest tract printed on the subject, it is not the earliest tract printed on the subject, it is not the earliest tract printed on the subject, it is not the earliest tract printed on the subject, it is not the earliest tract printed on the subject. The tract is prefixed to "The History of Dorastus," and was printed in 1588, probably before some of the later copies. As far as we now know, it was not reprinted until 1607, and a third impression appeared in 1699; it was probably written with many editions, and yet it does not seem unlike that Shakespeare’s play was directed to it, as a proper subject for dramatic representation, by the third impression which came out before we suppose him to have committed writing his "Winter’s Tale." In many respects our great dramatist follows Greene’s story very closely, as may be seen by some of the notes in the course of the play, and by the recent republication of "Pandosto," from the unique copy of 1668, in "Shakespeare’s Library." There is, however, the 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 devoted to play, was unable to judge whether to put it to death or not. He was afraid he was doing wrong in having neither sail nor rudder to guide it, and so to be carried into the midst of the sea, and there left to the wind and waves, to be cast into a place 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 probably not long after the Perdita of "Pandosto" appeared in a different tradition, as the child was left in the sea the same manner as Greene had stated his heroine to have been disposed of. When, therefore, Shakespeare came to write "The Winter’s Tale," instead of following Greene, he had acted alone in other minor circumstances, he varied from the original narrative, in order to avoid an objectionable similarity of incident in his two dramas. It is true, that in the conclusion Shakespeare has also made important and most judicious changes in the story; since nothing could well be more revolting than for Pandosto (who answers to Leoncet) first to fall dotingly in love with his own daughter, and afterwards to commit suicide. The termination to which he gives the play is great, natural, and beautiful, and is an equal triumph of judgment and power.

It is, perhaps, singular that Malvole, who observed upon the two so-called ‘ethical sentences’ prevailing in "The Winter’s Tale," did not in that very peculiarity find a proof that it must have been one of Shakespeare’s later productions. In the Stationers’ Registers there is no earlier entry of it than that of 1623. Northumberland’s copy of the play was contemplated by Blount and Jaggard: it originally appeared in that volume, where it is regularly divided into Acts and Scenes: the "Winter’s Night’s Pastime," noticed in the Stationers’ Registers, is perhaps, not a mystery, but a different work. If any proof of the kind were wanted, we learn from two lines in "Dido, Queen of Carthage," by Marlowe and Nash, 1594, 4to, that "a winter’s tale" was then current:

"Who would not undergird all kinds of a winter’s tale?"

Siga. D. 3 b.

To be well told with such a winter’s tale!"

In representing Bohemia to be a maritime country, Shakespeare adopted the popular notion, as it had been encouraged since 1588 by Greene’s "Pandosto." With regard to the prevailing ignorance of geography, the subsequent passage from John Taylor’s "Travels to Prague in Bohemia," a journey performed in the year 1661, shows that a man may consider, indeed, that an alderman of London was not aware that a fleet of ships could not arrive at a port of Bohemia:—

"I am no sooner eased of him, but Gregory Gandergoose, an Admiral of my Grace’s, catches me and says, ‘Bohemia a great town, and whether there be any merit in it, and whether the last fleet of ships be arrived there.’ It may be observed, that Shakespeare reverses the scene of "Pandosto," and represents as passing in Sicily, what Greene had made to occur in Bohemia. In several places he more verbally followed Greene in this play than he did even Lodge in "As You Like It," but the general variations are greater from "Pandosto" than from "Rosalynde." But Shakespeare does not adopt one of the apppellations given by Greene; and it may be noticed that, just anterior to the time of our poet, the name he assigns to the Queen of Leoncet had been converted to something of a male character: in the rare Triumphs of Love and Fortune," acted at court in 1631-2, and printed in 1588, Hermione is the lover of the heroine.

The idea of this delightful drama (says Coteridge in his Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 250) is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular.

The circumstance that "The Tempest," and "The Winter’s Tale," while they recall Greene’s novel, are yet so thoughtfully perked, and that they might belong to nearly the same date of composition, indicate a probability to the opinion, that Ben Jonson alluded to them in the following lines:—

"When Pandosto’s play was acted in 1614, while Shakespeare’s two plays were still high in popular favour:—""If there be never a Servant-monster," the Fair woman from the enchanted island, "the least fear is left in the nature afraid in his Plays, like those that begat Tales, Tempes, and such like Dialogueres." The Italian type and the capitals are as they stand in the original editions in folio, 1611, Gifford (Ben Jonson’s Works, Vol. iv. p. 370) could not be brought to acknowledge 2

"How long it continued popular, may be judged from the fact that it was printed as a chap-book as recently as the year 1735, when it was called "The Fortune Lovers; or the History of a Servant and a Flower, only daughter and heir to the King of Bohemia," 12mo.

4 A note in a passage in Act iii. sc. 2, is a reason assigned for thinking that Shakespeare did not employ the first edition of Greene’s novel, but in all probability that of 1609.
lars. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of temper, having certain well known and well defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello:—shame, anger, cruelty, revenge, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

In his lectures in 1815, Coleridge dwelt on the "not easily justifiable" frame of Othello's mind, and on the art of the great poet in working upon his generous and unsuspecting nature: he contrasted the characters of Othello and Leontes in this respect, the latter from predisposition requiring no such magnificient ingot as Iago.

**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. 1143 to 1165. It is prefixed to the "Histories.

"It occupies the same place and the same space in the re-issues of 1632, 1644, and 1655."

"King John," the earliest of Shakespeare's "Histories" in the folio of 1623, (where they are arranged according to the reign of the different monarchs) first appeared in that volume, and the Registers of the Stationers' Company have searched in vain for any entry regarding it; it is not enumerated by Mount and Jaggard on the 8th Nov. 1623, when their work was published, nor by any other, "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 to Shakespeare himself, 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 Tragicke Life of John, King of England," came from the press in 1591, 1611, and 1622. Malone, and others who have adverted to this production, have obviously not had the several impressions before them. The eldest copy of the folio of 1611 has "W. Sh." to indicate the author, and that of 1622, "W. Shakespeare," the sur-name only at length. Steevens once thought that the ascription of it to Shakespeare by Farrant's bow, because the "Cordelion," a production of 1609, which followed the "Prologue and Prologue," was correct, but he subsequently abandoned this untenable opinion. Pope attributed it jointly to Shakespeare and William Rowley; and Farmer made no doubt that Rowley wrote the first King John. There is, however, reason to believe that Rowley was not an author at so early a date: his first extant printed work was a play, in writing which he aided John Day and George Wilkins, called "The Travels of three English Brothers." 1607. In 1611, he may have been very young; but we are not therefore to conclude decisively that his name is not, at any period, and in any way, to be connected with a drama on the incidents of the reign of King John; for if he had written the play, it may, on the other hand, have been written by Rowley at an earlier date; and the title, or part of the title, "King John," is, in a sense, sufficiently old.

1 It purports to be divided into acts and scenes, but very irregularly; thus what is called Actus Secundus fills no more than about half a page, and Actus Quartus is twice repeated. The later fellow adopt this defective arrangement, excepting that in that of 1632 Actus Quartus is made to precede Actus Quintus.

2 The "Prologue and Prologue," a book called the History of George Lord Panxeaideon, bastard son of Richard Cordelian, was entered on the Stationers' Registers, but this was evidently the prologue romance of which an edition in 1618, 1619, and 1621, is extant. Going back to the records, it appears that a book, called "Cur de Lione," was entered on the Stationers' Register of that year.

3 "The life and death of King John" (says Malone), by Robert Greene, or George Peele, but he produces nothing in support of his opinion. The mention of "the Scythian Tamarines," in the Prologue to the elder "King John," is a circumstance which seems to indicate that it was the production of Marlowe, who did not die until 1603; but the style of the two parts is evidently different: roming couples are much more abundant in the first than in the second, and there is reason to believe, according to the frequent custom of that age, that the fact that, at some later date, he was instrumental in a revival of the old "King John."

How long the old "King John" had been in possession of the stage prior to 1591, when it was originally printed, we are not able to say. The style of the play points to a date which, if not earlier, was not very much later than 1591; and when Shakespeare and his contemporaries took the course usual with dramatists of the times, by applying to his own purposes as much of it as he thought would be advantageous. He converted the "two parts" into his own, and at first printed them in the form of a long epistle, on the occasion of an otherwise unexplained incident, a letter of King John to his son Philip, which bears a strong resemblance to a letter of the old "King John," to have been brought upon the stage not long after the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, when the hatred of the Roman Catholics was at its height, such an exhibition must have been expected to excite the utmost religious and vulgar audiences. Shakespeare might justly hold in contempt such a mode of securing applause; or, possibly, his own religious tenets (a point which is considered at length, with many other points, in the criticism on the "King John," which will be given in the sequel) may have induced him to take a little distance from Shakespeare. It is, however, easy to discover reasons why he would refuse to pander to popular prejudice, without supposing him to feel direct sympathy with the enemies of the Reformation.

Some of the principal incidents of the reign of John had been converted into a drama, with the purpose of promoting the Reformation, very early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not before, as in the case of "King John," by Bishop Bale, which, like the old "King John," in two parts, though we can trace no other particular resemblance. It was printed by the Camden Society, from the author's original MS. (in the library of the duke of Devonshire) in 1588, and is a specimen of the mixture of allegory and history in the same play, perhaps unexamined. As it was, doubtless, unknown both to the author or authors of the "King John," and any one else on the stage before or after, it is not further notice here, than to show at how early a date a portion of our annals had been brought upon the stage.

Upon the question, when "King John" was written by Shakespeare, we may say that it is a question which can be taken from the Press. Francis Meres introduces it into his list in 1598. Malone speculated that it was composed in 1588, but he does not place reliance upon the internal evidence he himself adduces, which certainly is of signs that cannot vogue with the critical historians, on the other hand, would assign the play to 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," which was probably in a course of representation in 1591, had gone a little out of recollection, and when Meres would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare's drama, thereby increasing its popularity either at the Globe or Blackfriars Theatres.

more than one dramatist was concerned in the composition of the play.

3 The edition of 1591 was printed for Sampson Clarke: that of 1611, by Valentine Simmes, for John Helme; and that of 1623, by Aug. Mathews, for Thomas Dewe.

4 The edition of 1591 is preceded by a Prologue, omitted in the later impressions, which makes it quite clear that the old "King John," was posterior to Marlowe's "Tamburlaine." It begins, "Yea that with friendly grace of smooth'd brow/ Have hold of all the heart's great seeds." In the Hist of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage, vol. iii. p. 119, reasons are assigned for believing that Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" was acted about 1557.

5 From a MS. Diary, under the date of 1598, we meet with an entry of a play by Robert Wilson, Henry Chettle, Anthony Munday, and Michael Drayton, entitled "The Funerals of Richard VI," which would have had time to become acquainted with Shakespeare's drama, and which certainly is of signs that cannot vogue with the critical historians, to which Shakespeare's play and the old "King John" relate.
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

Ixxv

KING RICHARD II.

[The Tragedy of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publiquely actted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chambrelier 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.]

1 The Tragedy of King Richard the second. As it hath beene publiquely actted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chambrelier 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.

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4 The Tragedy of King Richard the second: with new additions of the Parliament Scene, and the deposing of King Richard. As it hath beene lately actted by the Kings Majesties seruants, at the Globe. By William Shake-speare. At London, Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at the signe of the Foxe in Paules church-yard, at the signe of the Foxe. 1598.

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8 Anno 1598. 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, 1598, and 1615. It will be observed that the title of the edition of 1598 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 1598, the title of which merely follows the wording of the preceding impression of 1598, omitting any notice of "new additions." The title of this impression is, though containing the whole of them. The name of our grandfathers and our great-grandfathers are to be found in this historical play in 1598, as if Simmes the printer, and Wise the stationer, when they printed and published their edition of 1597, did not know, or were not authorized to state, that Shakespeare had written it. Precisely the same was the case with "King Richard III." printed and published by the same parties in the same year, and of which also a second edition appeared in 1598, with the name of the author.

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

It was entered as the Stationers' Register in 1597, in the following manner:

[29 Aug. 1597.]

Andrew Wise. The Tragedy of Richard the Seconde. This memorium shows the anterior, but perhaps only shortly anterior, to the actual publication of "Richard II."

The quotation was first published in "New Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8vo, 1886, where it was suggested that this "Richard II." might be the play mentioned in the letter written by James I. to his son Prince Henry, in which he warned his son to make the nobility to envy the King, and mislike him and his government; by which means he made his own son king, which was Henry Bolingbroke. Remember, also, how the Duke of York wished for a king, and how Richard II. had been in the Commonwealth's power, but say it was a villain's part, and a Judas' kiss, to hang the man for telling him the truth. Beware by this example of noblemen and their fair words, and say little to them, lest they do the like to thee or thy good will.

There is another circumstance belonging to the title-page of the Duke of Devonshire's copy which disagrees with that of the folio. The play was printed "as it hath been publiquely actted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chambrelliss his Seruants." The company to which Shakespeare belonged were the "King's " and it was printed from the other copy of 1598. This fact might give rise to the supposition, that it had been intended to reprint an edition of Richard II., including the "Parliament scene," as the "Register." But as this was not the case, the reference to Richard II. must be to the "Register." But as this was not the case, the reference to Richard II. must be to the "Register."
a lost play by Shakespeare, intended as a "first part" to his extant drama on the later portion of the reign of that monarch. It is also true that Forman says nothing of the formal deposition exhibited by us the Duke of Lancaster and Gaunt of Shakespeare. For the Duke of Lancaster "made his own son King," and he could not do so without something like a deposition exhibited or narrated. It is also to be observed, that if Forman's list of Shakespeare's works, in which he so many times exhibited the characters of the King and of Gaunt so inconsistently in two parts of the same play, The Richard and the Gaunt of Forman, with their treachery and cruelty, are totally different from the Richard and Gaunt of Shakespeare. For these reasons we may, perhaps, arrive at the conclusion, that it was a distinct drama, and not by Shakespeare. We may presume, also, that it was the very piece which Sir Gilly Merrick procured, and the story of which, according to a passage in the arrangement of Cuffe and Merrick, the latter paid forty shillings additional, because it was an old play, and not likely to attract an audience.

The very description of the plot given by Forman reads as if it were an old play, with the usual quantity of blood and treachery. How it came to be popular enough, in 1611, to be performed at the Globe must be matter of more speculation; perhaps the revival of it by the party of the Earls of Essex and Southampton had recalled public attention to it, and improvements might have been made which would render it a favourite in 1611, though it had been neglected in 1601.

This naturally leads us to the question, has the original popularity, may, possibly, have grown the "new additions," which were first printed with the impression of Shakespeare's "Richard II." in 1603, and which solely relate to the deposition of the King, if these "new additions," as they were termed in 1608, were only a suppressed part of the original play, there seems no sufficient ground for concluding that it was not Shakespeare's drama which was acted at the Globe in 1599, and more, I think, in 1601. If they were written in 1593, as Malone imagined, or even in 1598, according to the speculation of Chalmers, it might be called an old play in 1601, considering the rapidity with which dramas were often written and borrowed, which is the case with them. If neither Shakespeare's play, nor that described by Forman, were the pieces selected by Sir Gilly Merrick, there must have been three distinct plays, in the possession of the companies that acted at the Globe, upon the events of the reign of Richard II.

For the incidents of this "most admirable of all Shakespeare's purely historical plays," as Corderle calls it, (Lit. Rem. ii. 161,) our great poet appears to have given no other 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. So that in "Richard II." we have an instance of Act v. c. 8, as frequently and tawse, when he was in fact only twelve years old. Marston, in a short address before his "Wonder of Women," 1599, aiming a broad side at the ancient and probable authors of the play in this respect upon its true footing, when he says, "I have not laboured to tie myself to relate anything as a historian, but to enlarge everything as a poet;" and what we have just referred to in this play 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 of "Henry IV." Of the four quarto editions of "Richard II." the most valuable, for its readings and general accuracy beyond dispute, is the 1605, London, Peter Short. The other three quarto's were, more or less, printed from a defective folio, and second quartos have taken the latest, that of 1615, as the foundation of its text; but, from a few words found only in the folio, it may seem proper to say that the player-editors referred also to some extrinsic authority. It is quite certain, however, that the folio copied obvious and indisputable blunders from the quarto of 1615. There are no fewer than eight places where the folio omits passages in the quarto, in one instance to the destruction of the continuity of the play. It is evident we have taken the detriment of the play. Hence not only the expediency, but the absolute necessity of referring to the quarto copies, from which these ad-joining passages have been distinguished by placing them between brackets.

1 It may perhaps be inferred that there was an intention to publish the "history," with these "new additions," in 1603: at all events, in that year the right in "Richard II.," "Richard III.," and "Henry IV.," passed to Henslowe and Whetstone. The latter, according to the "Additions," did not come out when the next editions of them appeared. The entry relating to them in the books of the Stationers' Company runs thus:

27 June 1603.
Matth. Lawe in full Courts, iyi Enterludes or Playes. the first of Richard the 3d. the second of Richard the 2d. the third of Richard the 1st. the additio of Andrew Wisse. all in forme of a playe.

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Diary) were of such an amount as was generally only produced by the wealth of the rose family. This revival of the virtuous and virtuous morals which may have arisen the publication of the early undated edition in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The reproduction of "The Famous Victories" by a rival company, and the appearance of this copy, was the first to be employed in the performance of this edition. It was probably the object of the writer to make the play an attractive one to the public, he could avail himself of some of the same incidents for the theatre to which he belonged. This event would at once make the subject popular, and hence, perhaps, the play not be expunged. The former had received a good reception in Devonshire, and the latter. The year 1598 may possibly have been the date when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry IV." Part i.

It is to be observed, then, 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 an imperfect shape, the incomparable superiority of the latter is such, as to render any attempt to trace resemblance rather a matter of contrast than comparison. Who might be the writer of "The Famous Victories," it would be idle to speculate; but it is decidedly inferior to most of the extant works of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Kyd, Lodge, or any other of the more celebrated predecessors.

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 called Sir John Oldcastle. This hesitation could not, however, have been felt at this point, as the fact is hardly removed by Mr. Halliwell's very curious and interesting tract "On the character of Sir John Falstaff, as originally called by Shakespeare," 12mo, 1841. But the identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff could ever have been questioned after the discovery of the following passage in a play by Nathaniel Field, called, "Amends for Ladies," 1613. It is difficult to comprehend: the lines seem to us decisive:

"I did you never see
The play where the fat knight, right Oldcastle,
Died, that the play still truly stood.
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." This fact is remarkable, recollecting that "Amends for Ladies" could hardly have been written before 1611, that is, prior to the date no fewer than four editions of "Henry IV." Part i. were printed, on the page: "Falstaff was prominently introduced, and that he was called by no other name from the beginning to the end of that drama. The case is somewhat different with respect to Shakespeare's "Henry IV." Part i., where the change was so distinctly made by Shakespeare. The identity of Oldcastle and Falstaff is confirmed by a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle after that continuation of the "history" had been written and performed. In Act i. sc. 2 of the drama, Old is given as the pre-fix to one character, and Richard to another, the latter being with the other part of the play, and the MS. for the quarto, 1600, was corrected for the press, this single passage escaped observation, and the ancient reading was preserved until it was expunged in the folio of 1623. Malone and Stevens, in opposition to Theobald, argue that Old was not meant for Oldcastle, but was the commencement of the name of some actor: none such belonged to Shakespeare's company, and the probability is all in favour of Theobald's supposition.

This change must have been made by Shakespeare anterior to the spring of 1598, because we then meet with the subsequent entry in the Stationers' Registers, relating to the earliest edition of "Henry IV." Part i.

"25 Feb. 1597. Andrew Wisse: A booke intituled the Historye of Henry the ilxe, with his battelie of Shrewsbury against Henry the Prince of the North: with the concepted Mirth of Sir John Falstaffe."

As the year did not then end until the 25th March, the 25th February, 1596, is the date which Mr. Wisse gives for the entry in the Calendar of the Stationers' Company, "The History of the Fifth." 3

The third edition of "The Famous Victories" was printed after the edition of 1588, or in the year 1597, or in 1600, by the same printer, John Day, and it is dated: "The History of the Fifth." This is the earliest I have found in the Stationers' Register. Mr. Wisse's book, 1600, 4to, a tract recently reprinted, under the editorial care of Mr. Halliwell, for the Percy Society.

1 There is another entry, under date 23th June, 1603, by which we learn that the title-page of the folio of Shakespeare's "Henry V." was printed, for whom the edition of 1594 was in fact printed.

2 Mr. Halliwell does not seem to have been aware, when speaking of the "First Part of the Trauerous and Generall History of the Famous Richard Earl of Huntingdon, and called Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," a play attributed to Shakespeare on the title-page of most of the copies printed in 1609, that it was rather by other hands than Shakespeare, which have no author's name. Hence it might be inferred, that the original title-page was cancelled at the instance of our great dramatist, and another substituted.
tor of the 4to, 1599, strangely misunderstanding it, printed it as follows:—

"I'll steal to Glendower and lose Mortimer;" as if Lov. of the 4to, 1599, were to be taken as the interjection, lo! I then usually printed los, and so the blunder was followed in the subsequent quartos, including that of 1618, from whence it was not yet thrust into Lucretia, 1599, as repeated in the folio, 1623; but Norton, the printer of the 4to, 1639, who, as has been remarked, did not adopt the text of either of the folios, saw that there must be a blunder in the line, and although he did not know exactly how to set it right, he at least made sense of it, by giving it,

"I'll steal to Glendower and lose Mortimer."

We only adduce this instance as one proof, out of many which might be brought forward, to establish the superiority of the text of the 4to. of 1599, to any of the subsequent re-impressions.

SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

"The second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death. Most of the copies were printed in the hands of Sir Iolin Falstaffe, and swaggersing Pistoll. As it had been sundrie times publikeely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakspeare. The first edition was printed for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 45 leaves.

Other copies of the same edition, in quarto, not containing Sign. E 5 and E 6, have only 41 leaves. In the folio, 1623, the parts relating to Henry the Fourth, containing his Death: and the Coronation of King Henry the Fifth, occupies twenty-nine pages in the division of "Histories," viz. from p. 74 to p. 102 inclusive, the last twenty-three of which pages, 89 and 90, by an error of the press, are numbered 91 and 92. In the reprint of the folio, 1632, this mistake is repeated. In the two later folios the pagination continued from the beginning to the end of the volume.

We may state with more certainty than usual, that "Henry IV." Part ii. was written before the 25th Feb. 1598. In the preliminary notice of "Henry IV." Part i. it is mentioned, that Act ii. sc. 2, of the "history" before us contains a piece of evidence that Falstaff was still called Oldcastle, when it was written; viz. that the prefix of Olde is retained in the quarto, 1600, before a speech which belongs to Falstaff, and which is assigned to him in the folio of 1623. Now, we know that the name of Cotton was changed to that of Falstaff, the amanuensis of Sir Iolin Falstaffe, and swaggersing Pistoll. As it had been sundrie times publikeely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlain his servants. Written by William Shakspeare. The first edition was printed for Andrew Wise and William Aspley. 1600." 4to. 45 leaves.

The memorandum in the Stationers' Register, prior to the publication of the following play, is inserted literatim in Vol. i. p. 130: it bears date on 24th Aug. 1598, and it was made by Andrew Wise and William Aspley, who brought out "The Seconde Parte of the History of Kinge Henrie the third," 4to, in that year.

There was only one edition of "Henry IV." Part ii. in 1600, but some copies vary importantly. The play was evidently produced from the press in haste; and besides other large omissions, a whole scene, forming the commencement of Act ii. was left out. Most of the copies are imperfect, and are not to be found in the folio, 1623; but they are found in those of the Duke of Devonshire and Malone. The stationer must have discovered the error after the publication, and sheet E was accordingly reprinted, in order to supply the defect.

The folio 1623 was taken from a complete copy of the edition of 1600; and, moreover, the actor-directors, probably from a play-house manuscript in their hands, furnished many other lines wanting in the quarto. On the other hand, the quarto, 1600, contains several passages not found in the folio, 1623. Our text includes both, (properly distinguished in the notes) in order that no syllable which came from the pen of Shakespeare may be lost. Even if we have omitted to have himself rejected certain portions, preserved in the quarto, the exclusion of them by a modern editor would be unpardonable, as they form part of the history of the poet's mind.

KING HENRY V.

"The Cronicle Historie of Henry the fift, With his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auentient

Pistol. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his house in Carter Lane, next the Powle head, 1600. 4to. 27 leaves." The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auentient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Tho. Millington, and John Busby. And are to be sold at his shop in Cornhill, near the signe of the Cat and Parrets, near the Exchange. 1602." 4to. 26 leaves. The Chronicle History of Henry the fift, with his battell fought at Agin Court in France. Together with Auentient Pistoll. As it hath bene sundry times played by the Right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his servants. Printed for T. P. 1605." 4to. 27 leaves.

The Life and Death of 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. The first folio regularly was not published by a bookseller or booksellers by whom Shakespeare's genuine dramas were issued; and the second and third came from the hands of Thomas Pavier, who was instrumental in giving to the world some great pieces of 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 parts of the extracts published together with the copist of the theatre, but from what could be taken down in short-hand, or could be remembered, while the performance was taking place. It is true that the quarto impressions contain not the whole of his plays; there are many scenes, and long speeches, found in the folio of 1623; and the inference seems to be that "Henry V." was originally produced by Shakespeare in a comparatively incomplete state, and that large portions contained in the folio, and of which no trace can be pointed out in the quartos, were added at a subsequent date, to give greater novelty and attraction to the drama. Such, we know, was a very common course with the newly staged plays. A play called "Henry V." was represented at Court on the 7th Jan. 1605, as we learn from "The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels," edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, and printed by the Shakespeare Society, p. 204; and these important additions have been inserted for that occasion. The entry runs, literatim, as follows:—

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

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 previous occasion, and in a play of which Shakespeare's company renders it most probable that his play was performed on the occasion; but it is to be recollected also, that the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the fift" might have been "The King's Majesty's servants," even at so late a date as 1617, when the last edition of it made its appearance. Nevertheless, we may perhaps take it for granted, that the "Henry
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The first Folio, "Abridged," played at Whitehall by the King's servants, on 7th Jan. 1603, was Shakespeare's historical drama; and it may not be too much to presume, that most of the additions (Choruses excepted) included in the folio of 1623, were written in consequence of his "London edition of Henry V," by the Master of the Revels for representation before James I.

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, but 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 1604 do not at all connect the play as it was acted in the first instance; but were hastily made up from notes taken at the theatre during the performance, subsequently patched together. Now and then we meet with a few consecutive lines, similar to the authentic copy, but in general the text is not so continuous. We might find proofs in support of our position in every part of the play, but as in his "Twenty quarto" Steevens has reprinted that of 1600, it will be needless to select more than a single specimen. We give the text as we find it, literally, in the quarto, 1600, from the copy in the Library of the Duke of Devonshire: our extract is from Act i. sc. 2, the speech of the King, just before the French Ambassadors are called in:—

"Call in the messenger sent from the Dolphin, and by your aid, the noble sinners of our land, France being our ewe, we will bring it to our own, Gentlemen, it is a rare text. Eyther our Chronicles shal with full mouth speak Freely of our acts, Or our Chronicle must mute.

Not worship with a paper epitaph."

Such is the speech as it is abridged and corrupted in the quarto, 1600: the correct text, as contained in the folio of 1623, may be found in the Quarto, 1600, but which has been certainly related to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, between the 15th April and the 25th Sept. 1599, and must have been written during his absence:—

"As, by a lower but loving likelihood, Plays, great and gracious empress (As in good time he may) from Ireland coming, Bringing rebellion brooch'd on his sword, How many would the peacefull city quit. To welcome him."

The above lines were, therefore, composed between the 15th April and the 25th Sept. 1599, and most likely the Choruses formed part of the piece as originally acted, although the short-hand writer did not think it a necessary portion of the performance to be included in the earliest quarto, 1600, which was to be brought out with great speed; and perhaps the length of these Choruses was on this account cut off from the play, by those who employed the short-hand writer. Upon this supposition, the question when Shakespeare wrote his "Henry V," 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 spring of 1599. The enlarged play, as it stands in the folio of 1593, is to be preferred to the three quarto impressions without various scenes, and speeches. It was 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.

F

FIRST PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The first Part of Henry the Sixt," was printed originally in the folio of 1592, where it occupies twenty-four pages: view from p. 96 to p. 119 inclusive, in the division of "Histories." It was reprinted in the folios 1592, 1664, and 1685.

Thus historical drama is first found in the folio of 1593: no earlier edition of it in any shape, or in any degree of imperfection, has been discovered. Of the second and third parts of "Henry VI.," copies in quarto, under different titles, lengthened in some speeches, and abbreviated in others, are extant; but the first part of "Henry VI." appeared originally in the collected edition of "Mr. William Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies," put forth under the care of Richard Churb's, in 1623, containing a revised Folio text.

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 convinced to do) that the internal evidence is all opposed to that claim. While the language, figures, and expressions in this folio of 1623, many of Shakespeare's contemporaries, authors, actors, and auditors, were alive; and the player-editors, if they had committed the first folio, and afterwards have inserted the words, which we believe not Shakespeare's, that was not his production, and perhaps well known to have been the work of some rival dramatist. If we imagine the frequents of theatres to have been comparatively ignorant upon such parts of his authorship, and living actors, who were aware of the truth, and in the face of these Heminge and Condell would not have ventured to appropriate to Shakespeare what had really come from the pen of another. That tricks of the kind were sometimes played by those far more voluble in publishing single plays, is certainly true; but Heminge and Condell were actors of repute, and men of character: they were presenting to the world, in an important volume, sceptr'd performances, which, in the memory of the most worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare, and we cannot believe that they would have included any drama to which he had no title. In all probability they had already seen with their own eyes what had been done. If they had received his instructions and directions from time to time with reference to the performance of it, and they must almost necessarily have been acquainted with the real state of property, and their check to the publication.

Our opinion is therefore directly adverse to that of Malone, who, having been "long struck with the many evident Shakespeareanisms in these plays," afterwards came to the conclusion that he had been entirely mistaken, and that none of these productions were Shakespeare's. Malone's is in "Henry VI.:" "I am, therefore (he added), decisively of opinion, that this play was not written by Shakespeare." To support this notion, he published a "Dissertation on the Three Parts of Big Act, and living actors in 1605, in which he argued that the first part was not only not the authorship of Shakespeare, but that it was not written by the same persons who had composed the second and third parts of "Henry VI."

It reference to the 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 play to take the place of another; and, by the addition of such improvements, to add to the stock of the theatre; and to vary the general performances, as Greene, in his "Groatworth of Wit," 1595, spoke of Shakespeare as "the only Shake-scene in a country," and as an "upstart crow beautified with our feathers," he alluded chiefly to the extra in 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.," the first part of the "Contention," which was the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster, 1597; the "True Tragedy of the Duke of York," 1595. 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 title of the folio was inserted among his other works in the folio of 1623.

There are two other theories respecting the elder plays we have mentioned, neither of them, as it seems to us, supported by sufficient evidence: first, that the folio is a corrected copy of "Henry VI.," as it is contained in the folio of 1623, the first part of the "Contention," 1594, and the "True Tragedy," 1595, were in fact productions by Shakespeare himself. We do not believe this to be the case. Secondly, there is another theory, that the two latter were early editions of the same dramas that we find in the folio, and that the imperfections or variations in the quarto impressions are to be accounted for by abridgment and condensation of the text, that the whole script, from which they were printed, was obtained by the booksellers. In support of the first of these opinions, little
better than conjecture can be produced, contradicted by the expressions of Greene in 1592, as far as those expressions apply to the last-mentioned plays. Directly in consequence, in some places the quarto editions of the first part of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy" are fuller, by many lines, than the copy in the folio, 1623, which would hardly have been corrected in the printer's office so short-hand, and corrected by memory: in the next place, the speeches have such a degree of completeness and regularity as to render it very improbable that they were obtained by so uncertain and imperfect an expedient. We think it most likely that the first part of "Henry VI." was founded upon a previous play, although none such has been brought to light; and that the materials for the second and third parts of "Henry VI." were mainly derived from the older dramas of the first part of "The Contention betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster," and "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York.

If our dramaticist founded his first part of "Henry VI. upon the "Belshazzar" of Heneslews (this, 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 it was written in a hundred years' time. Shakespeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 288.) concludes decisively in the affirmative on these two points, forgetting, however, that the "Henry VI." acted by Heneslews's company, was thirty years subsequent to the first part, and in consequence of the success of the drama in the authorship of which Shakespeare was concerned.

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SECOND PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The second part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Good Duke Humphry," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages; viz. from p. 120 to p. 146 of the division in the folio. 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 Humphry, and the beginning and death of the Duke of Suffolke, and the tragical end of the proud Cardinall of Winchester, with the notable Rebellion of Jacke Cade: And the Duke of Yorkes first claim upon the Crown, by the Licentiate Hall, written for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shop under Saint Peter's Church in Cornwall. 1594." By whom it was written we have no information; but it was entered on the Stationers' Register, 1594, 1594, 1595. The 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 "Yorkes and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1602.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention," until about the year 1619, when The "First Part of the Contention" was reprinted by "his Majestie's Servants," what he called "the second part," of the same play, with the name of "William Shakespeare, Gent," 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.

Chettle acknowledges the important share he had in the publication of "The Groatsworth of Wit," in his "Kind-heart's Dream," which was printed at the close of 1599, or in the beginning of 1600. See the excellent reprint of this very curious and interesting tract in some places the quarto editions of the first part of the "Contention" and the "True Tragedy" are fuller, by many lines, than the copy in the folio, 1623, which would hardly have been corrected in the printer's office so short-hand, and corrected by memory: in the next place, the speeches have such a degree of completeness and regularity as to render it very improbable that they were obtained by so uncertain and imperfect an expedient.

It is impossible to assign a date to this play existing by conjecture. Its success, perhaps, led to the entry at Stationers' Hall of the folio of 1598, and to its appearance from the press in 1594.

THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

"The third part of Henry the Sixth, with the death of the Duke of Yorke," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-six pages, in the division of "Histories." Malone, 1634, vol. ii., p. 133. Malone (or rather, his third part of "Henry VI.") it bears the following title:--

"The true Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of the good King Heneire the Sixt, with the whole contention betwixt the two houses of York and Lancaster, was presented at the barbrie tyme acted by the Right Honourable the Earl of Pembroke his seruants. Printed at London by E. for Thomas Millington, and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Peters Church in Cornwall. 1595." 1595. 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 K. P.; and the name of Shakespeare has been already observed in our Introduction to "Henry VI." part iii., first appears in connection with these "histories" in that edition.

Believing that Shakespeare was not the writer of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, nor of "The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, 1595, and that Malone established his position, that Shakespeare only enlarged and altered them, it becomes a question by whom they were produced. Chettle, who reprinted the former volumes in 1591, and the latter in 1592, 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 comes from the pen of Robert Greene.

In the Introduction to "Henry VI." part i., we alluded, as far as was there necessary, to the language of Greene, when speaking of Shakespeare in his "Great-worth of Wit," 1592. "The first part of the Contention," as published under the title of "The Groatsworth of Wit," was entered on the Stationer's Register, 1598. The 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 "Yorkes and Lancaster," on the 8th November, 1602.

The name of Shakespeare was not connected with "the first part of the Contention," until about the year 1619, when The "First Part of the Contention" was reprinted by "his Majestie's Servants," what he called "the second part," of the same play, with the name of "William Shakespeare, Gent," 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.

1 Chettle acknowledges the important share he had in the publication of "The Groatsworth of Wit," in his "Kind-heart's Dream," which was printed at the close of 1599, or in the beginning of 1600. See the excellent reprint of this very curious and interesting tract made for the Percy Society, under the editorial care of Mr. Rimbault. In his address to the "Gentlemen Readers," Chettle apologizes to his readers if his copies of his plays have not been instrumental in the publication of Greene's attack upon him.
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the change of a word, or a line in "The True Tragedy," 1595.
O tigers heart, wrapp'd in a women's side.

Then Greene, when choosing Shakespeare having appropriated his life, nor parodies a line of his own, if so to show the particular productions to which he added.

Another fact tends to the same conclusion: it is a striking coincidence between the lines of some in which Greene's acknowledged dramatists, "Alphonso, King of Arragon," printed in 1599, by Thomas Creed, the same printer who, in 1584, had produced from his press an edition of "The First Part of the Contention." Greene was the hero kills Flaminius, his enemy, and thus addresses the dying man—

"Go, pack thee hence unto the Stygian lake, And make report unto thy fruitful sire, That he which now heareth hastens; Which he by treason set upon thy head: And if he ask thee who did send these words, Tell him that sent thee wear thy crown.

In "The True Tragedy," 1595, Richard, while stabbing Henry VI, a second time, exclaims,

If any spark of life remain in thee, Dewn, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither.

Shakespeare, when altering "The True Tragedy" for his own theatre, (for, as originally composed, it had been published by the Earl of Rocheser's servants, for whom Greene was in the habit of writing) adopted the line,

O tigers heart, wrapp'd in a women's side, without the change of a letter, and the couplet last quoted with only a very slight variation;

If any spark of life be yet remaining, Tell him that sent thee wear thy crown.

As in "Henry VI." part ii, Shakespeare availed himself of "The First Part of the Contention," 1594, so 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 additions, and in the last two Acts he sometimes varied materially from the conduct of the story as he found it in the older play. One improvement may be noticed, as it shows the extreme simplicity of Greene's "true tragedy" at a period when Shakespeare's "true tragedy"; and it is to be ascertained by comparing two scenes of his "Henry VI." part iii., (Act iv. sc. 2 and 3) with a portion of "The True Tragedy." In the older play, Warwick, Oxford, and Clarence, aided by a party of soldiers, standing on one part of the stage, enact a plan for surprising Edward IV. In his tent on another part of the stage. Having resolved upon the enterprise, they merely cross the boards of Edward's encampment, the audience being required to suppose that the assailing party had travelled from their own quarters in order to arrive at Edward's tent. Shakespeare showed his superior judgment by changing the place, as if his object had been to show the Watchmen, who guard the King's tent. Robert Greene, in his "Pinner of Wakefield," (See "Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," vol. iii. p. 983.) relied on the imagination of his adders in the same way as the author of "The True Tragedy."

It is to be observed of "Henry VI." part iii., as was remarked in the Introduction to the second part of the same play, that a line, necessary to the understanding of the whole folio, 1595, and has been introduced into our text from "The True Tragedy," 1595. It occurs in Act ii. sc. 6, and it was, probably, accidentally omitted by the copyist of the manuscript from which Shakespeare's "history," or, as it appears in the folio, was printed.

KING RICHARD III.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing, His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews: 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. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pye Churb-chyard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews: 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. By William Shakespeare, the most famous Actor of this time. By and for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews: 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 Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1608." 4to. 46 leaves.

"The Tragedy of King Richard the third. Containing his treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: the pitiful murder of his innocent nephews: 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 Pauls Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell. 1598."

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedy of Richard the Third, Henry the Sixth, the First Part, the Earl of Northumberland, and the Batell at Bosworth Field," occupies thirty-two pages; viz. from p. 178 to p. 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 of the play. They were printed in 1597, 1599, 1603, 1604, 1605, and 1613, of which the last, which was said to be a reprint of an earlier quarto, 1596, is extant. The play was printed in 1603, and 1614, in the folio of 1623, with other additions, and with many marginal variations between the earlier quarto and the folio, that they did not think them of importance, or that the publishers of the later quarto did not think them of importance. These additions, extending in one instance to more than fifty lines, are pointed out in our notes. It will also be found that more than one speech in the folio is unintelligible without aid from the quarto; and for some other characteristic omissions, particularly for one in Act iv. sc. 6, see the notes.

With respect to the additions in the folio of 1623, we have no means of ascertaining whether they formed part of the original play. Stevens was of opinion that the book of 1603, 4to., was merely a reprint of the previous impression of 1597 and 1598, for the same bookseller. It is possible that the augmentations observable in the folio of 1623 may be referred by them to Shakespeare himself, and yet this it is not our opinion; for though the quarto sets right several doubtful matters, it is not well printed, even for a production of that

1 There is a trifling fact connected with "Henry VI." part i., a notice of which ought not to be omitted, when considering the question of the date of the composition of that play. It is impossible that the play might be founded. In Act v. sc. 3, these two lines occur—

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wed; O lady angery, wherein thy tongue.

The last of these lines is inserted in Greene's "The Planetomachia," printed as early as 1585. In "The First Part of the Contention," a pirate is introduced, who has killed another of Greene's productions.

2 By the title-pages of the four earliest editions on the opposite leaf, it will be seen, that it was unknown to Andrew Wise, that the play in 1599, had been "newly augmented," although it was in fact only

pation: 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. At London, Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, dwelling in Pye Church-yard, at the signe of the Angell, 1597." 4to. 47 leaves.

2 An impression in 1623 is mentioned in some lists, but the existence of a copy of that date is doubtful.

3 Malone gives the date 1612, and in his copy at Oxford the last figure is blurred. The title-page in no respect differs from that of the copy at Oxford, except that the word " Nayehold " has been "acted by the King's Majesty's servants." They were not so called, until after May, 1603.
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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, 1608; passages, facsimiles of the press are repeated, right for "right," help for "help," &c. For the additions, a manuscript was no doubt employed; and the variations in some scenes, particularly in the latter part of the play, are much too frequent, 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, with due notice of all the chief variations. The only entries in the Stationers' Registers relating to Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," is in these terms:—

"20 Oct. 1597
And here begins The Tragedie of King Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

This memorandum, probably, immediately preceded the publication of the quarto, 1597. The only other entry relating to Richard the Third that we have already mentioned, and the exact words of it may be seen in a note to our Introduction to "Richard the Second." It is certain that there was a historical drama upon some of the events of the reign of Richard III. anterior to that of Shakespeare. T. Warton quoted Sir John Harington's "Apologie for Poetry," prefixed to his translation of Ariosto in 1591, respecting a tragedy of "Richard the Third," acted at Oxford in 1587. In 1612, W. Shakspeare moved Plaistowe, the tyrant, and terrified all the age and men's minds; and Stevens added Heywood's "Apology for Actors," 1612, to the same effect, without apparently being aware that Harington had anticipated many years before. The same year 1587 W. Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet." Both those authors, however, referred to a Latin drama on the story of Richard III., written by Dr. Legge, and acted at Cambridge before 1583. Stevens followed up his quotation from Harington by a reference to the play of Richard in the Stationers' Registers, dated June 19, 1594, relating to an English play on the same subject. When Stevens wrote, and for many years afterwards, it was not known that such a dramatist as Shakespeare could have written a large fragment of it (with many errors) from a copy wanting the commencement. A perfect copy of this very rare play is in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and from it we have been enabled to transcribe the whole. 1821 Boswell republished a London edition, and there are some peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before Shakespeare's "Richard." It opens with a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry:

"Poetrie. Truth, well met.
Truth. Thanks, Poetrie: what makes thee on such a stage?

Poet. Shadows.

Poet. Why, will Truth be a Player?"

Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play; but before the Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as follows, which we give precisely as in the original copy now before us:

"Creesa cruce sanguinis, acietur sanguine creste.
Quod sepelit obru. O atio, atio, vendita.

The effects here are the same as those represented in Stevens's "The Antignus Unjaminion," as indeed it was entitled when it was republished (with alterations and insertions) by Cartwright the Comedian, without date, but during the Civil Wars. Some of the adaptations of the phrase by the Shakespeare Society, the text being taken from the first impression.

2 It is as follows, being rather unusually particular:

Richard, therefore, not only is a play of Richard the Third, wherein is shown the Death of Edward the Fourth, ng the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is thenes-
forward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a variety of unconnected and accidental matters imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife plays a com-
spious part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bosworth Field, but is carried on subsequently, and the corruptions of certain matters in the play are quite as remarkable as the commencement. After the death of Richard, Report (a personification like some of those in the old Morallities) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters in the drama, after a long scene between Richmond, the Queen mother, Princess Elizabeth, &c., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of the princes, and their adventures from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen mother then comes forward, and pronounces an elaborate panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending with these lines:

"If she is, her life be twain,
God grant her souls may live in heaven for aye.
For, if her Graces dayes be brought to end
Four hope is gone, and all desire depend."
longed, and that under the management of Henslowe, it may be looked upon as singular, that the latter should have been without a drama on that portion of English history until after 1609; and it is certainly not less singular, that as late as 1610, Ben Johnson had yet to be employed in writing a new play upon the subject. Possibly, about that date Shakespeare's "Richard the Third" had been revived with the additions; and hence the employment of Jonson on a rival play of the same tragic theme. The publication of Shakspeare's tragedy after an interval of four years.

Malone was of opinion that Shakespeare wrote "Richard the Third" in 1593, but did not adduce a particle of evidence, and none of his conclusions was open to be supposed to be somewhat nearer the time of publication.

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KING HENRY VII.

"The Famous History of the Life of King Henry the Eight," was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-eight pages; viz. from p. 209 to p. 222, inclusive. It is the last play in the division of "Histories." It fills the same place in the later impressions in the same form.

The principal question, in relation to Shakespeare's "Henry the Eighth," is, when 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. Independently of the whole character of the drama, which was little calculated to please Elizabeth, it seems to us that Cranmer, who was the central character in the story, could not have been mentioned in the poet's mind before he had heard and read of the"supposition," which is, that 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,
Herself creates another out of her ashes.
As great in estimation as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(Whose feet shall call her from the cloud of darkness)
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd.

Ingerity cannot pervert these lines to any other meaning; but it has been said that they, and some others which follow them, were a subsequent introduction; and, moreover, that they were the work of Ben Jonson, on some revival of the play in the reign of James I. There does not exist the slightest evidence to establish either proposition. Any person, reading the play, and remembering its author's speech at the christening, can hardly fail to perceive such an unison in language and thought as is not to be found in any other part of the drama. The finish and grandeur of the Elizabethan in the teeth of this supposition, they charged it as a subsequent addition, fixed the authorship of it upon a different poet, and printed it within brackets. As to external evidence, there is 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. Butter. Ye get good allowance for the Enterlude of K. Henry 8th before he began to print it; and ye correct the print the wardens hands to ye for the enterlude of K. Henry 8th: he is to have the same for his copy." (Chalmers, unqualified, without qualification, that this entry referred to a contemporaneous play by Samuel Rowley, under the title of "When you see me you know me," 1605; but 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. The memorandum, judging from its terms, seems to have been made, not at the request of Butter, but by the bookseller, of the company to which Shakespeare belonged, and in order to prevent a surreptitious publication of the play. The "12 Feb. 1604," was, of course, according to our present reckoning the 1st March, 1605, and that date Butter had not begun to print "Henry the Eighth." No edition of it is known before it appeared in the folio of 1623, and we may infer that Butter failed in getting "good allowance" with the wardens' hands to it."
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TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
The Famous Historie of Troynol and Cressed. Excellently expressing the beginning of their loves, with the conected wooing of Pandaran Prince of Licia. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for B. Bonian and H. Wa1ley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paulus Church-yerd, ouer against the great North doore. 1600. 4to. 46 leaves.
The Historie of Troynol and Cressed. As it was actyd by the Kings seruants at the Globe. Written by William Shakespeare. London Imprinted by G. Eld for B. Bonian and H. Wa1ley, and are to be sold at the spred Eagle in Paulus Church-yerd, ouer against the great North doore. 1600. 4to. 46 leaves.

In the folio of 1623, "The Tragedie of Troynol and Cressed" occupies twenty-nine pages, the Prologue filling the first page and the last being left blank. It retains its place in the 1668 quarto, and in such a form as has come down to our time, printed at the head of the page on which the play commences.

We will first state the facts respecting the early impressions of "Troilus and Cressida," and then make such observations upon them as seem necessary.

The 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 book was not divided into quarto and folio, nor is there anything extraneous to the present play. 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 Writer to an ever Reader," it is inferred that it had been acted 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 never performed upon the stage, it becomes necessary for the publishers to substitute a new title-page, and to suppress their preface: accordingly a re-issue of the same edition took place, by the title-page of which it appears that the play was acted by the King's Majesty's servants at the Globe.

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

" Feb. 1602-3. Mr. Roberts—The book of Troilus and Cressida, as yt is acted by my Lo. Chamberlens men."


The editions issued in 1609 and 1610 are issued as if from the cutaneous of the entry of "28 Jan. 1608-9;? but if Roberts printed a "Troilus and Cressida," whether by Shakespeare or by any other dramatist, in consequence of the earlier entry of "25 Jan. 1609-9;", the quarto was probably reprinted for the reason that Shakespeare's tragedy was again not printed, as far as can now be ascertained, until it appeared, under rather 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 placed firstnote; but it is remarkable, that it is inserted near the middle of the folio of 1623, without any paging, excepting that the second leaf is numbered 74 and 80: the signatures also do not correspond with any form of the series. Hence it was inferred by Farmer, that the insertion of "Troilus and Cressida" was an afterthought by the player-editors, and that the rest of the folio was printed, they had not intended to include it. It seems to me that there is no adequate ground for this notion, and that the peculiar circumstances to which we have alluded may be sufficiently accounted for by the supposition that "Troilus and Cressida" was given to, and executed by, a different company of players, and in a different form of expression of that day this may have been a dramatic performance. More than a century earlier, viz. in 1471, Caxton had printed his "Rieneyl of the Histories of Troye," which was reprinted, together with Watteville's "Troye," by Lydgate's "History, Sege, and Descreycon of Troye" came from Pyson's press in 1518; but Shakespeare seems to have been so attentive a reader of Chaucer's five books of "Troynol and Cressed" (of which the last edition, anterior to the production of Shakespeare's play, appeared in 1602) as to have been considerably indebted to them. It is not easy to trace any direct or indirect obligations on the part of Shakespeare on this source before the concluding portion came out in 1635. It is well known that the adventures of Troilus and Cressida are not any where mentioned in the Iliad.

"Histories," and "Tragedies," at the beginning of the volume was most likely printed last, and the person who printed it may have omitted it because it had been as accidentally omitted in the pagination. No copy of the folio of 1623 is, we believe, known, which does not contain "Troilus and Cressida;" it is not there divided into quarto and folio, but with a view to its production at the Globe as soon as the season commenced at that theatre: before it was so produced, and after it had been licensed, Bonian and Wa1ley seem to have possessed themselves of a copy of it; having proceeded to be printed, insatct it to the world as "a new play, never staled with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar." That they had obtained without the consent of the company, "the grand possessors," as they are called, may be gathered from the conclusion of the preface. The second issue of Bonian and Wally's edition of 1609 was not made until after the tragedy was acted at the Globe, as is stated on the title-page. This is an admission of the libels as well as of the points of main differences in the quarto copies; and it enables us with some plausibility to conjecture, that the date when Shakes-peare wrote "Troilus and Cressida" was not long before it was first represented, and a still shorter time before it was first printed.

Some difficulty has arisen out of the entry, already quoted, of a "Troilus and Cressida" in the Stationers' books, with the following note: "Pynson printed a 'Troilus' and a 'Cressida' in 1602 and 1603, but it is not certain whether the play was acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants; the company to which Shakespeare belonged having been so designated anterior to the license of James I. in May, 1603, which occurs in the stationers' books, an inference being drawn that Shakespeare wrote his 'Troilus and Cressida' in 1609. It may, however, be reasonably inferred that this was a different play on the same subject. Every body must be aware of the probability that in 1602-3 Shakespeare's 'Troilus and Cressida,' especially towards the conclusion, they could hardly have been written by the pen which produced the magnificent speeches of Ulysses and other earlier portions, and were probably relics of a drama acted by the Lord Chamberlain's servants about 1602, and in the spring of 1608 intended to be printed by Roberts. In April and May, 1609, it appears by Henslowe's Diary that he paid various sums to Dekker and Chettle for a play they were then writing under the title of 'Troilus and Cressida;' it may be concluded that it was soon afterwards acted by the Earl of Nottingham's players, for whom it was compos'd; and the黡 of the title was not altered, if the one word was altered, among many others, to "present" the play to the Earl of Nottingham."

This brings us to the question of the source from which Shakespeare derived his ideas: how far he did, or did not, follow the older play we suppose him to have employed, it is not possible to determine. In 1581 a "proper ballad, dialogue-wise, between Troynol and Cressed" was entered on the Stationers' Register. This is not recorded as written by Shakespeare, but is dated 1603, and it is possible that the drama may have been written by some company of players, but not necessarily by Shakespeare. In 1602-3, may have been a tragedy, not by Shakespeare, brought out by the Lord Chamberlain's servants at the Globe, in competition with their rivals at the Rose or Fortune. Of this play the title is unknown. It is impossible to say, as Shakespeare himself; and he might be too much in haste to have time to alter and improve all that his own taste and genius would otherwise have rejected.

We infer this from the terms of the entry in the Stationers' Registers, but that the "Troilus and Cressida," or any part of it, as printed by Segar, is not mentioned. It is upon this evidence only that we know that Segar
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After adverting to the real or supposed origin of the story of "Troylus and Cressida," Coleridge remarks in his Literary Remains, vol. ii. p. 180, that it "can scarcely be classed with his own and with Robert Hooke's two books. The intermediate link between the fictitious Greek and Roman histories, which we call legendary dramas, and the proper ancient histories, that is, between the Pericles and Titus Andronicus, seems to have been given to the characters of the hero and heroine, and the purpose Shakespeare had in view of portraying them, and goes on to observe:—"I am half inclined to believe that Shakespeare's main object in the matter to my mind, his ruling impulse, was to translate the poetic horrors of jargonism into the not less rude, but more intellectually vigorous, and more featurably, warriors of Christian chivalry,—and to substantiate the distinction between the former and the latter by the Homeric epic into the flesh and blood of the romantic drama,—in short, to give a grand history-piece in the robust style of Albert Durand. 1 Consistently with some degree with this opinion, Schlegel remarks, that "the whole play is one continued Troy of the crown of all heroic tales—the tale of Troy," and after dwelling briefly upon this point, he adds:—"in all this let no man conceive that an indignity was intended to Homer: Shakespeare had not the Bill before him, but the chiparulous romances of the Trojan war derived from Dares Phrygius." Shakespeare, in fact, found the story popular, and he applied it to a popular purpose in a popular manner.

Of course the interest of the question is, that "Troylus and Cressida" came from the hands of a different printer, though little or no distinction can be traced in the type, is that there is hardly any play in the folio of 1623 which contains so many errors of typography as this. Whether this is in the foundations of the text, for in various instances the latter adopts the literal blunders of the former; it besides introduces not a few important corrections, for which it is not easy to account, so that the later copy, correct as it is not a whit, is perhaps better represented in the quarto. There are, however, some valuable additions in the folio, not found in the quarto, while on the other hand the quarto contains passages passages which as they are sometimes absolutely romances of the Trojan war derived from Dares Phriygius." Shakespeare, in fact, found the story popular, and he applied it to a popular purpose in a popular manner.

For "thrice-reputed nectar," the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the quarto has "thrice-nectar" or thrice purified and refined nectar. The other instance of the same kind occurs near the end of the play (Act v. sc. 7) where Achilles is exciting his armed Myrmidons to the slaughter of Hector, and tells them—

"Emplee him in thy weapons round about: in best manner, expel our foe when thou art our." Thus it stands in all editions, from the folio of 1623 downwards, and the commentators have been at some pains to explain the phrase "execute your arms," when in truth, as Strachey remarks, it was a misprint for "execute your aim," as appears upon the title-page. He in fact, in the folio of 1623, in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire: for Achilles, to charge his followers to encircle Hector with their weapons, and then execute their aim against him in the fullest manner, requires no explanation, and is an improve-ment of the received text. This copy of the second issue of the quarto, 1609, seems originally to have belonged to Humphry Dyson, a curious collector, who considerably outlived Shakespeare. It is in this copy that the signature, that "Troylus and Cressida" was "printed amongst the works" of Shakespeare, referring to course of the folio of 1623.

Due then produced an alteration of "Troylus and Cressida" at the Dorset Garden Theatre in 1679, and it was printed in the same year: in the preface he states that he had "refined Shakespeare's language, which before was obsolete."
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made from the French of Amiot, Bishop of Auxerre, and appears to have been very popular, though published at a high price in 1563. Malone supposed that "Coriolanus" was written in 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 late in the career of Shakespeare.

It is on the whole well printed for the time in the folio of 1623; but in Act ii. sc. 3, either the transcriber of the manuscript or the composer must have omitted a line, which Pope has inserted (from a copy of the First Folio of Pinckard), and which has ever since been received into the text, because it is absolutely necessary to the intelligibility of the passage. For the sake of greater distinction, we have printed these additions, besides pointing out the circumstance in a note.

TITUS ANDRONICUS

The most lamentable Roman Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playd by the Right Honourable Francis Meres, Esquire, his own time, and the Earl of Southampton's, and the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Derby, and the Earl of Sussex. The first impression (dated 1594, and attributed to Richard Halle) was printed by I. R. for Edward White, and is to be sold at his shopke, at the little North doore of Pauls, at the signe of the Adam and Eve.
The most lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene playde by the Kings Maiesties Servants. London, Printed for Ewdard White, and are to be solde at his shopke, nere the little North door of Pauls, at the signe of the Adam and Eve. 1594.
The Tragedy, or Tragedies, called "Titus Andronicus," occupies twenty-two pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz. from p. 51 to p. 52 inclusive. The three later impressions (supposed to be those of the third and fourth editions) are without the volume-title.

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 the principal improvements in it, is a different and a more difficult question.

We find it given to him by his contemporary, Francis Meres, in his Palladii Tamia, 1598, where he mentions "Titus Andronicus" ("an excellent composition by Richard Halle") as "Richard III., "Henry IV.," "King John, and "Romeo and Juliet." It was also inserted in the folio of 1623 by Shakespeare's fellow-actors, Heminge and Condell, and they place it between "Coriolanus" and "Titus Andronicus." 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 contemporaries, could not have hesitated to assign to him a character and experience, would not have included it in their oeuvre. These two facts are, in our view, sufficient.

It was, undoubtedly, one of his earliest, if not his very earliest dramatic production. We are not to suppose that at the time he first joined a theatrical company in London, he could not be between twenty-two or twenty-three years old, his style was as formed and as matured as it afterwards became; all are aware that there is a most marked distinction between his mode of composition early and late in life: we have, however, for instance, in "Love's Labour's Lost," and in "The Winter's Tale," and we apprehend that "Titus Andronicus" is as a sort of preface. Supposing "Titus Andronicus" to have been written about 1587, we would only add the qualifying word of very little value; in his suppressed Prologue he asserted it to be the unquestionable work of Shakespeare, while in his preface to the printed copy in 1627, he mentions it as a stage-tradition, that Shake-
lested from the piece itself, in certain real or supposed dissimi-
larities of composition. When Dantzer entered the "noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus" in 1558, he coupled with it "the ballad thereof," which is the style of the title-page, vol. i. p. 241, edit. 1612. A play called "Andronicus" is men-
tioned by Ben Jonson in the induction to his "Bartholomew Fair," (played first in 1614,) as a piece of twenty-five or thirty verses, a sort of metrical fable, or "the looking-
 ingrate," 1604, imputed to Thomas Middleton, where (Signs. F. 3) the author speaks of the "lamentable action of one arm, like old Titus Andronicus." The loss of his hand by the hero would no doubt form an incident in every drama written upon the subject.

ROME AND JULIET. An excellent concealed Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been often (with great applause) played publicly, by the right Honourable the L. of Hunsdon his servants. London, Printed by John Danter. 1597. 4to. 39 leaves. The most excellent and lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. Notwithstanding its augmentation, it hath been sundry times publicly Acted, by the right Honourable the Lord Chamberlain's his servants. London Printed by Thomas Creede, for Cuthbert Burby, and are to be sold at the Bow Exchange. 1599. 4to. 46 leaves. The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie, of Romeo and Juliet. As it hath been sundry times publicly Acted, by the Kings Malesties servants at the Globe. Newly corrected and augmented by Mr. L. Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstanes Church-yard, in Fleetstreet under the Dyall. 1609. 4to. 45 leaves.

In his letter of 1598 "The Tragedie of Romeo and Iuliet" occupies twenty-five pages, viz. from p. 38 to p. 79, inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." It fills the same space in the folios of 1602, 1604, and 1615. It seems evident that there was an English play upon the story of Romeo and Juliet before the year 1599; 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 Tragedial Historie of Romes and Juliet." At the close of his address "to the Reader" he observes "through 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 end, if not the like purpose." During the First Stage, vol. ii. p. 416. Thus we see also, that the play had been received "with commendation," and that Brooke himself, unquestionably a competent judge, admits its excellence. If we had not been assured that there was founded upon the same interesting incidents between 1599 and the date when Shakespeare wrote his tragedy, a period of, probably, more than thirty years; but no hint of the kind is given in any record, and certainly the supposition is more frequent, and sometimes more particular; and our inference is, that it owed part of its popularity, not merely to printed narratives in prose or verse, nor to the play spoken of by Brooke in 1599, but to subsequent dramatic representations, perhaps, more or less accurate, of the same story. How far Shakespeare might be indebted to any such production we have no means of deciding; but Malone, Stevens, and others have gone upon the supposition, that Shakespeare himself had some sort of a work representing the incidents of Po- Paynter's novel; and least of all do they seem to have con- templated the possibility, that he might have obtained assistance from some foreign source.

Arthur Brooke's "Romeo and Juliet," that he derived his materials from Bandello (Part ii. Nov. 9), La spartuta morte di due infe-
ciissimi Amanti, &c.; and Paynter very literally translated Brissman's Histoire de deux Amans, &c., in the collection of Nicholas Rowe, 1705, which established a couple of the Po- Laynter's prose version have recently been reprint-
ed in a work called "Shakespeare's Library," where the antiquity of the story is considered. Stevens was disposed to think that Shakespeare had only more fully taken a hint from that than from Brooke, while Malone supported, and we think established, a contrary opinion. He examined a number of minute points of resemblance; but, surely, no doubt can be drawn, and by those imperfections, which would belong to manuscript prepared from defective short-hand notes. As Stevens printed the first and the third edition of "Romeo and Juliet" in his "Twenty Quarto's," a comparison, to test the truth of his own claim, was made by the printers, who do not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play, subsequent to its earliest produc- tion on the stage, but merely that the quarto, 1597, does not contain "any other thing as it stands." The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "corrected, augmented, and amended;" the third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior in point of time, anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1623. The quarto, 1597, is of no authority.

The quarto, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years以前 and the folio, 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a re- print of the quarto, 1609. It is remarkable, that although every quarto impression contains a Prologue, it was not the Prologue of the First Folio, though this does not of course go the length of contending that Shakespeare did not alter and improve the play, subsequent to its earliest produc-
tion on the stage, but merely that the quarto, 1597, does not contain "any other thing as it stands." The second edition was printed in 1599, and it professes to have been "corrected, augmented, and amended;" the third dated edition appeared in 1609; but some copies without a date are known, which most likely were posterior in point of time, anterior to the appearance of the folio in 1623. The quarto, 1597, is of no authority.

The quarto, 1609, was printed from the edition which came out ten years以前 and the folio, 1623, of some decided errors of the press, shows that it was a re-
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 of the imprint of the first quarto edition, to white the announcement by Meres, for not inserting it in the "corrected, augmented, and amended" edition of 1599, the Shakespearean popularity had increased, and the successful application of the so-called "title-page" of 1609, although Shakespeare's popularity must then have been at its height. "King Lear," in 1608, had been somewhat ostentatiously called "M. William Shake-speare, his, Acc. Life," and the death of "Juliet" (The Taming of a Shrew), in 1664, were recommended to purchasers, as "Shakespeare's Sourets," in unusually large characters on the title-page.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

"The Life of Tymon of Athens" first appeared in the folio of 1623, where it occupies, in the division of "Tragedies," twenty-two pages immediately following the "Winter's Tale." It was, however, reprinted in the folio of 1632, and may be found in the third folio edition of Shakespeare's Works, 1664. The first part appears to have been written in 1594, and the second part in 1598.
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JULIUS CAESAR.

["The Tragedy of Julius Caesar"] was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-two pages; viz. from p. 109 to p. 130 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." The Acts, but not the Scenes, are distinguished; and it appeared in the same manner in the three later folios.

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 preserved.

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 1608.

We found this opinion upon some circumstances connected with the publication of Drayton's "Barons' Wars," and the resemblance between a stanza there found, and a passage in "Julius Caesar," both of which it will be necessary to quote. In Act v. sc. 5, Antony gives the following character of Brutus:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, This was a man."

In Drayton's "Barons' Wars," book iii. edit. Svo., 1603, we meet with the subsequent stanza. The author is speaking of Mortimer:

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In which real soul all sort of services did suit,
In whom in peace th' elements all lay
So mix'd, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all at once, yet so as none could perfect;
This his lively temper was so absolute,
That 'tis said, when heaven's his model first began,
Yet Mortimer was perfect'd, a stanzas to begin."

I think type is hardly necessary to establish that one poet must have availed himself, not only of the thought, but of the very words of the other. The question is, was Shakespeare indebted to Drayton, or Drayton to Shakespeare! We shall see presently that Drayton himself has been most probable to the use of Shakespeare of these and other stories. He was a sound and unexhaustible store of the mind of our great dramatist, but adroit to a few dates, which, we think, warrant the conclusion that Drayton, having heard "Julius Caesar" at the theatre, or seen it in manuscript before 1608, applied to his own purpose, perhaps unconsciously, what, in fact, belonged to another poet.

Drayton's "Barons' Wars" first appeared in 1596, quarto, under the title of "Mortimeriados." Malone had a copy of the folio edition of 1610, and Drayton's poem, which had originally been printed in 1598. In the quarto of 1596, and in the unedited edition, it is not divided into books, and is in seven-line stanzas; and what is there said of Mortimer seems to have been the basis or origin of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar." Drayton afterwards changed the title from "Mortimeriados" to "The Barons' Wars," and re-modelled the whole historical poem, altering the stanza from the seven-line form to the nine-line form given to "Julius Caesar." This course he took before 1608, when it came out in octavo, with the stanza first quoted, which contains so marked a similarity to the lines from "Julius Caesar." We apprehend that he did so, presumably having heard or seen Shakespeare's tragedy before 1608; and we think that strong presumptive proof that he was the borrower, and not Shakespeare, is derived from the fact, that in the subsequent impressions of "The Barons' Wars," in 1606, 1610, and 1615, the stanza remained precisely as in the edition of 1608; but that in 1619, after Shakespeare's death and before "Julius Caesar" was printed, Drayton made even a nearer approach to the words of his original, by striking a likeness:

"He was a man, then boldly dare to say,
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;
In whom so mix'd the elements did lie,
That none to one could seem so perfect and so wise;
As did all govern, so did all obey:
He of a temper so was absolute,
And such a sort of man, when he began,
She meant to show all that might be in man."

We have been thus particular, because the point is obviously of importance, as regards the date when "Julius Caesar" was brought upon the stage. Malone seems to have thought Drayton was the author of Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," and so he is in his first shape until the edition of 1608, and concluded that the resemblance to Shakespeare was first to be traced in
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MACBETH.

"The Tragedie of Macbeth" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it occupies twenty-one 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 folios.

The only ascertained fact respecting the performance of "Macbeth," in the lifetime of its author, is that it was represented at the Globe Theatre on the 29th of April, 1606. When the play was performed in London, we know nothing, 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. The subsequent account of the plot is derived from Drummond of Hawthornden's manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, from which it appears, that he saw "Macbeth" played at the Globe on the day we have stated—

"In Macbeth, at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed, first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, were suddenly made kings by a most curious form of equivocation; then, how Banquo, overpowered by the thought of being slain, and nothing to me? Yes, said the Nymphs, Hail to thee, Banquo, thou shalt beget kings, yet be no King. And so they departed, and the magicians were dismissed, King Duncan, King of Norway."—1

1 Lord Stirling published a tragedy under the title of "Julius Caesar," as early as 1604, and, consequently, unless Shakespeare was indebted to him, must have been in existence. That Drayton had not remodelled his "Mortimeriado" as late as 1606, we gather from the circumstance, that he reprinted his poems in that year without "The Bankside Tragedies." Another slight circumstance might be adduced to show that "Julius Caesar" was even an older tragedy than "Hamlet." In the latter (Act ii, sc. 2) it is said that Julius Caesar was "in the presence of King Caius," that that tragedy must then have been in existence. That Drayton had not remodelled his "Mortimeriado" as late as 1606, we gather from the circumstance, that he reprinted his poems in that year without "The Bankside Tragedies." Another slight circumstance might be adduced to show that "Julius Caesar" was even an older tragedy than "Hamlet." In the latter (Act ii, sc. 2) it is said that Julius Caesar was "in the presence of King Caius," that that tragedy must then have been in existence.

IN THE days of Edward the Confessor, and Duncan had them both kindly welcome, and made Macbeth forth with Prince of Northumberland; and sent him hame to his own Castle, and appointed Macbeth to be his son, for he would say with him the next day at night, and did so.

And Macbeth contrived to kill Duncan, and through the persuasions of his wife, he made an attempt, not being his guest. And there were many prodigies seen that night and the day before. And when Macbeth had murdered Duncan, the King, the supposition was that he did it by his wife's hands, which held the bloody daggers in hiding, by a means that are not yet discovered. But Duncan, being slain, the murder known. Duncan's two sons fled, the one to England, the other to Wales, to save themselves; they, being fled, and subsequently supposed guilty of the murder of their father, which was nothing so.

"Then was Macbeth crowned King, and then he for bare of Banquo, who was suspected, in some ways, so resembling himself, that he permitted the death of Banquo, and caused him to be murdered on the way that he rode. The night, being full of supper with his nobility, he went towards the place to which he was to return, and there he began to speak of noble Banquo, and to wish that he were there. And as he thus did, standing up to drink a cup to him, the ghost of Banquo came, and sat down in his chair behind him. And he, turning about to sit down again, saw the ghost of Banquo, which fronted him, so that he fell in a great passion of fear and fury, uttering many words about his murder, by which, when they heard that Banquo was murdered, they suspected Macbeth.

"Then Macduff fled to England to the King's son, and so they raised an army, and came to Scotland, and at Dunsinane overthrew Macbeth. In the mean time, while Macduff was in England, Shakespeare wrote Macbeth's wife and children, and after, in the battle, Macduff slew Macbeth."

"Observe also, how Macbeth's Queen did rise in the night in her sleep, and walk, and talked and confused all, and the Doctor noted two.

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 one. The Macbeth ascended the throne in March, 1602-3, and the words, "Some see," That two-fold balls and treble 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 ascended to the throne. The union of the three kingdoms was claimed of Great Britain and Ireland on the 24th of October, 1604, and we may perhaps conclude that Shakespeare wrote "Macbeth" in the year 1605, and that it was first acted at the Globe, when it was opened for the summer season, in the spring of 1606.

Malone elaborately supports his opinion, that "Macbeth" was produced in 1606, by two allusions in the speech of the Porter, in Act iii, sc. 4, and the scene of equivocation, which had been supported by Robert Garnet, who was executed on the 3d of May, 1606. We are generally disposed to place little confidence in such passages, not only because they are susceptible of various interpretations, but because they may have been introduced at any subsequent period, either by the author or actor, with the purpose of exciting the applause of the audience, by reference to some circumstances then at large in the public mind.

We know that during the reign of James I., there was the constant habit of making additions and alterations, and that comic performers had the vice of delivering more than was set down for them. The speech of the Porter, in which the two successive temporaries of allusions are contained, is exactly of the kind which the performer of the part might be inclined to enlarge, and so strongly was Coleridge convinced that it was an interpolation by the player, that he boldly pledged himself to demonstrate its origin; and the poet, Shakspere, in 1618, for three years earlier he had publicly declared it in a lecture devoted to "Macbeth," although he admitted that there was something of Shakespeare in it, "the primrose path of dalliance," and then demonstrated the existence of the lines, and that, ultimately, he would have made this concession, if he had not recollected the "primrose path of dalliance" in "Hamlet."

Shakespeare, doubtless, derived all the materials he required from Holinshed's "Chronicles," and many other sources. Steevens continued to maintain, that Shakespeare was indebted, in some degree, to Middleton's "Witch" for the preternatural portion of "Macbeth;" but Malone, who first entertained this opinion, surrendered it, and became convinced that "The Witch" was a play written subsequently to the production of "Macbeth," of Shakespeare's tragedy about 1603 may have led to the printing of that which by Lord Sterling in 1604, and on this account the date is considered. 

Macbeth's plays are known to be of Lord Stirling's "Julius Caesar" until 1607.
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Three who read the two will, perhaps, wonder how a doubt could have been entertained. "The Witch," in all probability, was not written until about 1619; and what most surprise every body is, that a poet of Middleton's rank could so degrade the awful beings of his invention; for although, as James Boswell, "the power of Middleton's witch" is in some measure over the mind," (Specimens of Engl. Dram. Poets, p. 174,) they are of a degenerate race, as if Shakespeare having created them, no other mind was sufficient to introduce them into the stage.

Whether Shakespeare obtained his knowledge regarding these agents, and of the locality he supposes them to have frequented, from actual observation, is a point we have considered. In the first place, the existence evidence on the question is there collected, and we have shown, that ten years before the date hitherto assigned to that circumstance, a company called "the Queen's Players" had visited London; and we deplore very much the introduction of English theatrical performances into Scotland.

That the Queen's comedians were north of the Tweed in 1625, on the invitation of James VI, we have distinct evidence: we know also that they were in Aberdeen in 1601, when the freedom of the city was presented to Laurence Fletcher (the first name in the patent of 1608); but to establish that they were in Edinburgh in 1599 gives much more latitude for speculation on the question, whether Shakespeare, in the interval of about fourteen years before James I. ascended the throne of England, had at any time accompanied his fellow-actors to Scotland.

The date we suppose Shakespeare to have written "Macbeth," we may perhaps infer, from a passage in Kemp's "Nine Days Wonder," 1600, that there existed a ballad upon the story, which may have been older than the tragedy: such is the notice which has been given us in the introduction of this tract by the Camden Society. p. 84. 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 age are equally enigmatic.

"Macbeth" was inserted by the player-editors in the folio of 1623; and, as in other similar cases, we may presume that it had not come from the press at an earlier date, because in the edition of the Stage-Books, Chappell and Jaggard, on the 8th of November, 1623, as one of the plays "not formerly entered to other men." It has been handed down in an unusually complete state, for not only are the divisions of the acts pointed out, but the subdivisions of the scenes are fully and accurately noted.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

The Tragical Historie of Hamlet Prince of Denmark By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstuns Church in Fleestreet. 1604. 4to. 51 leaves.

The third-page of the edition of 1605 does not differ in the most infinite particular from that of 1604.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much again as it was, according to the true and perfect Copy. At London, Printed by I. R. for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe vnder Saint Dunstuns Church yard in Fleestreet. Vnder the Diall. 1605. 4to. 51 leaves.

The Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmark. Newly imprinted and enlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy last printed. By William Shakespeare. London, Printed by W. S. for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleestreet: Vnder the Diall. 4to. 51 leaves.

This undated edition was probably printed in 1607, as it was entered at Stationers' Hall on Nov. 19, in that year. An impression, by R. Young, in 1610, has also John Smithwick at the bottom of the title-page.

In the folio of 1623, the full title of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, occupies thirty-one pages, in the division of "Tragedies": viz. from p. 152 to p. 280, inclusive, there being a mistake of 100 pages between p. 156 and what ought to have been p. 157."

The story upon which there is reason to believe, Shakespeare composed his tragedy of Hamlet. We have improved, from the only known perfect copy, as part of a work called "Shakespeare's Library," and there is, perhaps, nothing more remarkable than the manner in which our great dramatist concealed his secret, and introduced us to the magnificent structure he left behind him. A comparison of "The Historie of Hamlet," as it was translated at an early date from the French of Bellforest, with "The Tragedy of Hamlet," is calculated to give to players and critics, the thought of, and profound reverence, for the genius of Shakespeare: his vast superiority to Green and Lodge was obvious in "The Winter's Tale," and "As You Like It:" but the proofs of "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," as narrative verse, perhaps as far above "The Historie of Hamlet," as "The Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It" were above the originals from which their main incidents were derived. Nothing, in point of fact, can be more marvellous, than the multiplicity of which it is impossible to enumerate. Shakespeare was indebted for the foundation of his "Hamlet." There is, however, some ground for thinking, that a lost play upon similar incidents preceded the work of Shake- speare; but whether that play is "The Tragedy of Hamlet" of 1603, that was translated from the Latin of Francesco Bertoldi, to which the old translated "Historie" we have no means of deciding, nor to what extent Shakespeare availed himself of such improvement. A drama, of which Hamlet was the hero, was printed in 1598, and may have anticipated the events of the play. It was enlarged by the insertion of the woman, and it is possible that Shakespeare may have obtained his knowledge of the character of the woman, from that source. We have not found any evidence, that Hamlet was written before 1600, for we are satisfied that the evidence of Shakespeare's "Hamlet," which has come down to us in at least six quarto impressions, in the folio of 1603, and in the later impressions in that form as the first entry of the title-page, 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 suspected that it had been printed before; and within the last twenty years a single copy of an edition in 1603 has been discovered. This, however, is only partial, and a full impression of the first edition, consisting of only about half as much as the impression of 1604. It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and, by the favour of his Grace, is now before us. From whose press this was printed we do not know; but it is remarkable, that it is printed for "N. L. and John Trudell." The edition of the following year was printed by I. R. for N. L. only; and why Trudell ceased to have any interest in the publication we know not. N. L. was Nicholas Ling; and I. R., the printer of "Shakespeare's Library."
The impression of 1604 was intended to supersede that of 1603, which gave a most mangled and imperfect notion of the drama in its true state, we may perhaps presume that the impression 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 drama, which had been added to the quarto of 1603, while the folio includes other passages which are left out in the quarto of 1604; although, as before remarked, we have the evidence of the quarto of 1604, that they were originally acted. The difference in impression, therefore, is not derived from copy or defect; and even that of 1607, though it makes some verbal changes, contains no distinct indication that the printer had resorted to the folio.

The three later folios, in this instance as in others, were printed from the immediately preceding edition in the same form; but we are inclined to think, that if "Hamlet," in the edition of 1623, were not composed of some now unknown quarto, it was derived from a manuscript obtained by Hens-ung and Condell from the theatre. The Acts and Scenes are, however, marked only in the first and second Acts, after which no division of the kind are noticed, and where Act and Scene 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 entertain the idea of restoring these parts should carefully examine the subsequent editions, which the quarto does not possess, but an imperfect notion of the drama as it came from the hand of the poet. The text of "Hamlet" is, in fact, only to be obtained from a compilation of the editions in quarto and folio, but the misprints in the latter are quite as numerous and glaring as in the former. In various instances we have been able to correct the one by the other, and it is in this respect chiefly that the quarto, 1604, was, in spite of all the part which it has to play, an indispensable aid to the producer, after vindicating himself from the accusation that he had derived his ideas of Hamlet from Schlegel, and that we should therefore choose the text of 1604, published by Chappell in 1836. It seems proper to add, that although we are not inclined to think that Shakespeare derived his ideas from Schlegel, it is clear that he could not have written his play without a knowledge of the latter's work, and that it would be impossible to estimate Hamlet without a reference to Schlegel's character. This is because the text of 1604 was so much altered and rewritten by the printer, that it is impossible to say with certainty which passages are original. The printer has, however, made it evident that he took the text of 1604 for his copy, as is evident from the number of passages in which the printer introduces new words, and in which he changes the spelling of certain names, and the length of certain passages. It is not possible, therefore, to say with certainty which passages are original, and which are the result of the printer's alterations. The printer has, however, made it evident that he took the text of 1604 for his copy, as is evident from the number of passages in which the printer introduces new words, and in which he changes the spelling of certain names, and the length of certain passages. It is not possible, therefore, to say with certainty which passages are original, and which are the result of the printer's alterations.

It has generally been supposed that Joseph Taylor was the printer of Hamlet and of "Hamlet," in his "Historia Historica," 1599, certainly speaks of him as having performed the part. This, however, must have been after the death of Richard Burbage, which happened precisely eighty years before. This is a point on which we cannot insist, as we have no direct information on the subject. It is possible, however, that the printer of Hamlet was the same as that of the folio of 1623, and that he was the printer who published the text of 1604. We have, however, no direct evidence on the subject, and we cannot be sure that the printer of Hamlet was the same as that of the folio of 1623.
The title-page of a third impression in 1609 corresponds with that last given above.

In a recent copy of the Tragedy of King Lear 8 occupies twenty-seven pages, in the division of "Tragedies," viz., from p. 288 to p. 305, inclusive. The last page but one, by an error, is numbered 83, instead of 85. In the first, as well as in the second, 1600, and 1605, 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 could not put forth any of his own name (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 of them, the type being again printed until it appeared in the folio of 1623. Why it was never reprinted, we are in quarto, in the interval, must be matter of speculation, but such was not an unusual occurrence with the works of our great dramatist: ..."Midsummer Night's Dream," "Merchant of Venice," and "Two Gentlemen of Verona," were printed twice, the first in 1619, and the last in 1619, and they were not again seen in type until they were inserted in the folio of 1623. There was also a second quarto edition of "Late History of King Lear," published in 1608. The extreme popularity of "King Lear" seems proved by the mere fact that the public demand for it, in the first year of its publication, could not be satisfied without three distinct impressions.

It will be seen by the exact copies of the title-pages which we have inserted on the opposite leaf, that although Nathaniel Butter was the publisher of the three quarto editions, he only put his address on the title-pages of the first and second impressions. The third has impossible now to ascertain upon what account the difference was made; but it is to be observed that "Printed by J. Roberts," without any address, is found at the bottom of the title-page, the folio of 1615, a copy of which is in answer to the original impressions of the "Late History of King Lear," and "Midsummer Night's Dream." In 1606, a more remarkable circumstance, in relation to the title-pages of "King Lear," is, that the name of William Shakespeare is not put on the title-page of the third quarto, though it is that used for any other part of the work: moreover, we have it again at the head of the leaf on which the tragedy commences, "M. William Shakspeare, his History of King Lear, a Tragedie," which we attribute to the greatest attention, and it belongs not to any other of Shakespeare's plays, but to no other production of any kind of that period which we recollect. It was clearly intended to enable purchasers of the book to recollect the names of some of the principal, characters, which was not by Shakespeare, but which the publisher probably had endeavors to pass off as his work. An edition of this play was printed in 1605, under the following title: "The True Chronicle History of King Lear," and on the opposite page of the title-page, the name of Thomas Heminge and Henry Condell, the three Daughters, Gonerill, Ragan, and Cordelia. As it hath bene divers and sundry times lately acted." It was printed, because, as we are informed by William Jordon, and with Malone in thinking that the impression was for the reason the name of King Lear was not put forth, in consequence of the popularity of Shakespeare's "King Lear," which was then in a course of successful performance at the Globe theatre. But this edition of "The True Chronicle History of King Lear," 1605, was, in our opinion, a recreation we have much doubt, because it was entered at Stationers' Hall for publication as early as 14th May, 1604; it was entered again on 5th May, 1605, anterior to the appearance of the impression with that date, and we have not seen any mention of it entered.

We may presume that in 1605 no bookseller was able to obtain from the King's Players a copy of Shakespeare's "King Lear," for there is perhaps no point in our early stage-history more deserving of peculiar notice, than the extreme care the company took in preserving their property. We have in possession a copy signed to them. However, in the autumn of 1607, Nathaniel Butter had in some way possessed himself of a manuscript of "King Lear," and on the 26th November he procured the following unusually minute memorandum to be made in the Stationers' Registers: --

"21st Nov. 1607. Mr. Butter and Jo. Busby, Entered for their Copy under t' Hands of Sir Geo. Bucke, Kt. and the Wardens, a Books called Mr. Wilm Shakespeare, his Tragedy of King Lear, as yt was played before the King's Majestie. Whole the First Day in Christmas last, by his Majesties Servants, playing usally at the Globe on the Bank Side." This entry in the Stationers' Register of "King Lear" had been placed at Court on the 26th December, 1607, and not on the 26th December, 1607, as we might infer from the title-pages of the three editions of 1608.

The mention of the original "King Lear" has just inserted would lead us to believe that John Busby was the printer of "King Lear," although his name does not otherwise at all appear in connection with it. The differences between the quarto are seldom more than verbal, but they are sometimes important: after a very patient comparison, we may state, that the quarto without the publisher's address are more accurate than with that address; and we presume that the latter was first issued. It would seem that the folio of 1623 was composed from a manuscript, which had been much, and not very publicly, abridged for the purposes of the theatre; and although it contains some additions, not in any of the quarto, there are, perhaps, few quarto of any of Shakespeare's plays more valuable for the quantity of matter they contain, of which there is no trace in the folio.

We have said that we agree with Malone in opinion, that "King Lear" was brought out at the Globe Theatre in the spring of 1605, and that the Collen title-page was issued at the end of the year. We may decide with certainty that it was not written until after the appearance of Harsnet's "Discovery of Popish Impostors," in 1603, because from it, as Steevens has remarked, the plot of the present tragedy was taken by Edgar in the course of his scene of pretended madness. As we find a "King Lear" entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, we can have no hesitation in arriving at the conclusion that the "late impression" was published in 1605, and not 1606, as stated by Mr. C. John Wright, in 1603, when Shakespeare's "King Lear" was, (as we have supposed) experiencing a run of popularity at the Globe, was considerably anterior in point of date. There is little doubt that Shakespeare was employed in the work, and probably adopted it from at least that part of the conduct of his story which relates to the faithful Kent. There are other general, but few particular resemblances; for both the chief material was evidently derived from Holinshed, but Shakespeare varied from all authorities, and not very strongly, he seems to have thought, that to abandon the course of the ordinary and popular narrative, would heighten and improve the effect of the drama, and give a novelty to its termination. The story of Othello is so well known, that we cannot enter into the analysis of it, and probably may be followed by Sir Philip Sidney's "Ariadne," first printed in 1590, 4to. B. ii. 10. of that romance is thus headed:—

The pitiful state and story of the Paphian goddess unkindly treated, and his kind son." An early ballad on King Lear was also published (see Perey's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 249; edit. 1812, but no copy with a date has come down to us: although it employs the older names of some of the characters, it adopts that of Cordelia; and there are several circumstances, besides a more modern style of composition, which lead us to the belief that it was written posterior to the production of Shakespeare's Tragedy.

Othello.

("The Tragedy of Othello, The Moor of Venice," is the inscription on the title-page of the folio of 1623; viz., from p. 310 to p. 359 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies:" it is there, as in the three folio editions of the works of Shakespeare, and on the last page is a list of the characters, headed, "The Names of the Actors."
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By the subsequent extract from "The Egerton Papers," printed by the Camden Society, (p. 548) it appears that "Othello" was acted for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at the quarto of 1603, or 1604 (then Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal) at Harefield, in the beginning of August, 1602:

"6 August 1602. Rewards to the Vaulters, players, and dancers. Of this x
c to Burbridge's players for Othello, kiln" in.

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 at that sitting at Harefield, where it has been brought out at the Globe theatre in the spring of that year.

The incidents, with some variation, are to be found in Cinthio's "Erotesmata," where the novel is the seventh of the third December; and it bears a fair resemblance to "The Tragedy of Othello, the Moor of Venice," in the Monte Regale edition of 1565: "Un Capitano Moro pigliass per mogliera una cittadina Venetiana: un anno Alferis l'accesa di adulatori al marito; cerca che l'Alferis uccida colui ch'egli creda l'adulatore: il Capitano uccide la moglie, è accusato dal Signorini, non confessa il Moro, ma essendovi chiaro indizi è bandito; e lo scelerato Alferis, credendo nuocere ad altri, procede a se la morte miseramente." This novel was early translated into English, and in all probability made its way 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 to understand its purpose. Hence he took only the name of Desdemona.

We have seen, by the quotation from "The Egerton Papers," that the company by which "Othello" was performed at Harefield, was called "Burbridge'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 Chamberlain's Servants. Burbridge, an original actor of the part of Othello, as we learn from an elegy upon his death, among the late Mr. Heber's manuscripts. To the same fact we may quote the concluding stanza of a ballad, on the incident of "Othello," sung after the play. Burbridge, which has also come down to us in manuscript:

"Dick Burbridge, that most famous man, That actor without peer, With this same part his course began, And kept it many a year. Shakespeare was fortunate, I trow, That such an actor had: If we had but his equal now, For one I should be glad."

The writer spoke at random, when he asserted that Burbridge began his career with Othello, for we have evidence to show that he entered the company of the Earl of Hertford (where Shakespeare's "Othello" was written, and we have no proof that there was any older play upon the same subject. There are two quarto editions of "Othello," one bearing date 1622, and it is therefore possible the "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. We have frequent occasion in our notes to refer to this impression, which has, indeed, been mentioned by the commentators, but nothing like sufficient attention has been paid to it. Malone summarily dismissed it as "an edition of no authority," but it is very clear that he had never sufficiently examined it. It was unquestionably printed from a manuscript different from that used for the quarto of 1623, and it presents a number of various readings, some of which singularly illustrate the original text of "Othello." Of this fact it may be fit here to supply some proof.

In Act III, sc. 2, we may observe a passage which occurs in the folio of 1623, which is not contained in the quarto of 1622, and which runs thus imperfectly in the folio:

"...Like to the Pontick sea, Whose isle in Idus and calendar name Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due To the Propontic and the Hellaspen, &c."

It will not be disputed that "Ne'er keeps retiring ebb"

It appears from Mr. P. Cunningham's "Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court," (printed for the Shakespeare Society) p. 203, that a play, called "The Moor of Venice," no doubt, "Othello," was acted at Whitehall on Nov. 1, 1611. The tragedy seems to have must be wrong, the composer of the folio having caught "keeps" from the later portion of the same line. In Pope's edition, "feels" was substituted for "keeps," and the word has stood ever since. It is clear that the correction was made by Mr. Pope. The truth is, that Pope was right in his conjecture as to the misprinted word, for in the quarto of 1630, which Malone could not have consulted, it is there in the text, and although it appears to have been a hap hazard change, it is really correct, as the word as now printed, is as unmeaning as any word in the English language.

If Malone had looked at the quarto of 1630, he would have seen that Pope had been anticipated in his proposed emendation about a hundred years; and that in the manuscript from which the quarto of 1630 was printed, the true word was "feels," and not "keeps," as it was misprinted in the folio of 1623. We will take an instance, only six lines earlier in the same scene, to show the value of the quarto of 1630, in supporting the quarto of 1623, and in correcting the folio of 1630. Othello exclaims, as we find the words in the folio,

"Aries, black vengeance, from the hollow hell," a line which has been generally thus printed, adopting the text of the quarto of 1623:

"Aries, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!

and these are exactly the words in the quarto of 1630, although it can be established that it was printed, not from the quarto of 1623, but from the folio of 1630, which in many places differed materially from both, and in some few supplied a text inferior to both. It is not necessary to pursue this point further, especially as our brief notes abundantly establish the fact that in 1630, instead of being "of no authority," is of great value, with reference to the true reading of some important passages.

Walkley, the publisher of the quarto of 1622, thus entered the following in his Stationers' Registers, shortly previous to its appearance:

"16 Oct. 1621.
Tho. Walkley Entered for his, to wit, under the handwritings of Sir George Buck and of the Wardens: The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice.

It is perhaps not too much to presume, that this impression, though dated 1622, had come out at the close of 1621; and that it preceded the folio of 1623 is very obvious, from the fact, that "Othello" was not included in their list by Hunt and Jaggard, the publishers of the folio of 1623, because they were aware that it had already been printed, and that it had entered as the property of another bookseller. The quarto of 1622 was preceded by the following address:

"To the Stationer to the Reader.
"To set forth a book which is so much like to the old English play, '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 say for himself, and I think, because the author's name is sufficient to vent his work. Thus leaving one to the liberty of judgment, I have ventured to print this play, and leave to the general censure.

Yours, Thomas Walkley.

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

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

("The Tragedy of Antiochus and Cleopatra" occupies twenty-nine pages in the folio of 1623; viz. from p. 840 to p. 863 inclusive, in the division of "Tragedies." Although at the beginning it has Actus Primi, Secundus Prima, it is only usually continued in the same direction in any of the subsequent folio impressions of 1623, 1644, and 1655. They are all without any list of characters.)

We are without any record that "Antony and Cleopatra" was over performed, and in Act v. sc. 2, the heroine anticipate, "only one that equalled Antony and Cleopatra" will "boy her greatness" on the stage. Shakespeare seems to hint that no young male performer would be able to sustain the part without exciting ridicule. However, the same remark will, somehow, always be popular as to remain what is termed a "stock piece," and it was performed again before King Charles and his Queen at Hampton Court on Dec. 8, 1636. Ibid. Introd. p. xxi.

"The Tragedy of Antiochus and Cleopatra" was published in 1623."

"Like to the Pontick sea, Whose isle in Idus and calendar name Ne'er keeps retiring ebb, but keeps due To the Propontic and the Hellaspen, &c."
The novel by Boccaccio has many corresponding features: it is the ninth of *Giornate*, and bears the following title: "An Academy at Santa Croce, and a commanda that the maggie innocent sia uscia. Ella scamai, et in habitu di umano serve il Soldano; ritrova Pian- gamatore, a Bernabo conduna in Alessandria, dove Pian ganatore, and belong."

"Antony and Cleopatra," with "The Winter's Tale," are close of his novel, where theSoldano is introduced: the villain, instead of being forgiven, is punished by being anointed with honey, and exposed in the sun to flies, wasps, and mos- quitoes, which eat the flesh from his bones. The whole of this"The Winter's Tale," and that the two dramas belong to about the same period of the poet's life. Forman has had a great many of his works translated into 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 *Miracle-play*, printed in 1589 by Messer, Mennucon and Michel, in their *Theatre Francais au Moyen Age*, from a manuscript in the Bibliothèque du Roi. In that piece, mixed up with many romantic circumstances, we find the inward and outward appearances of the heroines, their flight in the disguise of other persons, and the various chances which Shakespeare was clearly under no 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—Pla- ntarch whose "Lives" had been translated by Sir T. North in 1579. The minutes with which Shakespeare adhered to history is more remarkable in this drama than in any other; and sometimes the most trifling circumstances are artistically, but yet with much truth, interwoven. Shakespeare's use of history in "Antony and Cleopatra" may be contrasted with Ben Jonson's subjection to it in "Sejanus."

Of all Shakespeare's historical plays (sayes Cerimonia, "Antony and Cleopatra" is the most wonderful. There is not one in which he has followed history so minutely, and yet there are few in which he impresses the notion of national strength so much—perhaps none in which he impresses more. Thus, while the fiery force is sustained throughout, and to the numerous momentary flashes of nature, contrasting the historical ab- straction."

(Lit. Rem. vol. ii. p. 145.)

**CYMBELINE.**

"The Tragedy of Cymbeline" was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it stands last in the division of "Trage- dies," and occupies thirty-one pages; viz. from p. 320 to p. 329, misprinted p. 328. There is another error in the pagination, as 337 is numbered p. 329. These errors were corrected in the three later folios.

The materials in Heliodorus 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 sources, which the most diligent inquiries have yet failed to reveal. Long ago, *The Old Tragedies* of Shakespeare, *Guides and Artus*, occur in the old Chronicle, and in it we hear of the murder demanded by the Roman emperor, but nothing is said of the stealing of the two young princes, the murder of their father, the inferences and mountain, and final restoration to their father.

All that relates to Posthumus, Imogen, and Iachino 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."

"Remember, also, the story of Cymbeline, king of England in the time of Edgar: a very passionate and pitiful story, and being denied, after sent Lucina with a great army of soldiers, who landed at Milford Haven, and after were vanquished by Cymbeline and Lucina together: and so, in the end, two of the two of whom were the sons of Cymbeline, stole from him when they were but two years old, by an old man whom Cymbeline banished; and he kept them as his own two years, and brought him a case. And how one of them slew Olselin, that was the queen's son, going to Milford Haven to seek the love of his daughter. How the Italian that came from her love conveyed himself to a chest, and said it was a chest of plate, sent from her love to others to be presented to the king. And in the deepest of the night, how the queen's son broke open the chest, and found her in her bed, and the marks of her body, and took away her trousseau, and after accused her of adultery to her love, &c. And in the end how the king, being absent, and not knowing of the love, is taken in, and taken prisoner, and after revealed to Imogen, who had turned herself into man's apparel, and fled to meet her love at Milford Haven; and how, at last, the two brothers, the two sons of the old lady, returned: and how by eating a sleeping drug they thought they had been dead, and laid her in the woods, and the body of Cloten by her, and a love's signal that he left behind him, and how she was found by Lucina, &c."

We have certainly no right to conclude that "Cymbeline" was a new piece when Forman witnessed the performance of it in the *Westward for Smelts", in 1613. (which we ourselves entertain) that in style and variation it re- sembles "The Winter's Tale," and that the two dramas belong to about the same period of the poet's life. Forman

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1 Among Capell's books, which he gave to Trinity College, Cam- bridge, and which are still preserved with care proportionate to their value.
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we feel persuaded that we could extract nearly every line that was not dictated by his great intellect. We apprehend that Shakespeare's name is associated with the names of every 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 performed by the company for which he composed it. In the case 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 is well known that he had a share in the management of one of the companies, the Stationers', Company, and that he had some connection with the Book'sellers and Printers of the day. We have reason to suppose that it had not been printed at any earlier date. The divisions of acts and scenes are throughout remarkably regular.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

[The late, And much admired Play, called Pericles, Prince of Tyre. With the true Relation of the whole History, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: As also, The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter Mariana. As it hath been divers and sundry times Acted, by the Women of the Prince's company, at the signe on the Bancke-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in Futer-noster row, &c. 1609.] 4to. 34 leaves.

"The late, And 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 that of the date of its original composition. 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 other author, that they must be the effect of his own composition. 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. As we do not rely merely upon particular expressions, nor upon separate passages, but upon the general complexion of whole scenes and acts, it is, obvious, that we cannot here enter into proofs, which would require the reproduction of many of the succeeding pages. An opinion has long prevailed, and we have no doubt it was entertained by the Stationers' Company, when they were traced, that 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 fitted up, and improved it, and he then composed the continuation of "Pericles." Hence the original name of the play, Pericles, Prince of Tyre, was changed to the enumeration of "Pericles." The novel is contained in a work called "Shakespeare's Library," and as it was written by Shakespeare himself, it is certain that it was written from his Confessiones. Hence the propriety of giving the speaker the various interludions in "Pericles." The origin of the Angle Saxon narrative, is in the "Sons of the Dispute:" Bellesions asserts that the version in his "Histories" is the great chief characters in the Angle Saxon narrative, not the original play, but Shakespeare's original version. We shall treat it in a very summary manner, but shall give the names of the persons and the incidents of the plot. The incidents of the play are found in Lawrence Twine's translation of the "Gesta Romanorum," first published in 1576, under the title of "The Pattern of Painful Adversities." The plot is so extravagantly complicated, that it may be traced in the original play. It is one of the most remarkable in Shakespeare, but are called Apollonius, Lucian, and Tharsis. This novel was several times reprinted, and an
INTRODUCTION TO THE PLAYS.

eighth edition of it came out in 1607, which perhaps was the year in which "Pericles" was first represented "at the Globe on the Bank-side," as is stated on the title-page of the earliest edition in 1609. The drama seems to have been extremely popular, but the usual difficulty being experienced by booksellers in obtaining a copy of it, Nathaniel Butter probably employed some person to attend the performance at the theatre, and with the aid of notes there taken, and of Twine's version of the story, (which, as we remarked, had just before been reprinted) to compose a novel out of the incidents of the play under the following title: "The Painful Adventures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T.T. for Nat. Butter. 1608." It has also a wood-cutt 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. For this latter purpose it will be seen that we have availed ourselves of it in our notes; but it will not be out of place here to speak of the strong presumptive evidence it affords, that the drama has not reached us by any means in the shape in which it was originally represented. The subsequent is given, in the novel of 1608, as the speech of Marina, when she is visited in the brothel by Lyaimachus, the governor of Mitylene, whom, by her virtue, beauty, and eloquence, she diverts from the purpose for which he came.

11 If as you say, my lord, you are the governor, let not your authority, which should teach you to rule others, be the means to make you misgovern yourself. If the eminence of your place came unto you by descent, and the royalty of your blood, let not your life prove your birth bastard: if it were thrown upon you by opinion, make good that opinion was the cause to make you great. What reason is there in your justice, who hath power over all, to undo any? If you take from me mine honour, you are like him that makes a gap into forbidden ground, after whom many enter, and you are guilty of all their evils. My life is yet unspotted, my chastity unstained in thought: then, if your violence deface this building, the workmanship of heaven, made up for good, and not to be the exercises of sin's intemperance, you do kill your own honour, abuse your own justice, and impair me.

Of this speech in the printed play we only meet with the following emphatic germ:

"If you were born to honour, show it now: if put upon you, make the judgment good, that thought you worthy of it."—(A. iv. sc. 6.)

It will hardly be required of us to argue, that the powerful address, copied from the most well-authenticated, could not be the mere enlargement of a short-hand writer, who had taken notes at the theatre, who from the very difficulty of the operation, and from the haste with which he must afterwards have compounded the history, would be much more likely to abridge than to expand. In some parts of the novel it is evident that the prose, there used, was made up from the blank-verse composition of the drama, as acted at the Globe. In the latter we meet with no passage similar to what succeeds, but still the ease with which it may be reconverted into blank-verse renders it almost certain that

It was so originally. Pericles tells Simonides, in the novel, that

"His blood was yet untainted, but with the heat got by the wrong the king had offered him, and that he boldly durst and did defy himself, his subjects, and the profoundest danger that either tyranny or treason could inflict upon him."

To leave out only two or three expletives renders the sentence perfect as dramatic blank-verse:

"His blood was yet untainted, but with heat
Got by the wrong the king had offer'd him;
And that he boldly durst and did defy him,
His subjects, and the profoundest danger
That tyranny or treason could inflict."

Many other passages to the same end might be produced from the novel of which there is no trace in the play. We shall not, however, dwell farther upon the point, than to mention a peculiarly Shakespearean expression, which occurs in the novel, and is omitted in the drama. Lychorida brings the new-born infant to Pericles, who in the printed play (Act iii. sc. 1) says to it.

"This, thou'rt the rudest welcome to this world
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thee hast as chiding a nature,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make."

In the novel founded upon the play, the speech is thus given, and we have printed the expression, which, we think, must have come from the pen of Shakespeare, in italics type:

"Poor wretch of nature! (quoth he) thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was, and hast as chiding a nativity as fire, air, earth and water can afford thee."

The existence of such a singular production was not known to any of the commentators; but several copies of it have been preserved, and one of them was sold in the library of the late Mr. Heber.

It will have been remarked, that the novel printed in 1608 states that "Pericles" had been "lately presented," and on the title-page of the edition of the play in 1609 it is termed "the late and much-admired Play called Pericles." It is, besides, spoken of as "a new play," in a poetical tract called "Fimlico or Run Red-cap," printed in 1609. Another piece, called "Shore," is mentioned in "Fimlico," under exactly similar circumstances: there was an older drama upon the story of Jane Shore, and this, like "Pericles," had, in all probability, about the same date been revived at one of the theatres, with additions.

"Pericles" was five times printed before it was inserted in the folio of 1664, viz. in 1609, 1611, 1619, 1650, and 1685. The folio seems to have been copied from the last of these, with a multiplication of errors, but with some corrections. The first edition of 1609 was obviously brought out in haste, and there are many corruptions in it; but more pains were taken with it than Malone, Steevens, and others imagined: they never compared different copies of the same edition, or they would have seen that the impressions vary importantly, and that several mistakes, discovered as the play went through the press, were carefully set right: these will be found pointed out in our notes. The commentators dwelt upon the blunders of the old copies, in order to warrant their own extraordinary innovations; but wherever we could do so, with due regard to the sense of the author, we have restored the text to that of the earliest impression.
THE TEMPEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ALONSO, King of Naples.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.
PROSPERO, the right Duke of Milan.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor.
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, Lords.
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.
TRINCULO, a Jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
Master of a Ship, Boatswain, Mariners.
MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
IRIS, CERES, JUNO, Nymphs, Reapers.

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, a Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—On a Ship at Sea.
A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard. Enter a Ship-master and a Boatswain, as on ship-board, shaking off wet. 

Master. Boatswain!
Boats. Here, master; what cheer?

Master. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to't yet, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. [Exit. Enter Mariner.

Boats. Heigh, my hearts! cheerily, cheerily, 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.

Alon. Good boatswain, have a care. Where's the master? Play the men.

Boats. I pray now, keep below.
Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boats. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour.

Keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boats. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boats. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. [Exit.

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: me-thinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. 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 top-mast: yares; 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, inanimate dog!

Boats. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, eu, hang! you whoreson, insolent noisemaker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I' ll warrant him for drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell, and as leaky as an unsanctified wench.

Boats. Lay her a-hold, a-hold. Set her two courses: off to sea again; lay her off.

Enter Mariner, wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost! [Ex. Boats. What! must our mouths be cold? [Them. Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist For our ease is as theirs.

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 glut him. [A confused noise within.] Mercy on us!—

We split, we split,—Farewell, my wife and children!—

Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

1 Former editions: the see with a ship. * heard: not in f. e. as on ship-board, etc. + not in f. e. * Absolutely.
THE TEMPEST.

SCENE II.—The Island: before the cell of PROSPERO.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Pro. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the walkin' hea',
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 ery 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 have swallow'd, and
The flattering souls within her.

Mira. No more amazement. Tell you piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O, woe the day!

Pro. 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.

Pro. 'Tis time I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magic garment from me.—So:

Lays down his robe.

Pro. 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 a hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou hear'dst ery, which thou saw'st sink. Sit
down;
For thou must now know farther.

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am; but stopp'd,
And left me to a bootless inquisition,
Concluding, "Stay, not yet." The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell? [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 any thing 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 it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyss of time?
If thou remember'st aught, ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

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 duke of Milan, thou' his only heir
And princess, no worse issued.

Mira. O, the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
Or blessed was't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play, as thou say'st, we were heavy thence;
But blessedly holp hither.

Mira. O! my heart bleeds
To think of the teen' that I have turn'd you to,
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—
I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
Be so peridious!—he whom, next thyself,
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The management of my state; as, at that time,
Through all the sinneries it was the first,
(And Prospero the prime duke, being so reputed
In dignity) and, for the liberal arts,
Without a parallel: those being all my study,
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
Dost thou attend me?

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them, whom 't advance, and whom
To trash! for over-topping, new created
The creatures that were mine, I say, or chang'd them,
Or else new form'd them; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i' the state
To what tune pleas'd his ear; that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't. Thou attendest not.

Mira. O good sir! I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
With that, which but by being so retired
O'er-priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
Awak'd an evil nature: and my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
Falsehood, in its contrary as great
As my trust was; which had, indeed, no limit,
A confidence sans bound. He being thus loaded, 1
Not only with what my revenue yielded,
But what my power might else exact,—like one,
Who having to untruth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To ered the own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke; out o' the substitution,
And executing the outward face of royalty,
With all prerogative;—hence his ambition
Growing—Dost thou hear?

Mira. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he play'd,
And him he play'd it for, he needs will be

1 check: in f. e. 2 creature: in f. e. 3 mantle: in f. e. 4 provision: in f. e. 5 Not in f. e. 6 and: in f. e. 7 Trouble. 8 A hunting term, signifying to beat back. See Othello, II, 1. 9 lorded: in f. e. 10 unto truth: in f. e.
Absolute Milan. Me, poor man!—my library
Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
He thinks me now incapable; confederates
(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
To give him annual tribute, do him homage,
Subject his consort to his crown, and bend
The dukedom, yet unbow’d, ( alas, poor Milan!)
To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and th’ event; then tell me,
If this might be a brother.

Mira. I should sin
To think but nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.

This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother’s suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o’ the premises,—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,
With all the honours, on my brother: whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight,
Faded to the practice, 1 did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i’ the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity! I,
Not remembr’ing how I cried out then,
Will cry it o’er again: it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to’t.

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

Mira. Wherefore did they not
This hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench: My tale proves 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 colours fairer painted their foul ends. In few, they hurried us abroad a bark,
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepar’d
A rotten carcass of a boat, 2 not rigg’d,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit 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 cherubim
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 groan’d; which rais’d in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

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

1 purpose: in f. e. 2 butt: in f. e. 3 have: in f. e. 4 This direction is not in f. e. 5 princess: in f. e.
THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.

Pro. Of the king's ship
The mariners, say, how thou hast dispos'd,
And all the rest o' the fleet?
Ari. Safely in harbour
Is the king's ship: in the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Beroomeith, there she's hid:
The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
Whom, with a charm joined to their suffer'd labour,
I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet
Which I dispers'd, they all have met again,
And all' upon the Mediterranean float,
Bound sadly home for Naples,
Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work.
What is the time o' 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 presently.
Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,
Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd,
Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now! moody?
Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.
Ari. I prihhe
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 hate me a full year.

Pro. Hast thou forget
From what a torment I did free thee?
Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much, to tread the ozo
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 bak'd with frost.
Ari. I do not, sir.
Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou forget
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. 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 know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she did,
They would not take her life. Is not this true?
Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with child,
And here was left by the sailors: thou, my slave
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhor'd commands,
Refusing her grand hats, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years; within which space she died,
And left thee there, where thou didst vent thy groans
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island
(Save for a' son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.
Ari. Yes; Caliban, her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in: thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo: It was mine art,
When I arrived and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmurst, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entraile, till
Thou hast how'd away twelve winters.
Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my spritling gently.

I will discharge thee.
Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

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,; go; hence, with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mira. The strangeness of your story put [Waking.
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off. Come on:
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, air,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices
That profit us.—What ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

[Enter Ariel. There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee,
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter Ariel, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My 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 raven's feather from unhospitable fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-morrow thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; archins
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 stingig
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou can'st have first,
SCENE II.

THE TEMPEST.

Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And show'd thee all the qualities o' th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits, barren place, and fertile.
Cursed be I that did so!—All the charms
Of 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 stye me,
In this hard rock, whilsts you do keep from me
The rest o' th' island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have us'd thee,
Fifth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. O ho! O ho!—would it had been done!
Thou didst prevent me; I had peoples 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 endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: but thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, hadst in't which good nature
Could not abide to be with: therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst desp'rd more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The rod plague rid you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. 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 beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. I must obey; his art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence! [Exit Caliban.
Re-enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.]

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves, whist,
Foot it fealy here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark! [Burden. Bow, wow.]

Burden. Bow, wow. [Dispersed.

Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strainingchanticleer
Cry, cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be? 'tis air, or th' sky?
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, ding-dong, bell.]
Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father.
This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance
And say, what thou seest yond?

Mira. What's t' a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir;
It carries a brave form:—but 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench: it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses
As we have; such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck; and but he's something staint'd
With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine, for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see. [Aside.
As 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 I weep; myself I am Naples;
Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, behold
The king, my father, wreck'd.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!
Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords; the duke of Milan,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The duke of Milan,
And his more braver daughter, could control thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't. [Aside. At the first sight
They have chang'd eyes:—delineate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—[To him.] A word, good sir; I
fear, you have done yourself some wrong; a word.

Mira. Why speaks my father so urgently? This

1 f. e. have "him." 2 The old copies read: "Foot it fealy here and there, and sweet sprites bear the burden." 3 The MS. annotator of the folio of 1632, anticipated later critics in altering the passage as it stands in the text. 4 Owns. 5 Not in f. e. 6 Not in f. e.
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.** No, as I am a man.

**Mira.** There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple:
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell with 't.

**Pro.** Follow me.—

[To Ferd.]

Speak not for you him; he's a traitor.—Come.
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shall thou drink, thy food shall be
The fresh-brook muscles, witter'd roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

**Fer.** No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power.

[He draws, and is charmed from moving.

**Mira.** O, dear father!

Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

**Pro.** What! I say:

My foot my tutor?—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who mak'st a show, but dar'st not strike, thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

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**Mira.** Beseech you, father!

**Pro.** Hence! hang not on my garments.

**Mira.** Sir, have pity:

I'll be his surety.

**Pro.** Silence! one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor! hush! Thou
Think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

**Mira.** My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

**Pro.** Come on; obey: [To Ferd.]

Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

**Fer.** So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's less, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, nor this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o' the 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.—

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To Ferd. and Mira.]

**Mira.** Be of comfort.

My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech: this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

**Pro.** Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds: but then, exactly do
All points of my command.

**Ari.** To the syllable.

**Pro.** Come, follow.—Speak not for him. [Exeunt.]

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**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 hint of woe
Is common: every day, some sailor's wife,
The master of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe; but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us: then, wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

**Alon.** Prythieve, 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.

**Gon.** When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

**Seb.** A dollar.

**Gon.** Delour comes to him, indeed: you have spoken
truer than you purposed.

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**Seb.** You have taken it wiser than I meant you should.

**Gon.** Therefore, my lord,

**Ant.** Fez, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

**Alon.** I prythee, spare.

**Gon. Well, I have done. But yet—

**Seb.** He will be talking.

**Ant.** Which, or he or Adrian, for a good wager,
first begins to crow?

**Seb.** The old cock.

**Ant.** The cockrel.

**Seb.** Done. The wager?

**Ant.** A laughter.

**Seb.** A match.

**Adv.** Though this island seem to be desert—

**Seb.** Ha, ha, ha!

**Ant.** So, you're paid.

**Adv.** Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible—

**Seb.** Yet—

**Adv.** Yet—

**Ant.** He could not miss it.

**Adv.** It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

**Ant.** Temperance was a delicate wench.

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1 masters: in f. e. 2 of them: in f. e. Knight's edition reads, "of them."
Scene I

Seb. Ay; and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or was it twa 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 lusty! and lusty the grass looks! how green!

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit—

Seb. As many vouch'd rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, held, notwithstanding, their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Seb. What if he had said, widow 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. Androwing 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 in the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.


Ant. O! widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doubtlet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.

Ant. That sort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it, at your daughter's marriage?

Adr. You cram these words into mine ears, against the stomach of my sense. Would I had never married my daughter there! for, coming there, my son is lost; and, in my rate, she too, who is so far from Italy remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her. O thou, mine heir! Of Naples and of Milan! what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?  

1 Juicy. 2 Slight shade of color. 3 at: in f. c. 4 She'd: in f. c. 5 It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of Letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politike superloritie; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty; no contracts, no successions, no divisions, no occupation but idle; no respect of kindred, but common, no apparel but natural, no measuring of lands, no use of wine, corn, or mettle. The very that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulations, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard of amongst them.—Montaignes, Florio's translation, 1603. 6 Pliny.
Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more: thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given!

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle: you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel above, invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy!

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[All sleep but Alon. See. and Ant.]

Ant. What! all so soon asleep? I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir, Do not omit the heavy offer of it: It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth, It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord, Will guard your person while you take your rest, And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you. Wondrous heavy.—[Alon. sleeps.]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality of the climate.

Wh, Doth it not, then, our eye-lids sink? I find not Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I: my spirits are nimble. They fell together all, as by consent; They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might, Worthy Sebastian?—O! what might?—No more:— And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face, What thou should'st be. Th' occasion speaks thee, and My strong imagination sees a crown Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What! art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely,

It is a sleepy language, and thou speakest Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didest 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 fortune sleep—die rather; wince'st While's thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost more 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, Trebles 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,

Whiles thus you mock it! how, in stripping it,

You more invest it! Ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run

By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on.

The setting of thine eye, and check, 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

Prefaces 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 wing beyond,

But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with me,

That Ferdinand is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Who's the next heir of Naples?

Seb. Claribel.

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

Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from Naples

Can have no note, unless the sun was post,

(The man i the moon's too slow) till new-born chins

Be rough and razonable; she, for whom

We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again;

And by that destiny to perform an act

Whereof what's past is prologue, what's to come,

In yours and my discharge.

Seb. What stuff is this!—How say you?

'Tis true; my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis; So is she heir of Naples; ²twixt which regions There is some space.

Ant. A space whose every cubit

Seems to cry out, "How shall that Claribel

Measure us back to Naples?"—Keep in Tunis,

And let Sebastian wake!—Say, this were death

That now hath seized them; why, they were no worse

Than now they are. There be, that can rule Naples

As well as he that sleeps; lords that can prate

As amply, and unnecessarily,

As this Gonzalo: I myself could make

A chough of as deep chat. O, that you bore

The mind that I do! what a sleep were this

For your advancement! Do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content

Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember, You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True:

And look how well my garments sit upon me;

Much fatter than before. My brother's servants

Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience—

Ant. Ay, sir; where lies that? if it were a kybe,

'Twould put me to my slipper; but I feel not

This deity in my bosom: twenty consciences,

That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And yet I need must curse; but they’ll not pinch,
Fright me withurchin shows, pitch me i’ the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid ‘em; but
For every want, are they set upon me?
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall: sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness.—Io, now! Io!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly: I’ll fall flat;
Perehance, he will not mind me.

Tri. Here’s neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing; the wind: yond’ same black cloud, yond’ huge
one, looks like a foul bernbard that would shed his
liquor. If it should thunder, as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond’ same cloud cannot
choose but fall by pillafins.—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 lampe beggar, they will lay out ten to see
a dead Indian. Legg’d like a man! and his fins like
arms! Warm, of my truth! 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 herabout: misery acquaints a man with strange
bedfellows. I will here shroud, till the drench1 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 swabb, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his men.

Lov’d Moll, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
But none of us car’d for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, Go, hang;
She lov’d not the savour of tar, nor of pitch,
Yet a tailor might scratch her where’er she did 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 savages, and men of
Indie? Ha! I have not ‘scape’d drowning, to be a‘ear’d
now of your four legs; for it hath been said, as proper
a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give
ground, and it shall be said so again, while Stephano
breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me: O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs,
who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil
should he learn our language? I will give him some
relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep
him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, 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 anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways: open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, eat. Open your mouth: this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chaps again.

[Caliban drinks.]

Trin. I should know that voice. It should be—but he is drowned, and these are devils. O, defend me!—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices! a most delicate monster. His forward voice, now, is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his age. Come,—Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano!

Ste. Dost thy other mouth call me? Mercy! mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long 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 siege* of this moon-calf? Can he 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. Pr'ythee, 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 came'st thou hither? swear by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved over-board, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject, for the liquor is not earthy. [Kneels.]

Ste. Here: swear, then, how thou escap'dst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck. I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sprits are painful, and their labour

1 Not in f. e. 2 sent. 3 Not in f. o. 4 Not in f. e. 5 trenchering: in f. e.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. 0 Stephano! hast any more of this? Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine auge?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: my mistress showed me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents. Swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster.—I'afraid of him?—a very weak monster.—The man? the moon?—a most poor credulous monster.—Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island; and I will kiss thy foot. I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

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

Ste. Come on, then; down and swear.

[Caliban lies down.]

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurv,y monster: I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —But that the poor monster's in drink. An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,

Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard!

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow;

And with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts;

Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how

To snare the nimble marmozet: I'll bring thee

To clustering filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee

Young scamel's from the rock: Wilt thou go with me?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking.—Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here.—Here; bear my bottle.—Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. Farewell, master; farewell, farewell.

[Fires drunkenly.]

Trin. A howling monster; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish;

Nor fetch in firing

At requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;

'Ban 'Ban, Ca—Caliban,

Has a new master—Get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom! hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [Exeunt.]

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters Point to rich ends. This my mean task Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak: The very instant that I saw you, did My heart fly to your service; there resides, To make me slave to it; and for your sake, Am I this patient log-man.

Mira. Do you love me?

Fer. O heaven! O earth! hear witness to this sound, And crown what I profess with kind event, If I speak true; if hollowly, invert What best is boded me to mischief! I, Beyond all limit of aught else? the world, Do love, prize, honour you.

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

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

Fer. Wherefore weep you?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer What I desire to give; and much less take, What I shall die to want. But this is trifling; And all the more it seeks to hide itself, The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning, And prompt me, plain and holy innocence! I am your wife, if you will marry me; If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow You may deny me; but I'll be your servant, Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't: and now farewell,
Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand thousand! [Exeunt Fer. and Mira.

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpris'd with all: but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Island.

Enter Stephano and Trinculo; Caliban following with a bottle.

Ste. Tell not me:—when the butt is out, we will drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up, and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be trained 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 swear, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

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

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

Cal. How does thy honour? 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 pray thee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mulineer, the next tree—The poor monster, my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity. Cal. 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.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing. [ceed.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[TO CALIBAN.]—Proceed.

Cal. I say by sorcery he got this isle.

From me he got it: if thy greatness will, Revenge on him—for, I know, thou dar'st; But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

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

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

Ari. Thou liest; thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied6 miny's this! Thou scurvy patch! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him: that when'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 will turn my merry out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.


Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied?

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest; I'll take thee that. [STRIKES HIM.] As you like this, give me the other time too.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

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.


Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I the afternoon to sleep: then thou may'st brain him,

Having first seiz'd his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his wizard with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him, As rootedly as I. Burn but his books; He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them) Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal: And that most deeply to consider is The beauty of his daughter: he himself Calls her a nunnery: I never saw a woman, But only Sycorax my dam, and she; But she as far surpasseth Sycorax, As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass?

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I warrant, And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroyes. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellently.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I am sorry I beat thee; but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep; Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry: I am full of pleasure. Let us be jocund: will you troll the catch you taught me but while-ere?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason. Come on, Trinculo, let us sing.

[Sings.

Flont 'em, and scout 'em; and scout 'em, and flont 'em;

Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[Ariel plays a tune on a Tabor and Pipe.

Ste. What is this same?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of our shrew.

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness: if thou beest a devil, take't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins!

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts: I defy thee.—Mercy upon us!

Cal. Art thou afeard?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afeard; 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 hear them, I do fear them, and think That if I were withal asleep, in dreams 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 the taborer: he lays it on.

Trin. Will come? I'll follow, Stephano. [Exeunt.]
SCENE III.—Another part of the Island.

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

Alon. By'r la'kin, I can go no farther, sir; my old bones ache: here's a maze trod, indeed; through forth-rights, and meanders! by your patience, I must needs rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee, who am myself attach'd therewith; 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 fatterer: he is drown'd, whom thus we stray to find; and the sea mocks our fruitless 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, forego the purpose that you resolv'd to effect.

Seb. The next advantage will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night; for now they are oppress'd with travel, they will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance, as when they are fresh.

Seb. I say, to-night: no more.

[Sollemn and strange music; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutations; and, inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.]

Alon. What harmony is this? my good friends, hark! Marvelous sweet music! Give us kind keepers, heavens! What were Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe that there are unicorns; that in Arabia there is one tree, the phoenix' throne; one phoenix at this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both; and what does else want credit, come to me and I'll be sworn 'tis true: travellers' never did lie, though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples I should report this now, would they believe me? if I should say, I saw such islanders, (for, cer'tain, those 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 muse, fing such shapes, such gestures; and such sounds, express—(although they want the use of tongue) a kind of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. [Aside.] Praise in departing.

Frances. 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.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers, dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them. Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men, whose heads stood in their breasts? which now, we find, each putter-out of five for one, will bring us good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed, although my last: no matter, since I feel the best is past.—Brother, my lord the duke, stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Ariel, like a harpy, claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny (that hath to instrument this lower world, and what is in't) the never-surfeited sea hath caused to belch up, and on this island where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men being most unfit to live. I have made you mad; and even with such like valour men hang and drown their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows are ministers of fate: the elements.

[Alon., Sen., &c. draw their Swords.]

Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well wound the loud winds, or with bemoak'd-at stabs kill the still-closing waters, as diminish one dowlie that's in my plume: my fellow-ministers are like invulnerable. If you could hurt your swords are now too maesy 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; exposed unto the sea (which hath requit it) him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed the power delaying not forgetting, have incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures, against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonzo, 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 wrathes 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 mockes and moves, and carry out the table.

Pro. [Above.] Bravely the figure of this happy hast thou perform'd, my Ariel; a grace it had, devising. Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated, in what thou hast to say: so, with good life and observation strange, my meaner ministers their several kinds have done. My high charms work, and these, 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 you in this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous! Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it; the winds did sing it to me; and the thunder, that deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounce'd the name of Prosper: it did base my trespass.
Therefore my son! the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than o'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudd'd.

[Exit. Scb.
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 guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'tis in to bite the spirits.—I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this 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 hand. 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 halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchase'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 aspersion shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow; but barren hate,
Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
The union of your bod 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 muriest den,
The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion
Our worser genius can, shall never melt
Mine honour into lust, to take away
The edge of that day's celebration,
When I shall think, or Phaebus' steeds are founder'd,
Or night keep'd chain'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 meaner fellows your last service
Did worthy perform, and I must use you
In such another trick. Go, bring the rable,
O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
Incite them to quick motion; for I must
Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
Some vanity of mine art: it is my promise,
And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

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?

SCENE II.

Pro. Dearly, 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 i' 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 ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now come, my Ariel! bring a corollary,1
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.2—
No tongue all eyes; be silent. [Soft music
A Masque. Enter Iris.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,3 them to keep;
Thy banks with pioned4 and tilled5 brims,
Which spongy April at thy best betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy brown6 groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
Being lass-orn; thy pole-clip vineyard;
And thy sea-marge, storni, and rocky-hard,
Where thou thyself dost air; the queen o' the sky,
Whose watery arch and messenger am 1,
Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
[Enter Iris.

To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain:
Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
Who with thy saffron wings upon my flowers
Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
Rich seat to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
Sown thee a 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,
THE TEMPEST.

Scene I.

Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted; but in vain:
Mars' hot minion is return'd again;
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes: I know her by her gait.

Enter Juno.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with me,
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honour'd in their issue.

Song.

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

Per. This is a most majestic vision, and Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Sir. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Makes this place Paradise.

Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.

Pro. Sweet now, silence!
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do. Hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding
Brooks,
With your sedge' crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons: Juno does command.
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs
You sun-burn'd sickleman, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry,
Make holy-day: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with
the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof
Pros, starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a
strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily 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.

Per. This is strange; your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'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,

1 In f. e. the remainder of the song is given to Ceres.
2 Spring: in f. e.
3 wise: in f. e.
4 sedge'd: in f. e.
5 A corop, from reek.
6 shins: in f. e.
7 A decay.
8 f. e. have only the direction, Prospero and Ariel remain unseen.
9 Jack o' lantern.
Shall hood-wink this mischief: therefore, speak softly;
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

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

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

**Ste.** I will fetch off my bottle, though I bo' er cars
for my labour.

**Cal.** Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Secest thou here?
This is the mouth of the cell: no noise, and enter:
Do that good mischief, which may make this island
Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban,
For ay, thy foot-stoolker.

**Ste.** Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody
thoughts.

**Trin.** O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Step-
phano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!
[Seeing the apparel.]

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

**Trin.** O, ho, monster! we know what belongs to a
tripping. — O king Stephano!

**Ste.** Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll
have that gown.

**Trin.** Thy grace shall have it.

**Cal.** The dropery drown this fool! what do you mean,
To do that on such luggage? 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.** Bo 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.

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**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.** Confined together
In the same fashion as you gave in charge;
Just as you left them: all prisoners, sir,
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell;
They cannot badge till your release. The king,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-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 eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works
them,
That if you now behold them, your affections
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, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,

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**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. "Stea by line and level," is an excel-

---

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

**Trin.** And this.

**Ste.** Ay, and this.

[A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits, in
shape of hounds, and hunt them about; Prospero
and Ariel setting them on.]

**Pro.** Hey, Mountain, hey!

**Ari.** Silver! there it goes, Silver!

**Pro.** Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!

[Cal., Ste., and Trin. are driven out.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps, and more pinch-spotted make them,
That 's paid, or eat o' mountain. [Griers and roa-

**Ari.** Hark! they roar.

**Pro.** Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[Exeunt.]
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, that I’ll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I’ll drown my book.

Re-enter Ariel: after him Alonso, with a frantic
gesture, attended by Gonzalo; Sebastian and An-
tonio 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-stopp’d. —

Noble 1 Gonzalo, honourable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the flow 2 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 3
To him thou follow’st, I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. —Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
Thou’rt pinch’d force now, Sebastian. —Flesh and blood,
You brother mine, that entertain’d ambition,
Expell’d remorse and nature; who, with Sebastian,
(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
Would here have kill’d your king; I do forgive thee,
Unnatural though thou art. —Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
That yet looks on me, ever would know me. —Ariel,
Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell; [Exit Ariel.
I will dis-case me, and myself present,
As I was sometime Milan. Quickly, spirit;
Thou shalt ere long be free.

Ari. Where the bee suckes, there suck I;
In a cowslip’s bell I lie:
There I cough. 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, invisible as thou art:
There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
Under the hatchets; the master, and the boatswain,
Being awak’d, enforce them to this place,
And presently, I pr’ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e’er thy pulse twice beat. [Exit Ariel.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabit here: some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

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.

1 Holy: in f. e. 2 Cow: in f. e. 3 sir: in f. e. 4 or: in f. e.

Ari. Who’er thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted devil to abuse me,
As late I have been, I know: thy pulse
Beats as of flesh and blood; and, since I saw thee,
Th’ affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me. This must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign; and do entreat
Thou pardon me thy wrongs. —But how should Prospero
Be living, and be here?

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

Gon. Whether this be,
Or be not, I’ll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtleties o’ the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain.—Welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
[Aside to Sen. and Ant.
I here could pluck his highness’ frown 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 faults; of all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, 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 short the point of this remembrance is!) My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am wo for ‘t, sir.

Alon. Irreparable 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.

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

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason, and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath; but, howso’er you have
Been justified 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
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;
This cell 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 require you with as good a thing;  
At least, bring forth a wonder, to content yo-
As much as me my dukedom.

PROSPERO draws a curtain, and discovers FERDINAND  
and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,  
I would not for the world.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should  
wrangle,  
And I would call it fair play.

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

Seb. A most high miracle!  
Fer. Though the seas threaten they are merciful:  
I have ears'd them without cause. [Kneels to Alon.

Alon. Now, all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about!  
Ari. Arise, and say how thou'lt find here.

Mira. O, wonder!  
How many goodly creatures are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is! O, brave new world,  
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?  
Your el'dest acquaintance cannot be three hours:  
Is she the goddess that hath sev'rd us,  
And brought us thus together?  
Fer. Sir, she is mortal;  
But, by immortal providence, she's mine:  
I chose her, when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before; of whom I have  
Received a second life, and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers.  
But O! how oddly will it sound, that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness.

Pro. There, sir, stop;  
Let us not burden our remembrances  
With a heaviness that's gone.

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

Alon. I say, Amen, Gonzalo.

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become kings of Naples? O! rejoice  
Beyond a common joy, and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,  
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands:  
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  
amazedly 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,
SCENE I.
THE TEMPEST.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded 'em?—
How cam'st thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall
not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano!

Seb. O! touch me not: I am not Stephano, but a
cramp.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Seb. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is as strange a thing as 'c'er I look'd on.

[Pointing to Caliban.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape.—Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions: as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkenard for a god,
And worship this dull fool?

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.


Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away; the story of my life;
And the particular accidents gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemniz'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long
To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail, so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off.—My Ariel;—chick,—
That is thy charge: then, to the elements;
Be free, and fare thou well!—Please you draw near.

EPILOGUE.
Spoken by Prospero.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island, by your spell;
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands.

1 f. e. Exeunt.
THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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.

PANTHINO, 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.

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. Wer't not, affection chains thy tender days. To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love, I rather would entreat thy company. To see the wonders of the world abroad, Than, living dully sluggardiz'd at home. Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness. But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein, Even as I would, when to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou begone? Sweet Valentine, adieu. Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel: Wish me partaker in thy happiness, When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger, If ever danger do environ thee, Command thy grievance to my holy prayers, For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.


Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee. 

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love, How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont. 

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love, For he was more than over shoes in love. 

Val. 'Tis true; but 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 mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain; 
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:

1 for, in f. e. 2 One who prays for another; the word is derived from the dropping of a bead in a rosary, at each prayer recited. 3 for, in f. e. 4 Supposed by Knight to refer to the instrument of torture, by which the sufferer's leg was crushed by wedges driven between it and the boot in which it was placed. Collier says it is a proverbial expression, signifying 'don't make a laughing-stock of me.'
LAURENCE PROTESTS AND JULIA.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act. IV, Scene 1
SCENE II.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one, then, he is shipp'd already, and I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray; an if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd, then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep: thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa!" But, dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gav'e your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gav'e me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best stick your

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 'twere best pound you.

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? 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. I. [Speed nods.

Pro. No, I? why that's noddy.

Speed. You mistake, 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; having nothing but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. [Giving him money.]

Pro. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Speed. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her better; No, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter; And being so hard to me that brought to her your mind, I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling you her mind.

Give her no token but stones, for she's as hard as steel.  
Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not a much as— "Take this for thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

[Exit.]

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck, Which cannot perish, having thee aboard, Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—I must go send some better messenger: I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, Receiving them from such a worthless post.  

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Julia's Garden.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone, 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 parle encounter me, In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind, According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

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 Mercutio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentleman Proteus?

Luc. Lord, lord, I 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, an unworthy body as I am, Should censure thus a loving gentleman.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best. Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason: I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he, of all the rest, hath never mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he, of all the rest, I think, best loves ye. Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. First, that he's the closest kept burns most of all. Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.


Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in the way, Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker! Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines To whisper and conspire against my youth? Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth, And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd, [Gives it back.] Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate. Jul. Will you be gone?
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.

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 folly 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 profiser construe, "Ay!"

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love, That like a testing babe will scratch the nurse, And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod. How charishly I chid Lucetta hence, When willingly I would have had her here: How angrily I taught my brow to frown, When inward joy confirm'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. [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 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. Jul. Heavy? belleke, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it. Jul. And why not you? I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:—[Snatching the letter.] How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out: And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat, And mar the concord with too harsh a descant. There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base. Luc. Indeed I do, but the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me. Here is a coil with protestation! —

[Tears the letter, and throws it down.

Go; get you gone, and let the papers lie: You would be fingering them to anger me. [better]

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same! O hateful hands! to tear such loving words: Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.

There shall he practise tilts and tournois,

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 well I like it,

The execution of it shall make known.

Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso.

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 honour's pawn.

O! that our fathers would applaud our loves,

And seal our happiness with their consent!

O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine, [Putting it up, Delivered by a friend that came from him.

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 belov'd,

And daily graced 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.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,

For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some time

With Valentino in the emperor's court;

What maintenance he from his friends receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go:

Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition.

[Exeunt Antonio and Panthino.

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd.

I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,

Lest he should take exceptions to my love;

And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,

Hath he excepted most against my love.

O! how this spring of love resembles

The uncertain glory of an April day,

Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter Panthino.

Ant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:

He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is: my heart accords thereto,

And yet a thousand times it answers no. [Exeunt.

ACT II.


Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine.—

Sweet ornament that deck's a thing divine!

Ah Silvia! Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks. First, you have learn'd, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a mal-content; to relish a love song, like a robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that hath the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy, that hath lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench, that hath buried her gran'dam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one,

that fears robbing; to speak puling, 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; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are so metamorphosed with a mistress, 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.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were you so simple, none else would bee: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urban, that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?
Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favour'd.
Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.
Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.
Val. How painted? and how out of count?
Speed. Marry, sir; so painted to make her fair, that no man 'counts of her beauty.
Val. How eستپ'st thou me? I account of her beauty.
Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.
Val. How long hath she been deform'd?
Speed. Ever since you loved her.
Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.
Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Val. Why?
Speed. Because love is blind. O! that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungarnered!
Val. What should I see then?
Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garner 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.
Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swunged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.
Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.
Speed. 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.
Speed. And have you?
Val. I have.
Speed. Are they not lamely writ?
Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—
Peace! here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.
Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.
Speed. O! give ye good even: here's a million of manners. [Aside.
Sil. Sir Valentine and servant; to you two thousand.
Speed. 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 clerky done.
Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes, I writ at random, very doubtfully.
Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?
Val. No, madam: so it stead 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.
Speed. 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 quaintly writ, But since unwillingly, take them again.
Nay, take them. [Giving it back.*
Val. Madam, they are for you.
Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request, But I will none of them: they are for you.
I would have had them writ more movingly.
Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.
Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it over
And if it please you, so; if not, why, so.
Val. If it 'll please me, madam; what then?
Sil. Why, if 't please you, take it for your labour; And so good-morrow, servant. [Exit.

Speed. O jest! unseen, inscrutable, invisible, As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple.

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor, He being her pupil, to become her tutor.
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,
That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?
Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
Val. To do what?
Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.
Val. To whom?
Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.
Val. What figure?
Speed. By a letter, I should say.
Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?
Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?
Val. No, believe me.
Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?
Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.
Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.
Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.
Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.
Val. I would it were no worse!
Speed. I 'll warrant you, 'tis as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty, Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply; Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind discover;
Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.—
All this beak in print, for in print I found it—
Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner time.
Val. I have dined.
Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O! be not like your mistress: be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.

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.†
Pro. Why then, we'll make exchange: here, take you this.
[Exchange rings.†
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

* A puppet show. † Not in f. e. 2 An old term for lover. 4 A puppet show. 5 Not in f. e. 6 giving a ring is added in f. e. 8 Not in f. e.
Scene IV.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy; And when that hour o'er-slips me in the day, Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake, The next ensuing hour some foul mischance Torment me for my love's forgetfulness. 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.]

Launce. Farewell. What! gone without a word? Ay, no true love should do: it cannot speak; For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter Pantinio.

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

Pro. Go; I come, I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exit.]

Scene III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Launce, leading his Dog.

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launcest have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigies at once: and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have wept to see 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, not this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; if it were the worse sale. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid. I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog. O! the dog is me, and I 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 sisters mark the time; 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 Pantinio.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tide were lost; for it is the unluckiest tide that ever any man tied.

Pant. What's the unluckiest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here; Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou 'tis the flood; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master, and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the

---

*Dog* in f. e. *In f. e. o: wood (f. e. mad). *Note or observe.

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. [Exit.]


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. 'T were 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. What 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 shall I quote you?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of cameoleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire.

Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveryes, 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.

Sil. 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 honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him, as myself; for from our infancy
We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days:
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmel'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is complete in feature, and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress's love,
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.

Val. Well, sir, this gentleman loves me truly:
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 will send him hither to you presently. [Exit 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.

Sir. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd them,
Upon some other pattern for fidelity to me.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.
Sir. 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.

[Exit Thurio.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm him welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is. Sweet lady, entertain him.
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty yet did never 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. 1

Re-enter Thurio.

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 home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

1 Enter: in f. e. 2 swelling: in f. e.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Enter Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, and 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 enthrall'd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.

Val. O, gentle Proteus! love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
I cannot ever free my self from his gentle love.

Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth!

Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. Why, I was sick, you gave me bitter pills,
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a princedom,
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 honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth,
Should from her posture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Dissipate the summn'd beauty of the flower,
And make rough winter everlasting.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what bragardism is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.

Pro. Then, let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love,
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more, our
marriage hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight
Determin'd of: how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
SCENE VI.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Plotted, and 'greed on for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend on you.

Vol. 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 Valentino's praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont:
O! but I love his lady too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.

How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled so my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.

If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the alehouse
with you presently; where for one shot of five pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not.

My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is, then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable luber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love, if thou wilt go with me to the ale-house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[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, shall I be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Proves me to this threefold perjury:
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting love! if I have sin'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will.
To learn his wit I exchange the bad for better.
Fio, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast 'prett'r'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths,
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious to itself;
And Silvia, (witless heaven that made her fair!)
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To clumb celestial Silvia's chamber window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now, presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising, and pretended flight; flight,
Who all enroll'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, o'en in kind love, I do conjure thee, Who art the table wherein all my thoughts Are visibly character'd and engrav'd, To lesson me; and tell me some good mean, How, with my honour, I may undertake A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearsome and long. 

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary 

To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps, Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly; And when the flight is made to one so dear, Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus. 

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return. 

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food? 

Pity the dearth that I have pined in, By longing for that food so long a time. 

Didst thou but know the inly touch of love, Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow, As seek to quench the fire of love with words. 

Jul. That he doth not seem thy love's hot fire, But qualify the fire's extreme rage, 

Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason. 

Jul. The more thou damnest it up, the more it burns. 

The current, that with gentle murmurs glides, Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage; 

But, when his fair course is not hindered, 

He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones, 

Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge 

He overleth 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 pasture of each weary step, 

Till the last step have brought me to my love; 

And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil, 

A blessed soul doth in Elysium. 

Luc. But in what habit will you go along? 

Jul. Not like a woman, for I would prevent 

The loose encounters of lascivious men. 

Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds 

As may beseech some well-reputed page. 

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair. 

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings, 

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots: 

To be fantastic, may become a youth 

Of greater time than I shall show to be. 

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches? 

Jul. That fits as well, as—tell me, good my lord, 

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-favour'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 lov'st me, let me have 

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly. 

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me For undertaking so unstaid 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. Thou art the least, Lucetta, of my fear. 

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, 

And instances as infinite of love, 

Warrant me welcome to your Proteus. 

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men. 

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect; 

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth; 

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles; 

His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate; 

His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart; 

His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth. 

Luc. Pray heaven, he prove so, when you come to him! 

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, 

To 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 my tardance. 

[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 favours Done to me, undeserving as I am, 
My duty pricks me on to utter that, 
Which else no worldly good should draw from me. 

Know, worthy Prince, sir Valentine, my friend, 
This night intends to steal away your daughter: 

1 wild: in f. e. 2 longing: in f. e.
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; whereby to find  
That which myself hast now disclos'd 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 devis'd a mean  
How she and her chamberhow shall be send,  
And with a corded ladder fetch her down.  
For which the youthful lover now is gone,  
And this way comes he with it presently,  
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.  
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,  
That my discovery be not aimed at;  
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,  
Hath made me publisher of this prentice.  

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know  
That I had any light from thee of this.  

Pro. Adieu, my lord: sir Valentine is coming.[Exit.  
Enter VALENTINE, in his cloak.]  

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 thee of some affairs  
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.  
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought  
To match my friend, sir Thurius, to my daughter.  

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match  
Were rich and honourable: besides, the gentleman  
Is full of virtue, beauty, worth, and qualities  
Beseeching such a wife as your fair daughter.  
Cannot your grace win her fancy to him?  

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,  
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;  
Neither regarding that she is my child,  
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:  
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers  
Upon advice hath drawn my love from her:  
And, where I thought the 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 esteemeth not.  

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?  

Duke. There is a lady in Milan here,  
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,  
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:  
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,  
(For long ago 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.  

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.  
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,  
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.  

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.  

Val. A woman sometime scorces what best contenteth her,
THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT III.

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee; But if thou linger in my territories Longer than swiftest expedition Will give thee time to leave our royal court, By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love I ever bore my daughter, or thyself. Begone: I will not hear thy vain excuse; But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence.

[Exit Duke.]

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment? To die is to be banish'd from myself, And Silvia is my self: 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 shadow of perfection. Except I be by Silvia in the night, There is no music in the nightingale; But, 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, cherish'd, kept alive. I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom: Tarry I here, I but attend on death; But fly hence, I fly away from life.

[Enter Proteus and Launce.]

Launce. So ho! so ho! Val. What seekest thou? Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair on's head, but 'tis a Valentine. Val. Valentine? Val. No. Val. Who then? his spirit? Val. Neither. Val. What then? Val. Nothing. Launce. Can nothing speak? master, shall I strike? Val. Whom wouldst thou strike? Launce. Nothing. Val. Villain, forbear. Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing: I pray you,— Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word. Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news, So much of bad already hath possess'd them. Val. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine, For they are hurst, unfurnace, and bad. Val. Is Silvia dead? Val. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!— Hath she forsworn me? Val. No, Valentine. Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me!— What is your news? Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanish'd. Val. That thou art banish'd: O! that is the news, From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend. Val. O! I have lod on this woeful, And excess of it will make me suifer. Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd? Val. Ay, ay; and she hath offer'd to the doom, (Which, unverses'd, stands in effectual force) A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears: Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd, With them, upon her knees, her humble self; Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them, As if but now they waxed pale for woe: But neither bended knees, pure hands held up, Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears, Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire, But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die. Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so, When she for thy repeal was suppliant, That to close prison he commanded her, With many threats of bidding 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 my ear, As ending anthem of my endless sorrow. Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help, And study help for 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 letter shall not come here, though thou art hence: Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd even in the milk-white bosom of thy love. The time now serves not to expostulate: Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate, And, ere I part with thee, confer at large Of all that may concern thy love affairs. As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself, Regard thy danger, and along with me. Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy, Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate. Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine. Val. O my dear Silvia! hapless Valentine! [Exit Valentine and Proteus.]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knife; but that's all one, if he be but one knife. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 'tis I love; and yet 'tis a woman: but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 'tis a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips: yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel, which is much in a bare Christian. Here is 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.]

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership? Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is sea. Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper? Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st. Speed. Why, man, how black? Launce. Why, as black as ink. Speed. Let me read them. Launce. Fear on thee, or the head! thou canst not read. Speed. Thou liest, I can. Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee? Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather. Launce. O, illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.
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? posy of your love-letters!

[Exit, running.]
Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly 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 you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thurio. Since his exile she hath despair'd me most;
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter Proteus.

How now, sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Goy, 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.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes him against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she 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 slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then, you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good will cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endanger him:
Therefore, the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
The Two Gentlemen of Verona

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Forest, between Milan and Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 Out. Fellows, stand fast: I see a passenger.
2 Out. If there be ten, shrunken, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 Out. Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you.

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the villains that all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—
1 Out. That's not so, sir: we are your enemies.
2 Out. Peace! we'll hear him.
3 Out. Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose. A man I am cross'd with adversity: My riches are these poor habiliments, Of which if you should here disturb me, You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stay'd, If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 Out. What! were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse. I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent; But yet I slew him manfully, in fight, Without the vantage, or base treachery.

1 Out. Why, not repent you 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.

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart. Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears Moist it again; and frame some feeling line, That may discover strict integrity: For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews, Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones, Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands. After your dire-lamenting elegies, Visit by night your lady's chamber window With some sweet consort: to their instruments Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence Will well become such sweet complaining grievance. This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thou. And 'tby advice this night I'll put in practice. Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver, Let us into the city presently, To sort some gentlemen well-field'd in music. I have a sonnet that will serve the turn To give the onset to thy good advice,

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper, And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it: I will pardon you. [Exeunt.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy, Or else I had been often miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar, This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

[They talk apart.

Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honorable kind of thievish voyeur.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 Out. Tell us 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 ungovern'd youth Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished,

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 Out. And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 Out. And I, for such like petty crimes as these,

But to the purpose: for we cite our faults, That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives:
And, partly, seeing you are beautify'd

With goodly shape; and by your own report

A linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want—

3 Out. Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. Are you content to be our general? To make a virtue of necessity, And live, as we do, in this wilderness? [consort?

3 Out. What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee, Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 Out. But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 Out. Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

1 weed: in f. e. 2 Not in f. e.
Val. I take your offer, and will live with you; 
Provided that you do no outrages 
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 Out. No; we detest such vile, base practices. 
Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our cave;
And show thee all the treasure we have got, 
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter Proteus.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine, 
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio. 
Under the colour of commending him, 
I have access my own love to prefer; 
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy, 
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her, 
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend; 
When to her beauty I commend my vows, 
She bids me think how I have been forsworn, 
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: 
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quirks, 
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 ear.

Enter Thurio, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus! are you crept before us? 
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for, you know, that love 
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your honest. Now, gentlemen, 
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and Julia (in boy's clothes), behind.

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're ally-
choly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where 
you shall hear music, and see the gentlemen 
that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music.

Host. Hark! Hark!

[Music plays.]

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

Song.

Who is Silvia? what is she, 
That all our swains commend her? 
Holy, fair, and wise as free; 
The heaven such grace did lend her, 
That she might admired be. 

Is she kind, as she is fair, 
For beauty lives with kindness? 
Love doth to her eyes repair, 
To help him of his blindness; 
And, being help'd, inhabits there. 

Then to Silvia let us sing, 
That Silvia is excelling; 
She excels each mortal thing, 
Upon the dull earth dwelling: 
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were 
before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. No; but yet so false, that he grieves my 
very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a 
slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so. [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 Launce, his man, told me, he 
lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by 
his master's command, he must carry for a present 
to his lady.


Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not: I will so plead, 
That you shall say my enning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At St. Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [Exeunt Thurio and Musicians.

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen, 
Who is that, that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, 
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, 
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless, 
To be seduced by thy 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.] 'T were false, if I should speak it; 
For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend, 
Survives, to whom thyself art witness 
I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed 
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 rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence; 
Or, at the least, in her sepulchre thine.

Jul. [Aside.] He heard not that.
PRO. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate, Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love, The picture that is hanging in your chamber: To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep; For, since the substance of your perfect self Is else devoted, I am but a shadow, And to your shadow will I make true love.

JUL. [Aside.] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it, And make it but a shadow, as I am. 

SIL. I am very loth to be your idol, sir; But, since your falsehood, 't shall become you well To worship shadows, and adore false shapes, Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it, And so, good rest.

PRO. As wretches have o'er night, That wait for execution in the morn. [Exeunt Proteus and Silvia.

JUL. Host, will you go? 

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

JUL. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus? 

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day, I'll give it a look.

JUL. Not so; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Eglamour.

EGL. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind. There's some great matter she'd employ me in,— Madam, madam! 

Enter Silvia above, at her window.

SIL. Who calls? 

EGL. Your servant, and your friend; One that attends your ladyship's command. 

SIL. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow. 

EGL. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose.⁴ I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

SIL. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman, Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not, Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd. Thou art not ignorant what dear good will I bear unto the banish'd Valentine; Nor how my father would enforce me marry Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors. Thyself hast lov'd; and I have heard thee say, No grief did ever come so near thy heart, As when thy lady and thy true love died, Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity. Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine, To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode; And, for the ways are dangerous to pass, I do desire thy worthy company, Upon whose faith and honour I repose. Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour, But think upon my grief, a lady's grief; And on the justice of my flying hence, To keep me from a most unholy match, Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues. I do desire thee, even from a heart As full of tears as the sea of sands, To bear me company, and go with me: If not, to hide what I have said to thee, That I may venture to depart alone.

EGL. Madam, I pity much your grievances, And the most true affections that you bear; Which since I know they virtuously are plac'd, I give consent to go along with you; Recking as little what betideth me, As much I wish all good before 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 LANCE with his dog. 

LANCE. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a present to mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no nearer into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trompeter, and steals her canop'y leg. O 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all times. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for 't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't. You shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table; he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smell him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "what cur is that?" says another; "whip him out," says the third; "hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I; "do you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "I was I did the thing you wot of?" He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geeze he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou know'st not of this now.—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick? 

Enter Proteus and Julia.

PRO. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well, And will employ thee in some service presently.

JUL. In what you please: I will do what I can.

PRO. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant! Where have you been these two days loitering:

LANCE. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

PRO. And what says she to my little jewel? 

LANCE. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells ye, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

PRO. But she receiv'd my dog? 

LANCE. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

¹ From the Saxon haligdome, holy place or kingdom. ² Injunction. ³ Compassionate. ⁴ This line is not in 'o.
Pro. What! didst thou offer her this eur\(^1\) from me?  
_Launce._ Ay, sir; the other squirrel was stolen from me by a hangman boy\(^2\) in the market-place; and then I offered her my own, who is a dog as big as ten of you, 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 end\(^3\) 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 lout;  
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,  
Which (if my augury deceive me not)  
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:  
Therefore, know thou, for this I entertain thee.  
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:  
Deliver it to madam Silvia.  

_She lov'd me well deliver'd it to me._

_Jul._ It seems, you lov'd her not, 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 love your lady Silvia,  
She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;  
You dare on her, that care not for your love.  
"Tis pity, love should be so contrary,  
And thinking on it makes me cry alas!  

_Pro._ Well, give to her that ring; and therewithal  
This letter—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady  
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.  
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,  
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.  

[Exit._

_Jul._ How many women would do such a message?  
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd  
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.  
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,  
That with his very heart despatch me?  
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;  
Because I love him, I must pity him.  
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,  
To bind him to remember my good will,  
And now am I (unhappy messenger!)  
To plead for that which I would not obtain;  
To carry that which I would have refuse'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._

_Gentlewoman._ Good day. — I pray you, be my mean  
To bring me there to speak with madam Silvia.  

_Sil._ What would you with her, if I be she?  

_Jul._ If you be she, I do entreat your patience  
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.  

_Sil._ From whom?  

_Jul._ From my master, sir Proteus, madam.  

_Sil._ Of! he sends you for a picture.  

_Jul._ Ay, madam.  

_Sil._ Ursula, bring my picture there.A Picture brought._

_Go, give your master this: tell him from me,_

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,  
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.  
Pardon me, madam; I have unaudac'd [Giving a letter.  
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not:  
This is the letter to your ladyship. [Giving another letter.  
_Sil._ I pray thee, let me look on that again.  

_Jul._ It may not be: good madam, pardon me.  

_Sil._ There, hold. [Giving it back._

_I will not look upon your master's lines: I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,  
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break,  
As easily as I do tear his paper._

_Jul._ Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.  

_Sil._ The more shame for him that he sends it me;  
For, I have heard him say, a thousand times,  
His Julia gave it him at his departure.  

Though his false finger have profess'd the ring,  
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.  

_Jul._ She thanks you.  

_Sil._ What say'st thou?  

_Jul._ I thank you, madam, that you tender her.  

_Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much._

_Sil._ Dost thou know her?  

_Jul._ Almost as well as I do know myself:  
To think upon her woes, I do protest,  
That I have wept a hundred several times.  

_Sil._ Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath forsook her.  

_Jul._ I think she doth, and that's her cause of sorrow.  

_Sil._ Is she not passing fair?  

_Jul._ She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.  

_When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
The air hath stardy'd the roses in her cheeks,  
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,  
That now she is become as black as I._

_Sil._ How tall was she?  

_Jul._ About my stature; for, at pentecost,  
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown,  
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgments,  
As if the garment had been made for me:  
Therefore, I know she is about my height,  
And at that time I made her weep a-good.  
For I did play a lamentable part,  
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning  
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight;  
Which I so lively acted with my tears,  
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,  
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead,  
If in I thought felt not her very sorrow.  

_Sil._ She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.—  
Alas, poor lady! desolate and left!—  
I weep myself, to think upon thy words,  
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this  
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.  

_Farewell._  

[Exit Silvia._

_Jul._ And she shall thank you for it, if e'er you know her. —

_A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful! I hope my master's suit will be but cold,  
Since she respects her mistress' love so much.  
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!  
Here is her picture. Let me see: I think,  
If I had such a tire, this face of mine  
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;_
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 fall; 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 Thurio, 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 spur’d 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. ’T is true, such pearls as put out ladies’ eyes; For I had rather wink than look on them. [Aside. Thu. How likes she my discourse? Pro. Ill, when you talk of war. Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace. Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace. [Aside.


Come, shadow come, and take this shadow up, For ’tis thy rival. O thou senseless form! Thou shalt be worshipp’d, kiss’d, lov’d, and ador’d; And, were there sense in his idolatry, My substance should be statue in thy stead. I’ll use thee kindly for thy mistress’ sake, That us’d me so; or else, by Jove I vow, I should have scratch’d out your unseeing eyes, To make my master out of love with thee. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Silvia, and Outlaws.

1 Out. Come, come; be patient, we must bring you to our captain. [Drawing her in. Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one Have learn’d me how to break this patiently. 2 Out. Come, bring her away. 1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her? 3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us; But Moyes, and Valerius, follow him. Go thon with her to the west end of the wood; There is our captain. We’ll follow him that’s fled; The thicket is beset; he cannot scape. 1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain’s cave. Fear not; he bears an honourable mind, And will not use a woman lawlessly. Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man! These shadowy, desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopleed towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion too long tenantless,
Lest, growing rancious, the building fail,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia.
Thou gentle nymph, eternal forlorn swain!—
These my rude mutes, 2 that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do,
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?—

[Aside.] 4

Enter Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service having 2 done for you,
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
That would have fore'd your honour and your love, 8
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg.
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this, I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
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 your presence.

[Aside.]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjurd Proteus:
Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look.
O! 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read 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'st two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plentiful faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro.

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. [Aside.]

I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. [Coming forward.] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine! [love; Sil. Thou common friend, that's without faith or

[For such is a friend now] treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. Now dare I to say,
I have one friend alive, thou wouldst dispute me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deep'st. 0 time accurst!
'Mongst all my foes 2 a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and desperate guilt at one 11 confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then, I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'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 't is: this is it. [Gives a ring.

Pro. How! let me see.
This is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [Shoves another ring.
Pro. But, how can't thou by this ring?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury clef't the root!
O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed, 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!

But, constant, he were perfect: that one error [signs:
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all the Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye? 2
Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close:
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with Duke and Thurio.

Out. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear: forbear, I say: it is my lord the duke.—

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

1. sing. 2. Not in f. e. 3. are my mates: in f. e. 4. Steps aside: in f. e. 5. I have: in f. e. 6. f. e. have a period. 7. f. e. have a semi colon. 8. swore. 9. Not in f. e. 10. that: in f. e. 11. My shame and guilt confound: in f. e.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano's shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch.
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe.—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd:
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, 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.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd; I pardon them, and thee
Dispose of them, as thou know'st of their deserts.
Come; let us go: we will conclude all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this stripling page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him: he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying, Valentine?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus; 'tis your pensance, 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.
SIR HUGH EVANS, DOCTOR CAUS, HOST OF THE GARTER, 1770.

Merry Wives of Windsor. Act III. Scene 1.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
FENTON.
SHALLOW, a Country Justice.
SLENDER, Cousin to Shallow.
FORD, Two Gentlemen dwelling at Windsor.
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.

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

SCENE, Windsor; and the Parts adjacent.

ACT I.


Enter Justice Shallow, Sweeney, 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 Falstaff, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire.

Slen. In the county of Gloucester, justice of peace, and coroner.

Shal. Ay, cousin Slenner, and cust-alorum.

Slen. Ay, and ratolorum too; and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself armigerus; in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, armigerus.

Shal. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slen. All his successors, gone before him, have done it; and all his ancestors, that come after him, may: they may give the dozen white lucres in their coat.

Shal. It is an old coat.

Eva. The dozen white louses do become an old coat well; it agrees well, passant: it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love.

Slen. The luce is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Shal. I may quarter, coz?

Slen. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring, indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per-lady: if he has a quarter of your coat, there is but three skirts for yourself, in your simple conjectures. But that is all one; if sir John Falstaff have committed disparities unto you, I am of the church, and will be glad to do my benevolence, to make amends and compromises between you.

Shal. The council shall hear it: it is a riot.

Eva. It is not meet the council hear a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot. The council, look you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizziments in that.

1. A title by which the clergy were ordinarily addressed.
2. The old name for a pike—an allusion to the coat of arms of the Lucy's.
3. Enter Page in f. e.
Page. I am glad to see your worship's well. I thank you for your venison, master Shallow.

Shal. Master Page, I am glad to see you: much good do it your good heart. I wished your venison better; it was ill kill'd.—How doth good mistress Page?—and I thank you always with my heart, la; with my heart.

Page. Sir, thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yes and no, I do.

Page. I am glad to see you, good master Slender.

Slen. How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on Costume.2

Page. It could not be judged, sir.

Slen. You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

Shal. That he will not;—tis your fault, 'tis your fault.2—'T is a good dog.

Page. A cur, sir.

Shal. Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? he is good, and fair. Is sir John Falstaff here?

Page. Sir, he is within; and I would I could do a good office between you.

Eva. Even she spake 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.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king.

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your keeper's daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight:—I have done all this.—That is now answered.

Shal. The council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. Pauca verba, sir John; good words.

Fal. Good words? good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern, and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! pauca, pauca; slice! that's my humour.

Slen. Where's Simple, my man?—can you tell, cousin?

Eva. Peace! I pray you. Now let us understand: there is three umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, master Page, fideltet, master Page; and there is myself, fidelius myself; and the three party is, lastly and finally, mine host of the Garter.

Page. We three, to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot: I will make a prief of it in my note-book; and we will afterwards 'ork upon the cause, with as great discreetly as we can.

Pist. Pistol!

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this?

"He hears with ear?" Why, it is affectations.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,4 that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yed Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John and master mine, I combat challenge of this latter bilbo;5 Word of denial in thy labras6 here;

Word of denial; froth and scum, thou liest.

Slen. By these gloves, then 'tis he was.

Nym. Be advised, sir, and do good humours. I will say, "marry trap,"7 with you, if you run the nuthook's8 humour on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, Scarlet and John?9

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is! Bard. And being fay,10 sir, was, as they say, cashier'd;11 and so conclusions pass'd the carriers.12

Slen. Ay, you speak in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter. I'll never be drunk whilst I live, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So God jUDGE me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen; you hear it.

Enter Anne Page with wine; and Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within.

[Exit Anne Page.

Slen. Oh heaven! this is mistress Anne Page.

[Following and looking after her.13

Page. How now, mistress Ford!

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress. [Kissing her.

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome.—Come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner: come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness.

[Exeunt all but Shallow, Slender, and Evans.

Slen. I had rather than forty shi'llings, I had my book of songs and sonnets here.—

Enter Simple.

Page. 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 Sylvester upon Allhallowmas last, a fortnight after Michaelmas?10

1 Not in f. e. 2 Cotswold: in f. e. Cotswold-downs, in Gloucestershire, a famous place for rural sports. 3 The old name for cabbage. 4 This cheese was extremely thin. 5 Shilling pieces, used in playing shuffle-board, and probably better fitted for the game by being heavier than the common coin, and so commanding a premium. 6 A term in horsemanship, for galloping a horse backwards and forwards. 7 This direction is not in f. e.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE III.

Falstaff, Host, 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. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a-week.

Host. Thou'rt an emperor, Cesar, Reiser, and Pheazar. I will entertain Bardolph: he shall draw, he shall tap: said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

1 command: in t. o.  2 Not in f. e.  3 A famous bear, often baited at Paris Garden.  4 expression.  5 A sharper.
Host. I have spoke; let him follow.—Let me see thee forth, and time! I am at a word; follow. [Exit Host.
Fal. Bardolph, follow him. A tapster is a good wight: 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.
[Exit Bardolph.
Pist. O base Gongarian! wilt thou the spigot wield?
Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humour connected? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humour of it.
Fal. I am glad I am so aquit of this tinder-box: his thefts were too open; his phlegm was like an unskilful singer, he kept not time.
Nym. The good humour is to steal at a minims' rest.
Pist. Convey the wise it call. Steal? foa! a fico for the phrase!
Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.
Pist. Why then, let kibes ensue.
Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-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 lads, I will tell you what I am about.
Pist. Two yards, and more.
Fal. No quips, no pique, 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 scarce, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behaviour, to be Englished rightly, is, "I am sir John Falstaff's.
Pist. He hath studied her will, and translated her well; out of honesty into English.
Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humour pass?
Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; he hath a legion of angels.
Pist. As many devils entertain, and "To her, boy," say I.
Nym. The humour rises; it is good: humour me the angels.
Pist. I have writ me here a letter to her; and here another to Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious oiliads: sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.
Pist. Then did the sun on dunghill shine.
Nym. I thank thee for that humour.
Fal. O! she did so course o'er my exterior with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to search me up like a burning glass. Here's another letter to her; she bears the purse too; she is a region in Guinea, all gold and beauty. I will be cheated! to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me: they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to mistress Page; and thou this to mistress Ford. We will thrive, lads, 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 humour: here, take the humour-letter. I will keep the 'haviour of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [to Robin.] bear you these letters tightly:
Sail like my pinnae* to these golden shores.—
Rogues, hence! avoind! vanish like hailstones, go; Trudge, plod away o' the hoof; seek shelter, pack! Falstaff will learn the humour10 of the age,
French thrift, you rogues: myself, and skirled page.
[Exit Falstaff and Robin.
Pist. Let vultures grip thy guts! for gourd, and fullam holds,
And high and low11 beguiile the rich and poor.
Tester12 I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,
Base Phrygian Turk.
Nym. Hears not Mr. Exchequer, which be honours of re-
Pist. Wilt thou revenge?
Nym. By welkin, and her star.s.13
Pist. With wit, or steel?
Nym. With both the honours, I: will discuss the humour of this love to Page.14
Pist. And I to Ford14 shall eye unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.
Nym. My humour shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humour.
Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on.

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 't soon at night, in faith, at the latter end of a sea-coat fire.—An honest, willing, kind fellow, as ever servant shall come in house shall; and, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-bate*: his worst fault is, that he is given to prayer; he is something peevish16 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 grover's paring-knife?
Sim. No, forsooth: he hath but a little wee face, with a little yellow beard; a Caius-coloured beard.17
Quick. A softly-sprighted man, is he not?
Sim. Ay, forsooth; but he is as tall18 as I am, and between this and his head; he hath fought with a warrencer.
Quick. How say you?—O! I should remember him: does he not hold up his head, as it were, and strut in his gait?
Sim. Yes, indeed, does he.
Quick. Well, heaven send Anne Page no worse fortune! Tell master parson Evans, I will do what I can for your master: Anne is a good girl, and I wish——
Re-enter Rugby, running.
Rug. Out, alas! here comes my master.

1 Froth beer by putting in soap, adding lime to sweet to make it foam. 2 Some read: Hungarian, i.e. Bohemian or gipsy. 3 minute's: in f. o. 4 carves: in f. o. 5 will: in f. o. 6 An old coin. 7 bounty: in f. o. 8 Exchequer, an office of the Exchequer. 9 A small vessel; the word is often used for a go-between. 10 The folio and some of the f. o. honour. 11 Cain terms for dice. 12 St. pence. 13 star's in f. o. 14 Knight, following the folio of 1625 transposes these names. 15 Debates. 16 Silly. 17 The quartos have care-colored—Cain was painted in old tapestries with a yellow beard. 18 Fins
Quick. We shall all be shent.¹ 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 my² master; [Exit Rugby.] I doubt, he be not well, that he comes not here:— and down, down, adown-a,³ &c. [Sings.]

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like dese toys. Pray you, go and viech me in my closet; un boltier word: 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! ma foi, il fait ford chaud. Je m'en vais à la cou[r]-the 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 are John Rugby, and you are Jack Rugby together, take-a your rapiers, and come after my heel to de court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, sir, here in the porech.

Caius. By my troth, I tarry too long.—Oh! me! Quoi j'oublie? dere is some simples in my closet, dat I will not for the world I shall leave behind. [Going to it.] Quick. [Aside.] Ah me! he'll find the young man there, and he be mad.

Caius. O double, dable! vat is in my closet?—Vil-lainy! larron! [Dragging Simple out.] Rugby, my rapiers!

Quick. Good master, be content.

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 errand to me from parson Hugh.

Caius. Voll.

Sim. Ay, forsooth, to desire her to— Quick. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace-a your tongue!—Speak-a your tale. Sim. To desire this honest gentlewoman, your maid, to speak a good word to mistress Anne Page for my master, in the way of marriage.

Quick. This is all, indeed, la; but I'll ne'er put my finger in the fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir Hugh send-a you?—Rugby, boillez me some paper: tarry you a littel-a while. [Writer]

Quick. I am glad he is so quiet: if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy.—But notwithstanding, man, I'll do you your master what good I can: and the very yea and the no is, the French doctor, my master,—I may call him my master, look you, for I keep his house; and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress meat and drink, make the beds, and do all myself.—

Sim. '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 no words of it) my master himself is in love with mistress Anne Page: but notwithstanding that, I know Anne's mind; that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You jack'nape, give-a a dis letter to Sir Hugh. By gar, it is a challenge: I will cut his trost in de park; and I will teach a securv jack'nape priest to meddle or make.—You may be gone; it is not good you tarry here:—by gar, I will cut all his two stones; by gar, he shall not have a stone to trow at his dog. [Exit Simple.]

Quick. Alas! he speaks but for his friend.

Caius. It is no matter-a for dat:—do not you tell-a me, dat I shall have Anne Page for myself?—By gar, I will kill de Jack priest; and I have appointed mine Host of de Jarretière to measure our weapon.—By gar, I will myself have Anne Page.

Quick. Sir, the maid loves you, and all shall be well. We must give folks leave to prate: what, the good year!

Caius. Rugby, come to the court vit me.—By gar, if I have not Anne Page, I shall turn your head out of my door. —Follow my heels, Rugby. [Exit Caius and Rugby.]

Quick. You shall have An fool's-head of your own.

No, I know Anne's mind for that: never a woman in Windsor knows more of Anne's mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank heaven.


Enter Fenton.

Fent. How now, good woman! how dost thou? Quick. The better, that it pleases your good worship to ask.

Fent. What news? how does pretty mistress Anne? Quick. In truth, sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle; and one that is your friend, I can tell you that by the way; I praise heaven for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good, think'est 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, whereby hangs a tale.—Good faith, it is such another Nan;—but, I detest, an honest maid as ever broke bread:—we had an hour's talk of that wart.—I shall never laugh but in that maid's company;—but, indeed, she is given too much to alliholly and musing. But for you—well, go to.

Fent. Well, I shall see her to-day. Hold, there's money for thee; let me have thy voice in my behalf: if thou seest her before me, commend me—

Quick. Will I! I' faith, that I' will; and I will tell your worship more of the wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other woes.

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 ’scaped love-letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see. [Reads.]

"Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I: go to then, there’s a sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then, there’s more sympathy: you love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, mistress Page, (at 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.

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 Herold of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked, world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil’s name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been 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 parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him! for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I’ll ne’er believe that: I have to 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 trifling respect, I could come to such honour.

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour. What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest. —Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so, thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn day-light:—here, read, read; [giving a letter]—perceive how I might be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What read you?—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 tun’s 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, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writh 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 withal; for, sure, unless he know some stain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding call it you? 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-bated delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not 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 as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let’s consult together against this greedy knight. Come hither. [They retire.]

Enter Ford, Pistol, Page, and Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope, it be not so.

Pist. Hope is 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 gally-mawfry: Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent, or go thou,
Like sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels.

O! odious is the name.

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say. Farewell:

Take heed; have open eye, for thieves do foot by night:
Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo birds do sing.—
Away, sir corporal Nym.

Nym. Beloved, let Page, he speaks sense.4 [Exit Pist. Ford. I will be patient: I will find out this. Nym. And this is true; [to Page.] I like not the

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1 precision: in f. e. 2 Become hackneyed or common—an allusion to the commonness with which James I. conferred the distinction. 3 A very popular air to which many ballads were written. 4 f. e. give this speech to Pistol.
humour of lying. He hath wronged me in some
luminous: I should have borne the humoured letter to
her, but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my
necessity. He loves your wife; 'tis the short and
the long. My name is corporal Nyn: I speak, and I
avouch 'tis true:—my name is Nyn, and Falstaff
loves your wife.—Adieu. I love not the humour of
bread and cheese. Adieu. [Exit Nyn.
Page. The humour 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 drawling-affected rogue.
Ford. If I do find it, well.
Page. I will not believe such a Caitian, 1 though the
priest of the town commended him for a true man.
Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.
Page. How now, Meg! 
Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George?—Hark you.
Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank! Why art thou
melancholy?
Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy.—Get
you home, go.
Mrs. Ford. ' Faith, thou hast some crotchets in thy
head now.—Will you go, mistress Page?
Mrs. Page. Have you with you.—You'll come to dinner,
George? [Aside to Mrs. Ford.] Look, who comes yonder:
sh'se shall be our messenger to this palty knight.
Enter Mrs. Quickly.
Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.
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: 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 con-
fident; 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 merry.—How, now,
mine host!
[Enter Host.*
Host. How now, bully-rouk! thou'rt a gentleman.
Cavaliero-justice, I say.
[Enter Shallow.
Shal. I follow, mine host, I follow.—Good even, and
with twenty, good master Page. Master Page, will you go
with us? we have sport in hand.
Host. Tell him, cavaliero-justice; tell him, bully-
rouk.
Shal. Sir, there is a fray to be fought between sir
Hugh, the Welsh priest, and Caius, the French doctor.
Ford. Good mine Host of the Garter, a word with you.
Host. What say'st thou, my bully-rouk?
[They go aside.
Shal. Will you [to Page] go with us to behold it?
My merry host hath had the measuring of their weapons,
and, I think; hath appointed them contrary places; for,
believe me, I hear, the parson is no jester. Hark, I
will tell you what our sport shall be.
Host. Host thou no suit against my knight, my
guest-cavalier?
Ford. None, I protest: but I'll give you a pot of
burnt sack to give me recourse to him, and tell him,
my name is Brook; only for a jest.
Host. My hand, bully: thou shalt have cressus and
regress; said I well? and thy name shall be Brook.
It is a merry knight.—Will you go on here?
Shal. Have you with you, mine host.
Page. I have heard, the Frenchman hath good skill
in his rapier.
Shal. Tut, sir! I could have told you more: in these
times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccoades,
and I know not what; 'tis the heart, master Page:—
'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my
long sword, I would have made you four fellow skippers
like rats.
Host. Here, boys, here, here! shall we wag?
Page. Have with you.—I had rather hear them
scold than see them fight.
[Exeunt Host, Shallow, and Page.
Ford. Though Page be a secure fool, and stands so
firmly on his wife's fidelity, yet I cannot put off my
opinion so easily: she was in his company at Page's
house, and what they made there, I know not. Well,
I will look farther into 't; and I have a device to
sound Falstaff. If I find her honest, I lose not my
livery; if she be otherwise, 'tis labour well bestowed.
[Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

[Enter Falstaff and Pistol.
Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.
Pist. Why, then the world's a mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.—
Fal. Not a penny. I have been content, sir, you
should lay my countenance to pawn: I have grated
upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and
your couch-fellow, Nyn; or else you had looked
through the grate, like a gemini of baboons. I am
damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen, my friends,
you were good soldiers, and tall fellows: and when
mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't
upon mine honour thon hadst it not.
Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen
pence?
Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: think'st thou, I'll
endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more
about me, I am no gibbet for you:—go.—A short knife
and a thong:—to your manor of Pickt-hatch, 2 go.—
You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue!—you stand
upon your honour!—Why, thou unconfined baseness,
it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my
honour precise. f, f, I myself sometimes, leaving the
fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honour
in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to

1. Caitian, Cathay, or China.
2. f. o. have. Enter Host and Shallow.  
4. coach A London locality of
bad fame.
lunch; and yet, you rogue, will ensnare your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice\(^1\) phrases, and your bold-beating\(^2\) oaths, under the shelter of your honour! You will not do it, you?

*Pist.* I do relent: what wouldst thou more of man?

*Enter Robin.*

*Rod.* Sir, here’s a woman would speak with you.

*Fal.* Let her approach.

*Enter Mistress Quickly.*

*Quick.* Give your worship good-morrow.

*Fal.* Good-morrow, good wife.

*Quick.* Not so, an’t please your worship.

*Fal.* Good maid, then.

*Quick.* I’ll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

*Fal.* I do believe the swearer. What with me?

*Quick.* Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

*Fal.* Two thousand, fair woman; and I’ll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

*Quick.* There is one mistress Ford, sir:—I pray, come a little nearer this ways.—I myself dwell with master doctor Cajus.

*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 wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

*Fal.* Mistress Ford;—come, mistress Ford.

*Quick.* Marry, this is the short and the long of it. You have brought her into such a canaries, as it is wonderful the best couriers of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary; yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly, all musk, and so rushing, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman’s heart, and, I warrant you, they could never get an eye-wink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me of a morning\(^3\); 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 has been carls, nay, which is more pensioners\(^4\); but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

*Fal.* But what says she to me? be brief, my good she Mercery.

*Quick.* Marry, she hath received your letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

*Fal.* Ten and eleven?

*Quick.* Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, what you wot of; master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he’s a very jealous man; she leads a very tramplold\(^5\) 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 as furtious a civil modest wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss you morning nor 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, la; yes, in truth.

*Fal.* Not I, I assure thee: setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

*Quick.* Blessing on your heart for’t!

*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 your little page, of all loves;\(^6\) her husband has a marvellous infeention 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 her—Quick, 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,\(^7\) that you may know one another’s mind, and the boy never need to understand any thing: for ’t is 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 distracts me.

*Exit Mrs. Quickly and Robin.*

*Pist.* This punk is one of Cupid’s carriers.—Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your fights.\(^8\) Give fire! She is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

*Exit Pistol.*

*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, ‘t is grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

*Enter Bardolph.*

*Bard.* Sir John, there’s one master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning’s draught of sack.\(^9\)

*Fal.* Brook, is his name?

*Bard.* Ay, sir.

*Fal.* Call him in; [Exit Bardolph.] Such Brocks are welcome to me, that o’erflow such liquor. Ah! mistress Ford and mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go lo; via!—Re-enter Bardolph, with Ford disguised.

*Ford.* Bless you, sir.

*Fal.* And you, sir: would you speak with me?

*Ford.* I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

*Fal.* You’re welcome. What’s your will?—Give us leave, drawer.

*Exit Bardolph.*

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1. All-houses. 2. Mr. Drye suggests bear-binding. 3. Given me this morning: in f. e. 4. Elizabeth’s hand of pensioners wore a spangled uniform, and so perhaps excited Dame Quickly’s admiration. They were also men of fortune. 5. Taverns. 6. By all means. 7. Watchword. 8. Coverts of some kind put up to protect the men in an engagement. 9. It was a common custom to bestow presents of wine in Shakespeare’s day.
Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much: my name is Brook.
Fal. Good master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.
Ford. Good sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you, for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for the lender than you are: the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseasoned intrusion, for, they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.
Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.
Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me: if you will help to bear it sir John, take half, or all,1 for easing of the carriage.
Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.
Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.
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 open mine own imperfection; but, good sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sth 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 doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd 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, mead, I am sure, I have received none, unless experience be a jewel; that I have been enchanted at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this:
Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that 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 mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: you are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.
Fal. O, sir!

Footnotes:
1 take all, or half; in f. e. 2 soul : m f e 3 Knowing himself one

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 exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honour 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 securely on the excellency of her honour, that the folly of my suit2 dares not present itself: she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves; I could drive her, then, from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other her defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to'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 rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.
Ford. I am blest in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?
Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not.—Yet I wrong him to call him poor: they say, the jealous wittol knave hath masses of money, for the which his wife seems to me well-favoured. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldry rogue's coffer, and there's my harvest-home.
Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir, that you might avoid him, if you saw him.
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 meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: master Brook, thou shalt know I will predomi-
nate 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, shall know him for a knave and cuckold.—Come to me soon at night.

[Exit.

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience.—Who says, this is improvident 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 of name!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbaras, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust his wife, he will not be jealous: I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh the Welshman with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua vitae bottle, or a thief to walk
my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she runnites, 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! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! [Exit."

SCENE III.—Windsor Park.

Enter CAIUS and RUGBY.

Caius. Jack Rugby!

Rug. Sir.

Caius. Vais de clock, Jack?

Rug. 'Tis past the hour, sir, that sir Hugh promised to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his soul, dat he is no come: he has pray his Pible veal, dat he is no come. By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, sir; he knew your worship would kill him, if he came.

Caius. By gar, de herring is no dead, so as I will kill him. Take your rapier, Jack; I will tell you how I will kill him.

Rug. Alas, sir! I cannot fence. [Runs back afraid.]

Caius. Villainy, take your rapier.

Rug. Forsbear; here’s company.

Enter Host, SHALLOW, SLENDER, and PAGE.

Host. Bless thee, bully doctor.

Shal. Save you, master doctor Caius.

Page. Now, good master doctor.

Shal. Give you good-morrow, sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight; to see thee fain, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy panto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my Ethiopian? is he dead, my Francesio? ha, bully! What says my Zesen-lapius? 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. 3 Hector of Greece, my boy.

Caius. I pray you, bear witness that I 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 hair of your professions. Is it not true, master Page?

Page. Master Shallow, you have yourself been a great fighter, though now a man of peace.

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-water! vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our English tongue, is valour, bully.

Caius. By gar, then, I have as much mock-water as de Englishman.—Seurvy jack-dog priest! by gar, me will cut his ears.

Host. That is, he will make thee amend.

Caius. By gar, me do look, he shall elappen-do-claw me; for, by gar, me will have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to’t, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, bully.—But first, master guest, and master Page, and cde cavaliero Slenor; go you through the town to Frogmore. [Aside to them.]

Page. Sir Hugh is there, is he?

Host. He is there: see what humour he is in, and I will bring the doctor about by the fields. Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it.


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 shall woo her. Curds and cream, I said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you for dat: by gar, I love you; and I shall procure-a you do 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; vell 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 Slenor’s servingman, and friend Simple by your name, which way have you looked for master Caius, that calls himself Doctor of Physic?

Sim. Marry, sir, the pit-way, the park-way, 3 old Windsor way, and every way, but the town way.

Eva. I most vehemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, sir. [Retiring.

Eva. Pless my soul, how full of choler I am, and trembling of mind!—I shall be glad, if he have deceived me. How melancholy I am!—I will knog his urinals about his knave’s costard, when I have good opportunities for the ‘ork.—Pless my soul! [Sings.

1 This direction is not in f. c. 2 The elder has a soft pitch. 3 Knight reads, Castilian, King-Urinal. The Spaniards were, of course, in great disfavour with the English when this play was written. 4 cried game: in f. c. 5 the petty-ward, the park-ward, every way: in f. c.
To shallow rivers, to whose falls; Melodious birds sing madrigals; There will we make our peals 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 Paphion, And a thousand vagrant posies.

To shallow—

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? Simon. No weapons, 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, SHALLOW, and SLENDER. Shal. How now, master parson! Good-morrow, good sir Hugh. Keep a gamaster 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. Piss you from his 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. Fery 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. 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 a mess of porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more knowledge in Hibernocrates and Galen,—and he is a knave besides; a cowardly knave, as you would desire 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 master doctor Caius. [Enter Host, Caius, and REGENCY. Page. Nay, good master parson, keep in your weapon. Shal. So do you, good master doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their limbs whole, and hack our English.

Caius. I pray you, let me speak a word vit your ear: veriefore will 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 ape.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be laughing-stogs to other men's humours; I desire you in friendship, and I will one way or other make you amends.—I will knog your urinals about your knave's egscomb for missing your meetings and appointments.

Caius. Diable!—Enter 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.

Host. Peace, I say! Gallia and Guallia, French and Welsh; soul-eurer and body-eurer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good: excellent.

Host. Peace, I say! I hear mine Host of the Garter. Am I polite? am I subtile? am I a Machiavel? 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 proverbs and the nonverbs.—Give me thy hands, celestial and terrestrial;—so—Boys of art, I have deceived you both; I have directed you to wrong places: your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole, and let burnt sack be the issue.

—Come, lay their swords to pawn.—Follow me, lad of peace: follow, follow, follow.

Shal. Trust me, a mad host.—Follow, gentlemen, follow.

Slen. O, sweet Anne Page! [Exeunt SHALLOW, SLENDER, PAGE, and Host.

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat! have you make-a a do set of us? ha, ha, ha!

Host. This is well, he has made us his vulturing-stog.—I desire you, that we may be friends, and let us knog our prains together to be revenge on this same scall, scurry, cogging companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, vit all my heart. He promise to bring me vere is Anne Page: by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his noddles.—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 mistress 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 will 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 weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dicken's his name is my husband had him of.—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 his 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.

1 A quotation from Marlowe's "Passionate Pilgrim." 2 Not in E. 3 The folios have: hands celestial, so. Malbone altered it to "Give me thy hand terrestrial, so; give me thy hand celestial, so." 4 Scalde-head.
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 pieces out his wife’s inclination; he gives her folly motion, and advantage: and now she’s going to my wife, and Falstaff’s boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind:— and Falstaff’s boy with her!—Good plots!—they are laid; and our revolting wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him; thou, torture my wife, pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-scarring mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and willful Acton; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall cry aim. [Clock strikes ten.] The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff. I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Sir Hugh Evans, Caicus, and Rugby.

Page. Shal. 5e. 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 fancy 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.
Caicus. Ay, by gar; and de maid is love-a 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 #, he will carry *; # is in his buttons; he will carry *.
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 waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.
Ford. I beseech you, heartily, some of you go-home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master doctor, you shall go:—so shall you, master Page;—and you, sir Hugh.
Shal. Well, fare you well.—We shall have the freer wounding at master Page’s.

[Exit Shallow and Slender.
Caicus. 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 shall make him dance. Will you go, gentles?
All. Have with you, to see this monster. [Exit.

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! 

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 brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John, and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and (without any pause or stopping) take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whistlers 4 in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the mudd’st ditch close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?
Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exeunt Servants.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyes-musket 5 what news with you?

Rob. Your master, sir John, is come in at your back-door, mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I’ll be sworn: my master knows not of your being here: and hath threatened to put me into everlasting libery, 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. [Exit Robin.

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee: if I do not act it, hiss me.

[Exit Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Go to, then: we’ll use this unworthy humility, this gross watery pummon;—we’ll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly jewel? 6 Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough: this is the period of my ambition. 0 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 arch’d beauty of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian adornment.

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 wouldest make an absolute courtier; and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thouwert, if fortune thy foot were not, 7 nature thy friend: come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there’s no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there’s something extraordinary in thee. Come; I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a

1. Apparel—a term in archery. 2. Not in f. e. 3. Where: in f. e. 4. Property. 5. Waisterwomen. 6. An eye, is a young hawk, a musket from the Italian muschetto, a little hawk. 7. A jack, or puppet thrown at as a mark; in Lent. 8. A line from Sidney’s Astrophel and Stella. 9. If fortunes were not thy foe.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

SCENE III.

Mrs. Page. What! sir John Falstaff? Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee: help me away; let me creep in here; I’ll never—

[He gets into the basket, and falls over:—they cover him with foul linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help, cover your master, boy. Call your men, mistress Ford,—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John! Robert! John! [Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly; where’s the cloth-staff? look, how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it.—How now! whither bear you this? Serve. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? you were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck, and of the season too, it shall appear. [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 warrant, we'll unkennel the fox.—Let me stop this way first:—so, now 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.]

Ev. This is very fantastical humour, and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France: it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, 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 strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think, my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff’s being here, for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that; and we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his disolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carion, mistress Quickly, to him, and excise his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We’ll do it: let him be sent for to-morrow eight o’clock, to have amends.

Re-enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Ford. I cannot find him: may be, the knave bragg’d of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?


Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, master

1 Herb. 2 Not in f. e. 3 A stick for two to carry a basket with two handles by. 4 Drene, loiter.
Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Pie, fie, master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience: your wife is as honest a woman as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is 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 rurd.


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.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Page's House.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy father's love; therefore, no more turn me to him, sweet Nan.

Anne. Alas! how then?

Fent. Why, thou must be thyself. He doth object, I am too great of birth.
And that my state being gall'd with my expense, I seek to heal it only by his wealth.
Beside these, other bars he lays before me,—
My riots past, my wild societies;
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, heaven so speed me in my time to come!
Albeit, I will confess, thy father's wealth
Was the first motive that I woo'd thee, Anne:
Yet, wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than stamps in gold, or sums in sealed bags;
And 'tis the very riches of thyself
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle master Fenton,
Yet seek my father's love; still seek it, sir:
If opportunity and humblest suit
Cannot attain it, why then,—Hark you hither.

[They talk apart.]

Enter SHALLOW, SLENDER, and MRS. QUICKLY.

Shal. Break their talk, mistress Quickly, my kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a shaft or a bolt on't. 'Slid, 'tis but yermauring.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. 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.

1 Not in f. o.

Anne. I come to him.—This is my father's choice.
O, what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

Quick. And how does good master Fenton? Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming; to her, coz. O boy! thou hast a father.

Slen. 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.

Slen. Ay, that I do; as well as I love any woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a gentlewoman.

Slen. 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.

[Sends back.

Anne. Now, master Slender.

Slen. Now, good mistress Anne.

Anne. What is your will?

Slen. My will? od's heartlings! that's a pretty jest, indeed. I ne'er made my will yet, I thank heaven; I am not such a sickly creature, I give heaven praise.

Anne. I mean, master Slender, what would you with me?

Slen. Truly, for mine own part, I would little or nothing with you. Your father, and my uncle, have made motions: if it be my luck, so; if not, happy man be his does. They can tell you how things go, better than I can: you may ask your father; here he comes.

Enter Page and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, master Slender!—Love him, daughter Anne.

Why, how now! what does master Fenton here?
You wrong me, sir, thus still to haunt my house:
I told you, sir, my daughter is disposed of.

Fent. Nay, master Page, be not impatient.

Mrs. Page. Good master Fenton, come not to my child.

Page. She is no match for you.

Fen. Sir, will you hear me?

Page. No, no, good master Fenton.

Come, master Shallow;—come, son Slender;—in—
Knowing my mind, you wrong me, master Fenton.

[Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Quick. Speak to mistress Page.

Fent. Good mistress Page, for that I love your daughter
In such a righteous fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all cheeks, rebukes, and manners,
I must advance the colours of my love,
And not retire: let me have your good will.

Anne. Good mother, do not marry me to you! fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not; I seek you a better husband.

Quick. That's my master, master doctor.

Anne. Alas! I had rather be set quick i' the earth,
And bow'd to death with turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not yourself. Good master Fenton,
I will not be your friend, nor enemy:
**SCENE V.**

**THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.**

**Exit.**

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.]

Fent. Farewell, gentle mistress.—Farewell, Nan.

Quick. This is my doing, now.—Nay, said I, will you cast away your child on a fool, and a physician? look on, master Fenton.—This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee, once to-night give my sweet Nan this ring. There's for thy pains.

[Exit.]

Quick. Now, heaven send thee good fortune! A kind heart he hath: a woman would run through fire and water for such a kind heart. But yet I would my master had mistress Anne; or I would master Sir John 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 will be as good as my word; but especially for master Fenton. Well, I must of another errand to sir John Falstaff from my two mistresses: what a beast am I to slack it.

[Exit.]

**SCENE V.—A Room in the Garter Inn.**

**Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.**

Fal. Bardolph, I say!

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't. [Exit Bard.] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal, and to be thrown in the Thames? Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a blind bitch's puppies, fifteen i't 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 drown. 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.

Fal. Bardolph, with the sack.

Bard. Here's mistresse Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour 'em in some to the Thames water; for my belly's so cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

**Enter Mrs. Quickly.**

Quick. By your leave:—I cry you mercy: give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices. Go, brew me a bottle of sack finely.

Bottle. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperm in my brewage. [Exit Bardoph.] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir: I come to your worship from mistresse Ford.

Fal. Mistresse 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 mistook their ejection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine. I must carry her word quickly; she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: tell her so; and bid her think, what a man is: let her consider his frailty, and then judge of her merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir.

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of master Brook: he sent me word to stay within. I like his money well. O! here he comes.

**Enter Ford.**

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. Now, master Brook; you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you. I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And spet you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favouredly, master Brook.

Ford. Howso, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, master Brook; but the peaking cornuto her husband, master Brook, dwelling in a continual larium of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and, as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What was where you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one mistresse Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach: and by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket; rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, master Brook; there was the rankest compound of villainous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, master Brook; what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistresses, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchelanne: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave, their master, in the door, who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket. I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright; to be detected with a jealous rotten devil-worship, 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 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half sweated in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and eooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit, then, is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

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. Mistresses Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by: I'll but bring my young man here to school. Look, where his master comes: 'tis a playing day, I see.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

How now, sir Hugh! no school to-day?

Eva. No; master Slender is get1 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. Pulecher.

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.

Eva. And what is a stone, William?

Will. A pebble.

Eva. No, it is lapsis: I pray you remember in your prain.

Will. Lapis.

Eva. That is good, William. What is he, William, that does lend articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the pronoun; and be thus declined, Singulariter, nominativo, hic, haec, hoc.

Eva. Nominativo, hig, hag, hog:—pray you, mark: genitivo, hujus. Well, what is your accusative case?

Will. Accusativo, hine.

Eva. I pray you eight have your remembrance, child; accusativo, hing, hang, hog.

Quick. Hang hog is Latin for bacon, I warrant you.

1 lot: in f. e. 2 Breeched, whipped. 3 Spry, quick.

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-baskets.—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the leech; 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.

Eva. Leave your prabbles, 'oman.—What is the vocative case, William?

Will. O—vocativo.—O.

Eva. Remember, William; vocativo is, caret.

Quick. And that's a good root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace!

Eva. What is your genitivo case plural, William?

Will. Genitivo case?

Eva. Ay.

Will. Genitivo.—horum, harum, horum.

Quick. Vengeance of Jenny's case! fie on her!—Never name her child, if she be a whore.

Eva. For shame, 'oman! Quick. You do ill to teach the child such words.—He teaches him to hick and to hack, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call horum,—fie upon you!

Eva. 'Oman, art thou lunatics? hast thou no understandings for thy cases, and the numbers 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 quis, qua, quod; if you forget your quis, your qua, and your quod, you must be preach3. Go your ways, and play; go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He is a good sprag2 memory. Farewell, mistresse Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good sir Hugh. [Exit Sir Hugh.]

Get you home, boy.—Come, we stay too long.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter Falstaff and Mrs. Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my suuffrance. I see, you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mrs. Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birling, sweet sir John.

Mrs. Page. [Within.] What hoa! gossip Ford! what hoa!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, sir John.

[Exit Falstaff.
Enter Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet heart! who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. — [Aside.] Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again: he so takes on yonder with his husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets him on the forehead, crying, "Peer-out, Peer-out!" that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this distemper he is in now. I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears, he was carried out, the last time he searched for him in a basket: protests to my husband he is now here, and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion. But I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own folly.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end: he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone! the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you! — Away with him, away with him: better shame, than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter Falstaff in fright.

Fal. No, I'll come no more in the basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, 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.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding-pieces. Creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. 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.

Fal. 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 muffle, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. 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 thrum'd hat, and her muffler too. — Run up, sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet sir John: mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick: we'll come dress you straight; put on the gown the while. [Exit Falstaff.]

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape: he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears, she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel, and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. [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 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 Pandyer rascal! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me: now shall the devil be shamed. — What, wife, I say? Come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why, this is lunacies: 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 1 in fright: not in f. e. 2 Gang. 3 The rest of the direction not in f. e.
THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act IV.

Scene III.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Host. Bard, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Host. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlewomen; they speak English?

Host. Ay, sir; I 'll call them to you. Host. They shall have my horses, but I 'll make them pay; I 'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command; I have turned away my other guests: they must come off?; I 'll sauce them. Come. [Exit Host.

Scene IV.—A Room in Ford’s House.

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Sir Hugh Evans.

Evil. ‘Tis one of the pest discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife. Henceforth do what thou wilt; I rather will suspect the sun with cold, Than that with wantonness; now doth thy honour stand, In him that was of late a heretic, As firm as faith.

Page. ‘Tis well, ‘tis well; no more. Be not as extreme in submission, As in 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. What? to send him word they 'll meet him in the park at midnight? fie, fie! he 'll never come.

Evil. You see, he has been thrown into the rivers, and has been grievously peaten, 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.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you 'll use him when he comes, And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,

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 there he blasts the trees, and takes the cattle; and makes meath-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain in a most hideous and dreadful manner.

You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know, The superstitious idle-headed old

Received, and did deliver to our age,

This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

1 Not in e. 2 Lover; also used for mistress. 3 Fr. rogue, for scurf. 4 come down. 5 say; in f. o. 4 possesses.
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: it is painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he 'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee: knock, I say.

Sim. There 's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber: I 'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come 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 Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [Aside.] How now, mine host?

Host. Here 's a Bohemian Tartar harries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully, let her descend: my chambers are honourable; fie! 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 Nym, 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.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Fal. You* may not conceal them, sir.

Host. Conceal them, and* thou diest.

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about mistress Anne Page; to know, if it were my master 's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'T is, '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, tike, who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship. I shall make my master glad with these tidings. [Exit Simple.

Host. Thou art clerkly, 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, varletto.

Bard. Run away with by* the cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they throw me off from behind one of them in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain. Do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

*NOT IN THE PLAY.
Enter Sir Hugh Evans.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town tells me, there is three 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 vitulating-stops, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vere is mine Host de Jarrethire?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat; but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come. I tell you for good will: adieu.

Host. Hue and cry, villain! go.—Assist me, knight; I am undone.—Fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[Exeunt 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 edged, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me: I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crested-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I for-swear myself at primero. Well, if my wind were but long enough, I would pray and repent.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Now, whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both besiewed. I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villainous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colours of the rainbow; and I 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, in the common stocks, for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts! what ado here is to bring you together. Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber. [Exeunt.]
Quick. I'll provide you a chain, and I'll do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Ford. Away, I say; time wears; hold up your head, and mine,

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 knave, Ford her husband, hath the finest mad devil of jealousy in him, master Brook, that ever governed frenzy. I will tell you.—He beat me grievously, in the shape of a woman; for in the shape of man, master Brook, I fear not Goliath with a weaver's beam, because I know also, life is a shuttle. I am in haste: go along with me; I'll tell you all, master Brook. Since I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped top, I know 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 in the castle-ditch, till we see the light of our fairies. —Remember, son Slender, that thou art daughter.

Slender. Ay, forsooth; I have spoken with her, and we have a nay-word, how to know one another. I come to her in white, and cry "mum!" she cries, "budget!" and by that we know one another.

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 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 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 val I have to do. Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit Caius.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the doctor's marrying my daughter: but 'tis no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welch devil, Evans?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their lecheries,

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.

Evans. Trib, trib, fairies: come; and remember your parts. Bebold, 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.

Falstaff. 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 respect, makes a beast a man, in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan, for the love of Leda: O, omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast;—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl: think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fatest, I think; 'tis 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 dear? my male deer?

Falstaff. My doe with the black reat?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of "Green Sleeves;" hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

[Embracing her.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Falstaff. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself; my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome.

Mrs. Page. Is it thus? what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Falstaff. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford. [Exit.]

Mrs. Page. Away, away!

[They run off.

Falstaff. I think, the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a Satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Queen. Fairies, black; grey, green, and white, You moonshine revellers, and shades of night, You orphan-heirs of fix'd destiny, Attend your office, and your quality. Crier. Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys! Cricket, to Windsor chimneys when thoulest; Whose fires thou find'st unrank'd, and hearths unswept, There pinch the maids as blest as bittershy: Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttrey.

Falstaff. They are fairies; he, that speaks to them, shall die:

[To himself.]
I’ll wink and couch. No man their works must eye.  

[Enter PAGE, FORD, MRS. PAGE, AND MRS. FORD. They lay hold of him.]

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have match’d you now.

Will none but Herny the hunter serve your turn?  

Mrs. Page. I pray you come; hold up the jest no higher.—

Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?  

See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes  

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who’s a cuckold now!—Master Brook, Falstaff’s a knave, a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, master Brook: and, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford’s but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money, which must be paid to master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill-luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my dear.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies! I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the folly into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when ’tis upon ill employment! Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pine you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you. Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o’er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welch goat too? shall I have a coxcomb of frize? ’Tis time I were chocked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. See toe is not good to give putter: your jelly is all putter.

Fal. See toe and putter! 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. Who, 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 flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

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 sulk, and wine, and methegins, and to drinkings, and swearings, and starings, pipples and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh 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 pander: over and above
that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money
will be a biting affliction.¹

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight: thou shalt eat a pos-
set to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to
laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her,
master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my
daughter, she is, by this, doctor Caius' wife. [Aside.

Enter Slender, crying.

Slender. Whoa, ho! ho! father Page! Page. Son, how now! how now, son! have you
despached?

Slender. Despatched! — I'll make the best in Gloc-
estershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry mistress Anne
Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: if it had not
been i' the church, I would have swung him, or he
should have swung 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.

Slender. 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 gar-
ments?

Slender. 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 co-
zoned; I ha' married un garçon, a boy; un paizan, by
gar, a boy: it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am
cozoned.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

¹ The quarto here have—

Mrs. Ford. Nay, husband, let that go to make amends:
Forgive that sum and so we 'll all be friends.

Ford. Well, here 's my hand: all 's forgiven at last.

Fal. It hath cost me well: I have been well pinched and wash'd.

* title: in f. o.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Vincentio, the Duke.
Angelo, the Deputy.
Escalus, an ancient Lord.
Claudio, a young Gentleman.
Lucio, a Fantastic.
Two other like Gentlemen.
Provost.
Thomas, Two Friars.
Peter, A Justice.
Elbow, a simple Constable.
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 to affect speech and discourse;  
Since I am apt to know, that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the list of all advice  
My strength can give you: then, no more remains,  
But add to your sufficiency your worth;  
And let them work. The nature of our people,  
Our city’s institutions, and the terms  
For common justice, y’are as pregnant in  
As art and practice hath enriched any  
That we remember. There is our commission, 

[Giving it.]  

From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,  
I say, bid come before us Angelo.—[Exit an Attendant.  

What figure of us think you he will 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 honour,  
It is lord Angelo.  

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.  

Ang. Always obedient to your grace’s will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,  

There is a kind of character in thy life,  
That, to th’observer, doth thy history  
Fully unfold. Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.

1 put: in f. c.  2 that: in f. c.  3 as your worth is able: in f. c.  4 Not in f. c.  5 interest.  6 Not in f. c.
SCENE I.

I'll privily away: I love the people,
But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and even vehement,
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!

Lucio. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well.

Lucio. 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.

Lucio. I'll wait upon your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Lucio. If the duke, with the other dukes, come not
to composition with the king of Hungary, why then,
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 conclavest 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 raved.

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 peti-
tion well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast
where grace was said.

2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What, in metre?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. 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 be-
tween us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and
the velvet: thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet? thou art good velvet:
thou art a three-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 thing thou dost; and, indeed, with most
painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own
confession, learn to begin thy health: but, whilst I
live, forget to drink after thee.

1 Gent. I think, I have done myself wrong, have I
not?

2 Gent. Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art
tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
comes!

1 Gent. I have purchased as many diseases under
her roof, as come to—

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

Lucio. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a-year.

1 Gent. Ay: and

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;
ipiety has made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now? Which of your hips has the most
profound scietian?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and
carried to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

2 Gent. Who's that, I pray thee?

Bawd. Marry, sir, that's Claudio; signior Claudio.

1 Gent. Claudio to prison! 'Tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested;
saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these
three days his head is to be chopped off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have
it so. Art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting
madam 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 proclam-
ation.

Lucio. Away: let's go learn the truth of it.

[Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the
sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty,
I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news
with you?

Enter Clown.

Clo. Yonder man is carried to prison.

Bawd. Well: what has he done?

Clo. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his offence?

Clo. Grooping for trouble, a peculiar river.

Bawd. What is there a maid with child by him?

Clo. No; but there's a woman with maid by him.

You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What proclamation, man?

Clo. All bawdy houses in the suburbs of Vienna
must be pluck'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 burgisher 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. What, here's a change, indeed, in the com-
monwealth! 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 con-
sidered.

Bawd. What's to do here, Thomas Tapster? Let's
withdraw.

Clo. Here comes signior Claudio, led by the provost
to prison; and there's madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

---

1 Mr. Dyce removes the interrogation (?) giving why an emphatic sense only.  
2 A quibble upon colours.  
3 Not in f. e.
SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Provost, Claudio, and Officers.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to thy world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,

But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,

Make us pay for our offences 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? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast,

So every scape by the immoderate use

Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,

Like rats that ravin' down their proper bane,

A thirsty evil, and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I

would send for certain of my creditors. And yet to

say the truth, I had as lief have the fragmentation of,

as the morality of imprisonment.

What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What but to speak of would offend again?

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir! you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend.—Lucio, a word with you.

[Takes him aside.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—Is

lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me:—Upon a true con-

tract,

I got possession of Julietta's bed:

You know the lady; she is fast my wife,

Save that we do the pronunciation lack

Of outward order: this we came not to,

Only for procuration of a dower

Remaining in the coffer of her friends,

From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,

Till time had made them for us. But it chances,

The stealth of our most mutual entertainment

With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke,—

Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness,

Or whether that the body public be

A horse wherein the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his eminence that fills it up,

I stagger in;—but this new governor

Awakes me all the enclosed penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,

Notice us the drowzy and neglected act

Freshly on me,—it is surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant it is; and thy head stands so

tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in

love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to

him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service.

This day my sister should the cloister enter,

And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;

Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict deputy; bid herself essay him:

I have great hope in that; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless diolket,

Such as moves men: beside, she hath prosperous art,

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And she can well persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encourage-

ment of the like, which else would stand under grievous

imposition, as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would

be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-

tack.' I'll tell her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours.

Claud. Come, officer; away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—A Monastery.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. No, holy father; throw away that thought:

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love

Can pierce a complete bosom. Why I desire thee

To give me secret harbour 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 remov'd;

And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,

Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.

I have deliver'd to lord Angelo

(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)

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 biting laws,

(To 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 cave,

That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers,

Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch

Only to stick it in their children's sight,

For terror, not to use, in the rod; sith more

mock'd than feared; so our most just decrees,

Dead to inflection, 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 pleas'd;

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,

Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I fear, too dreadful;

Sith 't was my fault to give the people scope,

'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them

For what I bid them do: for we bid this be done,
SCENE V.—A Nunnery.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther 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 you:

You may, I may not; you are yet unsown.

When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,

But in the presence of the prioresse:

Then, if you speak, you must not show your face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

He calls again: I pray you, answer him.

[Exit Francisca.

Lucio. Peace and prosperity! Who is that calls?

Isab. Peace and prosperity! Who is that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be, as those cheek-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 unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask,

The rather, for I now must make you know

I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you.

Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if 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 scorn.

Lucio. 'Tis true. I would not, though 'tis my

familiar sin

With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,

Tongue far from heart, play with all virgins so:

I hold you as a thing enky'd, and sainted

By your renunciation, 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. Frowardness and truth, 'tis thus:

Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time,

That from the seed ing the bare fallow brings

To teeming foison, even her plentiful womb

Expresseth his full tilth and husbands.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin

Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names

By vain, though apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O! let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The duke, who's very strangely gone from hence,

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,

In hand, and hope of action; but we do learn,

By those that know the very nerves of state,

His givings out were of an infinite distance

From his true-meant design. Upon his place,

And with full line of his authority,

Governs lord Angelo; a man whose blood

Is very snow-broth; one who never feels

The wanton stings and motions of the sense,

But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge

With profits of the mind, study and fast.

He (to give fear to use and liberty,

Which have for long run by the hideous law,

As mice by lions,) hath pick'd out an act,

Under whose heavy sense your brother's life

Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it,

And follows close the rigour 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 censur'd him already; and, as I hear, the provost hath

A warrant for his execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me

To do him good?

Lucio. Essay the power you have.

Isab. My power, alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are 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 my brother; soon at night

I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good sir, adieu. [Exeunt.]


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 honour know, (Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,) That, in the working of your own affections, Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing, Or that the resolute acting of your blood Could have attain'd 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 not deny, The jury, passing on a prisoner's life, May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice, That justice seizes: what know the laws, That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant, The jewel that we find, we stoope and take it, Because we see it; but what we do not see We tread upon, and never think of it. You may not so extenuate his offence, For I have had such faults: but rather tell me, When I, that censure him, do so offend, Let mine own judgment pattern out my death, And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die. Escal. Be it as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio Be executed by nine-to-morrow morning. Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd, For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [Exit Provost. Escal. Well, heaven forgive him, and forgive us all! Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall: Some run from breaks* of ice, and answer none, And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Elb. Come, bring them away. If these be good people in a common-weak, 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 honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do not lean upon justice, sir; and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they! Are they not malactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of, and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have.

1 fall. 2 brakes was altered to brakes by Steevens. Dyce would read brakes (instruments of torture) of vice.

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, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,—

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman.—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinaly given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means; but as she spit in his face, so she defiled him: Clo. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. [To Angelo.] Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clo. Sir, she came in great with child, and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes: sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence: your honours have seen such dishes: they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir.

Clo. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right; but to the point. As I say, this mistress Elbow, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes, and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly,—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clo. Very well: you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clo. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clo. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come; you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. —What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

Clo. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clo. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And I beseech you, look unto master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year, whose father died at Hallowmas. Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?
Froth. All-hallowd eve.

Clo. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for windows.'

Clo. Why, very well then: I hope here be truths. Ang. This will last out a night in Russia.

Where are you last seen there? I’ll take my leave, And leave you to the hearing of the cause, Honing 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 honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. —Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Dost your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He’s in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow, and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clo. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest: thou liest, wicked varlet.

The time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

Clo. Sir, she was respected with him, before he married with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here? Justice, or Iniquity.—Is this true?

Elb. O thou scoundrel! 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 duke'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 scoundrel?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldest 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: thou art to continue; now, thou varlet, thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend?

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir?

Clo. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress' name?

Clo. Mistress Over-done.

Escal. Hath she any more than one husband?

Clo. Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

Escal. Ninth!—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 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. Troth, 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 colour 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 this city?

Escal. No, Pompey.

Clo. Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your lordship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clo. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you’ll be glad to give out a commission for more heads. If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I’ll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a day. If you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good Pompey; and in requital of your prophecy, harry you.—I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Caesar to you. In plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt. So, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

Clo. I thank your worship for your good counsel, but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? No, no; let carman whip his jade; The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [Exit.

Escal. Come hither to me, master Elbow; come hither, master constable. How long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven year and a half, sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?
Elb. And a half, sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you. They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't. Are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters. As they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them: I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your worship's house, sir?

Escal. To my house. Fare you well. [Exit Elbow.

What's o'clock, think you?

Just. Eleven, sir.

Escal. I pray you home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord Angelo is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:
Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.
But yet, poor Claudio!—There is no remedy.

Come, sir. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another room in the Same.

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause: he will come straight.
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do. [Exit Servant.] I'll know His pleasure; may be, he will relent. Alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All seets, all ages smack of this vice, and he
To die for it!—

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, provost?

Prov. Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hast thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitter place, and that with speed.

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sisterhood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [Exit Servant.

See you the fornicatrix be remov'd:
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and ISABELLA.

Prov. Save your honour! [Offering to go.

Ang. Stay a little while. [To ISABEL] 'Y are wel-
come: what's your will?

1 Retiring: in f. e. 2 You are: in f. e. 3 Knight reads; if he had been as you.

And you as he, you would have slipp'd like him;
But he, &c.

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of 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. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. [Aside.] Heaven give thee moving graces.

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then.——Heaven keep your honour!

[Going.

Lucio. [To ISABEL.] Give 't not o'er so: to him again,
intreat him?

Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. 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't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look; what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no
wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mixes to him?

Ang. He's sentence'd: 't is too late.

Lucio. [To ISABEL.] 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 slipt like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, begone. Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [Aside.] Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;
And he that might the vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the God of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? O, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made!

Ang. Be you content, fair maid.
SCENE III.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should stand 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
slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first one that did th' edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: now, 't is awake;
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils
Either new, or by remissness now-conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees,
But ere they live to end.
Isab. Yet show some pity.
Ang. I show it most of all, when I show justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd 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.
Isab. So you must be the first that gives this sentence,
And he that suffers. O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
Lucio. [Aside.] That's well said.
Isab. Could great men mind thunder,
As Love himself does, love would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder;
Nothing but thunder. Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle; but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.
Lucio. [To Isab.] O, to him, to him, wench! He will relent;
He's coming; I perceive 't.
Prov. [Aside.] Pray heaven, she win him!
Isab. You cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in them,
But in the less soul profanation.
Lucio. [To Isab.] Thou 'rt in the right, girl: more o' that.
Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerie word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
Lucio. [Aside.] Art wise'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 guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.
Ang. [Aside.] She speaks, and 't is
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. Hark, how I'll brieve you. Good my lord,
turn back.
Ang. How! brieve me? [with you.
Lucio. [Aside. You had marr'd all else.
Ang. Not with fond circles of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there
Ere sun-rise: prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicated
To nothing temporal.
Ang. Well; come to me to-morrow.
Lucio. [To Isab.] Go to; 't is well: away!
Ang. [Aside.] Amen.
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.
Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?
Ang. At any time 'fore noon.
Isab. Save your honour!
[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 wins most? Ha!
Not she, nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
That lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our offals there? O, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully 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?
O 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 trumpet,
With all her double vigour, 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 afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them, and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

1 Not in f. e. 2 f. e. here. Knight reads —where. 3 shekels: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 evils: in f. e.
Measure for Measure. 

Pro. I would do more than that, if more were needful. 

Enter Juliet.

Look; here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine, Who, falling in the flames[1] of her own youth, Hath blister'd her report. She is with child, And he that got it, sentenced[2]—a young man More fit to do another such offence, Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Pro. As I do think, to-morrow.—

[To Juliet.] I have provided for you: stay a while, And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do, and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience, And try your penitence, if it be sound, Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him. 

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offensive act Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter: but least[3] 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[4] heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil,

And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him.

Grace go with you! Benedicite!

[Exit Juliet. 

Pro. 'Tis pity of him. [Exit. 

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo's House.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray

To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words,

Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,

Anchors on Isabel: heaven in my mouth,

As if I did but only chew his name, And in my heart the strong and swelling evil

Of my conception. The state, wherein I studied, Is like a good thing, being often read,

grown sear and tedious; yea, my gravity,

Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,

Could I, with boot, change for an idle pleune,

Which the air heats for vain. O place! O form! How often dost thou with thy ease, thy habit,

Wrench awry 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 Serv. 

O heavens!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,

Making it both unable for itself,

And dispossessing all my other part

Of necessary fitness?

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air

By which he should revive: and even so

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,

Quit their own path, and in obsequious fondness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love

Must needs appear offence.

Enter Isabella.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me.

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so.—Heaven keep your honour!

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Ye.

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 vies! 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 poze 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 accomp't.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak Against the thing I say. Answer to this:—

I, now the voice of the recorded law,

Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:

Might there not be a charity in sin,

To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't.

I'll take it as a peril to my soul:

It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Please'd you to do't, at peril of your soul, Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin, Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-prayer

To have it added to the faults of mine,

And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me.

Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant,

Or seem so, crafty; and that is not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,

When it doth tax itself: as these black masks

1 Knight, with the old eds., reads: flaws. 2 Most modern eds. read: lest. 3 spare: in f. e. 4 Retirings: in f. e.
SCENE 1. MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Proclaim an un-shield'd beauty ten times louder Than beauty could displayed.—But mark me: To be received plain, I'll speak more gross. Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life, (As I subscribe not that, nor any other, But in the force of question) that you, his sister, Finding your self 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 suppose'd, or else to let him suffer, What would you do?

Isab. 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 longling I've been sick for, ere I'd yield My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must Your brother die.

Isab. And 't were 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?

Isab. Ignomy in ransom, 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.

Isab. O, pardon me, my lord! it oft falls out, To have we what would have, we speak not what we mean.

I something do excuse the thing I hate, For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a heedary, but only he, Owe, and succeed this' weakness.

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. 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 them. Nay, call us ten times frail, For we are soft as our complexions are, And credulous to false prints.

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 are well express'd By all external warrants,) show it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord, Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly, conceive I love you.

Isab. 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.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't, Which seems a little fouler than it is, To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour, My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd, And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!— I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't.

Sign me a present pardon for my brother, Or with an outstretch'd threat I'll tell the world Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel? My unsoul'd name, the austereness of my life, May vouch against you, and my place if the state, Will so your accusation overweigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report, And smell of calumny. I have begun, And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blusses, That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother By yielding up thy body to my will, Or else he must not only die the death, But thy unkindness shall his death draw out To lingering sufferance. 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.

Isab. 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 approb,
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will, Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite, To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother: Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood, Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour, That had he twenty heads to tender down On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up, Before his sister should her body stop To such abhor'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 Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have
No other medicine, but only hope.
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Serve to all the skyey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st.
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'est to get,
And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complication shifts to strange effects,
After the moon: if thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingois bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo!, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth, nor age,
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy boasted youth
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of paisled old: 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 even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Isab. [Without] What, ho! Peace here; grace and
good company! [welcome.

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish desires a

Isabella. Enter Isabella.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior; here's
your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring me to hear them speak, where I may
be conceald. [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 lieger: Therefore, your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head
To cleave a heart in twain?

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live:
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter till death.


* f. e. princely; Knight: precise 

* f. e. : guards. * Knight

suggests de-lighted, that is, removed from light.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance: a restraint,
Though all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one as, you consenting to it,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. O! I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life wouldst entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect,
Than a perpetual honour. Darst thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension,
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang, as great
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?

Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowsy tenderness? If I must die,
I will encounter death as a bride,
And hug it in warm arms.

Isab. There speake my brother: there my father's
grave

Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die:

Thou art too noble to conserve a life

In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and deliberate word
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth entomb
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The priestly Angelo?

Isab. O, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In priestly garb. 'Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed.

Claud. O, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give 't thee from this rank offence,
So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do 't.

Isab. O! were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready. Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perjurably find'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 clot; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thiek-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
Isab. I am now going to resolve him. I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unawfully 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 him unprenounced.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusations: he made trial of you only.—Therefore, fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit, redeem your brother from the angry law, do no stain to your own gracious person, and much please the absent duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have married; he was affianced to her by oath, and the 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 befall to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her combine husband, this well-seeing Angelo.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestowed her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake, and he, as marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this case a Poor maid?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Show me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo: answer his requiring with a plausible obedience: agree with his demands to the point; only refer 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 steady up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy sealed. The maid will I 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. What think you of it?
Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.
Duke. It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana: at that place call upon me, and despatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.
Isab. I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father.

SCENE II.—The Street before the Prison.
Enter Duke, as a Friar; to him Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.¹

Duke. O, heavens! what stuff is here? ⁴
Clo. 'Twas never merry world, since, of two usancess,² the merriest was put down, and the worse allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'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 does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove—

Duke. Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer:
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning. The deputy cannot abide a whoresomaster; if he be a whoresomer, 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 cord, 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 Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting it clutche'd? What reply? Ha! What say'st thou to this lune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? Ha! What say'st thou, troth? Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words, or how? The trick of it?

Duke. Still thus, and thus: still worse!
Lucio. How doth my dear morse, thy mistress? Procures she still? Ha!

Clo. Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd: an unsham'd consequence; it must be so. Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clo. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey. Farewell, Go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey, or how? Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well. Then imprison him. If imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: bawd is he, doubtful, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewell, good Pompey: commend me to the prison, Pompey. You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clo. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mistress is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? Ha!

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clo. You will not bail me, then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey, nor now.—What news abroad, friar? What news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Lucio. Go; to kennel, Pompey, go. [Exeunt Clown, Elbow, and Officers.

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none. Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where; but whereasover, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo duked it well in his absence: he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabb'd 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-maid spawn'd him: some, that he was begot 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 ingenenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man? Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport: he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

1 Ital. bastard, a sweet wine made of raisins. ² usuries: in f. e. ³ trot: in f. e.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women: he was not inclined that way. Lucio. O, sir! you are deceived. Duke. It is 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 crotches in him: he would be drunk too: that let me inform you. Duke. You do him wrong, surely. Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his. A shy fellow was the duke; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing. Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause? Lucio. No,—pardon; —it is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips; but this I can let you understand,—the greater fills of the subject held the duke to be wise. Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was. Lucio. A very superfluous, ignorant, unweighing fellow. Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testi- monied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the curious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your know- ledge be more, it is much dark'n in your malice. Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him. Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and know- ledge with dearer love. Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know. Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may,) let me desire you to make your answer before him: if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it. I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name. Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio, well known to the duke. Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you. Lucio. I fear you not. Duke. O! you hope the duke will return no more, or you imagine 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-fish. I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with conti- nuity; sparrows 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 untrussing. Farewell, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic; say, that I said so. Farewell. [Exit. Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What-kings so strong, Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, Bawd, and Officers. Escal. Duke: away with her to prison! Bawd. Good my lord, if your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord. Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still for- feit in the same kind? This would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant. Prov. A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. Bawd. My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keep-down was with child by him in the duke's time: he promised her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob. I have kept it myself, and see how he goes about to dish me! Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—let him be called before us.—Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [Exit 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 wrought by my pity, 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? Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is now To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See, In special business from his holiness. Escal. What news abroad? 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 fel lowships accurs'd. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke? Escal. One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself. Duke. What pleasure was he given to? Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him re- joice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous, and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepared. I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation. Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice; yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life, which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die. Escal. You have paid the heavens the due of your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extreme shore of my modesty; but my brother jus- tice have I found so severe, that he hath forced me to tell him, he is indeed—justice. Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenced himself. [well. Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you
Duke. Peace be with you!

[Exit Escalus and Provost.]  

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, virtue to go;¹
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offices weighting.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!

O, what may man within him hide.
Though angel on the outward side!
How may likeness, made in crimes,
Masking² practice on the times,
Draw with idle spiders' strings
Most pond'rous and substantial things!
Craft against vice I must apply.
With Angelo to-night shall lie
His old betrothed, but despised:
So disguise shall, by the disguised,
Pay with falsehood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting.  [Exit.

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ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room at the moated Grange.

MARIANA discovered sitting: a Boy singing.

song,

Take, O! take these lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.³

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away:
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—
[Exit Boy.

Enter Duke.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well would wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you.—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little: may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.  [Exit.

Duke. Very well met, and welcome.

What is the news from this good deputy? Isab. He hath a garden circummurs'd with brick, Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd; And to that vineyard is a planch'd 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 heavy⁴ Middle of the night to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon 't: With whispering and most guilty diligence, In action all of precept, he did show me The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens Between you 'greed, concerning her observance? Isab. No, none, but only a repair 't the dark; And that I have possess'd him my most stay Can be but brief: for I have made him know, I have a servant comes with me along, That stays upon me; whose persuasion is, I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up. I have not yet made known to Mariana A word of this.—What, ho! within! come forth.

Re-enter MARIANA.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid: She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do, and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand, Who hath a story ready for your ear.

I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will 't please you walk aside?  [Exit MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Duke. O place and greatness! millions of false eyes Are stuck upon thee. Volumes of report Run with base⁵ false and most contrarious quests Upon thy doings: thousand escapes of wit Make thee the father of their idle dreams, And rack thee in their fancies!

Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.

Welcome! How agreed!

Isab. She'll take the enterprise upon her, father, If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent, But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,

When you depart from him, but, soft and low, "Remember now my brother."³

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all.

He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin,

¹ and virtue go: in f. e.  ² Making: in f. e.  ³ This song is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Bloody Brother, Act V., Sc. II., with a second stanza, as follows. It is attributed to Shakespeare in the spurious Ed. of his Poems, printed in 1609.

Hide, oh, hide these hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in icy chains by thee.

⁴ Boarded. ⁵ Knight, following the old eds., transfers this word to the beginning of the next line. ⁶ these: in f. e.
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go:
Our corn's to reap, for yet our field's to sow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off a man's head?

Clo. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can; but if he be a married man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, sir; leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your yokes; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unsatiated whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clo. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, 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? Fit upon him! he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally: a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clo. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clo. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, used painting, do prove my occupation a mystery; but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clo. Proof?

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clo. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so, every true man's apparel fits your thief.

[Re-enter Provost.]

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clo. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd: he doth 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 yare; for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio: [Exeunt Clown and Abhorson.

Th' one has my pitty; not a jot the other,
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

[Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death: 'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour,
When it lies starkly\(^2\) in the traveller's bones:
He will not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?

Well, go; prepare yourself. But hark! what noise? [Knocking within.]

Heaven give your spirits comfort!—By and by:—

[Exit Claudio. I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
For the most gentle Claudio.—Welcome, father.

[Enter Duke.]

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not so, not so: his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice.
He doth with holy abstinance subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he mead'd\(^4\) 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 steeled gaoler is the friend of men. [Knocking.]

How now? What noise? That spirit's possessed with haste,
That wounds the resisting\(^3\) postern with these strokes.

[Re-enter Provost.]

Prov. [Speaking to one at the door.] There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,

You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand: no such example have we.

Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear
Profess'd the contrary.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Duke. This is his lordship's man.\(^6\)

Mes. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Prov. My lord hath sent you this note; [giving a paper] and by me this further charge, that you swerve 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.]

Duke. This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin,

For which the pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority.

\(^1\) tithe's: in f. e.  \(^2\) Stiffly.  \(^3\) Mingled.  \(^4\) unstaining: in f. e.  \(^6\) Knight gives this speech to the Provost, and the next to the Duke.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That for the fault's love is th' offender friend'd.—
Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, belike thinking me
remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted 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 by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought, that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be exe-
cuted in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nursed up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not
either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him?
I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrote rejoinders 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. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison?
How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come: insensible of mortality, and 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 awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and show'd him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the bold-
ness of my cunning I will lay myself in hazard.
Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law, than Angelo who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifest effect, I crave but four days' respite, for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you: if my instructions may be your guide, let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. O! death's a great disguiser, 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 coat, 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 the very day receives letters of strange tenor; per-
chance, of the Duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shep-
herd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnar-
dine's head: I will give him a present 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 here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger,¹ nineounces 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 Threepile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young Dey, and young Mr. Deep-vow, and Mr. Copper-spur, and Mr. Starvy-lackey, the rapier and dagger-man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd Lusty Pudding, and Mr. Fortlairght the tailor, and brave Mr. Shoe-tie the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stab'd Pots, and, and now in² for the Lord's sake.

Enter ABBHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clo. Mr. Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Mr. Barnardine.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [Within.] A pex, o' your throats! Who 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.

Abhor. Tell him; he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clo. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

¹ It was a custom of usurers to compel borrowers to take part of the sum advanced to them in goods, often of little real value.
² Not in F. e.
Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.
Clo. He is coming, sir; he is coming: I hear his straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.
Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?
Clo. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson? what's the news with Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the warrant's come.

Abhor. 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.
Abhor. Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father. Do we jest now, think you?
Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I 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.
Duke. O, sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, Look forward on the journey you shall go.
Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,—
Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[Exit Provost.
Duke. Unti to live, or die, 0, grovelling beast!—
After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

[Exeunt Abhorson and Clowns.

Prov. Now, sir; how do you find the prisoner?
Duke. A creature unprepared, unequal to death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.
Prov. Here in the prison, father,
There died this morning of a cruel fever
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,
A man of Claudio's years; his beard, and head,
Just of his colour. What if we do omit
This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd,
And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?
Duke. O, 't is an accident that heaven provides!
Despatch it presently: the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo. See, this be done,
And sent according to command, whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently
But Barnardine must die this afternoon;
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive?
Duke. Let this be done.—Put them in secret
holds,
Both Barnardine and Claudio;
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To yonder3 generation, you shall find
Your safety manifest.

Prov. I am your free dependant.
Duke. Quick, despatch, and send the head to Angelo.  
[Exit Provost.

Now will I write letters to Angelo,
(See the provost, he shall bear them) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home,
And that by great injunctions I am bound
To enter publicly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the council and form,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter Provost.
Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.
Duke. Convenient is it. Make a swift return,
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.

Isab. [Within.] Peace, ho, be here!
Duke. The tongue of Isabel.—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.
Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.
Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?
Duke. He hath released him, Isabel, from the world.
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.
Isab. Nay, but it is not so.
Duke. It is no other. [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 Isabel! Perjuries^ world! Most damned Angelo!
Duke. This not hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark what I say to you,^ which you shall find
By every syllable a faithful verity.
The duke comes home to-morrow; nay, dry your eyes:
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance. Already he hath carried
Notice to Escalus and Angelo,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom.
In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your boon4 on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.
Isab. I am directed by you.
Duke. This letter, then, to friar Peter give:
'T is 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 perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am confess'd by a sweared rover,
And shall be absent. Wendi 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.

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholding to thy 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 taketh 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 the 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 burl; I shall stick.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Angelo’s House.

Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath divvouch’d other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like madness: pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver Our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we Proclaim it an hour before his entering, That if any crave redress of injustice, They should exhibit their petitions In the street?

Escal. He shows his reason for that: to have a despatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, Which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed: Betimes i’ the morn, I’ll call you at your house. Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [Exit.

Ang. Good night.—This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant, And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid, And by an eminent body, that enforc’d The law against it!—But that her tender shame Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me! Yet reason dares her: no;

For my authority bears such a credent bulk That no particular scandal once can touch, But it confines the breather. 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 dishonour’d life With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv’d! Alack! when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not. [Exit.

SCENE V.—Fields without the Town.

Enter DUKE, in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.

Duke. These letters at fit time deliver me. [Giving them.

F. Peter. The provost knows our purpose, and our plot. The matter being afoot, keep your instruction, And hold you ever to our special drift. Though sometimes you do 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 Valentius, 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. [Exeunt.

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 ’vaullful’ 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 sounded: The generous and gravest citizens Have hent the gates, and very near upon The duke is en’t ring: therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A public Place near the City Gate.

MARIANA, (veil’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 For so grace! Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both. We have made inquiry of you; and we hear Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

1 Knight and other eds. print this and Angelo’s former speech in prose. 2 of: in f. e. 3 letters: in f. e. 4 Start off. 5 to veil full purpose: in f. e.
MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

SCENE I.

CANNOT but yield you forth to public thanks, Forewarning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. O! your desert speaks loud; and I should wrong it, To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, When it deserves with characters of brass A forlorned residence 'gainst the tooth of time, And raze in oblivion. Give me your hand, And let the subject see, to make them know That outward courtesies would fain proclaim Favours that keep within them. 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 [Kneeling.]

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid! O worthy prince! dishonour not your eye By throwing it on any other object, Till you have heard me in my true complaint, And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!


Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice: Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. O, worthy duke! [Rising.]

You bid me seek redemption of the devil. Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak Must either punish me, not being believ'd, Or wring redress from you. Hear me, O, hear me, here! [Kneeling 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. By course of justice! [Rising.]

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strangely. Isab. Most strangely, yet most truly, will I speak. That Angelo's foreborn, 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 it not strange, and strange? Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo, Than this is all as true as it is strange: Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth To th' end of reckoning. [Kneeling.]

Duke. Away with her.—Poor soul! She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believest There is another comfort than this world, That thou neglect me not, with that opinion That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible That which but seems unlike. 'Tis not impossible, But one, the wickedest caitiff on the ground, May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute, As Angelo; even so may Angelo, In all his dressings, 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 incredulity'; but let your reason serve To make the truth appear, where it seems hid, And hide the false seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad, Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say? Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio, Condemn'd upon the act of fornication To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo. I, in probation of a sisterhood, Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio As then the messenger.

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace. I came to her from Claudio, and desire'd her To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo, For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed. Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. 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. Isab. I warrant your honour. Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it. Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale. Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went To this pernicious, 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 refer'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 concepuable intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debatement, My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him. But the next morn betimes, His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely.

Isab. O, that it were as like, as it is true! Duke. By heaven, fond wretch! thou know'st not what thou speakest, Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour, In hateful practices. First, his integrity Stands without blemish: next, it imports no reason, That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on: Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain. Isab. And is this all? Then, O! you blessed ministers above, Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time, Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe, As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeloved go! Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone.—An officer!
To prison with her.—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?
Isab. One that I would have here, friar Lodowick.
Duke. A ghostly father, belike.—Who knows that
Lodowick?
Lucio. My lord, I know him: 'tis a meddling friar:
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace,
In your retirement, I had swung'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 yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
Saw them at the prison. A saucy friar,
A very scurrvy follow.
F. Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abused. First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accuses'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 scurrvy, nor a temporary meddler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my truth, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.
Lucio. My lord, most villainously: believe it.
F. Peter. Well! he in time may come to clear himself
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
Intended '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,
Whencesoever he's conceived. First, for this woman,
To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.
Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Isabella is carried off guarded; and Marianna 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.
Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

1 trust: in f. e 2 Im, that is, very partial; a common use of the prefix. 3 Summer-house. 4 Not in f. e. 5 Sensible.
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 touse you
Joint by joint, but we will know your purpose.
What! unjust?
Duke. Be not so hot; the duke dare
No more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial. My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
Till it o'er-run the strew; laws for all faults,
But faults so countenance'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord.—Come hither, Goodman bald-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 notably, sir.
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him: and much more, much worse.
Lucio. O, 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 groze now, after his tiresonable 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 bolts enough upon him, let him speak no more.—Away with these gigots too, and with the other confederate companion.
【The Provost lays hand on the Duke.】
Duke. Stay, sir; stay a while.
Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; Ioh! sir.
Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded,
must you? show your knave's visage, with a pos 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, provost, let me half these gentle three.—
Sneak not away, sir; [To Lucio.] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon.—Lay hold on him.
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.
【To Escalus.】
We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave.
To Angelo.
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? If thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. O, my dread lord! I should be guiltier than my guiltiness, To think I can be indiscernible, When I perceive your grace, like power divine, Hath look'd upon my passess. Then, good prince, No longer session hold upon my shame, But let my trial be mine own confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana.—Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman? Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—Do you the office, friar; which consummate, Return him here again.—Go with him, provost.

[Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost. Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour, Than at the strangeness of it.


Your friar is now your prince: as I was then Advertising and holy to your business, Not changing heart with habit, I am still Attorney'd at your service.

Isab. O, give me pardon, That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd Your unknown sovereignty!

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel: And now, dear maid, be you as free to us. Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart; And you may marvel, why I obscure'd myself, Labouring to save his life, and would not rather Make rash demonstration of my hidden powers, Than let him so be lost. O, most kind maid! It was the swift celerity of his death, Which I did think with slower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but all peace be with him! That life is better life, past fearing death, Than that which lives to fear. Make it your comfort, So happy is your brother.

Re-enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and Provost.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well-defended honour, you must pardon For Mariana's sake. But, as he adjudg'd your brother, (Being criminal, in double violation. Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breaketh, Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,) The very mercy of the law cries out Most audible, even from his proper tongue, "An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!" Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure, Like doth quitt like, and Measure still for Measure. Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested, Which, though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. We do condemn thee to the very block Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste.—Away with him.

Mai. O, my most gracious lord! I hope you will not mock me with a husband.

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour, I thought your marriage fit; else imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choke your good to come. For his possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours, We do instate and widow you withal, To buy you a better husband.

1 2 Not in f. e.
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 say'd,  
That should have died when Claudio lost his head,  
As like almost to Claudio as himself. [Unmuffles him.  
Duke. If he be like your brother, [To Isabella]  
for his sake,  
Claudio and Isabella embrace.]  
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too. But fitter time for that.  
By this lord Angelo perceives he's safe:  
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye.—  
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:  
Look that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.  
I find an apt remission in myself,  
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.—  
You, sirrah, [To Lucio] that knew me for a fool, a  
coward,  
One all of luxury, an ass, a madman:  
Wherein have I so well deserv'd of you,  
That you extol me thus?  
Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to  
the trick. If you will hang me for it, you may; but  
I had rather it would please you, I might be whipp'd.  
Duke. Whipp'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—  
Proclaim it, provest, round about the city,  
If any woman's wrong'd by this lowd fellow,  

1 Not in f. e.  
2 Exeunt: in f. e.  

(As I have heard him swear himself there's one  
Whom he begot with child,) let her appear.  
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
Let him be whipp'd and hang'd.  
Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to  
a whore! Your highness said even now I made you a  
duke: good my lord, do not recompense me in making  
me a cuckold.  
Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.  
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Hermits 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. Slander a prince deserves it.—  
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—  
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:  
There's more behind that is more gratulate.  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy;  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.—  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:  
Th' offence pardon itself.—Dear Isabel,  
I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereeto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.—  
So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.  

[Curtain drawn.]
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Solinus, Duke of Ephesus.
Egeon, a Merchant of Syracuse.
Antipholus of Ephesus, 1 Twin Brothers, Sons to Antipholus of Syracuse,  
Ægeon and Emilia.
Dromio of Ephesus, 1 Twin Brothers, Attendants of Antipholus.
Dromio of Syracuse, 1 on the two Antipholuses.
Balthazar, a Merchant.
Angelo, a Goldsmith.

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.
Pinch, a Schoolmaster.
Emilia, Wife to Ægeon.
Adriana, Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.
Luciana, her sister.
Lucce, Servant to Adriana.
A Courtezan.

Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE: Ephesus.

ACT I.


Enter Solinus, Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, a Merchant of Syracuse, Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

Æge. 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 cunniy and discord, which of late  
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke  
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—  
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,  
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—  
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.  
For, since the mortal and intestine jars  
"Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,  
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,  
Both by the Syracusan and ourselves,  
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns;  
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,  
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs;  
Again, if any Syracusan born  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies;  
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;  
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.  
Æge. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,  
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.  
Duke. Well, Syracusan; say, in brief, the cause  
Why thou departedst from thy native home,  
And for what cause thou came'st to Ephesus.  
Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,  
Than to speak my griefs unspeakable;  
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end  
Was wrought by fortune, not by vile offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

1 nature: in f. o.  
2 Malone makes a separate line of the last three words.  
3 gladly.
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us. My wife, more careful for the latter-born, Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast, Such as sea-faring men provide for storms; To him one of the other twins was bound, Whilst I had been like heedful of the other. The children thus 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, obedient to the stream, Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought. At length the sun, gazing upon the earth, Dispers'd those vapours that offended us, And by the benefit of his wish'd light The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered Two ships from far making amain to us; Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this: But ere they came,—O, let me say no more! Gather the sequel by that went before.

_Duke._ Nay, forward, old man; do not break off so, For we may pity, though not pardon thee. _Æge._ O, had the gods done so, I had not now 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 burdened With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe, Was carried with more speed the wind, And in our sight they three were taken up By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought. At length another ship had seized on us; And knowing whom it was their hap to save, Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests; And would have reft the fishers of their prey, Had not their bark been very slow of sail, And therefore homeward did they bend their course:— Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss, And by misfortune was my life prolong'd; To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

_Duke._ And, for the sake of them thou sorrowest for, Do me the favour to dilate at full What hath happen'd of them, and thee, till now. _Æge._ My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care, At eighteen years became inquisitive After his brother; and importun'd me, That his attendant (so his case was like, Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name,) Might bear him company in the quest of him; Whom whilst he labour'd of all love to see, I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd. Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece, Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia; And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus, Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought Or that, or any place that harbours men. But here must end the story of my life; And happy were I in my timely death, Could all my travels warrant me they live.

_Duke._ Helpless _Ægeon_, whom the fates have mark'd To bear the extremity of dire mishap! Now, trust me, were it not against our laws, Against my crown, my oath, my dignity, Which princes, would they, may not disannul, My soul should sue as advocate for thee. But though thou art adjudged to the death, And passed sentence may not be recall'd, But to our honour's great disparagement, Yet will I favour thee in what I can: Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day, To seek thy hope by beneficial help. Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus; Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum, And live; if no, then thou art doom'd to die.— Jailer, now' take him to thy custody. 

_Jailor._ I will, my lord. _Æge._ Hopeless, and helpless, doth _Ægeon_ weend, But to procrastinate his lifeless end. 

SCENE II.—A public Place.

_Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, and a Merchant._

_Mer._ Therefore, give out you are of Epidamnum, Let that your goods too soon be confiscate. This very day, a Syracusan merchant Is apprehended for arrival here; And, not being able to buy out his life According to the statute of the town, Dies ere the weary sun set in the west. There is your money that I had to keep.

_Ant. S._ Go, bear it to the Centaur, where we host, And there, Dromio, till I come to thee. Within this hour it will be dinner-time: Till then, I'll view the manners of the town, Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings, And then return and sleep within mine inn, For with long travel I am still and weary. Get thee away.

_Dra. S._ Many a man would take you at your word, And go indeed, having so good a mean.

_Ant. S._ A trusty villain, sir; that very oft, When I am dull with care and melancholy, Lightens my humour with his merry jests. What, will you walk with me about the town, And then go to my inn, and dine with me? _Mer._ I am invited, sir, to certain merchants, Of whom I hope to make much benefit; I crave your pardon. Soon' at five o'clock, Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart, And afterwards consort you till bed-time: My present business calls me from you now.

_Ant. S._ Farewell till then. I will go lose myself, And wander up and down to view the city.

_Mer._ Sir, I commend you to your own content.

_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. 

_Epistum. Ephes._ Here comes the almanack of my true date.—What now? How chance thou art return'd so soon? _Dra. E._ Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit, The clock hath stricken 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;

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1. _laboured of a_: in f. e. 2. _help: in f. e._ 3. _Not in f. e._ 4. _The rest of this direction is not in f. e._ 5. _About five o'clock._
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\(^1\) for your default to-day.

**Ant.** Sir, in my wind, sir; Tell me this, I pray,
Where have you let the money that I gave you?

**Dro. E.** O! 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.** I am not in a sportive humour now.
Tell me, and daily not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

**Dro. E.** I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner.
If I from my mistress come to you in post;
I if return, I shall be post\(^2\) indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.\(^3\)

Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

**Ant.** 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 kneave; 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 scence of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hast of me?

**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.** Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast 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 hie you home to dinner.

**Ant. S.** What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir kneave.

**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 running.**

**Ant. S.** Upon my life, by some device or other
The villain is o'er-raught\(^4\) 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, prating mountebanks,
And many such like libertines of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe.

**Exit.**

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**ACT II.**

**SCENE I.—A public Place.**

**Enter Adriana, wife to Antipholus of Ephesus, and Luciana, her sister.**

**Adr.** Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master?
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

**Luc.** Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.

A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

**Adr.** Why should their liberty than ours be more?

**Luc.** Because their business still lies out o' door.

**Adr.** Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

**Luc.** O! know he is the bridle of your will.

**Adr.** There's none but ass's 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 males' subjects, and at their controls.
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,
Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

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1. Being penitent.
2. It was a custom to mark the score of a shop on a post.
3. Cook: in f. e.
4. Not in f. e.
5. Over-raught.
6. An allusion to the custom of soliciting the management of the estate of a fool.
7. Doubtfully.
Dro. E. Nay; he struck so plainly, I could too well
feel his blows; and withal so doubly, that I could
scarce understand them.

Aldr. 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.
Aldr. Horn-mad, thou villain!
Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad;
But, sure, he is stark mad.

Why, I desir’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 burn’d; my gold, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; hang up thy mistress!
I know not thy mistress: 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.

Aldr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.
Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God’s sake, send some other messenger.

Aldr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.
Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with other beating.
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Aldr. Hence, prating peasant! fetch thy master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball do you spurrn me thus?
You spurrn me hence, and he will spurrn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Aldr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.

Hath homely age th’ alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marry’d,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That’s not my fault; he’s master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin’d? then, is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home: poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—gie! beat it hence.

Aldr. Unfeeling cox can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other where,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis’d 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 ’bides still,
That others touch, and often touching will
Wear gold; and no man, that hath a name,
But falseness and corruption doth him shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I’ll weep what’s left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond sores serve mad jealousy! [Exeunt.]

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UNCOMELINESS. T FAIRNESS. A Hiis pretend® wife—the stalking-horse, behind which sportsmen formerly shot, was so called. *This
and the two following lines are struck out by the M.S. emendator of the folio of 1623—where the two succeeding lines of the text, in the
first folio of 1629, are also omitted. * Scowce means a small fortification, as well as head; hence, insconce, to fortify.
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. Lost it make you cholerick, 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 cholerick.
Ant. S. By what rule, sir?
Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of father Time himself.
Ant. S. Let's hear it.
Dro. S. There's no time for a man to recover his
hair that grows bald by nature.
Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and recovery?
Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig, and recover
the lost hair of another man.
Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being,
as it is, so plentiful an excrement?
Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on
beasts; and what he hath scantled men in hair, he
given them in wit.
Ant. S. Why, there's many a man hath more
hair than wit.
Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to
lose his hair.
Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain
dealers, without wit.
Dro. S. The plainest dealer, the sooner lost: yet he
loseth it in a kind of jollity.
Ant. S. For what reason?
Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.
Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.
Dro. S. Sure ones then.
Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.
Dro. S. Certain ones then.
Ant. S. Name them.
Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends
in trimming! the other, that at dinner they should
not drop in his porridge.
Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there
is no time for all things.
Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely, 'e'en no time
to recover hair lost by nature.
Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why
there is no time to recover.
Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and
therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.
Ant. S. I knew, 'tis a bald conclusion.
But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter Adrian and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurged'st would vow
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
That never meant sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art thus estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulp,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dear-yest would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were lencionte,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!
Wouldst 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 harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou canst; and therefore, 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 strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed,
I live unstain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.
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 scanned,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?
Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentle-
woman?

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 spoke 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!
Do 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 elm, my husband, I a vine,
Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infest thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks; she means* me for her
theme!

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 proffer'd fallacy.

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, spite of spites!

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* trying: in f. e. an alteration by Pope, of trying, in old ed.
* distracted: the emendation in the text was suggested by Warbur-
ton.
We talk with goblins, owls, and elves and sprites.\(^1\)
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why praw'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou Dromio, thou small, thou slug, thou sot!
Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I not?
Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so am I.
Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.
Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.
Dro. S. No, I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an ass.
Dro. S. 'T is true; she rides me, and I long for grass.
'T is so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her, as well as she knows me.
Adr. Come, come; no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in my eye and weep,

WHilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the gate.—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks.—
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, Sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advise'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd?
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist, at all adventures, go.
Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, and let none enter, lest I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholus; we dine too late.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same.
Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus,
Angelo, and Balthazar.

Ant. E. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours,
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her carken,\(^2\)
And that to-morrow you will bring it home;
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house.—
Thou drunkard, thou, what did'st thou mean by this?
Dro. E. Say what you will, sir; but I know what I know.
That you beat me at the mart, I have a hand to show;
If my skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
Your own hand-writing would tell you for certain\(^4\)
what I think.
Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.
Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
By the wounds 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,
Our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.
Bal. I 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 affords.
Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.
Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

1 elvish sprites: in i. e. 2 Necklace. 3 the: in i. e. 4 These two words not in i. e. 5 a patch of up, a pretender. 6 another: in i. e. 7 an ass: in i. e. 8 hope: in i. e.
Dro. E. So; come, help! well struck; there was
A blow for blow.
Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luc. Can you tell for whose sake?
Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.
Luc. Let him knock till it ache.
Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat
the door down.
Luc. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in
the town?
Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps
all this noise?
Dro. S. By my troth, your town is troubled with
unruly boys.
Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come
before.
Adr. Your wife, sir kneave? go, get you from the
door.
Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this kneave
would go sore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we
would fain have either.
Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part 1 with
neither.
Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them
welcome hither.
Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we
cannot get in.
Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments
were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the
cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought
and sold.2
Ant. E. Go, fetch me something: I'll break ope the
gate.
Dro. S. Break any breaking here, and I'll break
your kneave's pate.
Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir,
and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not be-
hind.
Dro. S. It seems, thou want'st breaking. Out upon
the hind!
Dro. E. Here's too much out upon thee! I pray
thee, let me in.
Dro. S. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish
have no fin.
Ant. E. Well, I'll break in. Go, borrow me a
crow.
Dro. E. A crow without feather? master, mean you
so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather.
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
Ant. E. Go, get thee gone; fetch me an iron
and flow.
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 honour of your wife.
Once this,3—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, 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 lives upon succession,
For ever housed, where it gets possession.
Ant. E. You have prevail'd: I will depart in quiet,
And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle;
There will we dine. This woman that I mean,
My wife (but I protest, without desert,
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal:
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine:4
For there's the house. That chain will I bestow
(Bo it for nothing but to spite my wife)
Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.
Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disman me.
Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.
Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some ex-
pense.
[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.
Enter Luciana, and Antipholus of Syracuse.
Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot,
A husband's office? Shall unkind debate
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake use her with more kind-
ness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth:
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness;
Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become thy courtesy;
Apparel wise like virtue's harbinger:
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 simple thief brags of his own attain?
'T is double wrong to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board;
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit,4 that you love us;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve,
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again:
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.
'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.
Ant. S. Sweet mistress, (what your name is else, I
know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,) Less
in your knowledge, and your grace you show not,
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak:

1 Depart. 2 In the same sense as our slang phrase, sold. 3 Once for all let me tell you this. 4 All the old eds. have Porpentne, which Lyce would retain, as a distinct form of the word used by many old writers. 5 E. A. have Antipholus, in place of the last two words. 6 Full of credulity.
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, fickle, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
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.\(^1\)
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
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,\(^2\) being light, be drowned if she sink!
LUC. What! are you mad, that you do reason so?
ANT. S. Not mad, but mated?\(^3\) how, 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. Go, where you should, and that will clear
Your sight.
ANT. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.
LUC. Why call you me love? call my sister so.
ANT. S. Thy sister's sister.
LUC. That's my sister.\(^4\)
ANT. S.
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine 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.
These 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.]\(^5\)

ANT. S. Why, how now, Dromio! where run'st thou so fast?
DRO. S. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?
ANT. 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. Marry, sir, 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. Marry, sir, 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, sir-reverence.\(^6\)
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?

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\(^1\) decline: in f. e.
\(^2\) Shakespeare often speaks of love as feminine.
\(^3\) Made senseless.
\(^4\) hastily: in f. e.
\(^5\) Scold reverendus, save reverence.
\(^6\) This and the following passages, to and including, "I did not look so low," are struck out by the MS. emendator. An allusion to the war of the League—the people were "making war," after the assassination of Henry III. in 1589, against the heir Henry IV.
SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sun 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 gilders for my voyage: Therefore, make present satisfaction, Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you, Is growing to me by Antipholus; And, in the instant that I met with you, He had of me a chain: at five o'clock, I shall receive the money for the same. Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house, I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Ephesus, from the Countess.'

Off. That labour may you save: see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou And buy a rope's end, that will bestow Among my wife and 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.


Ant. E. A man is well holp up that trusts to you: I promise'd me your presence, and the chain, But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me. Belike, you thought our love would last too long, If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note How much your chain weighs to the utmost cæsæt, 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 charg'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 signor, take the stranger to my house, And with you take the chain, and bid my wife Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof: Penc'iance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then, you will bring the chain to her yourself?

Ant. E. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have. Go home with it, and please your wife withal; And soon at supper-time I'll visit you, And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money now, For fear you never see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you well. [Exit.

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I cannot tell; But this I think, there's no man is so vain, That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain. I see, a man here needs not live by shifts, When in the streets he meets such golden gifts. I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay; If any ship put out, then straight away. [Exit.

ACT IV.
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,  
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughting, sir,  
I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought  
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vite.  
The ship is in her trim: the merry wind  
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,  
But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now? a madman! Why, thou peevish sheep!  
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?  
Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.  
Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;  
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.  
Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as soon.  
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.  
Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more leisure,  
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.  
To Adrianna, villain, his thee straight;  
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk  
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,  
There is a purse of ducats: let her send it.  
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,  
And that shall ball me. Hie thee, slave, be gone.  
On, officer, to prison-till it come.

[Exit Merchant, Angelo, Officer, and Ant. E.]

Dro. S. To Adrianna? that is where we din'd,  
Where Downabel 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 Adrianna 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? or sad, or merry?  
What observation mad'st thou in this case,  
Of his heart's meteor tilting in his face?  
Luc. First he denied you had in him right.  
Adr. For meant, he did me none: the more my spite.  
Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.  
Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.  
Luc. Then pleaded I for you.  
Adr. And what said he?  
Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.  
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?  
Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.  
First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.  
Adr. Didst speak him fair?  
Luc. Have patience, I beseech.  
Adr. I cannot, nor will I not hold me still:  
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have his will.  
He is deform'd, crooked, old, and warre,  
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere;  
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,  
Stigmatiz'd in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous, then, of such a one?  
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.  
Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,  
And yet would herein others' eyes were worse.  
Far from her nest the hapwring 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 an everlasting garment* hath him fell,  
One whose heart is button'd up with steel;  
Who knows no touch of mercry, cannot feel;  
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough:  
A wolf, may, worse, a fellow all in buff;  
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands  
The passages and alleys, creeks and narrow lands:  
A hound that runs counter,* and yet draws dry-foot well;*  
One that, before the judgment, carrieth poor souls to hell.*

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?  
Dro. S. I do not know the matter: he is 'rested on the case.  
Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.  
Dro. S. I am not at whose suit he is arrested well;  
But he's in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that I can tell.  
Will you send him, mistress, redemption? the money in his desk?  
Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at:  
[Exit Luciana.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt:—  
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?  
Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;  
A chain, a chain: do you not hear it ring?  
Adr. What, the chain?  
Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I were gone:  
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.  
Adr. The hours come back, that I did never hear.  
Dro. S. O yes; if any hour meet a serjeant,* a turns back for very fear.  
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason!  
Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes more than he's worth, to season.  
Nay, he's a thief: have you not heard men say,  
That time comes stealing on by night and day?  
If he be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,  
Hath he not reason to turn back any hour in a day?  

Re-enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio: there's the money, bear it straight,  
And bring thy master home immediately.—  
Come, sister; I am press'd down with conceit,  
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.  
[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, wearing the chain.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth salute me,  
As if 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 shew'd me silks that he had bought for me,  
And, therewithal, took measure of my body,  
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,  
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

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1 Silly. 2 Dishonoured. 3 Sweet: in f. e. 4 Serjeants were buff-fairy; Theobald suggested the change made by the M.S. amender. 5 A hunting phrase, meaning to hunt by the scent of the animal's foot-checker chamber, for the debtors of the crown. 6 Bond.
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 dost thou mean?  
Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the paradise, but that Adam that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calf's skin that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.  
Ant. S. I understand 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 serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band: one that thinks a man always going to bed, and says, 'God give you good rest.'  
Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your 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 Courtezán.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholus. I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now: Is that the chain, you promised me to-day?  
Ant. S. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!  
Dro. S. Master, is this mistress Satan?  
Ant. S. It is the devil.  
Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam: and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and thereof comes that the wenches say, 'God damn me,' that's as much as to say, 'God make me a light wench'? It is written, they appear to men like angels of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; ergo, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.  
Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.  
Dro. S. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, be-speak a long spoon.  
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?  
Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.  
Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping? Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress: I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.  
Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner, Or for my diamond the chain you promised, And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.  
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-stone; But show me more covetous, would have a chain.  
Master, be wise: an if you give it her, The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain. I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.  
Ant. S. Avault, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.  
Dro. S. Fly pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know. [Exit Ant. and Dro.  
Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself. A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats, And for the same he promised me a chain: Both one and other he denies me now. The reason that I gather he is mad, Besides this present instance of his rage, Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner Of his own doors being shut against his entrance. Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits, On purpose shuts the doors against his way. My way is now, to tye home to his house, And tell his wife, that, being luminac, He rush'd into my house, and took perfir For 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 'rested 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 hie thee home?  
Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.  
Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [Beating him.  
Jail. Good sir, be patient.  
Dro. E. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.  
Jail. Good now, hold thy tongue.  
Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands. Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!  
Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir; that I might not feel your blows.  
Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed: you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service, but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar went 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 Courtezane, and a Schoolmaster called Pinch.

Dro. E. Mistress, respire finem,⁴ 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?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—

Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hound's within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,

And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distracted soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you; are these your customers?

Did this companion with the saffron face

Revel and feast it at my house to-day,

Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,

And I desired to enter in my house?

Adr. O, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;

Where 'twould you had remain'd until this time,

Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Din'd at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the rigour⁵ 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, humour's well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast subord'n the goldsmith to arrest me.

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 import?

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse ofducats?

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 witness,

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possessed:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speakest false in both.

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack

To make a loathsome, abject scorn of me;

But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and bind Antipholus and Dromio.

Adr. O bind him, bind him! let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company!—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and wan he looks.

Ant. E. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them

To make a rescue?

Jail. Masters, let him go:

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man

Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Jail. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,

The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd

Home to my house.—O, most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O, most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master;

Cry, the devil.—

Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do they talk.

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you with me.—

[Exeunt Pinch and assistants with Ant. and Dro.]

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Jail. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum he owes?

Jail. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Jail. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring,

(The ring I saw upon his finger now)

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—

Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is:

I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter Antipholus of Syracuse, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuse.

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's call more help,

To have them bound again.

Jail. Away! they'll kill us.

[Exeunt Adriana, Luciana, and Jailor.

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

Dro. S. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

1 In Upton Fulwood's First Part of the Eighth Liberal Science, 1579, these words occur, and are translated in a marginal note, "All's well that ends well." Shakespeare may have borrowed both a phrase and a title from this work.

2 vigour: in f. e. 3 Not in f. e.
Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long that we were safe and sound aboard.
Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spoke us fair, gave us gold, Methinks they are such a gentle nation, that
but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.
Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get out stuff aboard. [Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and 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 reverend reputation, sir;
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.
Mer. Speak softly; yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forewore most monstrously to have.
Good sir, draw near with me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholus, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.
This chain, you had of me; can you deny it?
Ant. S. I think, I had: I never did deny it.
Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.
Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?
Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.
Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove my word and mine honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dost not stand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain. [They draw.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, 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 house!
This is some priory:—in, or we are spoil'd.

[Exeunt Antipholus and Dromio to the Abbey.

Enter the Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.
Let us come in, that we may find him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this possessed him the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad;
And much different from the man he was;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck of sea?

† Baggage.  
‡ Close with him.  
§ Not in f. o.
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 I will doth beseech your holiness, To separate the husband and the wife.

_Abb._ Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. 

[Exit Abbess.] 

_Luc._ Complain unto the duke of this indignity. 

_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 

(Enter Duke attended; _Adr._ bare-headed; with the Headsman 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 husband, Whom I made lord of me, and all I had, At your important letters, this ill day 

A most outrageous fit of madness took him, That desperately he hurried through the street, (With him his bondman, all as mad as he) Doing displeasure to the citizens By rushing in their houses, bearing thence Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like. Once did I get him bound, and sent him home, Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went, That here and there his fury had committed. Anon, I wot not by what strange escape, He broke from those that had the guard of him, And with unbridled rage pursued himself, Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords, Met us again, and, madly bent on us, Chan'd us away; till, raising of more aid, We came again to bind them. Then they fled Into this abbey, whither we pursued them; And here the abbess shuts the gates on us, And will not suffer us to fetch him out, Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence. Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command, Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. 

_Duke._ Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars, And to me thou engag'd a prince's word, When thou didst make him master of thy bed, To do him all the grace and good I could. 

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey gate, And bid the lady abbess come to me. I will determine this, before I stir. 

_Enter a Servant._ 

_Serv._ O mistress, mistress! shift and save yourself.

My master and his man are both broke loose, Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor, Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire; And ever as it blazed they throw on him Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair. My master beareth patience to him, and the while His man with scissors nicks him like a fool; And, sure, unless you send some present help, Between them they will kill the conjurer. 

_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 cries for you, and vows, if he can take you, To scourch your face, and to disfigure you. 

_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 we hou'sd him in the abbey here, And now he's there, past thought of human reason. 

_Enter Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus._ 

_Ant. E._ Justice, most gracious duke! O! grant me justice, Even for the service that long since I did thee, When I besrid thee in the wars and took Deep sears to save thy life; even for the blood That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice. 

_Aege._ Unless the fear of death doth make me dote, I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio! 

_Ant. E._ Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there! 

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife, That hath abused and dishonour'd me, 
Even in the strength and height of injury, Beyond imagination is the wrong, That she this day hath shameless thrown on me. 

_Duke._ Discover how, and thou shalt find me just. 

_Ant. E._ This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me, While she with harlots feasted in my house. 

_Duke._ A grievous fault. Say, woman, didst thou so? 

_Adr._ No, my good lord: myself, he, and my sister, To-day did done together. So befal my soul, As this is false he burdens me within. 

_Luc._ Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night, But she tells to your highness simple truth. 

_Ang._ O perjured woman! They are both forsworn: 
In this the reprobate and justly chargeth them. 

_Ant. E._ My liege, I am advised what I say; Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine, Nor heady rash provok'd with raging ire, Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad. This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner: That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her, Could witness it, for he was with me then; Who parted with me to go fetch a chain, Promising to bring it to the Pericopter, 

_Balthazar and I did dine together. 

Our dinner done, and he not coming therewith, I went to seek him: in the street I met him, And in his company, that gentleman. 

They did this perfur'd goldsmith swear me down, That this day of him receiv'd the chain, Which, God be knows, I saw not: for the which, He did arrest me with an officer. 

I did obey, and sent my peasant home.

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1 depth and sorry: in f. e. 2 Important: strong: in f. e. 3 One after the other. 4 It was the custom to cut the hair of fools in a peculiar fashion. 5 This word originally meant direging; and was applied to either sex.
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.  

ACT V.

Ege. O! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last.
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand,
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?
Ant. E. Neither.
Ege. Dromio, nor thou?
Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.
Ege. I am sure thou dost.
Dro. E. Ay, sir; but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice? O, time's extremity!
Hast thou so crack'd my voice, split? my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untund' care?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up,
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull, deaf' ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me this child is not my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Ege. 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, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter Abbess, with ANTIPOHULS of Syracuse and
Dromio of Syracuse.
Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.

[All gather to see them.]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me!
Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? Who decipher them?
Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.
Ant. S. Aegon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty. —
Speak, old Aegon, if thou be'st the man
That had a wife once call'd Emilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Aegon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia!

Ege. If I dream not, thou art Emilia.
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 me in.
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right.

These two Antipholus, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—

Besides his urging of his wreck at sea:—

These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou canst't 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 warrior,
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 fair 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 ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these errors 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 discoursed 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 sons; and at this present hour
My heavy burdens are delivered.—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
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, Angelo, and Attendants.

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?
Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embarked?
Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.
Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:
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.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?
Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.
Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?
Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then,
Let thou first.
Dro. E. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now, let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[Exeunt.
**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**

**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

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**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 honour on a young Florentine, called Claudio.

Gent. Much deserved on his part, and equally remembered by Don Pedro: he hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the feats of a lion: he hath, indeed, better bettered expectation, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle, here in Messina, will be very much glad of it.

Gent. I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Gent. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness. There are no faces truer than those that are so washed; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is signior 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.

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1 Messenger: in f. d. 2 Throughout the Scene: Mess: in f. d. 3 A term of the fencing-school. 4 A long and light-feathered arrow, used for objects at a distance. 5 A short and thick arrow, for near sin. 6 Stood. 7 Chaucer uses the five wits for the five senses. A similar enumeration, referred to in the text, was made of the intellectual powers. 8 In heraldry, a distinction.
**BEAT.** O Lord! he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs 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 hold will friends with you, lady. **BENEDICK.** 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, BAL-THAZAR, 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, sorrow 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 honourable father. **BENE.** If signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

**BENEDICK.** I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: no body marks you.

**BENE.** What, my dear lady Disdain! are you yet living?

**BENEDICK.** Is it possible disdain should die, while she hath such meat to feed it, as signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert to disdain, if you come in her presence.

**BENE.** Then is courtesy a turn-coat. 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.

**BENEDICK.** A dear happiness to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suit. I thank God, and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

**BENEDICK.** God keep your ladyship still in that mind: some gentleman or other shall escape a predestinate scratched face.

**BENEDICK.** Scratching could not make it worse, an't were such a face as yours.

**BENE.** Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

**BENEDICK.** 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 continuer. But keep your way o' God's name; I have done.

**BEAT.** You always end with a jade'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.]

**CLAUDIO.** Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of signior Leonato?

**BENE.** I noted her not; but I looked on her.

**CLAUDIO.** 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?

**CLAUDIO.** No; I pray thee, speak in sober judgment.

**BENE.** Why, 't faith, mothkens she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise; and too little 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.

**CLAUDIO.** 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? **CLAUDIO.** 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 flouting Jack, to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

**CLAUDIO.** 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, an she were not possessed with a fury, excesses 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?

**CLAUDIO.** I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife.

**BENE.** Is 't come to this, i' faith? Hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' 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.

**D. PEDRO.** 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.

**CLAUDIO.** If this were so, so were it uttered.

**BENE.** Like the old tale, my lord: it is not so, nor

---

1 This phrase is derived, says Knight, from books of credit. 2 Quarreler. 3 The old copies read: you are. 4 Old cop.: This. 5 Join.
"t 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 I dare not 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 brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks; but that I will have a reech3 winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldric,4 all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, (for which I may go the finer) 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 up at the door 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 first4 hits me, let him be clapped on the shoulder, and called Adam.5

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:

"In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

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."7

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

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 guarded7 with fragments, and the guards are but slightly baston on neither: ere you flout old ends8 any farther, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit Benedick.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how.

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn

Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero, she’s his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O! my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action, I look’d upon her with a soldier’s eye, That like’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 thro’nging soft and delicate desires, All prompting me how fair young Hero is, Seyvil. I like’d her eyes I went to wars.”

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.18 Was’t not to this end, That thou began’st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love, That know love’s grief by his complexion! But lest my liking might too sudden seem, I would have salv’d it with a longer treatise.

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest ground11 is the necessity. Look, what will serve is fit: ’t is no peace, thou lovest, And I will fit thee with the remedy. I know we shall have revelling to-night; I will assume thy part in some disguise, And tell fair Hero I am Claudio; And in her bosom I’ll unclasps 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.

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 dreamt 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 thus12 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?
SCENE I.—Another Room in Leonato's House.

Enter John and Conrad.

Con. What the good year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it; therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing brings it?

Con. If not a present remedy, at least a patient sufficiency.

John. I wonder, that thou being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Con. Yea; but you must not make the full show of this, till you may do it without controlment. You have, till of late, stood out against your brother, and he hath taken you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rib love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed, not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I make all use of it, for I use it only. Who comes here? What news, Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince, your brother, is royally entertained by Leonato, and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he, for a fool, that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who? The most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper squire! and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. Being entertained for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty-room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtained her, give her to count Claudio.

John. Come, come; let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrown: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me?

Con. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater, that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind! Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Hall in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, and others.

Leon. Was not count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tardily that gentleman looks: I never can see him, but I am heart-burned an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man, that were made just in the mid-way between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.

Leon. Then, half-signior Benedick's tongue in count John's mouth, and half count John's melancholy in signior Benedick's face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if a' could get her good will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

1 Not in f. e. 2 This word not in f. e. 3 Only in quarto.
Well, you know 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's!' so, deliver I up my ayes, and away to Saint Peter for the heavens; he show'd 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 over-mastered 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 well'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; wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch Jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly, moderate, as a measure, full of state and anxiety; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink a-pace to 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 maskers.

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friends?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Don Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

Don Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

Don Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove?

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatched.

Don Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

[They laugh.]

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

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 I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester; a very droll fool, only his gift is in devising impossible slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villainy, for he both pleases men, and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and hate him. I am sure, he is in the fleet; I would he had beard'd me!

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me: which, peradventure, not marked, or not laughed at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge' wing saved, for the fool will eat no 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.

[They dance.]

Bene. Then, exeunt 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 enamoured on Hero. I pray you, dissuade him from her; she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come, let us to the banquet.

[Exeunt John and Borachio.

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio. 'Tis certain so:—the prince woos for himself.

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1. Importantue. 2. This word not in F. c. 3. An allusion to the story of Baucis and Philemon, in Ovid. 4. A popular jest-book, of which only a fragment is extant. It was reprinted in 1535, after its discovery.
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! [Exit. 

Re-enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?
Claud. Ye, the same.
Bene. Come, will you go with me?
Claud. Whither?
Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, county. What fashion will you wear the garland of? About your neck, like an usurer's chain, or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way; for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.
Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest draver: so they sell bullock. 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: it was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.
Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you. [Exit.
Bene. Alas, poor hurt foul! Now will he creep into 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: I am not so reputed: it is the base, though bitter disposition of Beatrice, that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter Don Pedro.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? Did you see him?
Bene. Truth, my lord, I have played the part of lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and, I think, I told him true, that your grace had got the gold will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipped.

D. Pedro. To be whipped! What's his fault?
Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy; who, being overjoy'd with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.
Bene. Yet it had not been amiss. The rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.

D. Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.
Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to you: the gentleman, that danced with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.
Bene. O! she misjudged me past the endurance of a block; an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life, and seol with her. She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the prince's jester; that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such importable conveyance, upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poigniards, and every word stabst: if her breath were as terrible as her terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star. I would marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had lent him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her; you shall find her the infernal Ath in good apparel. I would to God, some scholar would conjure her; for, certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell, as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither, so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Hero, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. Look; here she comes.

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes, that you can devise to send me on: I will fetch you a toothpicer now from the farthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair of the great Cham's beard; do you any embassage to the Pigmies, rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. Have you no employment for me?

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my lady Tongue.

[Exit.

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of signior Benedick.

Beat. Indeed, my lord, he let it me awhile; and I gave him use for it, a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false die, 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 as jealous a complexion.

D. Pedro. F'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 woned in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beat. Speak, count, 'tis your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give 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. Yes, my lord; I thank is, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear, that he is in her heart.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II.

SCENE II.—Another Room in Leonato’s House.

Enter John and Borachio.

John. It is so: the count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicable to me: I am sick in displeasure to him, and whatsoever comes athwart his affection ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me.

John. Show me briefly how.

Bora. I think, I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favor of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady’s chamber-window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper. Go you to the prince, your brother: spare not to tell him, that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation do you mightly hold up) to a contaminated state, such as one as Hero.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misplease the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the count Claudio, alone: tell them, that you know that Hero loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, (as in love of your brother’s honour, who hath made this match, and his friend’s reputation, who is thus like to be cozened with the semblance of a maid,) that you have discovered thus.

They will sincerely 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 disloyalty, that jealousy shall be called assurance, and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Leonato’s Garden.

Enter Benedick, a Boy following.

Bene. Boy!

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book; bring it hither 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; do much wonder, that thou hast not observed me. How much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the

1 e., get married. * In f. e. my; some eds. read “answer mind.” 3 Lineage. 4 Claudio; in f. e. 5 truth; in f. e. * with a Boy; in f. e. *
argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known, when there was no music with him, but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known, when he would have walked ten mile afoot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man, and a soldier; and now is he turn'd orthodoxographer: his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted; and see with these eyes? I cannot tell: I think not: I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well: another is wise, yet I am well: another virtuous, yet I am well; but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the prince and monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour. [Retires behind the trees.]

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, and Claudio.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yes, my good lord. How still the evening is, as hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: the music ended, We'll fit the hid fox with a penny-worth.

Enter Balthazar, with Musicians.

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O! good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency,

To put a strange face on his own perfection.—
I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing:
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit
To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos,
Yet will he swear, he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come;
Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument,
Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes;
There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks;
Note notes, forsooth, and nothing! [Music.

Bene. [Behind.] Now, divine air! now is his soul ravished!—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 deceivers ever;
One foot in set, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never.

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo,
Or damps do dull and heavy;

The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was heavy.

[Aside.]

D. Pedro. By my truth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha? no: no, faith, thou singst well enough for a shift.

Bene. [Behind.] An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hang'd him; and, I pray God, his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry; dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music, for to-morrow night we would have it at the lady Hero's chamber window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.] Come hither, Leonato: what was it you told me of to-day? that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick?

Claud. [Aside to Pedro.] O! say:—stalk on, stalk on;

the fowl sits. [Aloud.] I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that she should so dote on signior Benedick; whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor.

Bene. [Behind.] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to think of it, but that she loves him with an enragèd affection: it is past the infinite of thought.

D. Pedro. May be, she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. 'Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God! I counterfeit? There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion, as she discovers it.

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside.] Bait the hook well: this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you! You amaze me: I thought his bountiful spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Behind.] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it: knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside.] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No, and swears she never will: that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encountered him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she, now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night, and there will she sit in her smock, till she have writ a sheet of paper full.14—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 over it, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheets?—

Claud. That.
Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first.

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter; let it cool the while. I love Benedick well, and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [Aside.] If he do not dote upon her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [Aside.] Let there be some 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 is the scene that I would see, which will be more a dumb show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[Enter Don Pedro, Claudia, and Leonato.]

Bene. [Advancing from the Arkour.] This can be no trick: the conference was sadly born. 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 required. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her: they say, too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions, and can put them to morning. They say, the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprofe it: and wise, but for loving me; by my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be hourly in love with her. I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnant of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his age, that he cannot endure in his youth. Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No; the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will, I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message! Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and not choke a daw withal.—You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [Exit.

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner?"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me?"—that's as much as to say, any pains that I take that for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain: if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour; I will overtake thee at the gate. 

Marg. I will, madam. [Exit Margaret.]

Hero. And you, Ursula, be sure now she is not gone; for I will see her present at the feast. I would not have her to lack any thing here, but I think, she is so engrossed in love, she will not take any notice of her absence.

Urs. Madam, she is too much taken up with love to think what's out of the way. 

Hero. I am glad. If she be so taken up, I am sure she will not shun any thing, but what is for my declaring of my love. [Exit Ursula.]

Hero. Margaret, I would speak to thee in a manner that thou mayst understand. 

Marg. I am ready, madam.

Hero. There, thou shalt 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

[Exit with Margaret.]

There shall thou find my cousin Beatrice.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

SCENE II.

Much of not; but we signior he hear who. When our is forbid of. To make of this: Is sick in love with Beatrice: of this matter is little Cupid's crafty arrow made, That only wounds by hearsey. 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 pleasant'st angling is to see the fish Cut with her golden oars the silver stream, And greedily devour the treacherous bait: So angle we for Beatrice; who even now Is couched in the woodbine coverture. Fear you not my part of the dialogue. Hero. Then go we near her; that her ear lose nothing Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it. No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful; I know, her spirits are as coy and wild As haggards of the rock. URS. But are you sure That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely? Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord. URS. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam? Hero. They did 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 empty? Hero. O God of love! I know, he doth deserve As much as may be yielded to a man; But nature never fram'd a woman's heart Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice: Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes, Misprising what they look on; and her wit Values itself so highly, that to her All matter else seems weak. She cannot love, Nor take no shape nor project of affection, She is so self-endeared. URS. Sure, I think so; And, therefore, certainly, it were not good She knew his love, lest she make sport at it. Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet saw man How wise, how noble, young, how rarely feature'd, But she would speak him backward: if fair-face'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 vilenly cut: If speaking, why, a vane blown with all-winds; If silent, why, a block moved with none. So turns she every man the wrong side out, And never gives to truth and virtue that Which simpliceness and merit purchase. URS. Sure, sure, such earing is not commendable. Hero. Nay, that is not so; not be so cold, and from all fashions As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable. But who dare tell her so? If I should speak, She would mock me into air: O! she would laugh me Out of myself, press me to death with wit. Therefore, let Benedick, like cover'd fire, Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly: It were a better death than 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, truly, I'll devise some honest standers To stamp 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 she is prized to have) as to refuse So rare a gentleman as signior 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: signior Benedick, For shape, for bearing, argument and valour, Goes foremost in report, through Italy. Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name. URS. His excellency to earn it, ere he had it. When are you married, madam? Hero. Why, in a day*—to-morrow. Come, go in: I'll show thee some attire, and have thy counsel, Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow. URS. [Aside.] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we have caught her, madam. Hero. [Aside.] If it prove so, then loving goes by haps: Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps. [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? Compl't, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu! No glove doth fit me but in the lack of such. And, Benedick, love on: I will requite thee, Taming my wild heart to thy loving band. If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee To bind our loves up in a holy band; For others say thou dost deserve, and I Believe it better than reportingly. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in Leonato's House. Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, and Leonato.

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage be consummated, and then go I toward Arragon. Claudio. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me. D. Pedro. Nay; that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his company; for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him. He hath a heart as sound as a boll, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.
Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope I love in hope.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love. If he be sad he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the tooth-ache!

Leon. Where is but a humour, or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief, but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I, he is in love.

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises; as to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow, or in the shape of two countries at once; as a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublets. Unless he have a fancy to this folly, 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 or mornings; what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, 'a rubs himself with civet: can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for which, I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lustre-string, and now governed by stops.

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him.

Conclude, conclude, he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions; and in spite of all dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ache.-Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

John. If your leisure served, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet count Claudio may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore, bear your kind offices in your charge. You shall comprehend all vagrom men: you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

2 Watch. How, if a' will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects. — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable, and not to be endured.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only, have a care that your bills be not stolen. Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How, if they will not?

Dogb. Why then, let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say, they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be 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. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly, by your office you may; but, I think, they that touch 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, partner.

Dogb. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If they hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse, and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How; if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear it?

Dogb. Why then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baa, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'T is very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge. You, constable, are to present the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, by' r lady, that, I think, a' cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him: marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and, it is an offense to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By' r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weighty chances, call up me. Keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night. Come, neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear your charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about signor Leonato's door: for the wed- ding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night. Adieu; be vigilant, I beseech you.

[Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.]

Enter Borachio and Conrad.

Bora. What, Conrad!

Watch. [Behind and aside.] Peace! stir not.

Bora. Conrad, I say!

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass, and my elbow itched; I thought, there would a scab follow.

Con. I will owe thee an answer for that; and now forward with thy tale.

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this penthouse, for it drizzles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. [Aside.] Some treason, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villainy should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villainy should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfounded. Thou knowest, that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Con. Yet, 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: 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five and thirty? some-time, fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the red sea; some-time, like god Balaam's priests in the old church window; some-time, like the shaven Heræus in the smirched worm-eaten tapestry, where his cod-piece seems as massey as his club?

Con. All this I see, and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art thou not thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so, neither; but know, that I have to-night woofed 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 vilely: — 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 not? Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil, my master, knew she was Margaret, and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly...
by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw over-night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. [Coming forward.] We charge you in the prince's name, stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable. We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery, that ever was known in the commonwealth.

1 Watch. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; a' 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.

Bona. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question, I warrant you. Come, we'll obey you.

[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 rabato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, it's not so good; and I warrant, your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another.

I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion; it hath faith. I saw the duchess of Milan's gown, that they praise so.

Hero. O! that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours: cloth o' gold, and cuts, and laced with silver, set with pearls down the sleeves, side sleeves, and skirts round, under-borne with a bluish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy!

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Pie upon thee! art not ashamed?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think, you would have me say; saving your reverence,—a husband: an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body. Is there any harm in it—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.

Beatrice. Good morning, coz.

Beat. Good morning; sweet Hero.

Hero. Why, how now? do you speak in the sick tone?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

III. Not in f. 3 Long, full sleeves. 4 A popular old tune, mentioned also in Two Gentlemen of Verona. 4 Play upon the similarity of sound between H and ach. 5 Blessed thistle; "so worthily named," says Cogan's Haven of Health, 1599, "for the singular virtues that it hath."
as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man, and no honester than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous: palabras, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the souls of your lord's officers; but, truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king, I could find in my heart to bestow all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me? ha!

Dogb. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 'tis; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship, as of any man in the city, and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have taken a couple of 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, 't faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, 't faith, sir: by my troth he is, as ever broke bread; but, God is to be worshipped: all men are not alike; alas, good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dogb. Gifts, that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, sir. Our watch, sir, have, indeed, comprehended two suspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be sufficiency.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go. Fare you well. Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.

Dogb. Go, good partner, go; get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol; we are now to examination these men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that shall drive some of them to a non com: only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol.

[Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The inside of a Church.

Enter Don Pedro, John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, Beatrice, &c.

Leon. Come, friar Francis, be brief: only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her; friar, you come to marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count?

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impediment, why you should not be conjoined, I charge you on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer: none.


Claud. Stand thee by, Friar.—Father, by your leave: Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to do you back, whose May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankful-ness.

1 The rest of the speech is from the quarto. 2 A quotation from the Accidence. 3 thee: in f. e. The change was suggested also by Pope. 4 rage: in f. e. 5 wide: in f. e.
**MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.**  

**ACT IV.**

**D. Pedro.** What should I speak?

I stand dishonour’d, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common state.

**Leon.** Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

**John.** Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

**Bene.** This looks not like a jubal.

**Hero.** True? O God!

**Claud.** Leonato, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince’s brother?

Is this face Hero’s? Are our eyes our own?

**Leon.** All this is so; but what of this, my lord?

**Claud.** Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And, by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

**Leon.** I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

**Hero.** O God, defend me! how am I beset!—

What kind of catechising call you this?

**Claud.** To make you answer truly to your name.

**Hero.** Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

**Claud.** Marry, that can Hero:

Hero itself can blot out Hero’s virtue.

What man was he 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 maiden.—Leonato,

I am sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,

Myself, my brother, and this griev’d count,

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;

Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess’d the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

**John.** Fie, fie! they are not to be nam’d, my lord,

Not to be spoke of:

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence to utter them. Thou pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

**Claud.** O Hero! what a Hero hadst 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 impety, and impious purity!

For thee I’ll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,

And never shall it more be gracious.

**Leon.** Hath no man’s dagger here a point for me?

**Beat.** Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?

**John.** Come, let us go. These things come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[Exeunt Don Pedro, John, and Claudio.]

**Bene.** How doth the lady?

**Beat.** Dead, I think:—help, uncle!

**Hero.** Why, Hero!—Uncle!—Signior Benedick!—

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 thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny

The story that is printed in her blood?—

Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes;

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shame,

Myself would, on the hazard6 of reproaches,

Strike at thy life. Grief’d I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature’s frown?6

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 smirched thus, and mir’d with infamy,

I might have said, “No part of it is mine.

This shame derives itself from unknown Joins”6

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,

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 believ’d?

**Bene.** Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

**Beat.** No, truly, not; although, until last night,

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

**Leon.** Confirm’d, confirm’d? O, that is stronger made,

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 cross* 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 blushes;

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 seal doth warrant

The tenour 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 doth 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!—O, my father!

Prove you that any man with me convers’d

At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight


---From the quarto. 2 rearward: in f. e. 3 frame: in f. e. 4 soul-tainted: in f. e. 5 course: in f. e. 6 reverence, calling: in f. e. 7 biting: in f. e.
Maintain’d the change of words with any creature,  
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Frier. There is some strange misprision in the  
princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour;  
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,  
The practice of it lives in John the bastard,  
Whose spirits toil in fraud and villainies.

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her: if they wrong her honour,  
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 rost 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 quench it of them thoroughly.

Frier. Pause a while,  
And let my counsel sway you in this case.  
Your daughter, here, the princess 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 epistles, and do all rites  
That appertain unto a burial.  
What shall become of this? What will this do?

Frier. 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 lamented, pitied and excuse’d  
Of every hearer; for it so falls out,  
That what we have prize not to the worth,  
While we enjoy it, but being lost and lack’d,  
Why, then we rack the value; then we find  
The virtue, that possession would not show us,  
While it was out:—So will it fare with Claudio:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall swiftly 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 accus’d her;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success  
Will ignition the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood,  
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 recessive 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 much honour, 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.

Frier. ’Tis well consented: presently away,  
For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure.—

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding day,  
Perhaps, is but prolong’d: have patience, and  
endure. [Exeunt Friar, Hero, and Leonato.  

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?  
Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.  
Bene. I will not desire that.  
Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.  
Bene. Surely, I do believe your fair cousin is  
wronged.

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve of me  
that would right her!  
Bene. Is there any way to show such friendship?  
Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.  
Bene. May a man do it?  
Beat. It is a man’s office, but not yours.  
Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you.  
Is not that strange?  
Beat. As strange as the thing I know not. It were  
so 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 your cousin.  
Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov’st me.  
Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.  
Bene. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I  
will make him eat it, that says I love not you.  
Beat. Will you not eat your word?  
Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to it. I  
protest, I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!  
Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?  
Beat. You have stayed me in a happy hour: I was  
about to protest, I loved you.  
Bene. And do it with all thy heart.  
Beat. I love you with so much of my heart, that  
one is left to protest.  
Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.  
Beat. Kill Claudio.  
Bene. He is not in the wide world.  
Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.  
Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.  
Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—there is no  
love in you.—Nay, I pray you, let me go.  
Bene. Beatrice.  
Beat. In faith, I will go.  
Bene. We ’ll be friends first.  
Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight  
with mine enemy.

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy.  
Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain, that  
hath slandered, scorned, dishonoured my kinswoman?—  
O, that I were a man!—What! bear her in hand until  
thee come embrace hands, and then with public accusation,  
uncovered slander, unmitigated rancour.—O God,  
that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the  
market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice—  
Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper  
saying.

Bene. Nay, but Beatrice—  
Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wronged, she is slan- 
dered, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—  
Beat. Princes, and counties! Surely, a princely testi- 
mony, a godly 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; valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongues, and trimones 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 dissembly appeared?

Verg. O! a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sexton. Which be the malefactores?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Conrad. 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 gentilman Conrade.—Masters, do you serve God?

Con. Bor. Yes, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are 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 eldest way.—Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

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 burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and, upon the grief of this, suddenly died. Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before, and show him their examination. [Exit.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinioned.

Verg. Let them be bound.

Bora. Hands off, coxcomb! 1

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? Let him write down the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet.

Con. Away! you are an ass; you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years?—O, that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had leases; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him. Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down an ass!

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;
And it is not wisdom thus to second grief
Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve. Give not me counsel;

1 This speech, and half of the one following, to the word "Masters," is from the quarto. 2 Readiest: in f. e. 3 In f. e. Verg. Let them be in the hands—Con. Off! coxcomb! 4 losses: in f. e. 5 The words "to me" in f. e. not in f. e.

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 overwhelm'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 him, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverb; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him 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.

Better strong madness in a silken thread,
Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
No, no; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
To those that wring under the load of sorrow,
But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
To be so moral when he shall endure
The like himself. Therefore give me no counsel:
My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.
Leon. I pray thee, peace! I will be flesh and blood;
For there was never yet philosopher
That could endure that patiently, however they have write the style of gods,
And made a push at chance and sufferance.
Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied,
And that shall Claudio know; so shall the prince,
And all of them, that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the prince, and Claudio hastily.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claudio. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you well,
my lord.

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou, dissembler, thou—
Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, desISMATCH 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 fear and jest at me:
I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;
As, under privilege of age, to brag
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and me
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,
And with grey hairs, and braise of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.
I say, thou hast belied mine innocence, boy:
Thou slander hast gone through and through her heart,
And she lies buried with her ancestors,
O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy.

Claud. My villainy?

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare;
Despite his nice fence, and his active practice,
His May of youth, and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me? Thou hastkill'd my child:
If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first:
—Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, come, follow me.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your joining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother—

Ant. Content yourself. God knows, I lov'd my niece;
And she is dead; slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man, indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggart, Jacks, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Antony—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I know them; yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost scrupule;
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mong'ring boys,
That lie, and clog, 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.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your patience.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death;
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very 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.

[Execute 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 valour. 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 away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.
D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—
Art thou sick, or angry?

Claud. What! courage, man! What though care
killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill
care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, an
you charge it against me.—I pray you, choose another
subject.

Claud. Nay then, give him another staff: this last
was broke cross.

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more.
I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be so, he knows how to turn his girdle.¹

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge! ²

Bene. You are a villain.—I jest not:—I will make
it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when
you dare.—Do me right, or I will protest your coward-
ise. 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 capers,³ the which if I do not carve
most curiously, say my knife's naught.—Shall I not
find a woodcock too? ⁴

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well: it goes easily.

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice praised thy wit
the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," said she, "a fine little one!" No,² I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." Nay,² said I, "a good wit:" "Just,"² said she, "it hurts nobody."² "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise!" Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman."² "Nay,"² said I, "he hath the tongues:" "That I believe," said she,² 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 prosterne
man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she, wert 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
deeply. Old man's daughter told us all.

All, all; and moreover, who saw him when he was
hid in the garden.

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's
horns on the sensible Benedick's head? ⁵

Claud. Yea, and text underneath.⁶ "Here dwells
Benedick the married man!"

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I
will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you
break jests as braggers do their blades, which, God be
thanked, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies
I thank you: I must discontinue your company. Your
brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have,
among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my
lord Lordship heard, there he and I shall meet: and till
then, peace be with him. ⁷

[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
bled?

Enter Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, with
Conrade and Borachio.

Dogb. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you,
she shall ne'er 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?
Borachio, one?

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 slanders; 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 they are committed? and, to conclude, what
you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly 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 farther to mine
answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me.
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 con-
fessing to this man, how Don John your brother,
incensed 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 de-
sire nothing but the reward of a villain.

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through
your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?
Bora. Yea; and paid me richly for the practice of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery.—
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 plaintiff: by this time
our sexton hath reformed signior Leonato of the mat-
er. 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 man like him,
I may avoid him. Which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

¹ Large belts were worn with the girdle before, but for wrestling, the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp
at the girdle. The action was therefore a challenge. ² A capon: i.e. ³ An allusion to a popular belief that a wood-
cock had no brains. ⁴ God—with a period at the end of the speech: in i.e.
Leon. Art thou the slave, that with thy breath hast killed him, and I—

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thouliesthyself: Here stand a pair of honourable men, A third is fled, that had a hand in it.— I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death: Record it with your high and worthy deeds. 'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience, Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge yourself; Impose me to what penance your invention Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not, But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I; And yet, to satisfy this good old man, I would bend under any heavy weight That he shall enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you cause my daughter live; That were impossible; but, I pray you both, Possess the people in Messina, here, How innocent she died: and, if your love Can labour sought in sad invention, Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb, And sing it to her bones: sing it to-night.— To-morrow morning come you to my house, And since you could not be my son-in-law, Be yet my nephew. My brother hath a daughter, Almost the copy of my child that's dead, And she alone is heir to both of us: Give her the right you should have given her cousin, And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir! Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me. I do embrace your offer, and dispose For henceforth of poor Claudius.

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 past* in all this wrong, Hid't 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.

Dog. Moreover, sir, which, indeed, is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it be remembered in his punishment. And also, the watch heard them talk of one Deformed: they say, he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name; the which he hath used so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you, examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverence youth, and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. I discharge thee of thy prisoner, and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your worship; which, I beseech your worship, to correct yourself for the example of others. God keep your worship: I wish your worship well: God restore you to health. I humbly give you leave to depart, and if a merry meeting may be wished, God prohibit it.—Come, neighbour.

[Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, farewell.

Ant. Farewell, 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 lewd* fellow.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and Margaret; meeting.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress Margaret, deservest 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 deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth; it catches.

Marg. And your's as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice. I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes with a vice; and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

[Exit Margaret.

Bene. And therefore will come.

The god of love,
That sits above,
And knows me, and knows me,
How pitiful I deserve.—

I mean, in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers, whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why, they were never so truly turned over and over, as my poor self, in love. Marin, 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, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

Beat. Yea, signior; and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O! stay but till then.

Beat. "Then" is spoken; fare you well now:—and yet, o'er I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath passed between you and Claudio.

Bene. Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noise; therefore I will depart unkissed.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V.

Claud. Thou hast frighted the word out of thy 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 intermixing with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet. I do suffer love, indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think. Alas, poor heart! If you spit it for my sake, I will spit it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, Beatrice, that lived in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect, in this age, his own tomb ere he dies; he shall live no longer in monument, than the bell-rings, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:—why an hour in clamour, and a quarter, in rheme: therefore is it, most expeditious for the wise, (if Don Wurm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary,) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy.

And now tell me, how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Enter Ursula.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old' coil at home: it is proved, my lady Hero 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.

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 guerdon 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.

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 moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily:
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered,^* heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night! Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters: put your torches out.

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle day,
Before the wheels of Phoebus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his way can tell.4

[Exeunt Torch-bearers.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other weed; And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue spread, Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe!

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Benedick, Beatrice, Ursula, Friar, and Hero.

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the prince and Claudio, who accus'd her

Upon the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforce'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And, when I send for you, come hither mask'd.

The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother;
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

[Exeunt Ladies.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undo me; one of them.—

Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: it is most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite her.

Leon. The sight whereof, I think, you had from me,
From Claudio, and the prince. But what's your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd

In the state of honourable marriage:—

In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Here come the prince, and Claudio.3

[Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow, Claudio: We here attend you. Are you yet determin'd

To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother: here's the friar ready.

[Exeunt Antonio.

---

1 Used in the colloquial emphatic sense, for "great." 2 knight: in f. e. 3 Done away with. 4 each his several way: in f. e. 5 Not in f. e. 6 This line is from the quartos.
D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, That you have such a February face, So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness? Claud. I think, he thinks upon the savage bull.— Tush! fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold, And all Europe shall rejoice at thee, As once Europa did at lusty Jove, When he would play the noble beast in love. Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low; And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow, And got a calf in that same noble feat, Much like to you, for you have just his bleeet. Re-enter Antonio, with the Ladies masked. Claud. For this I owe you: here come other reckonings. Which is the lady I must seize upon? Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her. Claud. Why; then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face. Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand Before this friar, and swear to marry her. Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar: I am your husband, if you like of me. Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [Unmasking. And when you lov'd, you were my other husband. Claud. Another Hero? Hero. Nothing certain. One Hero died belied; but I do live, And, surely as I live, I am a maid. D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead! Leon. She died, my lord, but whiles she slander liv'd. Friar. All this amazement can I qualify; When after that the holy rites are ended, I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death: Mean time, let wonder seem familiar, And to the chapel let us presently. Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice? Beat. I answer to that name. [Unmasking.] What is your will? Bene. Do not you love me? Beat. Why, no more than reason. Bene. Why, then, your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio, Have been deceived, for they swore you did. Beat. Do not you love me? Bene. Troth, no more than reason. Beat. Why, then, my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula, Are much deceived; for they swore, you did. Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.
**LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.**

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**SCENE, Navarre.**

**ACT I.**

**SCENE I.—Navarre. A Park, with a Palace in it.**

*Enter the King, Biron, Longaville, and Dumaine.*

**King.** Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives, Live register'd upon our brazen tombs; And then grace us in the disgrace of death; When, spite of coromart devouring time, Th' endeavour of this present breath may buy That honour, which shall bate his seythe'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 Longville, Have sworn for three years' term to live with me, My fellow-scholars, and to keep these statutes, That are recorded in this schedule here: [Shewing it.] Your oaths are past, and now subscribe your names, That his own hand may strike his honour down, That violates the smallest branch herein. If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do, Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep them too. 

*Long.* I am resolv'd: 'tis but a three years' fast. 

**The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:** Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits 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 enrolled there. 

O! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep, 

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep. 

**King.** Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these. 

**Biron.** Let me say no, my liege, an if you please. 

I only swore to study with your grace, 

And stay here in your court for three years' space. 

**Long.** You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest. 

**Biron.** By yea, and nay, sir, then I swore in jest. 

What is the end of study, let me know? 

**King.** Why, that to know which else we should not know. 

**Biron.** Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense? 

**King.** Ay, that is study's god-like recompense. 

**Biron.** Come on, then: I will swear to study so, 

To know the thing I am forbid to know; 

As thus,—to study where I well may dine, 

When I to feast expressly am forbid; 

Or study where to meet some mistress fine, 

When mistresses from common sense are hid; 

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath, 

Study to break it, and not break my troth. 

If study's gain be this, and this be so, 

Study knows that which yet it doth not know. 

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no. 

**King.** These, Be the steps that hinder study quite, 

And train our intellects to vain delight.

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1 Not in f. e. 2 From the quarto, 1598.
HOLIFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, DULL, COSTARD, JAQUENETTA.

Love's Labor Lost, Act IV, Scene 3
**Biron.** Why, all delights are vain; 'tis what most vain, Which, with pain purchase'd, doth infect 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 fairer eye;
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded 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,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profits of their shining nights,
Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name.

**King.** How well he's read, to reason against reading!

**Dum.** Proceed well, to stop all good proceeding!

**Long.** He weeds the corn, and still lets grow the weeding.

**Biron.** The spring is near, when green geese are a breeding.

**Dum.** How follows that?

**Biron.** Fit in his place and time.

**Dum.** In reason nothing.

**Biron.** Nothing, then, in rhyme.

**King.** Biron is like an envious snapping frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

**Biron.** Well, say I am: why should proud summer boast,
Before the birds have any cause to sing?
Why should I joy in any abortive birth?
At Christmas I no more desire a rose,
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, by study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate.6

**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:4
And bide the pence 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?7

**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 garrulity.8

[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."9

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 decrepit, sick, and bed-rid father:
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes th' admired princess rather.

**King.** What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.

**Biron.** So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire; so won, so lost.

**King.** We must of force dispense with this decree:
She must lie here on mere necessity.

**Biron.** Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall plead4 for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name; [Subscribes.] And he, that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainer of eternal shame.

'Suggestions' are to others, as to me;
But, I believe, although I seem so loth,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quiet recreation granted?

**King.** Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain;
A man in all the world's new-fashions flaunted,9
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny:
This child of fancy, that Armado 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.
Now you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But I protest, I love to hear him lie.
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.6

**Biron.** Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

**Long.** Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport;
And so to study three years is but short.

**Enter Dull, with a letter, and Costard.**

**Dull.** Which is the duke's own person?

**Biron.** This, fellow. What wouldst?

**Dull.** I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough10; 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 contempes thereof are as touching me.

**Biron.** A letter from the magnificent Armado11.

**Biron.** How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words.

**Long.** A high hope for a low hearing:11 God grant us patience!

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1 From the quarter; the folio reads: and.
2 Swiping, or snipping.
3 Climbing o'er the house to unlock the little gate: in f. e.
4 I'll keep what I have swore: in f. e.
5 penitency: in f. e.
6 speak: in f. e.
7 transpositions.
8 world's new fashions planted: in f. e.
9 As a minister to tell me stories.
10 Tharborough, a peace officer.
11 having: in f. e.
Biron. To hear, or forbear hearing.
Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.
Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to chime in in the merriness.
Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.²
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 vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron."³
Cost. Not a word of Costard yet.
King. "So it is,—"³
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-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-loving 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 yeleped thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscure and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which there thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, and 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,"³
Cost. Me.
King. "—that unletter'd small-knowing soul."
Cost. Me.
King. "—that shallow vessel,"³
Cost. Still me.
King. "—which, as I remember, hight Costard,"³
Cost. O! me.
King. "—sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with,—with,—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith?"
Cost. With a wench.
King. "—with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteem'd duty pricks me) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punish-
ment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."³
Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.
King. "For Jaquenetta, (so in 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,"³
"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 prononce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.
Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.
King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—My lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:
And go we, lords, to put in practice that Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.
[Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumein.
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.³
Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta; and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, set thee down, sorrow! [Exeunt."

SCENE II.—Armado's House in the Park.
Enter Armado and Moth, his page.
Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?
Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.
Arm. Why? sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.
Moth. No, no; O lord! sir, no.
Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?
Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.
Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?
Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?
Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.
Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.
Arm. Pretty, and apt.
SCENE II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

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Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my say-
ing apt; or I apt, and my saying pretty?
Arm. Thou pretty, because little.
Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?
Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.
Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?
Arm. In thy condign praise.
Moth. I will praise an oel with the same praise.
Arm. What, that an oel is ingenious?
Arm. That an oel is quick.
Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou
heatest my blood.
Moth. I 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 thrice told?
Arm. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of
a master.
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 duece-ace amounts to.
Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.
Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.
Arm. True.
Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study?
Now, here is three studied ere you'll thrice wink:
and how easy it is to put years to the word three,
and study three years in two words, the dancing horse? will
tell you;
Arm. A most fine figure!
Moth. [Aside.] To prove you a cypher.
Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and,
as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with
a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour
of affection would deliver me from the reprobat
thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom
him to any French courtier for a new devised courtesy.
I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should out-swear
Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have
been in love?
Moth. 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 sporting, as much as thou didst
me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was
Samson's love, my dear Moth?
Moth. A woman, master.
Arm. Of what complexion?
Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two,
or one of the four.
Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.
Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.
Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?
Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.
Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but
to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had
small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.
Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.
Arm. My love is most immaclate white and red.
Moth. Most immaclate thoughts; master, are masked
under such colours.
Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.
Moth. By my father's wit, and my mother's tongue,
assist me!
Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and
poetical!
Moth. If she be made of white and red,
Her faults will ne'er be known;
For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,
And fears by pale white shown:
Then, if she fear, or be to blame,
By this you shall not know;
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth owe.
A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of
white and red.
Arm. Where 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 Costard: she deserves well.
Moth. [Aside.] To be whipped; and yet a better
love than my master.
Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.
Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light
wench.
Arm. I say, sing.
Moth. Forbear, till this company be past.
[Enter Dull, Costard, and Jaquenetta.
Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Cost-
ard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor
no penance; but a must fast three days a week. For
this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is
allowed for the day—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 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.
[Exit 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 thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[Exit Moth and Costard.]
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,  
To let you enter his unpainted house. 

Here comes Navarre.  

[The ladies mask.  

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DOUMAINE, BIRON, and 

Attendants. 

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Na-

varre. 

Prin. Fair, I give you back again; and welcome I 
have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be 
yours, and welcome to the wide fields too base to be 
mine. 

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court. 
Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct me thither. 
King. Hear me, dear lady! I have sworn an oath. 
Prin. Our lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn. 
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will. 
Prin. Why, will she break it; will, and nothing else. 
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is. 
Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance was wise, 
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance. 
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping: 
'T is deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord, 
And sin to break it. 
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold: 
To teach a teacher ill beseech 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 'l prove perjur'd, if you make me stay. 
Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? 
Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once? 
Biron. I know you did. 
Ros. How needless was it, then, 
To ask the question? 
Biron. 'T is long of you, that spur me with such 
questions. 
Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will 
tire. 
Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire. 
Biron. What time o' day? 
Ros. The hour that fools should ask. 
Biron. Now fair beul your mask! 
Ros. Fair fall the face it covers! 
Biron. And 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, 
Disowned by my father in his wars. 
But say, that he, or we, (as neither have) 
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid 
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which, 
One part of Aquitain is bound to us, 
Although not valued to the money's worth. 
If, then, the king your father will restore 
But that one half which is unsatisfied, 
We will give up our right in Aquitain, 
And hold fair friendship with his majesty. 
But that, it seems, he little 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'd withal, 
And have the money by our father lent, 

1 Some mod. eds. read: wild. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Part and depart were used indifferently. 4 So the quarto: the folio: in f. e. 5 fair: in.

Tham Aquitain, so gelled as it is. 
Dear princess, were not his requests so far 
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 
A yielding, against 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 unseeing to 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 arrest 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 honour, without breach of honour, 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 fresh harbour 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 prick't, with my knife. 
Biron. Now, God save thy life. 
Ros. And yours from long living. 
Biron. I cannot stay Thanksgiving. [Stands back. 
Dunn. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady is that 
same? [Coming forward. 
Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Rosaline her name. 
Dunn. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. 
[Exit. 

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she in the 
white? [Coming forward. 
Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the 
light. 
Long. Porchance, light in the light. I desire her 
name. 
Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that, 
were a shame. 

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter? 
Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard. 
Long. God's blessing on your beard! 
Boyet. Good sir, be not offended. 
She is an heir of Falconbridge. 

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Armado and Moth.

Song. See, my love.

Arm. Warble, child: make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. Concolinel!—(Amato bene.)

Arm. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years: take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl? 4

Arm. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jog off a tune at the tongue's end, canary 5 to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids; sigh a note, and sing a note; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose; as if you sniffed up love by smelling love; with your hat-pouseth-like, o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin belly's doublet, let 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 skip and away. These are compliments, these are honours; these betray nice wench[s, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note, men?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my pain 8 of observation.

Arm. But O.—but O,—

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master: all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live: and this, by, in, and 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.

1 Not in f. e. 2 A play upon the legal meaning of the words common, unenclosed land; and several, that which is private property. Scrojjelly, is said by Dr. James, to have in Warwickshire, the local meaning of belittled to a few proprietors in common. 4 So the quarto, the folio has: whence. 4 Not in f. e. 6 Fr. Branie; a dance in which the parties joined hands and danced around a couple, who kissed in turn all of the opposite sex to themselves, then took their places in the circle, and were succeeded by a second couple, and so on, till all had had their share. 7 The name of a lively, grotesque dance. 8 Fr. penny. The original word of the folio is penne.
SCENE I.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.
Arm. Fetch hither the swain: he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A messenger well sympathised: a horse to be ambassador for an ass.
Arm. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?
Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited: but I go.
Arm. The way is but short. Away!

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.
Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?
Moth. Mine, 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 flee. [Exit.

Arm. A most acute juvenal; valuable and fair2 of grace!

By thy favour, sweet wellkin, I must sigh in thy face: Moist-eyed1 melancholy, valour gives thee place.
My herald is return'd.

Enter MOTH with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here's a Costard3 broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle: come,—thy Penvoy;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no Penvoy! no salve in them all,4 sir: O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no Penvoy, no Penvoy: no salve, sir, but a plantain.
Arm. By virtue, thou enforces laughter; thy silly thought, my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling, O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the incommodate talke salve for Penvoy, and the word Penvoy for a salve?

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not Penvoy a salve?5

Arm. No page: it is an epilogue, or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedency that hath toforbe been said.
I will example it:
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral: now the Penvoy.

Moth. I will add the Penvoy. 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 say'd the odds by making' four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my Penvoy.
The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by making four.

A good Penvoy.6

Moth. Ending in the goose; would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain,7 a goose, that's flat.—Sir, your pennyworth is good; so your goose be fat.—

To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.8
Let me see, a fat Penvoy; 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.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain: thus came your argument in;
Then the boy's fat Penvoy, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.9

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 Penvoy.

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, marry,10 I will enfranchise thee.

Cost. O! marry me to one Frances?—I smell some Penvoy, some goose, in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting thee at liberty, enfreeing thy person: thou wilt immersed, captivated, bound.

Cost. True, and now you will be my purgation, and let me be loosed.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee free11 from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [Giving a letter].12 to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. Moth, follow.

[Exit.

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

[Exit.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my ineony13 Jew14!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O! that's the Latin word for three farthings: three farthings, remuneration.—What's the price of this inkle15? A penny.—No, I'll give you a remuneration: why, it carries it.—Remuneration!—why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter Biron.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, half-penny farthing. [Showing it.16

Biron. O! why then, three-farthings-worth of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi' you.

Biron. O, why, slave! I must employ thee:
As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entertain.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you well.

Biron. O! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

1 message: in f. e. 2 free: in f. e. 3 most rude: in f. e. 4 Head. 5 the male: in f. e. Tywhitt, also suggested the word in the text. 6 A play on the Latin salutation, salve. 7 adding: in f. e. 8 f. e. give this line as well as the next to Moth. 9 Selling a bargain, says Capel, consisted in drawing a person in, by some stratagem, to proclaim himself a fool by his own lips.—Knight. A classification, played with a stick and a belt or string, so arranged that a spectator would think he could make the latter first by placing a stick on its intricate fronds, whereas the operator could detach it at once.—Halliwell's Dictionary. 11 An allusion to a proverb—"Three women and a goose make a market." 12 13 14 Not in f. e. 15 Sweet, pretty. 16 Used as a term of endearment; also in Mid. Sun. Nis. Dream, where Thistle calls Pyramus, "most lovely Jew." 17 A species of tape. 18 Not in f. e. 
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the same.

Enter the Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Boyet, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Prin. Was that the king, that spurreth his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but, I think; it was not he.

Prin. Whoe'er a' was, a' show'd a mounting mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our despatch;

On Saturday we will return to France——

Then forester, my friend, where is the bush,

That we must stand and play the murderer in?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice;

A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,

And thereupon thou speakest the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?

O, short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for wo!

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now:

Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling true.

| Giving him money |

Fair payment for soul words is more than due.

For. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

Prin. See, see! my beauty will be sav'd by merit.

O harsely in 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 save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes:

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,

Dread prince of placers, king of cool-pieces,

Solo imperator, and great general

Of trotting parities. (O my little heart!)

And I to be a corporal of his field,

And wear his colours like a tumber's hoop!

What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!

A woman, that is like a German clock,

Still a repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going right; being a watch,

But being watch'd that it may still go right?

Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;

And, among three, to love the worst of all;

A witty* wanton with a velvet brow,

With two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes;

Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,

Though Argus were her curmudgeon and guard:

And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!

To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague

That Cupid will impose for my neglect!

Of his almighty dreadful little might.

Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan:

Some men must love my lady, and some Joan. [Exit.

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be

Lords o'er their lords?

Prin. Only for praise; and praise we may afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.

Enter Costard.

Prin. Here comes a member of the commonswealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den* all. Pray you, which is the head lady?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is so; truth is true.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit.

One o' these maid's girdles for your waist should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Cost. I have a letter, from monsieur Biron to one

lady Rosaline. [Giving it.]

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend

of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can carve;

Break up* 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 infallible; true, that thou art beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair,
beautiful than beauteous, truer than truth itself, have
commissionary on thy heroic vessel! The magnani-
mous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon
the pernicious and indubitable beggar Penelophon;
and he it was that might rightuly say, veni, vidi, vici;
which to anatomi of the vulgar, [O base and obscure
vulgar! ] vidiect, he came, saw, and overcame;
he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who
came? the king; Why did he come? to see; Why did
he see? to overcome; To whom came he? to the
beggar? What saw he? the beggar; Whom overcame
he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose
side? the king's: the captive is enriched: on whose
side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on
whose side? the king's,—no, on both in one, or one
in both. I am the king, for so stands the comparison;
though the beggar, for so witnessed thy lowliness. Shall
I command thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy
love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I will. What
shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles?
titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I
profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture,
and my heart on thy every part.

"Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
" DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

"Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar
Gaitest thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey;
Submissive fall his princely feet before,
And he from forage will incline to play:
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?
Food for his rage, repasture for his den."

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that indicted
this letter?
What vane? what weather-cock? did you ever hear
better?

Boyet. I am much deceive'd, but I remember the style.
Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

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 cal'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 't will be thine another day.
[Exit Princess and Train.

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the suitor?
Rosaline. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horses; but if thou marry,
Hang me by the neck, if horses that year miscarry.

Finely put on!

Boyet. Well then, I am the shooter.

Rosaline. And who is your deer?

Boyet. Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself: come
not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she
strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit
her now?

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.

Rosaline. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it.

Boyet. An I cannot, cannot, cannot.

Rosaline. An I cannot, another can.

[Exit Rosaline and Kath.

Cost. By thy troth, most pleasant: how both did
fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both
did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark: a mark,
says my lady.

Let the mark have a prick in't, to mete at, if it may
be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow hand: if faith, your hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll never
hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your
hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips
grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir: chal-
lenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good night, my
good owl.

[Exit Boyet and Maria.

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!
Lord, lord! how the ladies and I have put him down!
O my troth, most sweet jests! most incoy vulgar wit!
When it comes so smoothly off, so obsequiously, as it
may be, 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' wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a most pathetical nit!
Sola, sola!

[Shout within.

[Exit Costard.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the
testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, sanguis,—in
blood; ripe as the pomeower, who now hangeth like a
jewel in the ear of calo,—the sky, the wicket, the
heaven; and anon falleth like a crab, on the face of
terra,—the soil, the land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, master Holofernes, the epitaphs 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, haud credo.

Dull. 'T was not a haud credo, 't was a pricket.

1 These verses are usually given to Boyet, as his own, instead of being an appendage to Armado's epistle. 2 An Englishman, who, according to Nash, (Have with you to Saffron Walden, 1596.) "quite remounted his natural Englishe accents and gestures, and wrought himself wholly to the Italian pontilios." He asserted himself to be sovereign of the world, and from this "phantastick humor" obtained the title of Monarcho. 3 A play upon shoot and caterer, showing that the pronunciation of the two was similar. 4 Cateret and gan, terms in archery; the elout or pin, held up the mark aimed at. 5 This line is not in e. 6 Not in e. 7 A kind of apple. 8 A stag five years old. 9 A stag two years old.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way of explication; facere, as it were, replication, or, rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, undone, unpruned, untrained, or rather unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a haud credo: 'twas a pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicity, bis cockus!—

O, thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: His intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal not to think;¹

Only sensible in the dullest parts; and such barren plants

Are set before us, that we thankful should be
Which we, having taste and feeling, are for those parts that do frustrate in us more than he:

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool,

So, were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school;

But, omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind,

Man can brook the weather, that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book men: can you tell by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Doctissim,'* good man Dull; Dietyyna, good man Dull.

Dull. What is Dietyyna?

Nath. A title to Phæbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more;

And raught¹¹ not to five weeks, when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeed: the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old; and I say beside, that 'twas a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an external epitaph on the death of the deer? and, to humour 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 securily.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

Reads.
The pretty princess pier'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say, a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.
The dogs did yell; put I to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Of pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a howling.

If sore be sore, then I to sore make fifty sore; O sore! Of one sore I am hundred make, by adding but one more I.

Nath. A rare talent!

Dull. If a talent be a claw,* look how he claws him with a talent.

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 beget in the ventricles of memory, nourished in the womb of gia mater, and delivered up 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. Mehercle! if their sons be ingenuous, they shall wander in arms: if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them; but, sir says, qui pauca loquitur. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter Jaquesetta and Costard.

Jaq. God give you good mortarmaster person;²

Hol. Master person,—quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one?

Cost. Marrry, master schoolmaster, he is that is likest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine: 'tis pretty; it is 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.

Hol. Fauste, precor gelidum quando pocus omen sub umbra

Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan!* I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice:

—Venecia, Venegia,

Chi non te vede, non te pregia.¹²

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 stanza, a verse: lege, domine

Nath. If love make me foresworn, how shall I swear to love?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed!

Though to myself foresworn, to thee I'll faithful prove;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book 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 love's lightning beare, thy voice his dreadful thunder.

Which, not to 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, care. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smoothing out the odorous flowers of fancy, the jeers of invention? Imitating! it's nothing: so doth the hound his master,

¹ "not to think": not in f. e.
² The whole of this passage, commencing with "O, thou monster." &c., is printed as prose in f. e. of: In f. e. * Dietyyna: in f. e. * Reached. * Talea was often written talus. * Naus is in e. * Persson was sometimes called person.
² He is called person, person, because by his person the church, which is an invisible body, is represented.—Blackstone. * John Baptist Mantuanus; his eclogues were translated by George Turerville, 1567.
the ape his keeper, the trained horse his rider. But damosella, virgin, was this directed to you? 

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overtake 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 writing to the person written unto: "You did tell me of a certain father's 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 progression, 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 girl.

[Exit Cost and Jaq.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously, and, as a certain father saith—

Hol. Sir, tell me not of the father; I do fear colourable causes. 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 aforesaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life.

Hol. And, cortes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—Sir, [To DULL.] I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay: pauca verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation.

[Exeunt.]
More sheets to the mill! O heavens! I have my wish:
Dumaine transform'd? four woodcocks in a dish.
Dum. O most divine Kate!
Biron. [Aside.] O most profane 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 soul have amber quoted.
Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.
Dum. As upright as the cedar.
Biron. [Aside.] Stoops; I say:
Her shoulder is with child.
Dum. As fair as day.
Biron. [Aside.] Ay, as some days; but then no sun must shine.
Dum. O, that I had my wish!
Long. [Aside.] And I had mine!
King. [Aside.] And I mine too, good lord!
Biron. [Aside.] Amen, so 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 saucers: 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.
Dum. On a day, alack the day!
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom, passing fair,
Playing in the watery 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 'midst triumph so!
But alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me;
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom great Jove would swear:
Juno but an Ethipian were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.
This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's lasting pain.
O, would the King, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! ill, to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
For none offend, where all alike do dote.
Long. [Advancing.] Dumaine, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desirest society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.
King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, blush you: as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much:
You do not love Maria; Longaville
Did never somet for her sake compile,
Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Some sighs seek from you, noted well your passion:
Ay me! says one; O love! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes:
You would for paradise break faith and truth;
[To Long.]
And Jove for your love would infringe an oath.
[To Dumaine.]
What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
Faith infringed, with such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whisp hypocrisy.—
[Coming down from the tree.]
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee pardon me.
Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to reprope
These worms for loving, that art most in love?
Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears
There is no certain princess that appears:
You'll not be perjur'd, 'tis a hateful thing;
Tush! none but ministrles like of somninge.
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
But I a beam do find in each of three.
O! what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of pain!
O me! with what strict patience have I sat,
To see a king transformed to a gnat!
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
And erite Timon laugh at idle toys!
Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good Dumaine:
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast:—
A caule, ho!
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you by me, but I betray'd to you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in:
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men, like men of strange inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that
I will raise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—
[Going.]
King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?
Biron. I post from love; good lover, let me go.
Enter JACQUENETTA and COSTARD.
Jaq. God bless the king!
King. What, peasant! hast thou there?
Cost. Some certain treason.
King. What makes treason here?
Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.
King. If it be nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.
Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our parson misdoubts it; 'tis was treason, he said.
King. Biron, read it over. [Biron reads the letter.]
Where hast thou it?
The hue of dungeons, and the shade\(^2\) of night;  
And beauty's beauty becomes the heavens well.  

**Biron.** Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.  
O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,  
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,  
Should ravish dotters with a false aspect;  
And therefore, is she been of a blach fair.  
Her favour turns the fashion of these days:  
For native blood is counted painting now,  
And therefore red, that would avoid deprisise,  
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.  

**Dum.** To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.  

**Long.** And since her time are colliers counted bright.  

**King.** And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.  

**Dum.** Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.  

**Biron.** Your mistresses dare never come in rain.  
For their colours should be wash'd away.  
**King.** 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,  
I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.  

**Biron.** O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,  
Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.  

**Dum.** O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies  
The street should see, as she walk'd over head.  

**King.** But what of this? Are we not all in love?  
**Biron.** O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn.  

**King.** Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove  
Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.  

**Dum.** Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.  

**Long.** Of some authority how to proceed;  
Some tricks, some quillets, how to cheat the devil.  

**Dum.** Some salve for perjury,  

**Biron.** O! 't is more than need.—  
Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.—  
Consider, what you first did swear unto;—  
To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman:  
Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.  
Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young,  
And abstinence engenders maladies.  
And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,  
In that each of you hath forsworn his book,  
Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?  
For when would you, my lord, or you, or you,  
Have found the ground of study's excellence,  
Without the beauty of a woman's face?  
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:  
They are the ground, the books, the Academies,  
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.  
Why, universal plodging prisons up  
The nimble spirits in the arteries,  
As motion, and long-during action, tires  
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.  
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,  
And study, too, the causer of your vow;  
For where is any author in the world,  
Teaches such learning\(^4\) as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself;  
And where we are, our learning likewise is:  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,\(^3\)  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?  

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1 Not in f. e.  
2 soowel: in f. e.  
3 From quadrilètes.  
4 beauty: in f. e.  
Between this and the next line, f. e. insert: With ourseale.

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**Dum.** It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.  

**Biron.** Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! To Costard,  
you were born to do me shame.—  

**Guilty,** my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.  

**King.** What?  

**Biron.** That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess.  

He, he, and you; and you my liege, and I,  
Are pick-purses in love, and we desire to die.  

O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.  

**Dum.** Now the number is even.  

**Biron.** True, true; we are four.  

Will these turtles be gone?  

**King.** Hence, sirs; away!  

**Cost.** Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.  

**[Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.]**  

**Biron.** Sweet lords, sweet lovers. O! let us embrace!  
As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:  
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;  
Young blood doth yet obey an old decree:  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born;  
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.  

**King.** What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?  

**Biron.** Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,  
That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,  
At the first opening of the generous east,  
Bows his vastal head; and, stricken blind,  
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?  
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye  
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow.  
That is not blinded by her majesty?  

**King.** What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?  

**My love,** her mispriz, is a gracious moon,  
She, an attending star, scarce seen a light.  

**Biron.** My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.  

O! but for my love, day would turn to night.  
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty  
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;  
Where several worthies make one dignity,  
Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.  
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—  

Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;  
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.  
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,  
Might shake off silly, looking in her eye:  
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,  
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.  
O! it is 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 she that learn not of her eye to look:  
No face is fair, that is not full so black.  

**King.** O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immersed in the brain,
But with the motion of all elements
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of coxked snails;
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.
For valour is not love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
Makes heaven drowse with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs;
O! then his lines would ravish savage cars,
And plant in tyrants mild humanity.¹
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Prometheus fire;
They are the books, the arts, the Academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
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 loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn;
For charity itself fulfils the law,
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!
Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing; lay these 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, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
Pompeian revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,
Pompeian fair! Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure:
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [Exeunt.]

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ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

Enter Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, and Dull.

Hol. Satis quoq sufficit.

Nath. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without security, witty without affectation; and pleasant without impudence, learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Hol. Novi hominem tangam te: his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thraesonal². He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasms, such insociable and point-devisè companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dought, fine, when he should say, doubt; det, when he should pronounce, debt—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t: he elepheth a calf, a cat; half, haut; neighbour vocatur.¹

nebhour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable, (which he would call abominable,) it insinuateth one of insinuate: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nath. Leus Deo; bone intelligo.

Hol. Bone? — bone, for bene: Priscian a little scratch'd: It will serve.

Enter Armado, Moth, and Costard.

Nath. Videans quis venit?

Hol. Videre, et gaudeo.

Arm. Chirrah!

[Moth. Hol. Quare Chirrah, not sirrah?

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O! they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon³.

Moth. Peace! the meal begins.

Arm. Monsieur, [To Hol.] are you not letter'd?

Moth. Yes, yes: he teaches boys the horn-book.

What is a, b, spelt backward with the horn on his head.

Hol. Ba, pueritiæ, with a horn added.

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¹ humility: in f. e. ² Affectation. ³ On the style of Terence's Thraso. ⁴ Nice to excess. ⁵ It insinuateth one of Insinuate: in f. e. ⁶ Taylor, the Water Poet, says Knight, used this word with still another syllable, honorificabilitudinitatibus: a small substance, floating on a glass of liquor, which it was a feat for a toper to swallow ignited.
SCENE II.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Moth. Ba! most silly sheep, with a horn.—You hear his learning.

Hol. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them, a, e, i.—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it; o, u.

Arm. Now, for the salt wave of the Mediterranean, a sweet touch, a quick venus of wit! snap, snap, quick and home: it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit! 

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant: go, whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circlo. A gig of a cuckold's horn!

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldn't have it to buy gingerbread: hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master; thou half-penny purse of wit, thou pinch-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me. Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for sanguine.

Arm. Arts-man, praemunira: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the large house* on the top of the mountain?

Hol. Or mons, the hill.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posterior 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 cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure.

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, my very good friend.—For what is in ward between us, let it pass.—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other important and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus dally with my excrement, with my mustache: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world; but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curious and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you therewith, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the nine Worthies.* Sir, Nathaniel, as concerning some entertain-ment 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.

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Jesu! yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabaeus; this swain, (because of his great limb or joint,) shall pass for Pompey the great; the rest, 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? he shall present Hercules in minority; his enter and exit shall be straining a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience, you may err, * 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 fadge2 not, an antick I beseech you, to follow.

Hol. Via!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. Alons! 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 lay.

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! [Exit.

SCENE II.—Another part of the Same. Before the Princess's Pavilion.

Enter the Princess, Katharine, Rosaline, and Maria, with presents.*

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart, if fairings come thus plentifully in:

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes: as much love in rhyme, as would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper, Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all, That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax;* For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallowa too.

Ros. You'll never 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 merry, nimble, stirring spirit, She might a' been a grandam ere she died; And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light word?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in snuff; Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still if the dark.

Kath. No, you 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 a care not for me.

Ros. Great reason; for, past cure is still past care.

Prin. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.
LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V.

When, lo! to interrupt my purpose's rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily
I stole into a neighbour thicket by;
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by and by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear!"
And ever and anon they made a doubt
Presence majestic would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shall thou see;
Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously!"
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have feared her, had she been a devil."
With all that laugh'd, and clipp'd him on the shoulder,
Making the bold wag by their praises holder,
One rupp'd his elbow thus, and deerd and swore
A better speech was never spoke before:
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "Via! we will do, 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 zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's sudden tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?
Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparel'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-suit? will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know
By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;
For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
Hold Rosaline; this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear;
Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
And change you favours, too; so shall your loves
Who contrary pleasure's fingers removes.

Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.
Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:
They do it but in merrckery, merriment;
And mock for mock is only my intent.
Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mock'd withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk, and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:
Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;
But, while it's spoke, each turn away his face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart.
And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it: and, I make no doubt,
The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'erthrown;
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:
So shall we stay, mocking intended game;
And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[Trumpets sound within.]
King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estranged?
Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she’s changed.
King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.
Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.
King. But your legs should do it.
Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,
We’ll not be nice. Take hands—we will not dance.
King. Why take we hands then?
Ros. Only to part friends.
Courtsey, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.
King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.
Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.
King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?
Ros. Your absence only.
King. That can never be.
Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.
Twice to your visor, and half once to you!
King. If you deny to dance, let’s hold more chat.
Ros. In private, then.
King. I am best pleas’d with that. [They converse apart.
Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.
Prim. Honey, and milk, and sugar: there are three.
Biron. Nay, then, two treys. (an if you grow so nice)
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey.—Well run, dice!
There’s half a dozen sweets.
Prim. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog!, I’ll play no more with you.
Biron. One word in secret.
Prim. Let it not be sweet.
Biron. Thou griev’st my gall.
Biron. Therefore meet. [They converse apart.
Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?
Mar. Name it.
Dum. Fair lady,—
Mar. Say you so? Fair lord.—
Take that for your fair lady.
Dum. Please it you,
As much in private, and I’ll bid adieu.
[They converse apart.
Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue?
Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.
Kath: O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.
Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.
Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman,—Is not veal a calf?
Long. A calf, fair lady?
Kath. No, a fair lord calf.
Long. Let’s part the word.
Kath. No; I’ll not be your half:
Take all, and wean it: it may prove an ox.
Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocs.
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.
Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches 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
Senceth their conference; their conceits have wings,
Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids: break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure secoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches: you have simple wits.

[Exit King, Lords, Montf, Music, and Attendants.]

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have; gross, gross; fat, fat.

Prin. O, poverty in wit, kill'd by pure flout!

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night?

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O! they were all in lamentable cases!

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Damaine was at my service; and his sword:

No point, I: my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart;

And trow you, what he call'd me?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art!

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps,

But will you hear? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath pledged faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dunamine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes: for it can never be,

They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows;

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows:

Therefore, change favours; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.


Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;

Dismask'd, their damask sweetconnixtneshow,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avault, perplexity! What shall we do,
If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advised,

Let's mock them still, as well, known; as disguis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were here,

Disguis'd like Muscovits, in shapeless gear;

And wonder, what they were, and to what end.

Their shallow shows, and prolong wicked pen'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, Longaville, and Damaine,

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 peal,

And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassals, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,

Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:

Had he been Adam, he had tempt'd Eve.

At' can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy:

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms: nay, he can ring

A mean most meanly; and, in uhering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,

To show his teeth as white as whales bones;

And consciences, that will not die in debt,

Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,

That put Amanado's page out of his part!

Enter the Princesses, met with Boyet; Rosaline,

Maria, Katharine, and Attendants.

Biron. See where he comes!—Behaviour, what art 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 soul, 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: voucesafe it, then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delight in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke will not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nick-name virtue; vice you should have spoke,

For virtue's office never breaks men's throat.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,

Unseen, unvisited; much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;

Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:

My lady (to the manner of these days)

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,

And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.

I dare not call them fools; but this I think,

When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,

By light we lose light: your capacity.

1 kingly—poor flout: in f. e. 2 By act of Parliament of 1571, all persons not noble, were ordered to wear woollen caps. 3 Lowering the clouds which hid them. 4 So the quartos; the folio: Love. 5 The tooth of the weasel, formerly called the whale. 6 The old eds have madman; which Dyce would retain.
SCENE II.  

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.  

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Is of that nature, that to your huge store  
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but poor.  
Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—  

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.  
Ros. But that you take what doth to you belong,  
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.  
Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I possess.  
Ros. All the fool mine?  
Biron. I cannot give you less.  
Ros. Which of the visors was it, that you wore?  
you this?  
Ros. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case,  
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.  
King. We are descried: they'll mock us now downright.  
Dem. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.  
Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?  
Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why  
look you pale?—  

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.  
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.  
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—  
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;  
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;  
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;  
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;  
And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,  
Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;  
Nor never come in visor to my friend;  
Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;  
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
Figures pedantical; these summer flies  
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.  
I do forswear them; and I here protest  
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows,)  
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd  
In russet yea, and honest kersey noes:  
And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, ha!  
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.  
Ros. Sans sans, I pray you.  
Biron. Yet I have a trick  
Of the old rags:—bear with me, I am sick;  
I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:—  
Write 'Lord have mercy on us'!11 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 I do see.  
Prin. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.  
Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to undo us.  
Ros. It is not so; for how can this be true,  
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?  
Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.  
Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.  
Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at an end.  
King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression  
Some fair excuse.  
Prin. The fairest is confession.  
Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?  

1 The inscription, written on houses infected with the plague.  
2 Hesitate; an old use of the word.  
3 Squirt.  
4 Beg to have the custody of us as lunatics.  

King. Madam, I was.  
Prin. And were you well advis'd?  
King. I was, fair madam.  
Prin. When you then were here,  
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?  
King. That more than all the world I did respect her.  
Prin. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.  
King. Upon mine honour, no.  
Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:  
Your oath once broke, you force2 not to forswear.  
King. Despair me, when I break this oath of mine.  
Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—Rosaline,  
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?  
Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.  
Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord  
Most honourably doth uphold his word.  
King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,  
I never swore this lady such an oath.  
Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,  
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.  
King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:  
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.  
Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;  
And lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—  
What! will you have me; or your pearl again?  
Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—  
I see the trick on 't:—here was a consent,  
Knowing aforehand of our merriment,  
To dash it like a Christmas comedy.  
Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,  
Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,  
That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick  
To make my lady laugh when she's dispose'd,  
Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,  
The Ladies did change favours, and then we,  
Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.  
Now, to our perjury to add more terror,  
We are again forsworn—in will, and error.  
Much upon this it is:—and might not you  
To Boyet. Forestal our sport, to make us thus untrue?  
Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire?  
And laugh upon the apple of her eye?  
And stand between her back; sir, and the fire,  
Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?  
You put our page out: go, you are allow'd,  
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.  
Biron. Lo! he is tilting straight. Peace! I have done.  

Enter Costard.  
Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.  
Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,  
Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.  
Biron. What, are there but three?  
Cost. No, sir; but it is vera fine,  
For every one pursents three.  
Biron. And three times three is nine.  
Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it  
You cannot beg4 us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we  
know what we know:  

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—
Biron.

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 pursue one man,—c'en one your man—Pompiion the great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthy?

Cost. It pleased them, to think me worthy of Pompiion the great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.
Biron. Go, bid them prepare.
Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [Exit Costard.

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 'tis some policy
To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me c'erre-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 which it presents,
Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;
When great things labouring perish in their birth.
Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[Armado converses with the King, and delivers a paper to him.

Prin. Doth this man serve God?
Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. A's speaks not like a man of God's making.
Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the school-master is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna della guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! [Exit Armado.

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabeus.
And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive, These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.
King. You are deceived; 'tis not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes again.

Enter Costard armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,—"

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,—"

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mockers: I must needs be friends with thee.
Hol. What mean you, sir?
Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Biron. Well follow'd: Judas was hang'd on an elder.\(^1\)
Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.
Biron. Because thou hast no face.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A citizen\(^2\) head.
Dum. The head of a bodkin.
Biron. A death's face in a ring.
Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.
Boyet. The pommel of Caesar's buckle.
Dum. The ear'd-bone face on a flask.\(^3\)
Biron. St. George's half-cheek in a brooch.
Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.
Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we have put thee in countenance.
Hol. You have put me out of countenance.
Biron. False: we have given thee faces.
Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.
Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.
Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.
And so, an ass, sweet Jude! why dost thou stay?
Dum. For the latter end of his name.
Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him—
Jude, away.

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.
Boyet. A light for monsiour Judas! it grows dark,
he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabeus, how hath he been baited!

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 I am to hunt my side compound.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this.
Boyet. But is this Hector?
Bing. I think Hector was not so clean-limber'd.
Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.
Mars. More e'en, certain.
Boyet. 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 armipotent Mars of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—"

Biron. A lemon.
Long. Stuck with cloves.
Dum. No, cloven.
Arm. Peace!"The armipotent Mars of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the hier 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 columbine.
Arm. Sweet lord Longaville, rein thy tongue.
Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dum. Ay, and Hector is a greyhound.
Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten: sweet chuck's, that's the bones of the buried: when he breathed, he was a man.—But I will forward with my device. Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.\(^4\)

Prin. Speak, brave Hector: we are much delighted.
Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipp'r.
Boyet. Loves her by the foot.
Dum. He may not by the yard.
Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,"—
Re-enter Costard, in haste, unarm'd.\(^5\)
Cost. The party is gone: follow Hector; she is gone;
she is two months on her way.
Arm. What meanest thou?
Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away: she's quick; the child brags in her belly already: 'tis yours.
Arm. Dest thou infamize me among potentes?
Thou shalt die.
Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd: for Jaquenetta
that is quick by him, and hang'd for Pompey that is
dead by him.

Dum. Most rare Pompey!
Boyet. Renowned Pompey!
Biron. Greater than great, great, great, great Pompey! Pompey the huge!
Dum. Hector trembles.
Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates!
sir them on! stir them on!
Dum. Hector will challenge him.
Biron. Ay, if 'a have no more man's blood in 'is
belly than will sup a flea.
Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.
Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern
man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword.—I pray you,
let me borrow my arms again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies!
Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!
Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.
Do you not Pompey, in unmasking for the combat?
What mean you? you will lose your reputation.
Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will
not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.
Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.
Biron. What reason have you for 't?
Arm. The naked, truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward\(^6\) for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for
want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he worn
none, but a dish-elout of Jaquenetta's, and that 'a
wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur Mercade, a Messenger.

Mer. God save you, madam.
Prin. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st ourerrickment.
Mer. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—
Prin. Dead, for my life!
Mer. Even so: my tale is told.
Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.
Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have
seen the day of wrong through the little hole of
discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[Exeunt Worthies.]

King. How fares your majesty?
Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.
King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.
Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours; and entertain,
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,
The liberal opposition of our spirits:
If we boldly we have been to ourselves
In the exercise 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 my great suit so easily obtain’d.

King. The extreme parting time expressly forms
All causes to the purpose of his speed;
And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mournful brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince;
Yet, since love’s argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow jest it
From what it purpos’d; since, to wilt 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 dull.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;
And by these badges understand the king.
For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
Play’d foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
Hath much deform’d us, fashioning our humour.
Even to the opposed ends of our intents;
And what in us hath seem’d ridiculous,—
As love is full of unbecoming 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-coated presence of loose love
Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
Have miscarry 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 so base,
Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.
Prin. We have receiv’d your letters, full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,
As bombast, and as lining 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.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show’d much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur’d much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, 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 hither life should be
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin weeds,
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge by these deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation,
For the remembrance of my father’s death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other’s heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter 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 favour mean to get,
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth and a day
I’ll mark no words that smooth-fac’id woosers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come,
Then, if I have much love, I’ll give you some.

Dum. I’ll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth’s end,
I’ll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Long. I’ll stay with patience; but the time 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 had I heard of you, my lord Biron,
Before I saw you, and the world’s large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and winding flouts,
Which you on all estates will exercise,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day to day,
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the most 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 laughing hearers give to fools.

1 humble: in f. e. 2 parts of time extremely form: in f. e. 3 The technical term for the missing of an arrow. 4 double: in f. e. 5 stray: in f. e. 6 stray: in f. e. 7 a sin: in f. e. 8 cotton wool, used for stuffing dresses. 9 has me: in f. e. 10 instances: in f. e. 11 Knight and Coleidge think that this speech of Rosaline’s should be omitted. It is found in all the old eds. 12 execute: in f. e.
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dire groans,
Will hear your idle sounds, continue them. And I will have you, and that fault withal; But, if they will not, throw away that spirit, And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what will befal, I'll jest a twelvemonth in a hospital. 

Prin. Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.

To the King.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play; Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day, And then 'twill end.

Biron. That's too long for a play.

Enter Armado.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me.—

Prin. Was not that Hector?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I am a votary: I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed greatness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Arm. Holla! approach.

Enter Holofernes, Nathaniel, Moth, Costard, and others.

This side is Hiems, winter; this Ver, the spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

Song.

Spring. When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white;

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
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,
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,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

IV.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing draws the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs of Apollo. You, that way: we, this way. [Exeunt.
### MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

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**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.

**Hip.** Four days will quickly steep themselves in nights: Four nights will quickly dream away the time; And then the moon, like to a silver bow New^1^ bent in heaven, shall behold the night Of our solemnities.

**The.** 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 woor the with my sword, And won thy love doing thee injuries; But I will wed thee in another key, With pomp, with triumph, and with revelry.*

*Enter Egeus, with his daughter Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.*

**Ege.** Happy be Theseus, our renowned duke! **The.** Thanks, good Egeus? what's the news with thee? **Ege.** Full of vexation come I; with complaint Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—

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1 now: in f. e. The change was also suggested by Rowe, and adopted generally. * revelling: in f. e.
OBERON AND TITANIA.

Midsummer's Night Dream, Act IV Scene I
The. Rather, your eyes must with his judgment look
Her. I do entreat your grace to pardon me,
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here, to plead my thoughts;
But I beseech your grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.

Thee. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For awe to be in shady cloister me'd,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthly*^1 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 patup
Unto his lordship, to whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

The. Take time to pause: and by the next new
The sealing-day betwixt 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 she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.

Lys. I am, my lord, as well deriv'd as he,
As well possess'd; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly rank'd,
(If not with vantage,) as Demetrius;
And, which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am belov'd of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconsistent man.

Thee. I must confess, that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it.—But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus: you shall go with me,
I have some private 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.

Ege. With duty, and desire, we follow you.


Lys. How now, my love? Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike, for want of rain, which I could well
Betempest them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Lys. Ah me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood.

Her. O cross! too high to be enthrall'd to low*4
Lys. Or else misgoverned, in respect of years:

Her. O spite! too old to be engag'd to young!
Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of men*:

Her. O 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 coll'ed night,
That, in a spic'en, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say,—behold!
The jaws of darkness do put it up:
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If, then, true lovers have been ever cross'd,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then, let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts, and dreams, and sighs,
Wishes, and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote* seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue me. If thou listst 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 Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knits teeth souls, 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 ever men have broke;
In number more than ever women spoke;
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.


Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?

Hel. Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair*9: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.

* earthier: in f. e. Capel also suggested the change. 2 to is added in the second folio; Knight and others, omit it. 3 Restow. 4 love: in f. e. Theobald suggested the change. 4 Folio. 1623: merit. Other eds: friends; from the quarto. 5 So the quarto; the folio: momentary. 6 Black. 7 Hit of passion. 8 Be the quarto; the folio: removed. 8 Features.
Sickness is catching; O, were favour so! -
Your words I'd catch, fair Hermia; ere I go,
My ear should catch your voice, and in my eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody,
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'll give to be 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 curses, 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, fault, Helena, is none of mine. [mine!
Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face:
Lysander and myself will fly this place.—
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seem'd Athens as a paradise to me:
O then, what graces in my love must dwell,
That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell!

Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night when Phebe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
(A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal.)
Through thee, 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 Lys.]

Lys. I will, my Hermia,—Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius doth on you! [Exit Lys.

Hel. How happy some, or other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks 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 unheedly haste:
And therefore is love said to be a child,
Because he chooseth not the dainty hue
As wagish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy love is perjur'd every where;
For ere Demetrius look'd on Hermia's eye,
He hail'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.
I will go tell 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 bring my sight thither, and back again.

[Exit.]
Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-colour beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con these by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moon-light: there will we rehearse; for if we meet in the city, we shall be dog'd with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely, and courageously.

Quin. Take pains; be perfect; adieu. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough, hold, or cut bow-strings. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

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. Fairy\(^1\), thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Nothing of wiser look, or less a fool;
And sometimes lurk I in a gossip'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,
Some time for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a couch;
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and néeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.—
But room, Fairy: here comes Oberon.

Fat. And here my mistress.—Would that he were gone!

Enter Oberon, from one side, with his train, and
TITANIA, from the other, with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moon-light, proud Titania.
Tit. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies\(^2\), skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton. Am not I thy lord?
Tit. Then, I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India,
But that, forsooth, the bounteous Amazon,
Your baison'd mistress and your warior love,
To Theseus must be wedded? and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus, for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,

\(^1\) In f.e. this half of the speech is given to Bottom.  \(^2\) A popular proverbial phrase.  \(^3\) The green circles known as fairy-rings.  \(^4\) tall: in f.e.  \(^5\) goats; in f.e.  \(^6\) Lubber.  \(^7\) Quarrel.  \(^8\) Hand-mill.  \(^9\) yeast.  \(^10\) Not in f.e.  \(^11\) Fairy: in f.e.
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night?
From Perigenia, whom he ravished?
And take him with fair |e do break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antipoe?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy:
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rusky brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious logs; which falling in the land,
Have every peirting river made so proud,
That they have over-run all 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 attained a beard:
The fold stands 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 undistinguishable.
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 watch not do abound;
And thorough this distemper we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hyem's chin, and icy crown,
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set.
The spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liversies; and the 'mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?

I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your art at rest:
Thy fair land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votress of my order:
And, in the spiced Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossip'd by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarkerd traders on the flood;
When we have laugh'd to see the sails conceive,
And grow big-bellied, with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretties and with swimming gait
Following, (her womb, then ripe) with my young squire
Would imbibe, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me triles, and return again.
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?
Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day.
If you will patientely dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunt.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom — Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if lower stay.

[Exit Titania, with her train.

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
Till I torment thee for this injury. —
My gentle Puck, come hither: thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such ducet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

Puck. I remember.

Obe. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal166! throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon,
And the imperial votoress passed 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's living bleeding.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I sh'd the 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'd12 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 waking looks upon,
(Or he on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey or on passion bird.)
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm off from her sight,
(As I can take it with another herb)
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

[Retiring.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?

The one I'll slay, the other slayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were strown into this wood,
And here am I; and wood16 within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee hence, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.

Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:  
Use me but as your slave, spurn me, strike me,  
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,  
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.  
What worse 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 you.  
Hel. And I am sick, too, when I look not on you.  
Dem. You do impeach 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 your respect, are all the world.  
Then how can it be said, I am alone,  
When all the world is here to look on sex?  
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 changed;  
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase:  
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind  
Makes speed to catch the tiger.  
Bootless speed!  
When cowardice pursues, and valour 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 set a scandal on my sex:  
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;  
We should be wo'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.  
[Exit Dem. and Hel.  
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph: o'er he do leave this grove,  
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.—  
Re-enter Puck.  
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.  
Puck. Ay, there it is.  
Obe.  
I pray thee, give it me.  
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where ox-lips, and the nodding violet grows;  
Quite over-canopied with luscious 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: anoint his eyes;  
But do it, when the next thing he espies  
May be the lady.  
Thou shalt know the man  
By the Athenian heath:  
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.  
[Exit.  

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.  
Enter Titania, with her train.  
Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence:  
Some, to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;  
Some war with ear-nice for their feathered wings;  
To make my small elves' coats; and some keep back  
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders  
At our quaint spirits.  
Sing me now asleep;  
Then to your offices, and let me rest.  
Fairy's Song.  
1 Fai. You spotted snakes, with double tongue,  
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen,  
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
Come not near our fairy queen:  
Chorus.  
Philtomel, with melody,  
Sing now your^ sweet lullaby;  
Lull, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby:  
Never harm,  
Nor spell nor charm,  
Come our lovely lady nigh;  
So, good night, with lullaby.  

II.  
2 Fai. Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence;  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.  
Chorus.  
Philtomel, with melody, sc.  
2 Fai. Hence, away! now all is well.  
One, aloof, stand sentinel.  
[Exeunt Fairies.  
Titania sleeps.  
Enter Oberon.  
Obe. What thou seest, when thou dost wake,  
[Announcing Titania's eye-lids.  
Do it for thy true love take;  
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.  
Wake when some vile thing is near.  
[Exit.  
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.  
Her. 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 troth.  
Her. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,  
Lie further off yet: do not lie so near.  
Lys. O, take the sense, sweet, of my innocence;  
Love takes the meaning in love's confidence.  
I mean, that my heart unto yours is knit,  
So that but one heart we can make of it:  
Two bosoms interchanged with an oath;  
So then, two bosoms, and a single troth.  
Then, by your side no bed-room me deny.  
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.  
Her. Lysander riddles very prettily.  
Now much behest my meaners and my pride.  
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied,  
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy  
Lie further off; in human modesty  
Such separation as may well be said
SCENE I.—The same. TITANIA lying asleep.

Enter QUINCE, SNEE, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SOWT, 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 do it before the duke.

Bot. Peter Quince,

Quin. What say’st thou, bully Bottom?

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 ’rashin’, 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.

Bot. 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 loves thee: 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 swayed,

And reason says you are the worthier maid.

Things growing are not ripe until their season;

So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;

And touching now the point of human skill.

Reason becomes the marshal to my will,

And leads me to your eyes; where I o’erlook

Love’s stories, written in love’s richest book.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?

When, at your hands, did I deserve this scorn?

Isn’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: perforce I must confess,

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.

O, that a lady; of one man refus’d,

Should, of another, therefore, be abus’d!

Lys. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there;

And never mayst thou commerce with her ear;

For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things,

The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;

Or, as the heresies, that men do leave,

Are hated most of those they did receive;

So thou, my surfeit, and my heresy,

Of all be hated, but the most of me;

And all my powers address their love and might,

To honour Helen, and to be her knight.

Hel. Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best,

To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.

Ah, me, for pity!—what a dream was here!

Lysander, look, how I do quake with fear.

Methought a serpent ate my heart away,

And you were smiling at his cruel prey.

Lysander! what, remov’d? Lysander! lord!

What, out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?

Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;

Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.

No?—then I will perceive you are not nigh:

Either death, or you, I’ll find immediately.

[Exit.

ACT III.
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.¹

Bot. Nay, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afraid of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in, God shield us! a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wildfowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

Snout. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak, through saying thus, or to the same effect: — "Ladies, or fair ladies, I wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to trouble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it was 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 laurel, and say, he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of moonshine. Then, there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby (says the story,) did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snug. You can never bring in a wall. — What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall; and let him have some plaster, or some lime, or some roughcast about him, to signify wall: and let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranly shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Puck behind.

Puck. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here.

So near the cradle of the fairy queen? What, a play toward? I'll be an auditor;

An actor, if perhaps, if I see some.


Pyr. "Thisby, the flowers have odious savours sweet." —

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pyr. — "Odours savours sweet; —

So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby, dear,—

But, hark, a voice! stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appear." —

[Exit.

Puck. A stranger Pyramus than e'er play'd here.

[Exit.

This. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

This. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,

Of colour like the red rose on triumphant brier,

Most briskly juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,

As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire,

I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb." —

Quin. Ninus' tomb, man. Why must you 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, in confusion.

Puck. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,

Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,

A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;

And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,

Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [Exit.

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them, to make me afeard.

Re-enter Snout.


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 oselock, so black of hue,

With orange-tawny bill,

The throat white with his note so true,

The wren with little quill.

Tita. What angel wakes me from my flowerly bed? [Waking.

Bot. The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,

The plain-song cuckoo gray,

Whose note full many a man doth mark,

And dares not answer, nay; for, indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:

Mine ear is much enamour'd of thy note,

So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape;

And thy fair virtue's force doth move me.

On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that: and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The
more the pity, that some honest neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeck upon occasion.

Tit. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood. I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tit. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state,
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee;
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And 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 Fri. Ready.
2 Fri. And I.
3 Fri. And I.
4 Fri. Where shall we go?

Tit. 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-bees,
And for night tapers 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 Fri. Hail! mortal.
2 Fri. Hail!
3 Fri. Hail!
4 Fri. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily.—I beseech,
your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire of you more acquaintance, good master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.—Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peas-blossom.

Bot. I pray you, commend me to mistress Squash,
your mother, and to master Peasod, your father.
Good master Peas-blossom; I shall desire of you more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mrs. Mustard-seed.

Bot. Good master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire of you more acquaintance, good master Mustard-seed.

Tit. Come, wait upon him: lead him to my bower.
The moon, methinks, looks with a watery eye,
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforced chastity.
Tie up my lover's tongue, and bring him silently.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Wood.

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder, if Titania be awak'd;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Puck.

Here comes my messenger.—How now, mad spirit?
What night-rule* now about this haunted grove?

Puck. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play,
Inched for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowsiest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and enter'd in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take;
An ass's now! I fixed on his head:
Anon, his Thiebe must be answered,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-paced choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and mailly sweep the sky;
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls:
He murder'd cares, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong,
For brickers and thorns at their apparel snatch,
Some, sleeves, some, hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment (so it came to pass,) Titania wak'd, and straightway lov'd an ass.

Obe. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latch'd the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Puck. I took him sleeping, (that is finish'd too)
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he wak'd, of force she must be ey'd.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
Puck. This is the woman; but not this the man.

[They stand apart.*

Dem. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foes.

Her. Now, I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too.

The sun was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon,
This whole earth may be bor'd, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes.

It cannot be but thou hast murder'd him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.

Dem. So should the murder'd look, and so should I,
Pier'd through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her gimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I have rather give him the same day to my hounds.

Her. Our dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never number'd among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, 'tis 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?

* This direction not in f. e.
An adder did it; for with double tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion in a mispris’d flood: I am not guilty of Lysander’s blood.
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then, that he is well.
Dem. And, if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege, never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so; See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [Exit. Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here, therefore, for a while I will remain.
So sorrow’s heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender love I make some stay. [Lies down.

Obe. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
[Coming forward.
And laid the love-juice on some true-love’s sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turn’d, and not a false turn’d true.

Puck. Then fate o'er-rules; that one man holding troth,
A million fall, 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 sights of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see you bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

Puck. I go, I go; look how I go:
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar’s bow. [Exit.

Obe. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with Cupid’s archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth esp’y,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky,—
When thou wak’st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Re-enter Puck.
Puck. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover’s fee.
Shall we their feud present 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 those things do best please me,
That befall preposterously. [They stand apart.

Enter LYSANDER and HELENA.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look: when I vow I weep, and vows so born,
In their captivity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?

Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O, devilish-holy fray! These vows are Hermia’s: will you give her o’er? Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment, when to her I swore.

Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o’er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.

Dem. O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine! [Awaking.
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eye?
Crystal is muddied. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high Taurus snow,
Fann’d with the eastern wind, turns to a crown,
When thou holdest 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 Array:—
If you were civil, and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so:
To vow, and swear, and super-praise my parts,
When I am sure, you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid’s eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and export
A poor soul’s patience, all to make you sport.
Lys. You are unknown, 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.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia: I will none:
If e’er I lov’d her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourn’d,
And now to Helen it is home return’d;
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.—
Look, where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.
Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more hack of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander; found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?
Lys. Lysander’s love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all you fiery oes* and eyes of light.
Why seek’st thou me? could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?
Her. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.

Hel! 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 conspire’d, have you with these contriv’d
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar’d,
The sisters’ vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For Parting us,—O! is all forgot?
All school days’ friendship, childhood’s innocence?

* on a mispris’d mood: in f. e. 2 princess: in f. e. * Eyes.
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 blossoms in one bud; one root,
Due but to one, and which may ne'er be cut asunder.
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.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate 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 spurn me with his foot)
To call me goddess, nymph, divine, and rare,
Precious, celestial! When he 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 out, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unlov'd,
This you should pity, rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, 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. Stay, gentle Helena: hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!

Hel. O excellent! Sweet, do not scorn her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.

Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat:
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.—

Hel. I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false, that says I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more than he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.

Dem. Quick, come.—

Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this? [Holding him?

Lys. Away, you Ethiop!

Dem. No, no, no!—

Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow;
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!

Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let
loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this, Sweet love?

Lys. Thy love? out, tawny Tarlat, out! Out,
Out, leathen medicine! hated potion, hence!

Hel. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes, 'tis so; and so do you.

Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.

Dem. I would, I had your bond; for, I perceive,
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.

Lys. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her
dead?

Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.

Her. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherfore? 'O me!' what means' my love?
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now, as I was crewhide.
Since night you loved me; yet, since night you left me:
Why, then you left me (O, the gods forbid!)
In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore, be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee, and love Helena.

Her. O me!—you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what, have you come by night,
And stolen my love's heart from him?

Hel. Fine, if faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? Where is then the tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!

Her. Puppet! why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures: she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevail'd with him.—
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak;
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curt;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You, perhaps, may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower! hark, again.

Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wrong'd you;
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He follow'd you; for love, I follow'd him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threaten'd me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too:
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back,
And follow you no farther. Let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.

Her. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinder's you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.

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.

Her. Little again? nothing but low and little?
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.

[i love]: in f. a  
[2] Not in f. a  
SCENE II.  
MIDSUMMER-NIGHT’S DREAM.  

Lys.  Get you gone, you dwarf;  
You minimus, of hindering knot-gross’d made:  
You head, you acorn.  

Dem.  You are too officious  
In her behalf that scorns your services.  
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;  
Take not her part, for if thou dost intend  
Never so little show of love to her,  
Thou shalt aby1 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.  

Her.  Follow? nay, I’ll go with thee, check by jowl.  
[Exit Lys. and Dem.  

Her.  You, mistress, all this coil is ’long of you.  
Nay, go not back.  
Hel.  I will not trust you, I,  
Nor longer stay in your curt’sey company.  
Your hands, than mine, are quicker for a fray;  
My legs are longer though, to run away.  
[Exit.  

Her.  I am amaz’d, and know not what to say.  
[Exit.  
Ob.  This is thy negligence: still thou mistak’st,  
[Coming forward.  

Or else commit’s thy knavery willfully.  

Puck.  Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.  
Did you not tell me I should know the man  
By the Athenian garments he had on?  
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,  
That I have ’nointed an Athenian’s eyes;  
And so far am I glad it did sort,  
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.  

Ob.  Thou seest these lovers seek a place to fight:  
He, therefore, Robin, overeast the night;  
The starry welkin cover thou anon  
With drooping fog, as black as Acheron;  
And lead these testy rivals so astray,  
As one come not within another’s way.  
Like to Lysander some time 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 batty wings, doth creepe;  
Then crush this herb into Lysander’s eye;  
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,  
To take from thence all error with his might,  
And make his eye-balls roll with wonted sight.  
When they next wake, all this decision  
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision;  
And back to Athens shall the lovers wand,  
With league, whose date till death shall never end.  
While I in this affray do thee employ,  
I’ll to my queen, and beg her Indian boy;  
And then I will her charmed eye release.  

From monster’s view, and all things shall be peace.  

Puck.  My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,  
For night’s swift dragons eat the clouds full fast,  
And yonder shines Aurora’s harbinger;  
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,  
Tropp 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’s upon,  
They willfully themselves exile from light,  
And must for eye-consort with black-brow’d night.  
Ob.  But we are spirits of another sort,  
I with the morning’s love have oft made sport;  
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,

Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,  
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,  
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.  
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:  
We may effect this business yet ere day.  
[Exit Oberon.  
Puck.  Up and down, up and down;  
I will lead them up and down:  
I am fear’d in field and town;  
Goblin, lead them up and down.  

Here comes one.  

Enter LYSANDER.  

Lys.  Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.  
[thou?  
Puck.  Here, villain! drawen and ready. Where art  
Lys.  I will be with thee straight.  
Puck.  Follow me then  
To plainer ground.  

Enter DEMETRIUS.  

Dem.  Lysander! speak again.  
Thou run whay, thou coward, art thou fled?  
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?  
Puck.  Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars,  
Telling the bushes that thou look’st for wars,  
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;  
I’ll whip thee with a rod: he is doli’d,  
That draws a sword on the wise.  

Dem.  Yes; art thou there?  
Puck.  Follow my voice: we’ll try no 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 heel’d than I:  
I follow’d fast, but faster he did fly;  
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,  
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day!  
[Dies 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 by  
this dear,  
If ever I thy face by day-light see;  
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me  
To measure out my length on this cold bed.  
By day’s approach look to be visited.  
[Dies down and sleeps.  

Enter HELENA.  

Hel.  O weary night! O, long and tedious night!  
Abate thy hours: shame, comforts, from the east,  
That I may back to Athens, by day-light,  
From these that my poor company detest.  
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow’s eye,  
Steal me a while from mine own company.  
[Sleeps.  
Puck.  Yet but three? Come one more;  
Two of both kinds make up four.  
Here she comes, curt and sad.  
Cupid is a knavish lad,  
Thus to make poor females mad.  

[Enter HERMAIA.  

Her.  Never so weary, never so in woe,  
Bedabbled with the dew, and torn with briers:

1 Formerly supposed to have the property of hindering the growth.  
2 Abide, answer for.  
3 Not in f. e.  
4 So the quarto: the folio: willingly.
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 st

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.  
Enter Titania and Bottom: Fairies attending:  
Oberon behind unseen.

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,  
While I thy amiable cheeks do coin  
And stick my needle the pretty thistledown head,  
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.  
Bot. Where's Pea-blossom?  
Peas. Ready,  
Bot. Scratch my head, Pea-blossom.—Where's my monsieur Cobweb?  
Cob. Ready.  
Bot. Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand; and kill me a red-hipped hum-ble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not: I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior.—  
Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?  
Must. Ready.  
Bot. Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed.  
Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur:  
Must. What's your will?  
Bot. Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face, and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.  
Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?  
Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let's have the tangs and the bones.  
Tita. Or, say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.  
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks, I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.  
Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek  
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.  
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.  
Tita. 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 encist: the female ivy so  
Earings the barking fingers of the elm.  
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!  [They sleep.  
Enter Puck.  
Obe. [Advancing:] Welcome, good Robin. Soest thou this sweet sight?  
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;  
For meeting her of late behind the wood,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.  

[Exeunt.  

[Horns sound within.  

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.  

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester;  
For now our observation is perform'd:
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My lord, and 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 Heracles, 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
Sesi'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-lap'd and garden-like, 6
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 hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:—
Judge, when you hear.—But, soft! what nymphs are these?
Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedars 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.
The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.
[Exeunt, horns and shouts within. Demetrius, Lysander, Hermia, and Helena, wake and start up.  

The. Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
Lys. Pardon, my lord.  
[He and the rest kneel.  

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know; you two are rival enemies:
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
Lys. My lord, I shall reply amaz'd,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think, (for truly would I speak, —
And now I do bethink 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 beg the law, the law; upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; and Demetrius,
Therby to have defeated you and me;
You, of your wife, and me, of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood; 

And I in fury hither follow'd them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power,
(By but 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 bro'th'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,
For in the temple, by and by with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purpose'd hunting shall be set aside.
Away, with us, to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.—
Come, Hippolyta.
[Exeunt Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and train.

Dem. These things seem small, and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turned into clouds.
Her. Methinks, I see these things with parted eye,
When every thing seems double.

Hel. So methinks:
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.—Do not you think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?
Her. Yea, and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.
Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams.  
[Exeunt.  

Bot. [Waking:] When my eye comes, call me, and I
will answer:—my next is, "Most fair Pyramus?"

—Hey, ho! —Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-
mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's life!
I stole his heart, and left him asleep. I have had
a most rare vision. I have had a dream,—past the wit
of man to say what dream it was; man is but an ass,
if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I
was,—there is no man can tell what. Methought I
was, and methought I had,—but man is but a patched
fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had.
The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath
not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue
to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream
was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this
dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because
it hath no bottom, and I will sing it in the latter end of
the play, before the duke: peradventure, to make it
the more gracious, I shall sing it at Thisbe's death.

[Exit.


Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.  

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come
home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt, he is
transported.
Flu. If he come not, then the play is marred. It

goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible; you have not a man in all

Athens able to discharge Pyramus, but he.

Flu. No; he hath simply the best wit of any hand-
crafty man in Athens.

Quin. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a

very paramour for a sweet voice.

Flu. You must say, paragon: a paramour is, God

bless us! a thing of nought.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple,

and there is two or three lords and ladies more mar-

ried. 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

'scaped 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.

ACT V.

SCENE 1.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace

of Theseus.

Enter Theseus, Hippolystal Philostrate, Lords, and

Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers

speak of.

The. Mere stranger 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,

Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;

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 brandish'd so together,

More witnesseth 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 board, your bed! [have,

The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we

To wear away this long age of three hours,

Between our after-supper, and bed-time?

Where is our usual manager of mirth?

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom!—O most courageous day! O most

happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask

me not what, for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian.

I will tell you every thing, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is,

that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together;

good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your

pumps: meet presently at the palace; every man look

o'er his part; for, the short and the long is, our play

is preferred. In any case let Theseus 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.]

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?

Philostr. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;

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 kinman Hercules.

"The riot of the tipsey Bacchanals,

Tearing 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, late deceas'd in begging."

That is some satire, keen, and critical,

Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.

"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus,

And his love Thise; very tragical mirth."

Merry and tragical! Tedium and brief!

That is, hot ice, and wondrous seething snow.

How shall we find the concert of this discord?

Philostr. A play this is, my lord, some ten words long;

Which is as brief as I have known a play;

But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,

Which makes it tedious; for in all the play

There is not one word apt, one player fitted:

And tragical, my noble lord, it is,

For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.

Which, when I saw rehearse'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?

Philostr. Hard-handed men, that work in Athens here,

Which never labour'd in their minds till now;

And now have told'd their youth's forgetful memories

With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.

Philost. No, my noble lord: It is not for you: I have heard it over, And it is nothing, nothing in the world, Unless you can find sport in their intents. Extremely stretch'd, and cou'd with cruel pain, To do you service.

The. I will hear that play: For never any thing can be amiss, When simpleness and duty tender it. Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [Exit Philost.

Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd, And duty in his service perishing.

The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing. Our sport shall be to take what they mistake: And what poor duty cannot do, Noble respect takes it in might, not merit. Where I have come, great clerks have purposed To meet me with premeditated welcomes: Where I have seen them shiver and look pale, Make periods in the midst of sentences, Throttle their practis'd accent in their tears, And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off, Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet, Out of this silence, yet, I pick'd a welcome; And in the modesty of fearful duty I read as much, as from the rattling tongue Of saucy and audacious eloquence.

Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity, In least speak most, to my capacity.

Enter Philost.

Philost. So please your grace, the prologue is addrest.  
The. Let him approach. [Flourish of trumpets. Enter the Prologue.

Prolog. If we offend, it is with our good will. That you should think, we come not to offend, But with good-will. To show our simple skill, That is the true beginning of our end. Consider, then, we come but in despite. We do not come as meddling to content you, Our true intent is: All for your delight, We are not here. That you should here repent you, The actors are at hand; and, by their show, You shall know all, that you are like to know.  
The. This fellow doth not stand upon his points. Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough eel; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed, he hath played on this prologue, like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain, Nothing impair'd, but all disorder'd.

Who is next? Enter the Presenter, Pyramus, and Thisby, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion, as in dumb show.

Pres. 4 Gentles, per chance, you wonder at this show; But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.

This man is Pyramus, if you would know: This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain. This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present What that wise did these lovers sander; And through wall's chink, poor souls, they are content To whisper, at 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

1 Ready. 2 Flagoelet. 3 Not in f. e. 4 This speech is given in f. a. to the Prologue.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyramus. 4 O, grim-look'd night! O, night with hue so black! O night, which ever art, when day is not! O night! O night! I shall, I shall, I shall! I fear my Thisby'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 eye.  
[Wall holds up his fingers.  
Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this! But what see I? No Thisby 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.

Pyramus. No, in truth, sir, he should not. 5 Deceiving me, is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you.  

Enter Thisby.

Thisby. This, O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans, For parting my fair Pyramus and me: My cherry lips have often kiss'd thy stones; Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.  

Pyramus. 1 I see a voice: now will I to the chink, To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.

Thisby. 2 This. My love! thou art my love, I think.  

Pyramus. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace; And like Limander am I trusty still.  

Thisby. And I like Helen, till the fates me kill.  

Pyramus. 3 Not Shafalus to Procrus, but so true.  

Thisby. 4 As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.  

Pyramus. 5 O I kiss me through the hole of this vile wall.  

Thisby. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.
Pyg. "Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?"

This. "Tide life, tide death, I come without delay."

Wall. "Thus have I, wall, my part discharged so; And, being done, thus wall away doth go."

[Exit Wall, Pyramus, and Thisbe.]

The. Now is the wall down between the two neighbours.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard.

Thé. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination, then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them, than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. "You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor, May now, perchance, both quake and tremble here, When lion rough in wilder rage doth roar.

Then know, that I, one Snug, the joiner, am A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam:

For, if I should as lion come in strife Into this place, 't were pity of your life."

The. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valour.

The. True, and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord; for his valour cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valour, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present;"

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is not crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. "This lantern doth the horned moon present; Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be."

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern: how is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle: for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am awary of this moon: would, he would change!

The. It appears by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you, that the lantern is the moon; I, the man, in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. "This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?"

Lion. "Oh—!" [The lion roars.—Thisbe runs off.

Dem. Well roared, lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, moon.—Truly, the moon shines with a good grace. [The Lion tears Thisbe's mantle, and exit.

The. Well mouthed, lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Ly. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyg. "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 Thisby sight.

But stay;—O spite! [Seeing Thisbe's mantle.] 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! stain'd with blood?

Approach, ye furies fell! O fate! come, come; Cut thread and thrum;

Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!"

The. This passion on: the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyg. "O, wherefore, nature, didst thou lions frame, Since lion vile hath here defouled my dear? Which is—no—what was the fairest Dame, That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheer.

Come, tears, confound;

Out, sword, and wound

The pap of Pyramus:

Aye, that left pap,

Where heart doth hop:

Thus die I, thus, thus, thus! [Stabs himself Now am I dead, as often.] 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 bus 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 Thisbe

Hip. Methinks, she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she means, videlicet.—

This. "Asleep, my love? What, dead, my dove? O Pyramus! arise: Speak, speak! Quite dumb? Dead, dead? A tomb Must cover thy sweet eyes. This lily lip, This cherry tip," These yellow cowslip cheeks, Are gone, are gone.

\footnotesize 1 mural: in f. e. 2 A lion fell: in f. e. B. Field suggested this correction also. 3 moused: in f. e. 4 This direction not in f. e. 5 and: in f. e. 6 This direction not in f. e. 7 in f. e.: this direction is given at the next line. 8 These lily lips: in f. e. 9 Near.
SCENE II.

Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.
O! 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 imbrue:
And farewell, friends.—
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu.3

[Dies.

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and wall too.

Bot. No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted
their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to
hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?
The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
no excuse. Never excuse, for when the players are
all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he
that writ it, had played Pyramus, and hanged himself
in Thisbe’s garter, 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: ’t is almost fairy time.
I fear we shall oversleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatch’d.
This palpable gross play hath well beguil’d
The heavy gait of night.—Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels, and new jollity.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Puck, with a broom on his shoulder.

Puck. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf beholds the moon;
Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task forborne.

Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.

Now it is the time of night,
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate’s team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse

1 So called, from the place in Italy it was derived from. 2 The rest of this direction not in f. e. Puck is thus represented in an old woodcut. 3 f. e. all have a period instead of a comma. 4 in safety.

Shall disturb this hallow’d house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon and Titania, with all their train.

Obe. Through the house give gimmering 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 bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the bits of nature’s hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despised in nativity,
Shall upon their children be,3
With this field-dew consecrate.
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace with sweet peace;
Ever shall it safely4 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. [Exit.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Duke of Venice.
Prince of Morocco, 
Prince of Arragon, 
ANTONIO, the Merchant of Venice: 
BASSANIO, his Friend.
GRATIANO, 
SALANIO, 
SALARINO, 
LORENZO, in love with Jessica.
SHYLOCK, a Jew;
TUBAL, a Jew, his Friend.
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, a Clown.

OLD GOBBO, Father to Launcelot.
SALERIO, a Messenger.
LEONARDO, Servant to Bassanio.
BALTHAZAR, 
STEPHANO, 
PORTIA, a rich Heiress.
NERISSA, her Waiting-woman.
JESSICA, Daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice, Jailors, 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’t is made of, whereof it is born, I am to learn; And such a want-wit sadness makes of me, That I have much ado to know myself.

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean. There, where your argosies1 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 curst’y to them, do them reverence, As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salar. Believe me, sir, I had such venture forth, The better part of my affections would Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind, Peering in maps for ports, and piers, and roads; And every object that might make me fear Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt, Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth, Would blow me to an ague, when I thought What harm a wind too great might do at sea. I should not see the sandy hour-glass run, But I should think of shallows and of flats, And see my wealthy Andrewock’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,
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Sal. We'll make our pleasures to attend on yours.

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio, we two will leave you; but at dinner-time, I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, 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? Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio,— I love thee, and it is my love that speaks:—

There are a sort of men, whose visages Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond, And do a willful stillness entertain, With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit; As who should say, "I am sir Oracle." And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!"

O! my Antonio, I do know of these, That therefore only are reputed wise, For saying nothing; when I am very sure, If they should speak, 't would almost damn those ears, Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.

I'll tell thee more of this another time:

But fish not, with this melancholy bait, For this fool-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 those same dumb wise men, For Gratiano never lets me speak.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more, Then I'll set forth the round of thine own tongue.

Ant. Farewell! I'll grow a talker for this gear.

Gra. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable 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 his two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

Ant. Well; tell me now, what lady is the same To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, That you to-day promised to tell me of?

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, how much I have disabled mine estate, By something showing a more swelling port Than my faint means would grant continuance:

Nor do I now make man 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 honour, be assur'd, My purse, my person, my extremest means, Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft, I shot his fellow of the self-same flight The self-same way with more advised watch, To find the other forth; and by adventuring both, I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof, Because what follows is pure innocence. I owe you much, and, like a wasteful youth, That which I owe is lost; but if you please To shoot another arrow that self way Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, As I will watch the aim, or to find both, Or bring your latter hazard back again, And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

Ant. You know me well, and herein spend but time, To wind about my love with circumstance; And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong, In making question of my uttermost, 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 I am press'd unto it: therefore, speak.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left, And she is fair, and, fairer than that word, Of wondrous virtues: sometimes from her eyes I did receive fair speechless messages. Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia. Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth, For the four winds blow in from every coast Renowned suitors; and her sunny locks Hang on her temples like a golden fleece; Which makes her seat of Belmont 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 pressages me such thrift, That I should questionless be fortunate. And then knew'st, that all my fortunes are at sea; Neither have I money, nor commodity To raise a present sum: therefore, go forth; Try what my credit can in Venice do: That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost, To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia. Go, presently inquire, and so will I, Where money is, and I no question make, To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary 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 no mean' happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.
Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men’s cottages princes’ palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o’er a cold decree: such a liruo is madness, the youth, to skip o’er the meshes of good counsel, the cramp. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband—O me! the world choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father.

—Is 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 am apt to censure them, and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. Ay, that’s a colt, indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great approbation of his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself. I am much afraid, my lady his mother played false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, “An you will not have me, choose.” He hears merry tales, and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of 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 direct me from these two!

Ner. How say you by the French lord, monsieur le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan’s; a better bad habit of rowing than the count Palatine: he is every man in man; if a throat can sing, he falls straight a capering: he will fence with his own shadow. If I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

What say you, then, to Faulconbridge, the young baron of England?

Por. You know, I say nothing to him, for he understands 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 behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German, the duke of Saxony’s nephew?

Por. Very 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.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father’s will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed, to return to their homes, and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father’s imposition.

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father’s will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable: for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father’s time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes; it was Bassanio.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. 2—How now? what news?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the prince of Morocco, who brings word, the prince, his master, will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart, as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrieve me than wive me. Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. 3—Whiles we shut the gate upon one woorer, another knocks at the door.

SCENE III. Venice. A public Place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Sky. Three thousand ducats.—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Sky. For three months.—well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Sky. Antonio shall become bound;—well.

Bass. May you stand me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Sky. Three thousand ducats for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Sky. Antonio is a good man.

1 reason : in f. e. The quartos, as in the text. 2 The rest of the sentence is from the quartos. 3 Knight and Dyce print these three words as the first, and the rest of the speech as the last line of a couplet.
SCENE III.  

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho! no, no, no, no—my meaning, in saying he is a good man, is to have you understand me, that he is sufficient; yet his means are in supposition. He hath an argosy bound to 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 beards, 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. I will hand one over you may.

Shy. I will be assured, I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the 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.

Shy. [Aside.] How like a favvning publican he looks! I hate the name of Christian; But more, for that, in low simplicity, He lends out money gratis, and brings down The rate of usance here with us in Venice. If I can catch him once upon the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him. He hates our sacred nation; and he rails, Even there where merchants most do congregate, On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift, Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe, If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store, And, by the near guess of my memory, I cannot instantly raise up the gross Of full three thousand ducats. What of that? Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe, Will furnish me. But soft! how many months Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To Antonio.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow, By taking, nor by giving of excess, Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom. Are you yet possess'd, How much he would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot—three months; you told me so. Well then, your bond; and let me see—But hear you: Methought, you said, you neither lend nor borrow Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep, This Jacob from our holy Abraham was (As his wise mother wrougth 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 the sheep were break'd, and pied,

1 Used as scattered; not in a reproachful sense. —Knight. water-thieves and land-thieves: in f. c. 2 f. c. inserted; inferred has here the sense of brought in. 4 Probably the island so called on which was the Exchange, and not the bridge, which was built in 1691.

Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank, In end of autumn turned to the rams; And when the work of generation was Between these woolly breeders in the act, The skilful shepherd peeld me certain wands, And, in the doing of the deed kind, He stuck them up before the falsome ewes, Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's. This was a way to thrive, and he was blest: And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for; A thing out in his power to bring to pass. But away'd, and fashion'd by the hand of heaven. Was this inferred to make interest good? Or is your gold and silver, ewes and rams?

Shy. I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast,— But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio. The devil can cite scripture for his purpose. An evil soul, producing holy witness, Is like a villain with a smiling cheek, A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!

Shy. Thee thousand ducats—'tis a good round sum. Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate. Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be holding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft, On the Rialto, you have rated me About my monies and my usances: Still have I borne it with a patient shrug; For sucrance is a badge of all our tribe. You call'd me—believer, cut-throat dog, And spit upon my Jewish garbnderine, And all for use of that which is mine own. Well then, it now appears, you need my help: Go to, then; you come to me, and you say, "Shylock, we would have monies:" you say so; You, that did void your rheum upon my beard, And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur Over your threshold: monies is your suit. What should I say to you? Should I not say, "Hath a dog money? Is it possible, A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key, With bated breath, and whispering humbleness, Say this:—

"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last; You spurn'd me such a day; another time You call'd me dog; and for these courtesies I'll lend you thus much monies?"

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again, To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too. If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not As to the friend; for when thou take A breed for a 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 would be friends with you, and have your love, Forget the shame that you have stain'd me with, Supply your present wants, and take no doit Of usance for my monies, And you 'll not hear me. This is kind I offer.

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show. Go with me to a notary, seal me there.
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express’d in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content, in faith: I’ll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in thee, Jew.

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I’ll rather dwell in my necessity.

Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that’s a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

Shy. O, father Abraham! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others.—Pray you, tell me this;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man’s flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beveses, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, aside;
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 duetts straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty 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. [Exit.]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia’s House.

Enter the Prince of Morocco, and his followers: PORTIA, NERissa, and other of her train. Flourish Cornets.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow’d livery of the burning’ sun,
To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phlebus’ fire scarce thawes the icelets,
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 seal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden’s eyes:
Besides, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg’d me by his wit, to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comber 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 simulacrum,
That swel the Sophy, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultam Soliman,—
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 Aileides beaten by his page;*
And so may I, blind fortune leading me.
Miss that which one unworthy may attain,
And die with grieving.

* burnish’d: in f. e. 2 One of the quarto, and the folio read: “n’t-o-scare.” 3 old ed.: rage. Most have, however, adopted the change; also suggested by Theoalb. 4 courageous: in f. e. 5 This direction not in f. e.
SCENE II.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a Basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [Aside.] O heavens! this is my true begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not:—I will try confusion 1 with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, and at the next turning of 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 senti 2 , 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—[Aside.] Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.—[To him.] Talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man; and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an' please your master.

Laun. Ergo, Launcelot. Talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. [Aside.] Do I look like a caddgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—[To him.] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day: I know you not, young gentleman. But, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, [God rest his soul!] alive, or dead?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [Kneels.] Give me your blessing: truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long, a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray 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.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and, I am sure, Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord! worshipp'd might he be! what a beast hast thou got: thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin my fill 3 -horse has on his tail.

Laun. [Rising.] It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail, than I have of my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou

1 One of the comites reads: "conclusions." 2 Saints. 3 f. e.: phill, same as thill, or shaft-horse. 4 Not in f. e. 5 A common Italian present. Some argue from this and other similar references, that Shakespeare visited Italy. 6 Laced, or ornamented.
These things being bought, and orderly bestow'd, 
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night.
My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hee thee, go.  

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Where is your master? 
Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks. [Exit Leonardo.

Gr. Signior Bassanio! 

Bass. Gratiano.

Gr. I have a suit to you. 

Bass. You have obtain'd it. 

Gr. 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;— 
Paris, that become thee happily enough, 
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; 
But where thou art not known, why, there they showed 
Something too liberal.—Pray thee, take pain 
To alay with some cold drops of modesty. 
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour, 
I be misconstrued in the place I go to, 
And lose my hopes. 

Gr. 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 sigh, and say amen; 
Use all the observance of civility, 
Like one well studied in a sad oastent 
To please his grandam, never trust me more. 

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing. 

Gr. 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. 

Gr. 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. 

Launc. 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 deceived; 
but, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my 
manly spirit: adieu! 

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. 

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me, 
To be ashamed to 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, Salanro, and Salanio.

Lor. Nay, we will stink away in supper-time,

Disguise us at my lodging, and return
All in an hour. 

Gra. We have not made good preparation. 
Salar. We have not spoke as yet of torch-bearers. 
Salan. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd, 
And better, in my mind, not undertook. 

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours 
To furnish us.——

Enter Launcelot, with a letter. 

Friend Launcelot, what's the news? 

Laun. 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. 

Laun. By your leave, sir. 

Lor. Whiter goest thou? 

Laun. 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 for this masque to-night? 
I am provided of a torch-bearer. 

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll be gone about it straight. 
Salan. And so will I. 

Lor. Meet me, and Gratiano, 
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence. 

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [Exeunt Salar. and Salan. 

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica? 

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed, 
How I shall take her from her father's house; 
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;  
What page's suit she hath in readiness. 

If 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: persue this, as thou goest. 
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [Exit. 

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 bid forth to supper, Jessica: 
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go? 
I am not bid for love; they flatter me; 
But yet I 'll go in hate, to feed upon 
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl, 
Look to my house:—I am right loath 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 
dothe expect your reproach. 

Shy. So do I. 

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 Monday last, at six o’clock i the morning, falling out
that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the
afternoon. [Jessica: 

Shy. What! are there masques?—Hear you me,
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile creaking of the wray-neck’d fife,
Clamber not you up to the casement-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 folly enter
My sober house.—By Jacob’s staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting for’th-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 patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones have not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse.—Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Doo, as I bid you; shut doors after you:
Safe bind, safe find,
A proverb never stales in thrifty mind. [Exit.

Jes. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

Enter Gratiano and Salarino, masked.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir’d us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

For lovers ever run before the clock.

Salar. O! ten times faster Venus’ pigeons fly
To seal love’s bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep oblig’d faith unforfeited!

Gra. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down?

Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious manus, with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy’d.

How like a younger, or a prodigal,
The scar’d bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg’d and embraced by the strumpet wind!

How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather’d ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar’d by the strumpet wind!

Enter Lorenzo.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo:—more of this hereafter.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;
Not I, but my affairs have made you wait:
When you shall please to play the thievies for wives,
I’ll watch as long for you then.—Approach,
Here dwells my father Jew.—Ho! who’s within?

Enter Jessica above, as a boy.

Jes. Who are you? Tell me for more certainty,
Albeit I’ll 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?

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts are witness that
thou art.

Jes. Here, catch this casket: it is worth the pains.
I am glad’t is 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 light.
Why, ’tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscure’d.

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the garnish of a lovely boy.
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the run-away,
And we are stay’d for at Bassanio’s feast.

Jes. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight.

[Exit, from above.

Gra. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

Lor. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true she is, as she hath prov’d herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter Jessica, to them below.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen: away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[Exit with Jessica and Salarino.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Who’s there?

Gra. Signior Antonio?

Ant. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
’T is nine o’clock; our friends all stay for you.
No masque to-night: the wind is come about,
Bassanio presentely will go aboad:
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. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—Belmont. An Apartment in
Portia’s House.

Enter Portia, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their
trains.

Por. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover
The several caskets to this noble prince. [Curtains
Now make your choice. [drawn aside.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears—
“Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire.”

The second, silver, which this promise carries—
“Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.”

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:—
“Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath.”

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

Por. The one of them contains my picture, prince;
If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

Mor. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
I will survey th’ inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?

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1 Stow says, Black Monday got its name from the following occurrence: On Easter-Monday, April 14, 1699, Edward III., with his host, lay before the city of Paris, and the day "was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold." 2 Past bind, fast find: in f. s. 3 This direction not in f. s.
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I'm sure, Lorenzo is not.
Salar. The villain Jew with outeries rais'd the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail:
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
Salar. I never heard a passion so confus'd,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter!—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.
Salar. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.
Salar. A kinder gentleman tries not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Antonio part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd—"Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time:
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry; and apply your pensivest thoughts
To curstness, and such fair ostens 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.
Salar. I think, he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go, and find him out,
And quicken his embrac'd heaviness
With some delight or other.
Salar. Do we so. [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 Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.
Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, and their trains.
Flourish cornets. Curtains withdrawn.
Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince.
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemniz'd;
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.
Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 't was 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 ever one doth swear,
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I 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 fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which prize not this: interior, but, like the martlet,
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men 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 even fortune, and be honourable,
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.

O! that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly; and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then should cover, that stand bare;
How many be commend'd, that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gild'd
From the true seed of honour; and how much honour
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:—gives 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 devisings!

"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 wis,
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 on fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—

Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon, 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 go by destiny. drawn.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa. [Curtains

Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. Where is my lady?

Por. Here; what would my lord?

Mess. Madam, there is aught at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets;
To wit, (besides commendis, and courteous 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-supper 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 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.]
Salan. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fled; and then, it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

Shy. She is damned for it.

Salan. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

Salan. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salan. There is more difference between thy flesh and her, 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 has any loss or no?

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto;—a beggar, that was won't 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.

Salan. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for?

Shy. To bait fish withal; if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my griefs, 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 winter and summer, as a Christian is? if you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both.

Salan. 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.]

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, 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 be hearseed 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 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 Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal.—Good news, good news! ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

Shy. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see any golden coin. 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 tormentst me, Tubal: it was my torquise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, see an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue: go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Belmont. An Apartment in Portia's House.

Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and their Attendants.

Por. I pray you tarry: pause a day or two, before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong, I lose your company; therefore, forbear a while.

There's something tells me, (but it is not love,) I would not lose you, and you know yourself, Hate counsels not in such a quality.

But lest you should not understand me well, And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, I would detain you here some month or two, Before you venture for me. I could teach you, How to choose right, but then I am forewarned; So will I never be: so may you miss me; But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin, That I had been forewarned. Beshrew your eyes, They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me: One half of me is yours, the other half yours.—Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours, And so all yours! O! these naughty times Put bars between the owners and their rights; And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so, Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I. I speak too long; but 'tis to pause the time, To eke it, and to draw it out in length, To stay you from election.

Mes. Let me choose:

Por. For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Bass. Upon the rack, Bassanio? then confess What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None. but that ugly treachry of mistrust, Which makes me fear the enjoyment of my love.

1 that used: in f. e. 2 It was a popular superstition, that this stone "doth move when there is any peril prepared to him who weareth it." 3 Fenton's Secret Wonders of Nature; 1569. 4 Charmed. 5 poise: in f. e.
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire, as thou and my love.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

Bass. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Confess, and love.

Had been the very sum of my confession.
O, happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliverance! [drawn aside.
But let me to my fortune and the caskets. [Curtains

Por. Away then. I am lock'd in one of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.—
Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof—
Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,
And watery death-bed for him. He may win,
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subjects bow
To a new-crowned monarch: such it is,
As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,
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, that she might be office.
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,
With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live:—with much, much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray.

A Song, the whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets

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 gazing fed; and fancy 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 themselves:
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
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 approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars,
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see't is purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crissed 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 swell that bred them, in the gondola.
Thus ornament is but the guiling' shore
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian*: beauty, in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I. Joy be the consequence!

Por. Por. Show me, lord Bassanio, what is the other side of the piece,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraç'd despair,
And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstacy,
In measure rain thy joy; scent this excess:
I feel too much thy blessing; make it less,
For fear I surfeit!

Bass. What find I here? [He opens the leaden casket.
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sev'd lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should suck such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs,
The rainbow shines, and that one lock which
A golden mesh I entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs; but her eyes!—
How could he see to do them; having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinish'd:* yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow
In underprizing it, so far this shadow
Both limp behind the substance.—Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune.

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll.—Fair lady, by your leave;
I come by note, to give, and to receive. [Kissing her
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Un'thor confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though, for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish,
To wish myself much better; yet for you
I would be tribled twenty times myself;
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich,
That only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, uneschow'd, unpardt'sd:
Happy in this, she is not yet so old

---

This direction not in f. e. guiled: in f. e. f. e. have: "Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word. unformi'd: in f. e. Stevens suggested the same change. So the quartus; the folio; "You see, my lord Bassanio."
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III.

But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all, in that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself,
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring,
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you. [Giving it.]

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words:
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As after some oration, fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
Where every something, being bient together,
Turns to a null of nothing, save of joy,
Express'd, and not express'd. But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence:
O! then be bold to say, Bassanio’s dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by; and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord, and lady!

Grat. My lord Bassanio, and my gentle lady!
I wish you all the joy that you can wish.
For, I am sure, you can wish none from me;
And, when your honours mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Grat. I thank your lordship, you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You lov’d, I lov’d; for 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 you were here, and I was there again.
And swearing, till my very tongue was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I get a promise of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev’d her mistress.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleas’d withal.

Bass. And do you know, Gratiano, mean good faith?

Grat. Yes, faith, my lord. [Marriage.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honour’d in your house.
We ’ll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

Ner. What, and stake down?

Grat. No; we shall ne’er win at that sport, and stake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio.

Bass. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome.—By your leave
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

Por. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

Lor. I thank your honour.—For my part, my lord,

1 all is: in f. e. 2 Not in f. e. 3 roof: in f. e.; in the folio rough. 4 Not in f. e.
SCENE IV.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. 179

Por. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?
Bass. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit,
In doing courtesies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
Por. What sum owes he the Jew?
Bass. For me, three thousand ducats.
Por. What! no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond:
Double six thousand, and then trouble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair through my Bassanio's fault.
First, go with me to church, and call me wife,
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over:
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away!
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid all your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dearly.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.
Bass. [Reads.] 4 Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying it it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.
Por. O love! despacth all business, and begone.
Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haste; but till I come again,
No bad shall e'er be guilty of my stay,
Nor rest betroposer twixt us twain. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Shylock, Salanio, Antonio, and Iailer.

Shy. Iailor. look to him: tell not me of mercy.
This is the foot that lent out money gratis.

Iailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty Iailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking: I will have my bond.

[Exeunt Shylock.
Salan. It is the most impenetrable cur,
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made me to;
Therefore he hates me.
Salan. I am sure, the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of the state;
Since, that the trade and profit of the city
Consistseth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so 'bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailor, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.

Enter Portia, Nerissa, Lorenzo, Jessica, and Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity; which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord.
But, if you knew to whom you show this honour,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord, your husband,
I know, you would be prouder of the work,
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for in companions
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think, that this Antonio,
Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed,
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself,
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.—
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a sacred vow
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Unif her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this imposition,
The which my love, and some necessity,
Now lays upon you.
Lor. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.
Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well, till we shall meet again.
Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!
Jes. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.
Por. I thank you for your wish, and am well-pleas'd
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.—
[Exeunt Jessica and Lorenzo.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest, true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavours of a man,
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, doctor Bellario;
And, lock, what notes and garniture doth he give thee.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.  

ACT III.

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Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd speed
Unto the Transeet, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [Exit.

Por. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of. We'll see our husbands,
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

Por. They shall, Nerissa: but in such a habit,
That they shall think we are accomplished
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accosted 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 honourable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died;
I could not do withal:—then, I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.
And twenty of these puny lyes 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.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Pie! 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.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father
are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you,
I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now
I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore, be
of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned.
There is but one hope in it that can do you any good,
and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jess. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father
got you not; that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jess. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so
the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both
by father and mother: thus when I shun Seylla, your
father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother. Well, you
are gone both ways.

Jess. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made
me a Christian.

Laun. Truly, the more to blame he: we were Christians
enow before; 'c'en as many as could well live
one by another. This making of Christians will raise
the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we
shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Enter LORENZO.

Jess. I'll tell my husband, Launecot, what you say:
here he comes.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Venice. A Court of Justice.

Enter the Duke; the Magnificoes; Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salarino, Salanio, and others.

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. Ready, so please your grace.

Duke. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer a stony adversary, an inhuman wretch Uncapable of pity, void and empty From any dram of mercy.

Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate, And that no lawful means can carry me Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd To suffer with a quietness of spirit, The very tyranny and rage of his

Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

Salar. 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 remore, more strange Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; And where thou now exact'st the penalty, Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh, Thou will not only lose2 the forfeiture, But, touch'd with human gentleness and love, Forgive a moiety of the principal; Glancing an eye of pity on his losses, That have of late so huddled on his back, Enow to press a royal merchant down, And pluck commiseration of his state From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint, From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose; And by our holy Sabbath I have sworn To have the due and forfeit of my bond: If you deny it, let the danger light Upon your charter, and your city's freedom. You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive Three thousand ducats? I'll not answer that: But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?

What if my house be troubled with a rat, And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig; Some, that are mad if they behold a cat; And others, when the bag-pipe sings1 the nose, Cannot contain their urine for affection: Masters of passion sway3 it to the mood Of what they like, or what they hate. Now, for your answer: As there is no firm reason to be render'd, Why he cannot abide a gaping pig; 1

1 Hatred. 2 The old copies have "loose." 3 The old copies have "sway's." Knight reads the passage thus:

[...]

4 wollen: in f. o. Bollen means swollen. 5 in f. o.

You may as well use question with the wolf,
Why he hath made the eoe bleat for the lamb.
ERE thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

**Ant.** I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meestet for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Dropt by the hand of sin, and so live
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio.

To than live still, and write mine epitaph.

Enter **Nerissa**, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.

**Duke.** Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

**Ner.** From both, my lord. Bellario greets your grace.

[Presenting a letter.]

**Bass.** Why dost thou what thy knife so earnestly?

**Shylock** whets his knife.

**Shy.** To cut the forfeiture 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 will enough to make.

**Gra.** O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog,
And for thy life let justice be accus'd!
Thou almost mak'st me wave in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythogoras,
That souls of animals infect themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currrish spirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infus'd itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starv'd, and ravenous.

Shy. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy honour to so loud,
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To curseless ruin.—I stand here for law.

**Duke.** This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.—

Where is he?

**Ner.** He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

**Duke.** With all my heart:—some three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—

Mean time, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk reads.] "Your grace shall understand, that as early to 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 Balthazer. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio, the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnish'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."—

**Duke.** You hear the learned Balthazer, what he writes:
And here, I take it, is the doctor coming.

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?

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1 Not in  f. a.  2 f. e., in part: inexorable.  3 An old phrase for being in the power of, as well as, indebted to.  4 Not in f. a.
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:—
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O, noble judge! O, excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law;
Hath full relation to the penal law.

Shy. This is just true. O, wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

Por. Therefore, lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast;
So says the bond:—doth it not, noble judge?—
Nearest his heart: those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready. [Producing scales.]

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. Not so express'd; but in effect of that?
'T were good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd, and well prepar'd—

Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well.

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you,
For herein fortune shows herself more kind
Than 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 honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say, how I lov'd you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Bassanio had not once a lover.

Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
And repent not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do eat but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife,
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife, whom I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this curiass Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter:
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband, rather than a Christian!
We trifle 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 of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are by the laws of Venice confiscate.

unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew:—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, thou art judge, 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 makes it light, or heavy, in the balance;
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scripul; 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 doth the Jew pause? Take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee: here it is.

Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court:
He shall have mercy 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 it 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 predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears by manifest proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou hast contriv'd against the very life
Of the defendant, and thou hast incur'd
The danger formerly by me reheard'd.

Doth, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'st have leave to hang thyself:

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¹ Not in f. e. ² So the quartos; the folio: "should." ³ The folio reads: "Come." ⁴ mod. eds. usually read: "Barrabas." ⁵ This direction not in f. e. ⁶ substance: in f. e.
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore, thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.  
Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,  
I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.  
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;  
The other half comes to the general state,  
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.  
Por. Ay, for the state; not for Antonio.  
Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:  
You take my house, when you do the gip  
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.—that, for this favour,  
He presently become a Christian;  
The other, that he do record a gift,  
Here in the testament, that he shall possess'd,  
Unto his son Lorenzo, and his daughter.  
Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recall  
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. You pray, give me leave to go from hence.  
I am not well. Send the deed after me,  
And I will sign it.  
Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.  
Gra. In christening thou shalt have two godfathers:  
Had I been judge, thou should'st have had ten more,  
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.  
[Exit Shylock.  
Duke. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.  
Por. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:  
I must away this night toward Padua,  
And it is meet I presently set forth.  
Duke. I am sorry, that your leisure serves you not.  
Antonio, gratify this gentleman.  
[Exit Duke.  
Por. 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 acquainted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cede our courteous pains withal.  
Ant. And stand indebted, ever and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.  
Por. He is well paid, that is well-satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied.  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me, when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.  
Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you farther:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,  
Not as a 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.  
Bass. There's more depends on this, than on the value.  
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation;  
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.  
Por. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:  
You taught me first to beg, and now, methinks,  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.  
Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;  
And when she put it on she made me vow,  
That I should neither sell, nor give, nor lose it.  
Por. That 'luse serves many men to save their gifts.  
An if your wife be not a mad woman,  
And know how well I have deserve'd this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever.  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you.  
[Exit Bassiano.  
Ant. My Lord Bassiano, let him have the ring,  
Let his deservers, and my love withal,  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.  
Bass. Go, Gratiano; run and overtake him;  
Give him the ring, and bring him if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house.—Away! make haste.  
[Exit Gratiano.  
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 Bassiano, 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, toll him: furthermore,  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.  
Gra. That will I do.  
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.——  
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  
[To Portia.  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.  
Por. Thou may'st, I warrant. We shall have old swearing,  
That they did give the rings away to men;  
But we'll outface them, and 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.  

3 Ben Jonson calls jurorsmen "Godfathers-in-law."—Knight.  
9 Often used as an augmentative.
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 this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
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 Crescind lay that night.

Jes. In such a night, did Thisbe fearfully o’ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion’s shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay’d away.

Lor. In such a night, stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wad’d her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night, Medea gather’d the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Aeson.

Lor. In such a night, did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift 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 faith,
And ne’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.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray you, friend?
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?

Lor. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

[Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Sola, sola! we ha, ho! sola, sola!

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you see master Lorenzo, and mistres Lorenza? sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hallooing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. 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 coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?

[Music.

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.—

[Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here we will sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold;
There’s not the smallest orb, which thou behold’st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey’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, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress ear,
And draw her home 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,
Feching 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 gaze,
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.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king,
Until a king be 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 crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended: and, I think,
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season reason’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.
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT V.

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo, By his sad 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.

[Loud noise heard near the house.

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 doth make a heavy husband,

And never be Bassanio so for me:

But God sort all.—You are welcome home, my lord.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:

This is the man, this is Antonio,

To whom I am so infinitely bound.

Por. You should in all sense be much bound to him,

For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

Ant. No more than I am well acquitt'd of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:

It must appear in other ways than words,

Therefore, I scent 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 got that had it, for my part,

Since you do take it, leave me so much at heart.

Por. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a patry ring

That she did give to me; whose poesy was

For all the world, like cutlers' poetry

Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

Ner. What talk you of the poesy, or the value?

You swore o' me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your four* 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.

Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge;—

The clerk will never wear that hair on face, that had it.

Gra. He will, an if he live to be a man.

Ner. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,

A kind of boy; a little scrubbed boy,

No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk;

A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee:

I could not for my heart deny it him.

Por. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;

A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,

And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.

I gave my love a ring, and made him swear

Never to part with it; and here he stands:

I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,

Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth

That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,

You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:

An't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [Aside.] Why, I was best to cut my left hand

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. My lord Bassanio gave his ring away

Unto the judge that begg'd it, and, indeed,

Deserv'd it too; and then the boy, his clerk,

That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;

And neither man, nor master, would take aught

But the two rings.

Por. What ring, gave you, my lord?

Not that, I hope, which you 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 honour 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 woman had the ring.

Bass. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,

No woman had it; but a civil doctor

Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,

And begg'd the ring, the which I did deny him,

And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away,

Even he that had held up the very life

Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?

I was enforc'd to send it after him:

I was beset with shame and courtesy;

My honour would not let ingratitude

So much besmirch me. 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 come near my house.

Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,

And that which you did swear to keep for me,

I will become as liberal as you:

I'll not deny him any thing I have;

No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.

Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:

Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus;

If you do not, if I be left alone,

Now, by mine honour, which is yet mine own,

I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.

Ner. And his clerk; therefore, he well advis'd

How you do leave me to mine own protection.

1 Flourish of a trumpet. 2 Not in e. 3 So the quarto: the folio "the." 4 So the quarto: the folio: "but well I knew." 5 contain: in e.
SCENE I.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Gra. Well, do you so: let not me make him then;
For, if I do, I 'll mar the young clerk's pen.
Ant. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels,
Por. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong;
And in the hearing of these many friends
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one — swear by your double self,
And there's an oath of credit.

Bass. Nay, but hear me.
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear,
I never more will break an oath with thee.
Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which but for him that had your husband's ring;
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
Por. Then, you shall be his surety. Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.
Ant. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bass. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor.
Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.
Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano,
For that same scrupled boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, when the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deserv'd it?
Por. Speak not so grossly. — You are all amazed:
Here is a letter, read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa there, her clerk. Lorenzo, here,
Shall witness I set forth as soon as you,
And even but now return'd: I have not yet
Enter'd my house. — Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you,
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find, three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbour suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Bass. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?
Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.

Bass. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then, lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living,
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?

My clerk hath some good comforts, too, for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starved people.

Por. It is almost morning,
And yet, I am sure, you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be so: the first intergatory,
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on, is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day?
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
Till I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [Exeunt.]
AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, Senior, living in exile.
FREDERICK, his Brother, usurper of his dominions.
AMIENS, Lords attending upon the exiled
JACQUES, Duke.
LE BEAU, a Courtier.
OLIVER, Sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.
JACQUES, Orlando.
ADAM, Dennis, Servants to Oliver.
CHARLES, a Wrestler.

Touchstone, a Clown.
SIR OLIVER MAR-TEXT, a Vicar.
CORIN, Shepherds.
SILVIUS, WILLIAM, a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.
HYMEN.
ROSALIND, Daughter to the exiled Duke.
CELED, Daughter to the usurping Duke.
PHEBE, a Shepherdess.
AUDREY, a Country Wench.

Lords; Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

The SCENE lies, first, near Oliver’s House; afterwards in the Usurper’s Court, and in the Forest of Arden.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An Orchard, near Oliver’s House.

Enter Orlando and Adam.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: he bequeathed me by will but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say’st, charged my brother on his blessing to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idle-ness.

1 It was upon this fashion bequeathed, &c. 2 Behavior. 3 Not in f. e. 4 A petty malediction. 5 Not in f. e.
eres as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery 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 no further offend you, than becomes me for thy 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 spoke such a word.

[Exit 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.

Denn. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Denn. So please you, he is here at the door, and importing access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [Exit Dennis.]

'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news; that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother 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?

Cha. O! no; for the new duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from 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?

Cha. 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?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; 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 disguised 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 loath to foil him, as I must for my own honour 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 intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in 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 shalt find, I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have, by underhand means, laboured 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 lief thou didst break his neck as his finger: and thou wilt best look to it; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he 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 ta'en 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.

Cha. 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 gastermer. I hope, I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not what hast thou done but he: yet he's gentle; never schooled, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains, but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

SCENE II.—A LAWN BEFORE THE DUKE'S PALACE.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ras. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet P were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein, I see, thou lovtest 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.

Ras. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know, my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection: by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rosc, be merry.

Ras. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I pray thee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.

Ras. What shall our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife, Fortune, from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ras. 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. 'T is true, for those that she makes fair, she
Enter Touchstone.

Cel. No: when nature hath made a fair creature, nay 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. 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. Pr'ythee, who is't that thou mean'st?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Ros. My father's love is enough to honour him enough. Speak no more of him: you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely, what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou say'st true: for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little folly that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Touch. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-earm'd.

Cel. All the better: we shall be the more marketable.

Bon jour, monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Cel. Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Le Beau. What colour, madam? How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.

Ros. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—Thou lowest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end, for the best is yet to do: and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man, and his three sons,—Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence:—Ros. With bills' on their necks,—"Be it known unto all men by these presents," —Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie, the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, Lords, Orlando, Charles, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the men. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated: speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so; I'll not be by. [Duke goes apart. Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the 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 with our eyes, or know yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We
pray, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke, that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shame 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.

Cha. Come; where is this young gallant, that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cel. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after: you should not have molested me before; but come your ways.

Ros. No, Herebeus be thy speed, young man! Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [CHARLES AND ORLANDO WRESTLE.

Ros. O, excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [CHARLES IS THROWN. Shout. Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak; my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. [CHARLES IS BORNE OUT.

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege: the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would, thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem’d thy father honourable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas’d me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth.

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[Exeunt Duke FRED. TRAIN, AND LE BEAU.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be sir Rowland’s son,

His youngest son, and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father lov’d sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was to 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 ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him, and encourage him:

My father’s rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, you have well serv’d:

1 A shield fastened to a pole, or a puppet, used as a mark in tilting.

If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[Giving him a chain.

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means—
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain1, a mere lessel block.

Ros. He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes; I’ll ask him what he would.—Did you call, sir?—Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg’d conference.

[RE-ENTER LE BEAU.

O, poor Orlando! thou art overthrown.

Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv’d
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the duke’s condition,

That he misconstrues all that you have done.

The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive, than me to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray, you tell me this:

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,

That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by

manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter2 is his daughter:

The other is daughter to the banish’d duke,

And here detain’d by her usurping uncle,

To keep his daughter company: whose loves

Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you, that of late this duke

Hath ta’en displeasure ‘gainst his gentle niece,

Grounded upon no other argument,

But that the people praise her for her virtues,

And pity her for her good father’s sake;

And, on my life, his malice ‘gainst the lady

Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:

Hereafter, in a better world than this,

I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[Exeunt LE BEAU.

Thus must I from the smoke into the smoother;

From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother.—

But heavenly Rosalind!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind.—Cupid have mercy!—Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away

Upon curs: throw some of them at me: come, I am

leamed with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up, when the other

should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad

without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?
Ros. No, some of it for my father's child. 1 O, how full of briars is this working-day world!  
Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.  
Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.  
Cel. Hem them away.  
Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem, and have him.  
Cel. Come, come; wrestle with thy affections.  
Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.  
Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. — But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest. Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old sir Rowland's youngest son?  
Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.  
Cel. Dost it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chance, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.  
Ros. No 'faith, hate him not, for my sake.  
Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?  
Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do —  
Enter Duke Frederick, with Lords.  
Look, here comes the duke.  
Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your fastest haste,  
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.  
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.  
Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;  
So was I when your highness banish'd him.  
Treason is not inherited, my lord;  
Or if we did derive it from our friends,  
What's that to me? my father was no traitor.  
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much,  
To think my poverty is treacherous.  
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.  
Duke F. Ay, Celia: we stay'd her for your sake;  
Else had she walk with her father rang'd along.  
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay:  
It was your pleasure, and your own remorse.  
I was too young that time to value her,  
But now I know her. If she be a traitor,  
Why so am I; we still have slept together,  
Rose at an instant, learnt'd, play'd, eat together;  
And whereas our went, like June's swans,  
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.  
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smooth, her very silence, and her patience,  
Speak to the people, and they pity her.  
Thou art a fool; she robs thee of thy name;  
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous, when she is gone. Then, open not thy lips:  
Firm and irrevocable is my doom  
Which I have pass'd upon her. She is banish'd.  
Cel. Prentence that sentence, then, on me, my liege:  
I cannot live out of her company.  
Self:  
Duke F. You are a fool. — You, niece, provide your-  
If you can stay the time, upon mine honour,  
And in the greatness of my word, you die.  
[Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.  
Cel. O, my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?  
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.  
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd 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 art one.  
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?  
No: let my father seek another heir.  
Therefore, devise with me how we may fly,  
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:  
And do not seek to take your change upon you,  
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;  
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,  
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.  
Ros. Why, whither shall we go?  
Cel. To seek my uncle  
In the forest of Arden.  
Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,  
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!  
Beauty provokes thieves sooner than gold.  
Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,  
And with a kind of umber smirch my face.  
The like do you: so shall we pass along,  
And never stir assailants.  
Ros. Were it not better,  
Because that I am more than common tall,  
That I did suit me all points like a man?  
A gallant curtle-ax' upon my thigh,  
A boar-spear in my hand; and, in my heart  
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will,  
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,  
As many other mannish cowards have,  
That doth outrage it with their semblances.  
Cel. What shall I call thee, when thou art a man?  
Ros. I'll have no worse' name than Jove's own page,  
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.  
But what will you be call'd?  
Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:  
No longer Celia, but 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 go 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.  

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1 child's father: in f. s.  
2 safest: in f. s.  
3 inseparable: in f. s.  
4 Curiaz: worse a: in f. s.
ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Duke, Senior, Amiens, and other Lords, like Foresters.

Duke S. Now, my co-nates, 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 churchilish chiding of the winter's wind, Which when it bites, and blows upon my body, Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say, This is no flattery: these are counsellors That feelingly persuade me what I am. Sweet are the uses of adversity, Which, like the toad,\(^1\) ugly and venemous, 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.

Am't. I would not change it. Happy is your grace, That can translate the stubbornness of fortune Into so sweet and so gentle a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison? And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools, Being nativeburghers of this desert city, Should, in their own confines, with forked heads\(^2\) Have their round haunches gored.  

1 Lord. Indeed, my lord, The melancholy Jaques grieves at that: And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself Did steal behind him, as he lay along Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brauls along this wood; To the which place a poor sequencer'd stag, That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt, Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord, The wretched animal had forth such groans, That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat Almost to bursting; and the big round tears Cours'd one another down his innocent nose In piteous chaise: 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 deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testament As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more To that which hath too much." Then, being there alone, Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; "'Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part The flux of company." Anon, a careless herd, Full of the pasture, jumps along by him, And never stays to greet him: "Ay," quoth Jaques, "Sweep on, you fat and greedy citizen; 'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

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 untreasur'd of their mistress.  

2 Lord. My lord, the roynish\(^3\) clown, at whom so oft Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing. Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, Confesses that she secretly o'er-heard Your daughter and her cousin much commend The parts and graces of the wrestler, That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles; And she believes, wherever they are gone, That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother: fetch that gallant hither; If he be absent bring his brother to me. I'll make him find him. Do this suddenly; And let no search and inquisition fail To bring again these foolish runaways.

SCENE III.—Before Oliver's House.

Enter Orlando and Adam, meeting.

Orl. Who's there? Adam. What, my young master?—O, my gentle master! O, my sweet master! O, you memory Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here? Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you? And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant? Why would you be so fond\(^4\) to overcome The bony priser 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 traitors to you. O, what a world is this, when what is comely Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter? Adam. O, unhappy youth! Come not within these doors: beneath\(^5\) this roof The enemy of all your graces lives. Your brother,—no, no brother; yet the son—

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\(^{1}\) as in f. e.  
^{2}\) Fenton, in 1569, tells us "there is found in heads of old and great toads, a stone which they call boxor or stenon: it is most commonly found in the head of a he-toad."—Knight.  
^{3}\) Barbed arrows.  
^{4}\) had: in f. e.  
^{5}\) Scourage.  
^{6}\) Foolish.  
^{7}\) within: in f. e. 

13
Yet not the son—| I will not call him 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.
Oft. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?
Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.
Oft. 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 maleice
Of a diverted, proud, 1 and bloody brother.
Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saw'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
Wherein to raise and add in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently eaters for the sparrow,
Bo 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 woo
The means of weakness and debility:
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frasty, but kindly. Let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.
Oft. O, good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant favour 2 of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that, do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways: we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.
Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty,
From seventeen years, till now almost fourscore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better,
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter ROSALIND for Ganymede, CELIA for Aliena, and
CLOEN, alias TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary 3 are my spirits!
Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not
Weary.
Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel,
And to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the
weaker vessel, as doubling and hogs ought to show

1 diverted blood: in f. e. 2 service: in f. e. 3 The old copies have "merry," which Knight retains. * sat: in f. e. A bat used in
washing linen. * Love, love: in f. e. * f. e. give these two lines as one. * This line not in f. e.

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace, I say. —

Ros. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle sir; and to you all.
Ros. I pray thee, shepherd, if that love, or gold,
Can this desert place buy entertainment,  
Bring us where we may rest ourselves, and feed.  
Here's a young maid with travel much opprest,  
And faiths for souer.  
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 reeks to find the way to heaven  
By doing deeds of hospitality.  
Besides, his cote, his flockes, and bounds of feed,  
Are now on sale; and at our sheepester 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-while,  
That little cares for buying any thing.  
Ros.  
I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,  
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,  
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.  
Cel.  
And we will mend thy wages.  I like this place,  
And willingly could waste my time in it.  
Cor.  
Assuredly, the thing is to be sold.  
Go with me: if you like, upon report,  
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,  
I am so much the more faithfuller be,  
And buy with it your gold right suddenly.  
[Exeunt.  
SESCNE V.—Another Part of the Forest.  
Enter Amiens, Jaques, and others.  
SONG.  
Ami.  
Under the Greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And tune his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see no enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.  
Jaq.  
More, more! I 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 over 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, wamble, come.
And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
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 't will be eleven;  
And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
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 chanteelie,  
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?  

Jag. Worthy fool!—One that hath been a courtier,  
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 remaining biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'md  
With observation, 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.  

Jag. It is my only suit;  
Provided, that you weed your better judgments  
Of all reflection that grows rank in them,  
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 must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?  
The why is plain as to way to parish church:  
He, that a fool doth very wisely hit,  
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,  
But¹ to seem senseless of the bob; if not,  
The wise man's folly is anatomized,  
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.  
Invest me in my motley; give me leave  
To speak my mind, and I will through and through  
Cleanse the foul body of all infected world,  
If they will patiently receive my medicine.  

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.  

Jag. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?  

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;  
And all th' embossed sores, and headed evils,  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.  

Jag. Why, who cries out on pride,  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea?  
Till that the very means of wear² do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name,  
When that I 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 neighbour?  
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 mettle 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 taxing like a wild goose flies,  
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?  

1 f. e.: Not.  
2 the very, very means: in f. e.
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, a soldier, Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard, Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel, Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice, In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eye severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
Turning again childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
Sirs, eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, with Adam.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need;
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fail not to.
As yet to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

[Confers with Orlando.]

ACT III.

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, if fits my humour 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 sick-
ens, the worse at ease he is; and that 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 man-
ners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wicked-
ness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous
state, shepherd.
This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graft it with you, and then I shall graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country: for you 'll be rotten e'er you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Ros. Peace! I say once.

Here comes my sister; reading: stand aside.

Cel. Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled: No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

Twist the souls off friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write:

Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite.

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore heaven Nature charg'd,

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atlantia's better part.

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly syndic was devis'd,

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prize'd.

Heaven would that these gifts should have,

And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O, most gentle Jupiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now? back, friends.—Shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrup and scrippage. [Execute CONIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. 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. Ros. 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?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you, who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?
Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Enter Orlando and Jaques.

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 pray thee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid, between the contract of her marriage, and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's
in the which women still give the lie to their con-
sciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs
the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so ad-
mired?

Ros. 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?

O. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how
much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, de-
serves as well a dark house, and a whip, as madmen
do; and the reason why they are not so punished and
cured, is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whip-
ners are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

O. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to
imagine me his love, his mistress, and I set him every
day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a
moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, long-
ing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, in-
constant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion
something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys
and women are, for the most part, cattle of this colour:
would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain
him, then forewear him; now weep for him, then spit
at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour
of love, to a loving humour of madness; which was, to
forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a
nook, merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and
this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as
clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be
one spot of love in't.

O. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me
Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

O. Now, by the faith of my love, I will. Tell me
where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you; and,
by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you
live. Will you go?

O. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sis-
ter, will you go?

SCENE III.

Enter Touchstone and Audrey; Jaques behind, ob-
servering them.

Touch. Come apiece, good Audrey: I will fetch up
your goats. Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the
man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features? Lord warrant us! what fea-
tures?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the
most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the
Goths.

Jaq. [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse
than Jove in a thatch'd house?

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood,
nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child,
derstanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great
beckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods
had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest
in deed, and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most
feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what
they swear in poetry, it may be said, as lovers do feign.
Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me, thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. Not truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material fool.

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore, I pray the gods, make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. And I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulishness; sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee; and to that end, I have been with sir Oliver Mar-text, the vicar of the next village, who has promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Jaq. [Aside.] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy.

Touch. Amen. A man might, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood; no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns are odious, they are necessary. It is said,—many a man knows no end of his gods; right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife: 'tis none of his own getting. 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 worthy than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want.

Enter Sir Oliver Mar-text.

Here comes Sir Oliver—Sir Oliver Mar-text, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on 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-ye-call 't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'll give 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, molley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then, one of you will prove a shrunk pannell, and, like green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. I am not in the mind, but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well, and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.

Farewell, good master Oliver! Not

O sweet Oliver! O brave Oliver!

Leave me not behind thee:

But wend' away, begone, I say,

I will not to wedding bind thee.

[Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: me'er a fantastical knife of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [Exeit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before a Cottage.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Rosalind. Never talk to me: I will weep.

Celia. Do, I pray thee; but yet have the grace to consider, that tears do not become a man.

Rosalind. But have I not cause to weep?

Celia. As good cause as one would desire: therefore weep.

Rosalind. His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Celia. Something browner than Judas's. Marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Rosalind. I faith, his hair is of a good colour.

Celia. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

Rosalind. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Celia. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Rosalind. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Celia. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Rosalind. Do you think so?

Celia. Yes: I think he is not a pick-purse, nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as conceveal as a covered goblet, or a worm-eaten nut.

Rosalind. Not true in love?

Celia. Yes, when he is in; but, I think he is not in.

Rosalind. You have heard him swear downright, he was.

Celia. War is not is: besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confimmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

Rosalind. I met the duke yesterday, and had much question with him. He asked me, of what parentage I was? I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Celia. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover: as a puny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave, that youth mounts, and folly guides.—Who comes here?

Enter Corin.

Corin. Mistress, and master, you have oft inquir'd

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,

Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,

Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess

That was his mistress.

Celia. Well; and what of him?

Corin. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love,

And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,

Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,

If you will mark it.
Ros. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.—
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.  

[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 executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
Falls not the ax upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be?
Than he that kills1 and lives by bloody drops?

Phoe. 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 atoms,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now do I frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame!
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some sort of it; I shall know thy grief,
The eatables and palpable2 impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O! dear Phoebe,
If ever, (as that ever may be near)
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shalI you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phoe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and when that time comes
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not,
As thou wilt not injure me.

Ros. [Advancing.] And why, I pray you, Who
might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty,
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you, than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:—Oh! my little life!
I think she means to tangled my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress; hope not after it;
'T is not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bigle eye-balls, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entangle my spirits to your worship.
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south, puffling with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a proper man,
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you,
That make the world full of ill-favour'd children.
'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper,
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven fasting for a good man's love;

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets.
Cry the man merry; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being full to be a scadder.
So, take her to thee, shepherd.— Fare you well.

Phoe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together.
I had rather hear you chide, than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your fulness, and
She'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast
As she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce
her with bitter words.—Why look you so upon me?

Phoe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am fatter than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my house,
'Tis at the tuft of olives, here hard by.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.

Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abus'd in sight as he.

Come, to our flock.

[Exeunt Silvius, Celia, and Corin.]

Phoe. Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;

"Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight?"  

Sil. Sweet Phoebe!

Phoe. Ha! what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phoebe, pity me.

Phoe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.
Sil. Wherever sorrow is, there would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extrem'd.

Phoe. Thou hast my love: is not that neighbourly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phoe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for farther recompense,
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy, and so perfect is my love,
And I in such great grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reap's. loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phoe. 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 earlott once was master of.

Phoe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'T is but a peevish boy;—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them besides those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip;
A little riper, and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red, and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd him

1 dies; in f. e.  2 capable; in f. e.  3 An allusion to Marlowe's and his Hero and Leander, where the quotation is to be found.
In part, 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 chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black, and my hair black;
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omission is no guiltance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?
Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.
Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head, and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him, and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.

Enter Rosalind, Celia, and Jaques.

Jaq. I pr'ythee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Rosal. They say, you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Rosal. These that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Rosal. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastic; nor the courier'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 these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sordid contemplation of my travels; which by often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Rosal. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear, you have sold your own lands, to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Enter Orlando.

Rosal. 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!

Orel. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind.

Rosal. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

[Exit.

Rosal. Farewell, monsieur traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a 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.

Orel. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Rosal. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him, that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-while.

Orel. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Rosal. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wo'd of a snail.

Orel. Of a snail?

[1] In which my is the reading of the 2d folio; adopted by Knight.


[3] I think my honesty ranker than my wit: in f. e. Hamner also suggested the change.

now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on-dis- position, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Otl. Then love me, Rosalind, [all.

Ros. Yes, faith will I; Fridays, and Saturdays, and

Otl. And will thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Otl. What say'st thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Otl. 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?

Otl. Pray thee, marry us,

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—[\textit{Will you, Orlando,}?—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Otl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Otl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—[\textit{I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.}]

Otl. 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, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Otl. So do all thoughts: they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me, how long you would have her, after you have possessed her?

Otl. 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: maidens are May when they are maidens, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Otl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Otl. O! but she is wise.

Cel. Else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder. Make\textsuperscript{1} 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.

Otl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—[\textit{Wit, whither wilt?}]

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it, till you meet your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed.

Otl. 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. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's accusing,\textsuperscript{2} let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

Otl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours. 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?

Otl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most palpitical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

Otl.—With no less religion, than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu!

Ros. Well, time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let time try thee. Adieu!

[\textit{Exit Orlando.}]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in yourlove-prate. We must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou diest know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love.—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando. I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.

[\textit{Exeunt.}]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Jaques and Lords, like Foresters.

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

\begin{verbatim}
SONG.
What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born.
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.
\end{verbatim}

[\textit{Then sing him home: the rest shall bear this burden.}]

[\textit{Exeunt.}]

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter Rosalind and Celia.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love, and troubled brain,
He hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and gone forth—
To sleep. Look, who comes here.

[\textit{Enter Silvius.}]

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth.—My gentle Phebe did bid me give you this:

[\textit{Giving a letter.} Ros. reads it,

\footnotesize{\textsuperscript{1} Make fast. \textsuperscript{2} occasion: in f. e. \textsuperscript{3} Not in f. e. \textsuperscript{4} is gone: in f. e. \textsuperscript{5} The rest of this stage direction not in f. e.}
I know not the contents; but as I guess,
By the stern brow and vasprish action,
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour. Pardon me,
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the scragger: bear this, bear all.
She says, I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me,
Were man as rare as Phoenix. Od's my will!
Her love is the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, wall;
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest; I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand: I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was 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 Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you; for I never heard it yet,
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebe me. Mark how the tyrant writes.

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?—

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me, a beast.—

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect?
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move?
He that brings this love to thee,
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die?"

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no; he deserves no pity.—
Wilt thou love such a woman?—What, to make thee
an instrument, and play false strains upon thee? not
to be endured!—Well, go 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
entreat for her.—If you be a true lover, hence, and not
a word, for here comes more company. [Exit Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote, fence'd about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom:
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand, brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
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,—'tis the boy is fair,
Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low,
And browner than her brother. Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say, we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth, he calls his Rosalind,
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am. What must we understand by this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bali'd with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlik'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with callish watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 't is
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother:
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst 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 purpose'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 hurrying
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?

Oli. By. By, and by. When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountements had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place,
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love:
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself; and here, upon his arm,
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried in fainting upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

"Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede? sweet Ganymede?"

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin!—Ganymede!
Oli. Look; he recovers. [Raising her.]

Ros. I would I were at home.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Forest of Arden.
Enter Touchstone and Audrey.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. 'Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Mas-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 flattering; we cannot hold.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head: nay, pr'ythee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art rich?

Will. 'Faith, sir, so, so.

Touch. So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good—and yet it is not; it is but so good. 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 bohemian 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.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth.—You a man? You lack A man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well 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. Counterfeited, 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.

Cel. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back,
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him.—Will you go?

[Exit.]

[Exeunt.]
Invite the duke, and all's contented followers.

Enter Rosalind.

Go you, and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [Exit.

Ros. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

Ori. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the clawed and lipped Cicada, or with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon, when he showed me your handkerchief?

Ori. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O! I know where you are.—Nay, 'tis true; there was never any thing so sudden, but the flight of two rams, and Caesar's thronalsh sang of:—"I came, saw, and "overcame;" for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stars, to manifest which they will climb inconvenient, or else be inconvenient before marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Ori. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness; by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Ori. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then, (for now I speak to some purpose) that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit. I speak not this, that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch, I say, I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three years old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Ori. Speak'st thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends, for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius and Phebe.

Look; here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, to show the letter that I write to you.

Ros. Care not I, if I have: it is my study to seem despicable and ungentle to you. You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd; look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd; tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
    And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Ori. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
    And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Ori. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy;
    All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
    All adoration, duty, and obedience;
    All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;
    All purity, all trial, all observance;
    And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Ori. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Rosalind.

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

[To Phebe.

Ori. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Sil. Who do you speak to? "Why blame you me to love you?"

Ori. To her, that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this: it is 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 satisfy you, [To Orlando] if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you, [To Silvius] if what pleases you 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. No. I. [Exit.

Ori. No. I. [Execut.

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 if the middle.

1 Page. Shall we clap into't roundly, without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, 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 nonino,
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.
Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
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 nonino,
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 untuneable.

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, Amiens, 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.

Rosal. Patience, once more, whiles our compact is heard.—

[To the Duke.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind, You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

Rosal. [To Orlando.] And you say, you will have her, when I bring her?

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

Rosal. [To Phebe.] You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Pheb. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Rosal. If I do refuse to marry me, You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

Pheb. So is the bargain.

Rosal. [To Silvius.] You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

Sil. Though to have, her and death were both one thing.

Rosal. I have promised to make all this matter even.

Keep you your word, O duke! to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive 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 favour.

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-born, And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments Of many desperate studies by his uncle, Whom he reports to be a great magician, Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Jaques. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to theark. Here comes a pair of

very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaques. Good my lord, bid him welcome, This is the merry-minded gentleman, that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaques. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. What, faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaques. How the seventh cause?—Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, among the rest of the country copulative, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds, and blood breaks.—A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such ducat diseases.

Jaques. 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 "retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the "quip modest." If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the "reply churlish." If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spoke 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."

Jaques. 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.

Jaques. 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 circumanstance; 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 it.

Jaques. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool. 

1 untuneable: in f. e. 2 they: in f. e. 3 urg'd: in f. e. 4 These two words are not in f. e. 5 Yield.
Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit. Enter Hymen, leading Rosalind in woman’s clothes; and Cellia. Still Music.

Hymn. Then is there mirth in heaven, When earthly things made even
   Alone togeth’er,
   Good duke, receive this daughter, Hymen from heaven brought her;
   Yea, brought her hither
   That thou mightst join her hand with his,
   Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke S.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.
[To Orlando.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Ori. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true, Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. [To Duke S.] I’ll have no father, if you be not he.

[To Orlando.] I’ll have no husband, if you be not he.
[To Phebe.] Nor never wed woman, if you be not she.

Hymn. Peace, ho! I bar confusion.

’Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here’s eight that must take hands,
To join in Hymen’s bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[To Orlando and Rosalind.] You and you no cross shall part:
[To Oliver and Cellia] You and you are heart in heart:
[To Phebe.] You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
[To Touchstone and Audrey.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.

Whilest a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and thus we finish.

Song.
Wedding is great Juno’s crown;
O, blessed bond of board and bed!
’Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock, then, be honoured;
Honour, high honour, and renown,
To Hymen, god in ev’ry town!

Duke S. O, my dear niece! welcome thou art to me:
Even daughter, welcome in no less degree.

Phe. [To Silvius.] I will not cat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Second Brother.

2 Bro. Let me have audience for a word or two.
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland;
That brings these tidings to this fair assembly.—
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address’d a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword.
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise, and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish’d brother,
And all their lands restor’d to them again,
That were with him exil’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 endure’d 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 bridgrooms 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 neglect the pompous court?

2 Bro. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convivitas
There is much matter to be heard and learn’d.—
You [To Duke S.] to your former honour I bequeath;
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [To Orlando.] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [To Oliver.] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [To Silvius.] to a long and well deserved bed:—
And you [To Touchstone.] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual’d.—So, to your pleasures:
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime, I:—what you would have,
I’ll stay to know at your abandon’d cave.
[Exit.

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites;
As we do trust they’ll end, in true delights.

———

EPILOGUE.

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the Epilogues; 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 simmering 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 courtesy, bid me farewell.

1 Harmonize. 2 These things: in f. e. 3 Of: in f. e. 4 Tickell says, this is an allusion to the practice of women’s parts being played by men.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.  
Christopher Sly, a Tinker. Hostess,  
Page, Players, Huntsmen, and Servants,  
Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua.  
Vincentio, an old Gentleman of Pisa. Lucentio, Son to Vincentio.  
Petruchio, a Gentleman of Verona.  
Gremio.  
Hortensio, 

Servants to Lucentio.  
Servants to Petruchio.  
Daughters to Baptista. 
Widow.  

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 Christopher Sly.  
Sly. I'll please you, faithful hostess.  
Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!  
Sly. Y' are a baggage; I'll make you believe I'm a rogue; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, paucus pallabras; let the world slide. 
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.  
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.  
[Exit.  
Wind horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants. 

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach! Merriman,—the poor cur is emboss'd, And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach. Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault? I would not lose the dog for twenty pounds.  
1 Hun. Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord; He cried upon it at the merest loss, And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent: Trust me, I take him for the better dog.  
Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as fleet, I would esteem him worth a dozen such. But sup them well, and look unto them all: To-morrow I intend to hunt again.  
1 Hun. I will, my lord. 
Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?  

1 A common word in the west of England, where it means to chastise, humble. —Gifford.  
2 Chair, cozen.  
3 F. e.; says Jeronimy. Go, by Jeronimy—from Thomas Kyd's Spanish Tragedy, often quoted in derision, and as a jest, phrase, by the writers of the day.  
4 This is also a quotation from the same play.  
5 Constable; it is usually altered to thirdborough.  
6 A bound.  
7 Foams at the mouth from fatigue.  
8 And when he says he is: in f. e.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs;
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.

1. 

In your Lord, I warrant you, we will play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

2. 

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he waketh.

[Exit Sirrah, go see what trumpet 'tis that sounds.]

[Exit Servant.]

Belike, some noble gentleman, that means
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is 't?

Serv. An 't please your honour, players
That offer humble service to your lordship.

Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter five or six Players.4

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

2. Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
't was where you wo'd the gentlewoman so well.
I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1. Play. I think, 't was Solo that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true: thou didst it excellent.
Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eyeing of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain ourselves,
Were he the veriest antie in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house affords.—

[Exeunt Servant and Players.]

Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew, my page, [To a Servant.

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber;
And call him madam, do him obeisance:
Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say,—what is 't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife
May show her duty, and make known her love?
And then, with kind embracements, tempting kisses,
And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd.
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who for this seven years hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commended tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,

Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.
See this despatch'd with all the haste thou canst:
Anon I'll give thee more instructions. [Exit Servant.
I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from laughter,
When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them: haply, my presence
May well abate their over-merry spleen,
Which otherwise would grow into extremes. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber in the Lord's House.

Sly is discovered, with Attendants; some with apparel,
others with bason, ever, and appar tenances. Enter
Lord, dressed like a Servant.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a cup of

sack?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of these

conserves?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Christopher Sly; call me not honour,
nor lordship: I never drank sack in my life; and if you
give me any conserve, give me conserve of beef.
Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear, for I have no
more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs,
ne, some times, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my
feet look through the overleather. [honour!]

Lord. Heaven cease this evil humour in your
O! that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What! would you make me mad? Am not I
Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of Burton-heath; by
birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by trans-
migration a bear-herd, and now by present profession a
trucker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat alewife of Win-
coat; if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen
pence on the score for Warwickshire ale, score me up
for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What! I am
not bestraught. Here's—

1 Serv. O! this it is that makes your lady mourn.

3 Serv. O! this it is that makes your servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your
house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord! bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Will thou have music? here, 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 lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say thou wilt walk, we'll bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say thou wilt course, thy greyhounds are

as swift

---

1 See note 1. 2 As it: m. f. e. 3 Not in f. e. 4 Enter Players: in f. e. 5 idle: in f. e. 6 Barton-on-the-Heath, a village in War-
wickshire, is supposed to be alluded to. 7 A place about four miles from Stratford. 8 she'er: in f. e. 9 Disraught, distracted.
As breathed stag, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 Serv. Doth thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight.

Adonis painted by a running brook,
And Cytherea all in hedges hid,
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a thorny wood
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep; I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.
Well, bring the lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 Serv. Will you please your mightiness to wash your hands?

[Servants present an ever, bason, and napkin.

O, how we joy to see your wits restor'd!
O, that once more, you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?

1 Serv. O! yes, my lord, but very idle words;
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door,
And rail upon the hostess of the house.
And say you would present her at the feast,
Because she brought stone jugs, and not seal'd quarts.
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house. [maid

3 Serv. Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such
Nor no such men, as you have reckond' up,
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I 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'pee madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have dream'd,
And slept about some fifteen year and more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me,
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and her alone.
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set,
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long:
but I would be loath to fall into my dreams again:
I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleasant comedy;
For so your doctors hold it very meet,
Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life.
Sly. Marry, I will: let them play it. Is not a commodity 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 it. Come, madam wife, sit by my side,
We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world slide. 4

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ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter Lucientio 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 breath, and hapsy institute

---

1 Court leet. 2 Sealed or stamped as full quart measure. 3 above: in f. e. 4 And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be younger. in f. e

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,
Vincentio, comes of the Benetvoli.
Vincentio'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 splash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tr. Mi perdonate, 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's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's Ethics, 1
As Orpheus an outcast quite abjur'd.
Talk logick with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy used to quicken you:
The mathematicses, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them as you find your stomach serves you.
No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en:—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou advise.
If, Blondello now were 2 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?

Tr. Master, some show to welcome us to town.

[They stand back.] 3

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,
Leaves shall you have to court her at your pleasure.

Gre. To cart her rather: she's too rough for me.—
There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?
Kath. [To Bar.] I pray you, sir, is it your gracious 4
Will to make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates
for you, unless you were of gentler, milder mood. 5

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to fear:
I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But, if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noodle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, deliver us!
Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tr. Hush, master! here is some good pastime.

That man is stark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see
Maid's mild behaviour, and sobriety,
Peace, Tranio.

Tr. Well said, master: mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make good
What I have said.—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displeas thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! 6 it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bien. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:

My books, and instruments, shall be my company,
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I, that our good will effecta
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd. 7

Go in, Bianca. [Exit Bianca.

And for I know, she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry.
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio,
Or signior Gremio, you know any such,
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 be appointed hours, as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? 8 Ha! [Exit.

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 too;
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 light on
them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell, but I had as lief take her dowry
with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross
every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten
apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us
friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained,
till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband,
we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have
to 't afresh. Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dog! 9
He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, signior
Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and I 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.

Tr. [advancing.] I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O, Tranio! till I found it to be true,
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT I.

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 seeret, and as dear, 
As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was, 
Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, 
If I achieve not this young modest girl. 
Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst: 
Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt. 

Tr. 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—
Redine te captum, quam sequas ministrum.1 

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents; 
The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound. 

Tr. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid, 
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all. 
Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face, 
Such as the daughter of Agenor's race,2 
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand, 
When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand. 

Tr. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her 
Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, 
That mortal ears might scarce endure the din? 
Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, 
And with her breath she did perfume the air: 
Saucer, and sweet, was all I saw in her. 

Tr. Nay, then, 'tis time to stir him from his trance.— 
I pray, awake, sir: if you love the maid, 
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it stands: 
Her elder sister is so curst 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 me'd her up, 
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors. 
Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he! 
But art thou not advis'd, be took some care 
To get her cunning masters to instruct her? 

Tr. Ay, marry am I, sir; and now 'tis plotted. 

Luc. I have it, Tranio. 

Tr. Master, for my hand, 
Both our inventions meet and jump in one. 

Luc. Tell me thine first. 

Tr. You will be schoolmaster. 
And undertake the teaching of the maid: 
That's your device. 

Luc. It is: may it be done? 

Tr. Not possible; for who shall bear your part, 
And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son; 
Keep house, and ply his book; welcome his friends: 
Visit his countrymen, and banquet them? 

Luc. Basta; content thee; for I have it full. 
We have not yet been seen in any house, 
Nor can we be distinguish'd by our faces, 
For man, or master: then, it follows thus; 
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead, 
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I should. 
I will some other be; some Florentine, 
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa. 
'Tis hatch'd, and shall be so:—Tranio, at once 
Uncase thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak: 
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee, 
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue. 

Tr. So had you need. [They exchange habits. 

Be brief, then, sir, sith it your pleasure is; 
And I am t'ied to be obedient; 
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting; 

"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he, 
Although, I think, 't was in another sense,) 
I am content to be Lucentio. 
Because so well I love Lucentio. 
Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves, 
And let me be a slave, 't achieve that maid 
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wondering eye. 

Enter Biondello. 

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been? 
Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now? where are you? 
Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your clothes, 
Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the news? 
Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to jest, 
And therefore frame your manners to the time. 
Your fellow Tranio, here, to save my life, 
Puts my apparel and my countenance on, 
And I for my escape have put on his; 
For in a quarrel, since I came ashore, 
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deserted. 
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes, 
While I make way from hence to save my life. 
You understand me? 

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whist. 

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth: 
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio. 

Bion. The better for him; 'twould I were so too! 

Tr. So would I, faith, boy, to have the next wish after, 
That Lucentio, indeed, had Baptista's youngest daugh-

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your master's, I advise 
You use your manners discreetly in all kind of compa-

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio; 
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio. 

Luc. Tranio, let's go.— 

One thing more rests, that thyself execute; 
To make one among these wooers: if thou ask me why, 
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and weighty. 

[Exeunt. 

1 Serv. My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play. 
Sly. Yes, by saint Anne, do I. A good master, 
surely: comes there any more of it? 

Page. My lord, 'tis but begun. 

Sly. 'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'twould 't were done! 

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Hortensio's House. 

Enter Petruchio and Grumio. 

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave, 
To see my friends in Padua; but, of all, 
My best beloved and approved friend, 
Hortensio; and, I trow, this is his house.— 

Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say. 

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock? is there 
any man has rebused your worship? 

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly. 

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what am I, sir, 
that I 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 try not? 

'Faith, sirrah, an you 'll not knock, I'll wring it: 
I'll try how you can sol. fa, and sing it. 

[He wrings Grumio by the ears.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Grumio, 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 trovato, may I say.

Hor. Alla nostra casa ben venuto, molto honorato signor mio Petruchio.

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this quarrel.

Grum. [Rising.] Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he says be not a lawful cause for me to leave his service.—Look you, sir—be you bid me knock him, and rap him soundly, sir;—Well, was it fit for a servant to use his master so;—Being, perhaps, (for aught I see) two and thirty, a pip' me?

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 rascel knock upon your gate, And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Grum. 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 do you never with knock'ing at the gate?—Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's pledge. Why this? a heavy chance 'twixt him and you; Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio. And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy gale Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men through the world,
To seek their fortunes farther than at home, Where small experience grows. But in a few, Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me: Antonio, my father, is deceas'd, And I have thrust myself into this maze, Haply to write, and thrive, as best I may. Crowned in my purse I have, and goods at home, And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly to thee, And wish thee to a shriveled ill-favoured wife? Thou'rt thank me but a little for my counsel; And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich, And very rich—but thou'rt too much my friend, And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends as we Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou know One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife, (As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance) 'Tis she as foul as was Florentius' love, As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd As Socrates' Xantippa, 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.

Grum. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;—or an old trot with nere a tooth in her head, though she have as many diseases as two and fifty horses. Why, nothing comes amiss, so money comes withall.

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'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 froward; so beyond all measure, That, were my state far worse than it is, I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect. — Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough, For I will board her, though she chide as loud As thunder, when the clouds in Autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola, An affable and courteous gentleman; Her name is Katharina Minola, Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her, And he know 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.

Grum. I pray you, sir, let him go while the humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him as well as I do, she would think scolding would do little good upon her. She may, perhaps, call him half a score knaves or so;—why, that's nothing: an he begin once, he'll rain in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what, sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure her with it, that she shall have no more eyes to see within than a cat. You know him not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with thee, For in Baptista's keep my treasure is: He hath the jewel of my life in hold, His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca, And her withholds from me, and other more Suitors to her, and rivals in my love; Supposing it a thing impossible, For those defects I have, would not be heards' that ever Katharina will be wood': Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en, That none shall have access unto Bianca, Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Grum. 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 Have leave and leisure to make love to her, And unsuspected court her by herself.

Enter Gremio, and Lucentio disguised, with books under his arm.

Grem. Therefore here's no knavery. See, to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Master, master, look about you: who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love. Petruchio, stand by a while.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous! [They retire.

Gre. O! very well; I have perus'd the note. Hark you, sir; I'll have them very fairly bound: All books of love, see that at any hand, 1 Not in e. 2 out in e. 3 The story is in Gower's Confessio Amantis. 4 An aglet was a point or tag to the string of a dress, and was often shaped like a human form.
And see you read no other lectures to her.

You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend it with a largess.—Take your papers, too, And let me have them very well perfum'd,
For she is sweeter than perfume itself,
To whom they go? What will you read to her?

Luc. Whatever I read to her, I'll plead for you, As for my patron; stand you so assur'd, As firmly as yourself were still in place:

Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning, what a thing it is!

Gre. O, this woodcock, what an ass it is!

Pet. Peace, sirrah!

Hor. Grumio, mum! —[Coming forward.] — God save you, signior Grumio!

Gre. And you are well met, signior Hortensio.

Trow you, whither I am going?—To Baptista Minola.

I promise'd to inquire carefully
About master for this Bianca:
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'Tis well; and I have met a gentleman
Hath promise'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress:—
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds shall prove,

Gre. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Grumio, 'tis now no time to vent our love.

Listen and hear, if you speak me fair;
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo our fair Katharine;

Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:
If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. 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 hope good days, and long, to see.

Gre. O! sir, if such a life with fairer 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?

Gre. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larmes, neighing steedes, 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 chestnut in a farmer's fire?

Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. Hortensio, hark.

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,

My mind presumes, for his own good, and ours.

Hor. I promise'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as sure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio; bravely apparelled; and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may be bold, Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest way
To the house of signior Baptista Minola?

Bion. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't he you mean?

Tra. Even he, Biondello.

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her to—

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondelle, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio.

Aside. Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No, if without more words you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of signior Hortensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And were his daughter fairer than she is,
She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,
And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,

Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will cut-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,

Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter?

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath two,
The one as famous for a sordid tongue, As is the other for beautious modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules,
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: insooth,
The youngest daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all access of suitors,
And will not promise her to any man,

Until the elder sister first be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must steal us all, and me among the rest;
And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free.

For our access, whose hope shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do conceive;
And since you do profess to be a suitor,

You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.
SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Baptista’s House.

Enter Katharina and Bianca.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, or wrong yourself.

To make a bondmaid, and a slave of me:

That I disdain; but for these other garbs,
Unbind my hands, I’ll put them off myself,

Yea, all my raiment, to my pettoeat:

Or what you will command me will I do,

So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge thee, tell

Whom thou lov’st best: see thou dissemble 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. Is not Hortensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,

I’ll plead for you yourself, 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 will perceive,

You have but jested with me all this while.

Fr’ythee, sister Kate, unite my hands.

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was so. [Strikes

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 hiding 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.

[Flies after Bianca.

Bap. [Holding her.] What! in my sight?—Bianca,

Get thee in.

Kath. What! will you not suffer me? Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;

I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,

And for your love to her lead apes in hell.

Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,

Till I can find occasion of revenge. [Exit Katharina.

Bap. Was ever gentle man thus griev’d as I?

But who comes here?

Enter Gremio, with Luciento in a mean habit; Petruchio, with Hortensio as a Musician; and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Gre. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio. God save you, gentleman!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you not a daughter,

Call’d Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call’d Katharina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, signior Gremio: give me leave—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,

That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,

Her affability, and bashful modesty,


Her woman’s qualities, and mild behaviour,

Am bold to show myself a forward guest

Within your house, to make mine eye the witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard,

And, for an entrance to my entertainment,

I do present you with a man of mine,

[Presenting Hortensio, Cunning in music, and the mathematicks,

To instruct her fully in those sciences,

Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.

Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:

His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You’re welcome, sir, and he, for your good sake.

But for my daughter Katharine, this I know,

She is not for your turn; the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with her,

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not; I speak but as I find.

Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio’s son;

A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well; you are welcome for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,

Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.

Backarse: you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O! pardon me, signior Gremio: I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir; but you will curse your wooing—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it.

To express the like kindness myself, that have been more kindly beholding to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar, [Presenting Luciento] that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in music and mathematicks. His name is Cambio; pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, signior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle sir, [To Tranio] methinks, you walk like a stranger: may I be so bold to know the cause of your coming?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine own,

That, being a stranger in this city here,

Do make myself a suitor to your daughter,

Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,

I may have welcome amongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest:

And to advance 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.

[Exit Servant, with Hortensio, Luciento, and Biondello.

We will go walk a little in the orchard, And then to dinner. You are passing welcome. And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh haste, And every day I cannot come to wo'.

You know my father well, and in him, me, Left solely heir to all his lands and goods, Which I have better'd rather than decrease'd:
Then, tell me,—if I get your daughter's love, What dowry shall I have with her to wife? Bap. After my death, the one half of my lands, And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of Her widowhood, be it that she survive me, In all my lands and leases whatsoever. Let specialities 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 modest a person as any gentle mind:
And where two raging fires meet together, They 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 woe not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be thy speed! But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for winds, That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale? Hor. For modesty, 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 frets, And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,

When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit, [them:] Frets, call you these? quoth she: I'll fume with And with that word she struck me on the head, And through the instrument my pate made way; And there I stood amazed for a while, As on a pillory looking through the lute, While she did call me rascall 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 e'er I did: O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so disconsol'd: Proceed in patience with my younger daughter; She's apt to learn, and thankful for good words.— 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,
Pet. A comely cock, so Kate will be my hen.
Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.
Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.
Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.
Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.
Kath. There is, there is.
Pet. Then show it me.
Kath. Had I a glass I would.
Pet. What, you mean my face?
Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.
Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.
Kath. Yet you are witherd.'
Pet. 'Tis with cares.
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, garrulous, passing courteous,
But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers.
Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;
But thou with mildness entertain'st thy w cocciers,
With gentle conference, soft and affable.
Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?
O, slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twigs,
Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue
As hazel nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.
O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.
Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command.
Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,
And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.
Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?
Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.
Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.
Pet. Am I not wise?
Kath. Yes; keep you warm.
Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed.
And then thus setting thus apace.
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, I 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. Now, signior Petruchio, how speed you with
my daughter?
Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?
It were impossible I should speed amiss.
Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine! in your
dumps?
Kath. Call you me, daughter? now, I promise you,
You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wish me wed to one half lunatic;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 'tis thus:—yourself and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.
If she be eurst, it is for policy,
For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the moon: ²
For patience she will prove a second Grissel,
And Roman Lucree for her chastity;
And to conclude,—we have no greed so well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.
Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says, she'll see thee
hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our
pact.

Pet. Bastion, gentlemen; I choose her for myself
If she and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd: 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That she shall still be eurst in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much she loves me. O, the kindest Kate!
She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
That in a twink she won me to her love.
O! you are novices: 'tis a world to see:—
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacocks' wretch can make the eurstest shrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day:—
Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
I will be sure! my Katharine shall be fine.
Bap. I know not what to say; but give me your
hands:
God send you joy! Petruchio, 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, say we: we will be witnesses.
Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
I will to Venice; Sunday comes apiece.
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And, kiss me, Kate, we will be married o Sunday.

[Enter Petruchio and Katharine, severally.

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so suddenly?
Bap. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.
Bap. The gain I seek is quick in the match.
Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet catch.—
But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
Now is the day we long have look'd for:
I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witness, or your thoughts can guess.
Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so dear as I.
Tra. Grey-beard, thy love doth freeze.
Gre. But thine doth 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:
'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of both,
That can assure my daughter greatest dowry,
Shall have my Bianca's love.—

Say, signior Gremio, what can you assure her?
Gre. First, as you know, my house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold:
Basoms, and evers, to save her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry:
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,
Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,
If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then, the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promise: Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I thank you, sir, your offer is the best;
And, let your father make her the assurance,
She is your own; else, you must pardon me:
If you should die before him, where's her dowry?

Tra. That's but a cavil: he is old, I, young.

Gremio. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen, I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you know,
My daughter Katherine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance;
If not, to signior Gremio:
And so I take my leave, and thank you both. [Exit.

Gremio. Alas, good neighbour. Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gasmeres, your father were a fool
To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut, a toy!
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

[Exit.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.
'Tis in my head to do my master good:
I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio
Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincenzo;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but in this case of winning,
A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my cunning.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in Baptista's House.

Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.

Luc. Fiddler, 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 why music was ordain'd!
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain?
Then, give me leave to read Philosophy,
And whilst I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these brave of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To strive for that which 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 my instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tund.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[Hor. retires.

Luc. That shall be never:—tune your instrument.

Bian. Where left we last?

Luc. Here, madam:—

Hie ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

1 An old proverbial expression. 2 wooing: in f. e. 3 But, wrangling pedant this is: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e.
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth 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.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.] Gamut I am, the ground of all accord,
A re, to plead Hortensio's passion;
B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord.

C fau, that loves with all affection:
D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I:
E la mi, show pity, or I die.

Call you this gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice.
To change true rules for new inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dress your sister's chamber up.
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters, both: I must be gone.

[Exeunt Bianca and Servant.

Luc. Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

[Exit.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant:
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—
Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every state,
Seize thee that list: if once I find thee ranging,
Hortensio will quit thee with changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before Baptist's House.

Enter Baptista, Grumio, Tranio, Katharine, Bianca, Lucentio, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,
And yet we bear 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?

Kath. No shame but mine: I must, forsooth, be for'd
To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen;
Who wo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.
I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,
Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour;
And to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thousand, point the day of marriage,
Make friends, inveigh, ye, and molest him hams;
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 Baptist too.
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word:
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. Would Katharine had never seen him though!

[Exit, weeping, followed by Bianca, and others.

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep,
For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impudent humour.

Enter BONELLO.

Bion. Master, master! news, and such old news! as
you never heard of!
Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?
Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming?
Bap. Is he come?
Bion. Why, no, sir.
Bap. What then?
Bion. He is coming.
Bap. When will he be here?
Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

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 candle-cases, one buckled,
another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the
town armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with
two broken points; his horse heaped with an old mothy
saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides, possessed
with the glanders, and to like mose in the chine;
troubled with the lampass, infected with the fashions,
full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the
yellow's, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the
staggers, begawn with the bot's; swayed in the back
and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a
half-checked bit, and a head stall of sheep's-leather;
which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling,
hath been often bust, and now repaired with knots;
one girth six times piec'd, and a woman's crupper of
velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set
down in studs, and here and there piec'd with patch

Bap. Who comes with him?
Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caponised
like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and
a kersey boot-hose on the other, garmented with a red
and blue list; an old hat, and "the amours or forty fancies"
priek'd in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster
in apparel, and not like a Christian foxtob, or a gentle-
man's lackey.

Tra. 'Tis some old humour pricks him to this
fashion;
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparel'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howso'ever he comes.
Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.
Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?
Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?
Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.
Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on
his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.
Bion. Nay, by St. Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO, strangely apparelled.*

Pet. Come, where be those gallants? who is at home?
Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Tra. Not so well apparel'd,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it much* better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bet. 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.

Fri. Doth this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyrie fierce to your solemn festival.

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tidious it were to tell, and hard to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from her:
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in these unceremonious robes.
Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bet. But thus, I trust, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus: therefore, have done
with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.

But what a fool am I to chat with you,
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a loving kiss?

[Exeunt Petruchio, Grumio, and Biondello.

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad attire.
We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better, ere he lie to church.

Pet. I'll perform his bidding, and seek the event of this.

Tra. But, to our love, concern us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,
As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—what'er he be,
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow schoolmaster
Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say no,
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Liecio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride, and bridgroom, coming home?

Gre. A bridgroom say you? 'T is a grooms indeed;
A grumbling grooms, and that it shall find.


Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

'I'll tell you, sir, Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask,—if Katherine should be his wife,

"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore so loud,
That, all-amazed, the priest let fall the book,
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridgroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:
"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench when he arose again?

Gre. Took hold and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carousing to his mates,
After a storm:—quaff'd off the musedale,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungry.

And seemed to ask him sops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo;
And I, and I, and I, come crying for 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 pains.

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer;
But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bet. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I mean 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!

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten
The horses.

Kath. Nay, sir, then,

Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, not till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'T is like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do?

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner,

1 lovely in F. o.
2 But, sir, to love: in F. o.
3 It was the custom at the time of the play, for a bride or knitting-cup to be quaffed in church.—Knight.
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:

Go to the feast, revel and dine homewards, 

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 field, my barn, 

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 mistresse, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wenche; they shall not touch thee, Kate: 

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Grumio. 

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones. 

Gru. Wench, 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? 

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.

Gru. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table, 

You know, there wants no junkeats at the feast —

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's place, 

And let Bianca take her sister's room. 

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to bride 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. Fine, fine, on all tired jades, on all mad masters, 

And all fool ways! Was ever man so beaten? 

Was ever man so raved? 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, 

Hans! Curtis! 

Enter Curtis. 

Curt. Who is that, calls so coldly? 

Gru. A piece of ice: if you doubt it, thou may'st 

Slide from my shoulder to my heel, with no greater 

Run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis. 

Curt. Is the so hot a shrew as she's reported? 

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost; but 

Thou know'st, winter tames man, woman, and beast, 

For it hath tamed my old master, and my new mistress, 

And thyself, 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 mistresse are almost frozen to death. 

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, 

The news? 

Gru. Why, "Jack, boy! lo boy!" and as much 

News as thou wilt. 

Curt. Come, you are so full of coneycatching?—

Gru. Why, therefore; fire: for I have caught extreme

1 Bravayer, hired. 2 The first words of an old drinking round. 

drinking cups. 8 on. 4 Matched. 

1 Jacks, were leathern drinking jugs. 2 Telesby, cheating. 4 Poster 

cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house 

Trimmed, rushes strewn, cobwebs swept; the serving-

men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and 

every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks 

Fair within, the Jills' fair without, the carpets laid, and 

every thing in order? 

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news? 

Gru. First, know, my horse is tared; 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. There. 

[Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale. 

Gru. And therefore's 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 my horse? 

Gru. What's that to thee? 


Gru. Tell thou the tale;—but hast thou not 

Crossed me, thou should'st have heard: how her horse 

Fall, 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 waded 

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 

Shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of 

This?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, 

Walter, Sugarsop, and the rest: let their heads be 

Sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their 

Garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsey 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 callest for company to countenance her.
  Curt. I call them forth to credit her.
  Gru. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.  
[Enter several Servants.]
Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.  
Phil. How now, Grumio?  
Jos. What, Grumio!  
Nich. Fellow Grumio!  
Nath. How now, old lad?  
  Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you;—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my space compassions, is all ready, and all things neat?  
Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?  
  Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,—Cook's passion, silence,—I hear my master.  
[All servants frightened.]

[Exeunt Petruchio and Katharina.]
Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at the door,  
To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse.  
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?—  
[All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.  
Pet. Here, sir! here! sir! here, sir! here, sir?  
You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!  
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—  
Where is the foolish knave I sent before?  
  Gru. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.  
Pet. You peasan swain! you whoreson malm-horse drudge!  
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,  
And bring along those rascal knaves with thee?  
  Gru. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made,  
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd if he;  
There was no link to colour Petruchio's hat,  
And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:  
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory:  
The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;  
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.  
  Pet. Go, racnels, go, and fetch my supper in.  
[Exeunt some of the Servants.]

"Where is the life that late I led?"—[Sings.]
Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.  
Soud, soud, soud, soud!  

[Re-enter Servants, with supper.]
Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.  
Off with my boots, you rogues! you villains, when?  
"It was the friar of orders grey, [Sings.]
As he forth walked on his way:"—  
Out, you rogues! you pluck my foot away:  
Take that, and mend the pluckings of the other.  
[Kick's him.]
Be merry, Kate:—some water, here; what, ho!—  
[Enter Servant, with water.]
Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,  
And bid by cousin Ferdinand come hither:—  
[Exit Servant.]
One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.  
Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?—  
[A bosom is presented to him.]
Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.  

You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? [Strikes him.]
Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.
Pet. A whoreson, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave!  
[Meat served in.]
Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.
Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?—  
What's this? mutton?  
1 Serv.  
Pet.  
1 Serv.  
Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat.
What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?  
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,  
And serve it thus to me that love it not?  
There, take it to you, tippers, cups, and all.  
[Throws the meat, &c. all about]
You needless 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, 't was burnt and dried away  
And I expressly am for you to touch it.  
For it engenders choler, panteth anger:  
And better 't were, that both of us did fast,  
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,  
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 bridial chamber.  
[Exeunt Petruchio, Katharina, and Curtis.]
Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like?  
Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

[Re-enter Curtis.]

Gru. Where be he?  
Curt. In her chamber.  
Making a sermon of continuity to her;  
And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,  
Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak,  
And sits as one new-risen from a dream.  
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [Exeunt, running]

[Re-enter Petruchio.]

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,  
And 't is my hope to end successfully.  
My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,  
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd;  
For then she never looks upon her lure.  
Another way I have to man my haggard,  
To make her come, and know her keeper's call;  
That is, to watch her, as we watch those kites,  
That bat, and beat, and will not be obedient.  
She ate no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;  
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:  
As with the meat, some undeserved fault  
I'll find about the making of the bed,  
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,  
This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:—  
Ay; and amid this hurly, I intend,  
That all is done in reverend care of her;  
And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:  
And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail, and bawl,  
And with the clamour keep her still awake.  
This is the way to kill her with kindness;  
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong humour.  
He that knows better how to tame a shrew,  
Now let him speak: 't is charity to shew.  
[Exit.]

[Enter Tranio and Hortensio.]

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that mistress Bianca
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-weary: but at last I spied
An ancient ambler coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercantant, 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 Vincenzo,
And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincenzo.

Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[Exeunt Luciento 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?

Ped. My life, sir! how I pray! for that goes hard.

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 'twixt your duke and him,
Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

'Tis marvellous; but that you are but newly come,
You might have heard it else proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;

Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you Vincenzo?

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 favour will I do you for his sake,
And think it not the worst of all your fortunes,
That you are so like to Vincenzo.

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 courteous, 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 dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstancés I'll instruct you.

Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.

[Exeunt.}
SCENE III.—A Room in Petruchio's House.  
Enter Katharine and Grumio.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his spite appears.

What, did he marry me to famish me?  
Boggards, that come unto my father's door,  
Upontreaty, 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 starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;  
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed;  
And that which spites me more than all these wants,  
He does it under name of perfect love;  
As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,  
'Twere deadly sickness, or else present death.

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;  
I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neet's foot?  
Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?  
Kath. I like it well: good Grumio fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?  
Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a little.

Kath. Why, then the beef; and let the mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, that I will not: you shall have the mustard,
Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing 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, sweeting, all amoret?  
Hor. Mistress, what cheer?  
Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.  
Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am,  
To dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee:

[Sets the dish on a table.]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.  
What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,  
And all my pains is sorted to no proof. —

Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repay'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. [me.

Pet. [Aside.] Eat it up all, Hortensio, if thou lov'st.  
[To her.] Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!  
Kate, eat aspace. — And 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 bravery,  
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.  
What! hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure.  
To deck thy body with his rumbling treasure.

1 Dispirited.  2 Approval, approbation.  3 The Ernst of a pie was so called.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Scene IV.

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. — Sirs, let 't alone: I will not go to-day; and, ere I do, It shall be what o'clock I say it is. Hor. Why, so this gallant will command the sun. [Exeunt.


Tra. Sir, this is the house: please it you, that I call? Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I be deceived, Signior Baptista may remember me, Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, Where we were lodgers at the Fagusus. Tra. 'Tis well; and hold your own, in any case, With such austerity as 'longeth to a father. Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy; 'T were good, he were school'd. Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello, Now do your duty throughly, I advise you: Imagine 't were the right Vincentio. Bion. Tut! fear not me. Tra. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista? Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice, And that you look'd for him this day in Padua. Tra. Thou 'rt a tall fellow: hold thee that to drink. Here comes Baptista. — Set your countenance, sir.— Enter Baptista and Luciento. Signior Baptista, you are happily met. — Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of. — I pray you, stand good father to me now, Give me Bianca for my patrimony. Ped. Soft, son! — Sir, by your leave: having come to Padua, To gather in some debts, my son, Lucentio, Made me acquainted with a weighty cause Of love between your daughter and himself: And, for the good report I hear of you, And for the love he beareth to your daughter, And she to him, to stay him not too long, I am content, in a good father's care, To have him match'd; and, if you please to like No worse than I, upon some agreement, Me shall you find ready and willing With one consent to have her so bestow'd; For curious* I cannot be with you, Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well. Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say: Your plainness, and your shortness please me well. Right true it is, your son Lucentio, here, Both love my daughter, and she loveth him, Or both dissemble deeply their affections; And, therefore, if you say no more than this, That like a father you will deal with him, And pass my daughter a sufficient dower, The match is made, and all is happily done: Your son shall have my daughter with consent. Tra. I thank you, sir. Where, then, do you hold* best? We are affied, and such assurance ta'en, As shall with either part's agreement stand? Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio; for, you know, Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants: Besides, old Gremio is heartening still, And, happily, we might be interrupted.

1 Breevry was the old word for finery. 2 An old weapon like a pike. 3 This word not in f. e. 4 Particular. 5 This word not in f. e.
TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV.

Tra. Then, at my lodging, an it like you:
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well,
Send for your daughter by your servant here;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warning,
You're like to have a thin and slender petition.

Bap. It, like me well.—Cambio, hie 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.

Bap. Follow you.

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 and at all hours.
Luc. And what of all this?
Bion. I cannot tell; except, while* they are busied
about a counterfeit assurance, take you assurance of
her, cum privilegio ad imprimentum solam. To the
church!—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient
honest witnesses.
If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,
But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?
Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wenche married in
an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to
stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My
master hath appointed me to go to St. Luke's, to
bid the priest be ready to come against you come with
your appendix.

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.

Enter Petrucho, Katharine, and Hortensio.

Pet. Come on, o'God's name: once more toward
our father's.
Good lord! how bright and kindly 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 one,* 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.

1 expect: in f. e. * Not in f. e. * as: in f. e. * so: in f. e.

Enter on one side Biondello, Lucentio, and Bianca; Gremio walking on the other side.

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir, for the priest is ready. Lucent. 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.

[Exit Lucentio, Bianca, and Biondello.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while. 

Enter Petruchio, Katharina, Vincentio, and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here’s the door; this is Lucentio’s house: My father’s bears more toward the market place; 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 shipping! —But who is here? mine old master, Vincentio! now we are undone, and brought to nothing. 


Bion. I hope I may choose, sir. 

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What have you got me? 

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not forget you, for I never saw you before in all my life. 

Vin. What, you notorious villain, 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.

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. [Exit.

ACT V.

Vin. Is’t so, indeed? [Beats Biondello. 

Bion. Help, help, help! here’s a madman will murder me. 

[Exit. 

Ped. Help, son! help, signior Baptista! 

[Exit, from the window. 

Pet. Prythee, Kate, let’s stand aside, and see the end of this controversy. [They retire.

Re-enter Pedant, below: Baptista, Tranio, and Servants.

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my servant? 

Vin. What am I, sir? pay, what are you, sir? —O, immortal Gods! O, fine villain! A silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak! and a 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 ’cerns it you if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it. 

Vin. Thy father! O, villain! he is a sail-maker in Bergamo. 

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir. Pray, what do you think is his name? 

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever since he was three years old, and his name is Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir to the lands of me, 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 conse- 
catched 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, yes! they are spoiled! and yonder he is; dousy him, forswear him, or else we are all undone. 

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [Kneeling. 

Vin. Lives my sweet son? 

[Birthellos, Tranio, and Pedan run out.
Bian. Pardon, dear father, [Kneeling.]
Bap. How hast thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?
Luc. Here's Lucentio, Right son to the right Vincentio; That have by marriage made thy daughter mine, While counterfeit supposes blear'd thine eye.
Gre. Here's packing, with a witness, to deceive us all!
Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio, That fea'd and brav'd me in this matter so?
Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?
Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.
Luc. Love wrought these miracles; Bianca's love Made me exchange my state with Tranio, While he did bear my countenance in the town; And happily I have arrived at the last Unto the wished haven of my bliss.
What Tranio did, myself enforce'd him to;
Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.
Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would have sent me to the jail.
Bap. [To Lucentio.] But do you hear, sir? Have you married my daughter without asking my good will? Vin. 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 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. Husband, let's follow, to see the end of this ado.
Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.
Kath. What, in the midst of the street?
Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?
Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.
Pet. Why, then, let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.
Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.
Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate: Better once than never, for never too late. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Lucentio's House.

A Banquet set out; Enter Baptista, Vincentio, Gremio, the Pedant, Lucentio, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow. Tranio, Biondello, Gremio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree: And time it is, when raging war is gone! To smile at weeps 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 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.
Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.
Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.
Wid. Then, never trust me, if I be afraid.
Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:
I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?
Wid. Thus I conceive by him.
Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?
Hor. My widow says, thus she conceives her tale.
Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.
Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:— I pray you, tell me what you 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 saying.
Wid. Right, I mean you.
Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.
Pet. To her, Kate!
Hor. To her, widow!
Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.
Hor. That's my office.
Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Here's to thee, lad. [Drinks to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?
Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.
Wid. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.
Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?
Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore, I'll sleep again.
Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun, Have at you for a better jest or two.
Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush. And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—
You are welcome all.

[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 miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound, Which runs himself, and catches for his master.
Pet. A good swift simile; but something cursive.
Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself: 'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.
Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.
Luc. I thank thee for that, good Tranio.
Hor. Confess, confess, hate 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 maim'd you two outright.

Hor. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.
Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for assurance, Let's each one send unto his several' wife, And he, whose wife is most obedient To come at first when he doth send for her, Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.
Pet. Twenty crowns! I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound, But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bian. I go. [Exit.
SCENE II.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word, That she is busy, and she cannot come.

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot come! Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too: Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a worse.

Pet. I hope better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go and entreat my wife To come to me forthwith. [Exit Biondello.]

Pet. O ho! entreat her!

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir, Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife?

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest in hand; She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come? O vile! Intolerable, not to be endured! I 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 hollidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny to come, Swing 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 beful 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 as wise 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.

Sec., where she comes, and brings your froward wives As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not; Off with that bauble, throw it under foot. Katharina pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to sigh, Till I be brought to such a silly pass.

Bian. Ple! what a foolish duty call you this? Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish too: The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca, Cost me one hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say, she shall—and first begin with her.

Kath. Pet. I say fie! unknown that threatening undank brow, And dart not with a scornful glance, those eyes, To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads, Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds, And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled, Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty; And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it. Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper, Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee, And for thy maintenance; commits his body To painful labour, both by sea and land, To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and safe; And craves no other tribute at thy hands, But love, fair looks, and true obedience, Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince, Even such a woman owes to her husband; And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour, And not obedient to his honest will, What is she but a foul contending rebel, And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am ashamed that women are so simple To offer war where they should kneel for peace, Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, When they should bow to serve, love, and obey. Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth, Unapt to toil and trouble in the world, But that our soft conditions, and our hearts, Should well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms, My mind hath been as big as one of yours, My heart as great, my reason, haply, more To bandy word for word, and frown for frown; But now I see our lances are but straws, Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare, That seeming most, which we indeed least are. Then, vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your husbands' feet in your husband's foot: In token of which duty, if he bien the best My hand is ready, may it do him ease.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha' t. 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. [Exit. We three are married, but you two are sped. 'T was I won the wager, though you hit the white; [To Lucentio.

And, being a winner, God give you good night.

[Exeunt Petruchio and Kath.]

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tamed a cursed shrew.

Luc. 'T is a wonder, by your leave, she will be tamed so. [Exeunt.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Countess of Rousillon, Mother to Bertram.  
HELENA, a Gentlewoman protected by the Countess.  
A Widow of Florence.  
DIANA, Daughter to the Widow.  
VIOLENTA, } Neighbours and Friends to the Widow.  
MARIANA,  

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,1 evermore in subjection.  

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?  

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persevered 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—that, whose skill,2 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?  

1 Heirs of large estates were, during their minority, wards of the king.  
2 f. a. insert was.
AILA YERIL ERE D UIN A. SEGTH.

KING, BUCKRAM, HETTEN, WINNIE, HANK, ETC.
SCENE I.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Ber. [To Helena.] The best wishes that can be
forged in your thoughts be servants to you! Be com-
fortable 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 Lafew.

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 favour in 't, but only1 Bertram's.
I am undone: there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away: it were all one,
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
'Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be nated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In my heart's table; heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour:
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous folly.

Par. Save you, fair queen.2

Hel. And you, monarch.3

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay. You have some stain of soldier in you;
let me ask you a question: man is enemy to virginity;
how may we barraco it against him.

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant
in the battle, yet weak. Unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: man, sitting down before you,
will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bless our poor virginity from underminers, and
blowers up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins
might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier
be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with
the breach yourselves made you lose your city. It is
not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve
virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and
there was never virgin got, till virginity was first lost.
That you were made of is metal to make virgins. Vir-
iginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found: by
being ever kept, it is ever lost. 'T is too cold a com-
panion: away with 't.

Hel. I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I
die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the
rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity is to
accuse your mothers, which is most infallible disobe-
dience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity
murders itself, and should be buried in highways; out
of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offensand against
nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheeese;
consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with
feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish,
pride, idle, made of self-love, which is the most in-
hhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not: you cannot
choose but lose by 't. Out with 't: within two years
it will make itself two,4 which is a goodly increase, and
the principal itself not much the worse. Away with 't.

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own
liking?

Par. Let me see: marry, ill; to like him that ne'er
it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with
lyes, the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't, while
't is vendible: answer the time of request. Virginity,
like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion
richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and
the tooth-pick, which 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 wilted pears: it looks ill, it eats
dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear: it was formerly
better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear. Will you do
any thing with it?

Hel. Not with* my virginity yet. There shall your
master have a thousand loves,
A mother, and a mistress, and a friend,
A phoenix, captain, and an enemy,
A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign,
A councillor, a traitress, and a dear;
His humble ambition, proud humility,
His jarring concord, and his discord dulceit,
His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world
Ofpretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he—
I know not what he shall:—God send him well!—
The court's a learning-place; — and he is one—

Par. What one, 5 faith?

Hel. That I wish well.—'T is pity—

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in 't.
Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born,
Whose base stars do shut us up in wisles,
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 Parolles, 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 Parolles, you were born under a cha-
ritable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

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 from backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the
safety; but the composition that your valour and fear
make in you is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the
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 ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends. Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so farewell. [Exit.

Hina. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated sky 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 those 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 Senoys are by th’ ears; Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A brav’ning war.

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 Prejudicates 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 PAROLLES.

1 Lord. It is the count Rouillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear’st thy father’s face; Frank nature, rather curious than in haste, Hath well compos’d thee. Thy father’s moral parts May’tst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty’s.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now, As when thy father, and myself, in friendship First tried our soldiership. He did look far Into the service of the time, and was Discipled of the bravest: he last’d long; But on us both did haggis age steal on, And wore us out of act. It much repairs me To talk of your good father. In his youth He had the wit, which I can well observe To-day in our young lords; but they may jest, Till their own scorn return to them unnoted, Ere they can hide their levity in honour: So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness Were in his pride, or sharpness; if they were, His equal had awak’d them: and his honour, Clock to itself, knew the true minute when Exception bid him speak; and at this time His tongue obvi’d his hand: who were below him He made as creatures of another place, And bow’d his eminent top to their low ranks, Making them proud of his humility, In their poor praise he humbled. Such a man Might be a joy to these younger times, Which, follow’d well, would demonstrate them now But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, sir, Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb: So in approve lives not his epitaph, As in your royal speech.

King. ’Would I were with him! He would always say, (Methinks, I hear him now; his plausible words He scatter’d not in ears, but graffed them, To grow there, and to bear,)—”Let me not live,”— Thus his good melancholy oft began, On the catastrophe and heel of pastime, When it was out, “let me not live,” quoth he, “After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive senses All but new things disdain: whose judgments are Mere fathers of their garments; whose constancies Expire before their fashions.”—This he wish’d: I, after him, do after him wish too, Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home, I quickly were dissolved from my hive, To give some laborers room.

2 Lord. You are lov’d, sir; They, that least lend it you, shall lack you first.

King. ’Till a place, I know it.—How long is ’t, count, Since the physician at your father’s died? He was much fam’d.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet:— 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.

Ber. Thank your majesty. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Rouillon. A Room in the Countess’s Palace.

Enter COUNTESS, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what say you of this gentlewoman ?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wish might be found in the calendar of my past endeavours; for then we woud our modesty, and make foul the clearness of our devisings, 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 slowness, that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make such knavery 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, a 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.

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1 fortune nature brings: i. e. 2 The people of Sienna. 3 To be married.
Scene III.

All's well that ends well.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In label'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, bairns 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 o' friends, madam; and I hope to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. You are shallow, madam; 'e'en great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am a-ways of. He, that ears my land, spares my team, and gives me leave to inn the crop; if be his bucke, 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 if the herd.

Count. Will thou ever be a foul-mouthed and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next way:

For the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.

Count. Get you gone, sir: I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you? of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman, I would speak with her; Helen, I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face, quoth she, the cause?

Why the Grecians saddled Troy?

Fond² done, done fond,² good sooth it was;

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sigh'd 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 song² 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.

In one ten, quoth a² an we might have a good woman born—but one²—every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

¹ The old copies: in. ² Nearest. ³ The cause, quoth she: in f. e. ⁴ Foolishly. ⁵ The rest of this line is not in f. e. ⁶ These lines are repeated in f. e. ⁷ The rest of this sentence not in f. e. ⁸ are: in f. e. ⁹ This stage direction is given six lines above: in f. e. ¹⁰ Such were our faults; or, &c.: in f. e.

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 honesty 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 make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more shall be paid her than she'll demand.

Stew. My... or... 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: 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 virgins, that would suffer her poor knight to be surprised, without rescue, in the first assault, or ransom afterward. This she delivered in the most bitter touch of sorrow, that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you with, on purpose in the loss that may happen it concerns you something to know it.

Count. You have discharged this honestly: keep it to yourself. Many likelihods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe, nor misdoubt. Pray you, leave me: stalt 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 Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born:

It is the show and seal of nature's truth.

Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth.

Enter Helen. By our remembrances of days foregone

Search we out faults, for then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on 't: I observe her now.

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen, I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother.

Why not a mother? When I said, a mother,

Methought you saw a serpent: what's in mother,

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother,

And put you in the catalogue of those

That were envombed mine. 'T is often seen,

Adoption strives with nature; and choice 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 distemper'd messenger of wet,

The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?

Why, that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.
Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam; The count Roussillon 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?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law.

God shield, you mean it not! daughter, and mother, So strive upon your pulse. What, pale again? My fear hath catch'd your fondness: Now I see The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head. Now to all sense 't is gross, You love my son: invention is asham'd Against the proclamation of thy passion, To say, thou dost not: therefore, tell me true; But tell me then, 't is so —for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, th' one to the other; and thine eyes See it so grossly shown in thy behaviours, That in their kind they speak it: only sin, And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so? If it be so, you have wound a goodly clue; If it be not, forswear '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 take note. Come, come, disclose The state of your affection, for your passions Have to the full approach'd.

Hel. Then, I confess, [Kneeling.] Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son.— [Rising.] My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love: Be not offended, for it hurts not him, That he is lov'd of me. I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit; Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him, Yet never know how that desert should be. I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet, in this cautious and inclembe sage, I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to lose still: Thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,

But knows of him no more. My dearest madam, Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do: but, if yourself, Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth, Did ever, in so true a flame of 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? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth, by grace itself I swear. You know, my father left me some prescriptions Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading And manifold experience had collected For general sovereignty; and that he will'd me In heedfull' st reservation to bestow them, As notes, whose faculties inclusive were More than they were in note. Amongst the rest, There is a remedy approv'd, set down To cure the desperate languishings whereof The king is render'd lost.

Count. This was your motive

For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord, your son, made me to think of this; Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king, Had, from the conversation of my thoughts, Ha'pily been absent then.

Count. But think you, Helen, If you should tender your supposed aid, He would receive it? he and his physicians Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him, They, that they cannot help. How shall they credit A poor unlearned virgin, when the schools, Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off The danger to itself? Hel. There's something in't, More than my father's skill, which was the greatest Of his profession, that his good receipt Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would your honour But give me leave to try success, I'd venture The well-lost life of mine on his grace's cure, By such a day, and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe it?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my leave, and love. Means, and attendants, and my loving greetings To those of mine in court. I 'll stay at home, And pray God's blessing unto thy attempt. Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this, What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss. [Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Paris. A Room in the King's Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, with young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war; Bertram, Parolles, and Attendants.

King. Farewell, young lords. These warlike principles

1 Not in f. e. 2 manifest: in f. e.

Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.—Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain all, The gift doth, stretch itself as 't is receiv'd, And is enough for both.

1 Lord. 'T is our hope, sir,
After well-ender'\n'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 besinge. 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 wo honour, but to wed it: when
The bravest quentant shrinks, find what you seek,
That fame may cry you loud. I say, farewell.

**2 Lord.** Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

**King.** Those girls of Italy, take heed of them.
They say, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you serve.

**Both.** Our hearts receive your warnings.

**King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.**

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**1 Lord.** O, my sweet lord, that you will stay be-
hind us!

**Par.** "Tis not his fault, the spark.

**2 Lord.** O, 'tis brave wars!

**Par. Most admirable:** I have seen those wars.

**Ber.** I am commanded here, and kept a coil with;

"Too young," and "the next year," and "too early."

**Par.** An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

**Ber.** I shall stay here the forchore to a smock,
Creaking my shoes on the plain masory,
Till honour be bought up, and no sword worn,
But one to dance with. By heaven! I'll steal away.

**1 Lord.** There's honour in the theft.

**Par.** Commit it, count.

**2 Lord.** I am your accessory; and so farewell.

**Ber.** I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured
body.

**1 Lord.** Farewell, captain.

**2 Lord.** Sweet monsieur Parolles!

**Par.** Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin.

Good sparks, and lustrous, a word, a good metals—
you shall find in the regiment of the Spini, one captain
Spurio, 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 me.

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**2 Lord.** We shall, noble captain. [**Exit Lords.**

**Par.** Mars dot e 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 lists of
too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them; for
they wear themselves in the cap of the time: there do
must true gait; eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the
devil lead the measure, such are to be followed. After
them, and take a more dilated farewell.

**Ber.** And I will do so.

**Par.** Worthy fellows, and like to prove most sinewy
sword-men. [**Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.**

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**Enter Lafu.**

**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
vardon.

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**Rising.** I would, you had kneeld, my lord, to ask the mercy;
And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

**King.** I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

---

1 here's: in f. e. 2 Not in f. e. 3 arise: in f e.
A modest one, to bear me back again.

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful. Thou though'tst to help me, and such thanks I give As one near death to those that wish him live; But what at full I know thou know'st no part, I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I merit can do death halt to try, Since thou set up your rest 'gainst remedy, He that of greatest works is finisher, Oft does them by the weakest minister: So holy writ in babes hath judgment shown, When judges have been babes. Great floods have flown From simple sources; and great seas have dried, When miracles have by the greatest been denied. Of expectation fails, and most oft there Where most it promises; and oft it hits, Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.¹

King. I must not hear thee: fare thee well, kind maid. Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid. Puffers, not took, reap thanks for their reward. Hel. When I merit can do death halt to try, It is not so with him that all things knows. As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows; But most it is presumption in us, when The help of heaven we count the act of men. Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent; Of heaven, not me, make an experiment. I am not an impostor, that proclaim Myself against the level of mine aim; But know I think, and think I know most sure, My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space Hast thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace, Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring; Ere twice in mark and occidental damp Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp; Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass, What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly, Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence, What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence, A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame, Traduced by odious ballads; my maiden's name Scar'd otherwise; no worse of worst extended, With vilest torture let my life be ended. [Speak.]

King. Methinks, in thee some blessed spirit doth His powerful sound within an organ weak; And what impossibility would slay In common sense, sense saves another way. Thy life is dear; for all, that live can rate Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate; Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, honour,² 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 minister's thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die; And well describ'd. Not helping, death's my fee; But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre, and my hopes of heaven. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand What husband in thy power I will command: Exempted be from me the arrogance To choose from forth the royal blood of France, My low and humble name to propagate With any branch or image of thy state; But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow. King, nay, it is as my hand; the premises observ'd, Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd: So make the choice of thy own time; for I, Thy resolv'd patient, on thee still rely. More should I question thee, and more I must, Though more to know could not be more to trust, From whence thou cam'st, how tended on; but rest Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted bliss.— Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed.

[Furnish. Exeunt.]

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 your cap, kiss his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the court. But, for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer, that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-butock, the quach-butock, the brawn-butock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all questions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffata punk, as Tib's rush² for Tom's forefinger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the eucokid to his horn, as a preceding quan to a wrangling knife, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth; nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your duke, to beneath your constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned should speak truth of it. Here it is, and all that belongs to 't: ask me, if I am a courtier; it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could. I will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I suppose you, sir, are a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, sir!—there's a simple putting off.— More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, sir!—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

¹ Pope reads: sits. ² Not in f. o. ³ and: in f. o. ⁴ Rush rings are often spoken of as interchanged between rustic lovers.
SCENE III. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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 ne'er had worse luck in my life, in my—O Lord, sir? I see, things may serve long, but not serve ever.
Count. I play the noble housewife with the time, to entertain it so merrily with a fool.
Clo. O Lord, sir!—why, there's serves well again.
Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this: And urge her to a present answer back:
Command me to my kinsmen, and my son.
This is not much.
Clo. Not much commendation to them.
Count. Not much employment for you: you understand 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 BERTRAND, LAFAYET, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say, miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors, ensnaming ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.
Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.
Ber. And so 'tis.
Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,—
Par. So I say; both of Galen and Paracelsus.
Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—
Par. Right; so I say.
Laf. That gave him out incurable,—
Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.
Laf. Not to be helped,—
Par. Right; an't were 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 Lustick: 'tis 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 most facetious 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 transcendent; which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made, than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—
Laf. Generally thankful.

Enter KING, HELENA, and ATTENDANTS.

Par. I would have said it; you say well. Here comes the king.
Laf. Lustick, as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head.
Why, he's able to lead her a coranto.  
Par. Morte du vinage! 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 repealcd, a second time receive  
The confirmation of my promised gift,  
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter several Lords.
Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel  
Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,  
O'er whom both sovereign's power and father's voice  
I have to use: thy frank election make.  
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.
Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress  
Fall, when love please!—marry, to each, but one.
Laf. I'd give bay curtail, and his furniture,  
My mouth no more were broken 'twixt these boys,  
And with as little beard.  
King. Persue them well:  
Not one of those but had a noble father.
Hel. Gentlemen,  
Heaven hath through me restor'd the king to health.  
All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.  
Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,  
That, I protest, I simply am a maid.—
Please it your majesty, I have done already:  
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,  
"We blush, that thou shouldst choose; but, be refrus'd,  
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever:  
We'll ne'er come there again."  

King. Make choice, and see;  
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in me.  
Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,  
And to imperial Love, that god most high,  
Do my sighs steam.—Sir, will you hear my suit?  
1 Lord. And grant it.
Hel. Thanks, sir: all the rest is mute.
Laf. I had rather be in this choice, and throw amase'se for my life.
Hel. The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,  
Before I speak, too threateningly replies:  
Love make your fortunes twenty times above  
Her that so wishes, and her humble love!  
2 Lord. No better, if you please.
Hel. My wish receive,  
Which great Love grant! and so I take my leave.
Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped, or I would send them to the Turk to make emuchas of.  
Hel. [To 3 Lord.] Be not afraid that your hand should take;  
I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:  
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed  
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!  
Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French 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 be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.  
[I give Laf. that which he has asked for.
Hel. [To BERTRAND.] I dare not say I take you; but
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,  
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her; she's thy wife.  
[BERTRAM DRAWS BACK.]  
Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall 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.  
King. Thou know'st, she has rais'd me from my sickly bed.  
Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me down  
Must answer for your raising? I know her well:  
She had her breeding at my father's charge.  
A poor physician's daughter my wife?—Disdain  
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdains't in her, the which  
I can build up. Strange is it, that our bloods,  
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,  
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off  
In differences so mighty. If she be  
All that is virtuous, (save what thou dislik'st),  
A poor physician's daughter thou dislik'st  
Of virtue for the name; but do not so:  
From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,  
The place is dignify'd by the doer's deed:  
Where great additions swell is, and virtue none;  
It is a dropped honour: good alone  
Is good, without a name; vileness is so:  
The property by what it is should go,  
Not by the title. She is young, wise, fair;  
In these to nature she's immediate heir,  
And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive,  
Than our foregoers. The mere word's a slave,  
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave,  
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,  
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion, is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be said?  
If thou canst like this creature as a maid,  
I can create the rest. Virtue, and she  
Is her own dower; honour, and wealth from me.  
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do't.  
King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst strive  
to choose.

Hol. That you are well restored, my lord, I am glad.  
Let the rest go.

King. My honour'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 shake up  
My love, and her desert; that canst not dream,  
We, poising us in her defective scale,  
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,  
It is in us to plant thine honour, where  
We please to have it grow. Check thy contempt:  
Obey me well, which travails in thy good:  
Believe not thy disdains, but presently  
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,  
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims,  
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever  
Into the staggers, and the careless lapse  
Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and hate,  
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 dole of honour,  
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which late  
Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now  
The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,  
Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand,  
And tell her, she is thine; to whom I promise  
A counterpose, if not to thy estate,  
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune, and the favour of the king,  
Smile upon this contract; whose ceremony  
Shall seem expedient on the now born brief,  
And be perform'd to-night: the solemn feast  
Shall more attend upon the coming space,  
Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,  
Thy love's to me religious, else, does err.

[Exeunt 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 re-  
cantation.
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 Rousillon?
Par. To any count; to all counts; to what is man.  
Laf. To what is count's man: count's master is of  
another style.
Par. You are too old, sir: let it satisfy you, you are  
too old.
Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man; to which  
title age cannot bring thee.
Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.
Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a  
pretty wise fellow: thou didst make tolerable vent of  
thy travel: it might pass; yet the scars, and the ban-  
erets about thee, did manifoldly dissuade me from  
believing thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have  
now found thee: when I lose thee again, I care not;  
yet art thou good for nothing but taking-up, and that  
thou 'rt scarce worth.
Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon  
thee?
Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou  
halten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee  
for a ben! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee  
well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through  
thee. Give me thy hand.
Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.
Laf. Ay; with all my heart; and thou art worthy  
of it.
Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.
Laf. Yes, good faith, every drachm of it; and I will  
not bate thee a scruple.
Par. Well, I shall be wiser.
Laf. Exempt as thou canst, for thou hast to pull  
at a smack of the contrary. If ever thou bestound  
in thy scaref, and beaten, thou shalt find what it is  
to be proud of thy bondage. I have a desire to hold  
my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that  
I may say, in the default, he is a man I know.
Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexa-  
tion.
Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my

1 Not in e.  2 swell us.  3 defeat: in e.  4 The old copies: borne.  5 Dining in your company twice.
poor doing eternal: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. [Exit."

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me, securv, old, filthy, securvy lord!—Well I must be patient; there is no letering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—I'll beat him: an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEUV.

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 garner 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 honour, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee: methinks, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think, thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate: you are a vagabond, and no true traveller. You are more saucy with lords and honourable 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.

Enter BERTRAM.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good. Let it be concealed a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, sweetheart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I have sworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, sweet heart?

Ber. O, my 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 honour in a box, unseen,
That hugs his kiccky-wicky here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed. To other regions!
France is a stable; we, that dwell in 't, jades;
Therefore, to the wars!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am dead; write to the king
That which I durst not speak. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble followers strike. War is no strife
To the dark house, and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio hold in thee, art sure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and advise me.
I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, to her single sorrow.
SCENE V.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But, I hope, your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approbation.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true. I took this lark for a bunting.

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 valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. Here he comes. I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue theenity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To BERTRAM.] These things shall be done, sir.

Laf. Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O! I know him well. Ay, sir; he, sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. [Aside to Parolles.] Is she gone to the king?

Par. She is.

Ber. Will she away to-night?

Par. As you 'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casked 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 laces three-thrirds and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure.

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs all, like him that leaped into the cauldron, 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 nature.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you, than you have or will deserve at my hand: but we must do good against evil. [Exit. Par. An idle lord, I swear.

ACT III.


Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, attended; two Frenchmen and Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reasons of this war,

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him; but, and common speech
Gives him a worthy pass. Here comes my clog. [Exit.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have proceur'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 colour 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;
And rather muse than ask why I entreat you.

For my respects are better than they seem;
And my appointments have in them a need,
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.

[Giving a letter.]

'T will be two days ere I shall see you: so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Sir, I can nothing say,

But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall With true observance seek to eke out that,
Wherein toward me my honestly stars have fail'd
To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:

My haste is very great. Farewell: hee home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;^ 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, yes:

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Where are my other men? monsieur, farewell. [Exit. Ber. Go thou toward home; where I will never come,

Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum,— Away! and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coraggio! [Exeunt.
SCENE II.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess and Clown.

Count. It hath happened all as I would have had it, save that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; 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.

Clo. I have no mind toLABEL, since I was at court. Our madam and our labels of the country are nothing like your old label and your labels of 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 we here?

Clo. 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 bedded her; and sworn to make the not eternal. You shall hear, I am run away: know it before the report come. If there be breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty to you.

"Your unfortunate son,

"BERTRAM."

This is not well: rash and unbridled joy,
To fly the favours of so good a king!
To pluck his indignation on thy head,
By the misprizing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire!

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O madam! yonder is heavy news within, between two soldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news, some comfort: your son will not be killed so soon as I thought he would.

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I hear he does: the danger is in standing to't; that's the loss of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more; for my part, I only hear your son was run away. [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.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentle men,—

I have felt so many quirks of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman meet unto:—where is my son, I pray you?

Fr. Gen. Madam, he's gone to serve the duke of Florence:

We met him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some despatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on his letter, madam: here's my passport.

[Reads.] "When thou canst get the ring upon my finger, which never shall come off; and show me a child begotten of thy body, that I am father to, then call me husband: but in such a then I write a never."

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam; and for the contents' sake, are sorry for our pains.

Count. I pray thee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossst all the griefs as as thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety. He was my son,
But I do wash his name out of my blood,
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence is he?

Fr. Gen. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Fr. Gen. Such is his noble purpose; and, believe't,
The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

Fr. Env. Ay, madam, with the swiftlest wing of

Hel. [Reads.] "Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France."

"? is bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

Fr. Env. ? is but the boldness of his hand; haply,
Which his heart was not consenting to.

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no wife!
There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend upon,
And call her hourly mistress. Who was with him?

Fr. Env. A servant only; and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Paroles, was it not?

Fr. Env. Ay, my good lady, she.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature
With his indiscipline.

Fr. Env. Indeed, good lady,

The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which 'hoves' him much to leave.†

Count. ? are welcome, gentlemen.

I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him, that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to hear alarums.

Fr. Gen. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our courtesies.

Will you draw near?

[Exeunt COUNTESS and French Gentlemen.

1 The top of the loose boot which turned over was called the ruff, or ruff.
2 Old copies: half; which Knight retains, understanding song as the tenure by which it was held.
3 are; in f. e. 4 holds; in f. e. 4 have; in f. e.
Hel. “Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France.”

Nothing in France; until he has no wife!

Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in France;
Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is’t I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the non-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Was shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? O! I leaden messengers,
That ride upon the volant speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; wound the still-piercing air
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord!
Whenever shoots at him, I set him there;
Whenever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caftiff that do hold him to it;
And, though I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better I were,
I met the ravening lion when he roared
With sharp constraint of hunger; better I were
That all the miseries which nature owes
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whoever be the honour but of danger wise a bear;
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’er all: I will be gone,
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console 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 thy worthy sake,
To th’ extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth,
And fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
As thy 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. Rousillon. 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 sainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody course of war,
My dearest master, your dear son, may lie:
Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far
His name with zealous fervour sanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive:
I, his despitful June, 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,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife:
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief,
Though little he do feel it, set down sharply,
Despatest the most convenient messenger.—
When he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return: and hope I may, that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is dearest to me, I have no skill or sense
To make distinction.—Provide this messenger.—
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me speak.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Without the Walls of Florence.

A tucket 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 honourable 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 labour; they are gone a contrary way: hark! 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 honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is so rich as honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour, how you have been solicited 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 wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade 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?”

1 violent: in f. e. 2 move: in f. e. 3 still-peering: in f. e. 4 ravin: in f. e. 5 in: in f. e. 6 Flourish of a trumpet. 7 Temptations.
SCENE VI. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers 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 off. 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 I know your hostess As ample as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

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 Roussillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him: His face I know not.

Dia. 'Tis whatso'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, As 't is 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 causely 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! 'T is a hard bondage, to become the wife Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I write* good creature: where's so'er she is, Her heart weighs sadly. This young maid might do her A shrewd turn, if she please'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be, the amorous count sollicits her In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does, indeed; And breaks with all that can in such a suit Corrupt the tender honour of a maid: But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard, In honestest defence.

Enter with drum and colours, 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; That, Escalus.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He; That with the plume: 't is a most gallant fellow; I would he lov'd his wife. If he were honest, He were much goodlier; is 't not a handsome gentleman?

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'T is pity, he is not honest. Yond 3 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 jackanapes with scarfs. Why is he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt in 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! [Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, Officers, and Soldiers. Wid. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you

Where you shall host: of enjoin'd pusersents

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 bestow some preeepis of this virgin, Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Camp before Florence.

Enter Bertram, and the two Frenchmen.

Fr. Enr. Nay, good my lord, put him to 't: let him have his way.

Fr. Gent. If your lordship find him not a hindering, hold me no more in your respect.

Fr. Enr. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in him?

Fr. Enr. Believe it, my lord: in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to speak of him as my kinsman, 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 reposin' 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. Enr. 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 andhoodwink him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adversaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your lordship present at his examination, if he do not, for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust my judgment in any thing.

Fr. Gent. O! for the love of laughter, let him fetch off his drum: he says he has a stratagem for 't. When your lordship sees the bottom of his success in, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

Enter Parolles.

Fr. Enr. O! for the love of laughter, hinder not the honour of his design: let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

1 Av. rich: in M folio. 2 on: in M folio. 3 Low, cowardly fellow. 4 Camp. 5 This word is not in f. a. 6 ore: in t. e. 7 A common phrase, meaning to turn one out of doors.
Ber. How now, monsieur? this drum sticks sorely
in your disposition.
Fr. Gent. A pox on 't! let it go: 't is but a drum.
Par. But a drum! Is 't but a drum? A drum so
lost!—There was an excellent command, to charge in
with our horse upon our own wings, and to rend our
own soldiers!
Fr. Gent. That was not to be blamed in the com-
mand of the service: it was a disaster of war that
Caesar himself could not have prevented, if he had
then been there to command.
Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success:
some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but
it is not to be recovered.
Par. It might have been recovered.
Ber. It might; but it is not now.
Par. It is to be recovered. But that the merit of
service is seldom attributed to the true and exact per-
former, I would have that drum or another, or hic jacet.
Fr. Why, if you have a stomach to 't, monsieur, if
you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this
imputation of honour against into his native quarter, be
magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will
grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in
it, the Duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you
what farther becomes his greatness, even to the utmost
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 this evening; and I will presently
pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my cer-
tainty, put myself into my mortal preparation, and by
midnight look to hear farther from me.
Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are
good about it?
Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord,
but the attempt I vow.
Ber. I know thou art valiant, and to the possibility
of thy soldiership will subscribe for thee. Farewell.
Par. I love not many words.  
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, dauns 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
favour, and for a week escape a great deal of discove-
ries; 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 in-
vention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies.
But we have almost embossed1 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 case2 him. He was first smoked by the old
lord Lafeu: when his disgrace 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 you
The last I spoke of.

1 Run him down till he foams at the mouth.  
2 Fly.  
3 Importunate.
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 sally 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 limsey-woolly hast thou to speak to us again?
1 Sold. Even such as you speak to me.
Fr. Env. He must think us some band of strangers to 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 is to go straight to our purpose: chough's language, gable enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you must seem very politic. But couch, ho! here he comes, to beguile two hours in a sleep, and then to return and swear the lies he forges. [They stand back.] 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 serve me, and disgraces have of late knocked too often at my door. I find, my tongue is too fiddlehead; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.
Fr. Env. [Aside.] This is the first truth that 'e'er 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 explicit. 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 mules, if you prattle me into these perils.
Fr. Env. [Aside.] Is it possible, he should know what ho 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 tragessem.
Fr. Env. [Aside.] 'T would 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.

ACT IV.

Fr. Env. [Aside.] You shall hear one anon.
Par. A drum, now, of the enemy's! Alarum within.
Fr. Env. Throes movens, cargo, cargo, cargo.
All. Cargo, cargo, villanum par corbo, cargo.
Par. O! 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 vanvedo:—
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue.—Krelybondo.—Sir,
Beteake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards Are at thy bosom.
Par. O!
1 Sold. O! pray, pray, pray.—
Monka revania dulce.
Fr. Env. Oscarbidulchos volitorcho.
1 Sold. The general is content to spare thee yet, and, ho! thou may'st inform something to save thy life.
Par.
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. Acoro liuta.—
Come on; thou art granted space.
[Exit with Parolles guarded.
Fr. Env. Go, tell the count Rousillon, and my brother, We have caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled,
Till we do hear from them.
2 Sold. Captain, I will.
Fr. Env. A' will betray us all unto ourselves: Inform on that.
2 Sold. So I will, sir.
Fr. Env. Till then, I'll keep him dark, and safely lock'd. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.
Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fortellib.
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? Is the quick fire of youth light not your mind, You are not Criteria, but a monument: When you are dead, you should be such a one As you are now, for you are cold and stone; And now you should be as your mother was, When your sweet self was got.
Dia. She then was honest.
Ber. So should you be.
Dia. No:
My mother did but duly; such, my lord, 
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that:
I pray thee, do not strive against my vows.
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us,
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

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 by,
But take the highest to witness: then, pray you, tell me,
If I should swear by Jove's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you? this has no holding,
To swear by him, whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore, your oaths
Are words, and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least, in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it.

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts,
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,
But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say, thou art mine, and ever
My love, as it begins, shall so persever.

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 honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors,
Which 't were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose. Thus, your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion, honour, on my part
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber window:
I'll order take my mother shall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me.
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them,
When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring; that what in time proceeds
May taken to the future our past deeds:
Adieu, till then; then, fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be none.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven
And me.
You may so in the end,
My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in's heart: she says, all men
Have the like oaths. He had sworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him,
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so brazen,
Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
May, in this disguizé, I think I'll not sin,
To cozen him, that would unjustly win.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—The Florentine Camp.

Enter the two Frenchmen, and two or three Soldiers.

Fr. Gent. You have not given him his mother's letter.

Fr. Env. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature, for on the reading it he changed almost into another man.

Fr. Gent. He has much worthy blame laid upon him,
For shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a lady.

Fr. Env. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly within you.

Fr. Gent. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

Fr. Env. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman, here in Florence, of a most chaste renown, and this night he flees his will in the spoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition.

Fr. Gent. Now, God delay our rebellion: as we are ourselves; what things are we!

Fr. Env. Merely our own traitors: and as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in the motion contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself.

Fr. Gent. Is it not most damned 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 apace: I would gladly have him see his companions'2 analyzed, that he might take a measure of his own judgment, wherein so curiously he had set this counterfeit.

Fr. Env. We will not meddle with him till he come,
For his presence must be the whip of the other.

Fr. Gent. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Fr. Env. I hear there is an overture of peace.

Fr. Gent. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Fr. Env. What will count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

Fr. Gent. I perceive by this demand you are not altogether of his council.

Fr. Env. Let it be forbid, sir; so should I be a great deal of his act.

Fr. Gent. Sir, his wife some two months since fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to saint Jaques 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,2 part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say, is come, and faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place.

1 f.e.: make ropes, &c., such a scarce.
2 done: in f.e.
3 Deceitful.
4 meant: in f.e.
5 company: in f.e.
6 stronger: in f.e.
Fr. Env. Hath the count all this intelligence?
Fr. Gent. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the fall arming of the verity.
Fr. Env. I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.
Fr. Gent. How mightily, sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.
Fr. Env. And how mightily, some other times, we drown our gain in tears. The great dignity, that his valour hath here acquired for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample.
Fr. Gent. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your master?
Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king.
Fr. Env. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

Enter Bertram.
Fr. Gent. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.—How now, my lord! is 't not after midnight?
Ber. I have to-night despatched sixteen businesses, a 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 convoy: and between these main parcels of despatch effected many nicer needs: 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. [Enter 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 witch that had shed her milk. He hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this very instant disaster of his sitting i' the stocks, and what think you he hath confessed?
Ber. Nothing of me, has he?
Fr. Env. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Re-enter Soldiers, with Parolles.
Ber. A plague upon him! muffled? he can say nothing of me: hush! hush!
Fr. Gent. Hoardman comes.—Portortarrosa.

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 pesty, I can say no more.
1 Sold. Basko chiuemuyo.
Fr. Gent. Boblibiado chiecurmuro.
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 unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and I hope to live.
1 Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?
Par. Do: I'll take my sacrament on't, how and which way you will.
1 Sold. All's one to him.2
Ber. What a past-saving slave is this!
Fr. Gent. Y' are deceived, my lord: this is monsieur Parolles, the gallant militiaman, (that was his own phrase) that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape3 of his dagger.
Fr. Env. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him by wearing his apparel neatly.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. Five, or six thousand horse, I said.—I will say true—or there's no use, set down.—For I shall speak truth.
Fr. Gent. He's very near the truth in this.
Ber. But I confound him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.
Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.
1 Sold. Well, that's set down.
Par. I humbly thank you, sir. A truth's a truth: the rogues are marvellous poor.
1 Sold. "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot." What say you to that?
Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebastian so many, Corambus so many, Jaques so many; Guilian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chifloper, Vamond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of 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 Dumatine be the camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the duke, what his valour, honesty, and expertness in war; or whether he thinks, it were not possible with well-weighing sums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt?" What say you to this? what do you know of it?
Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the interrogatories: demand them singly.
1 Sold. Do you know this captain Dumatine?
Par. I know him: he was a butcher's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the sheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not say him, nay. [Dumatine lifts up his hand in anger.]
Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though, I know, his brains are forfeit to the next tith that falls.
1 Sold. Well, is this captain in the duke of Florence's camp?
Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lousy.
Fr. Gent. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.
1 Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?
Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine, and writ to me this other day to turn an allusion to blind man's buff.—Knight. 2 I.e. give these words to Bertram. 3 Hook, by which it was attached. 4 One.
him out o' the band; I think, I have his letter in my pocket.

1 Sold. Marry, we'll search.

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

1 Sold. Here 'tis; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it, or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

Fr. Gent. Excellent.

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 Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very rustich. I pray you, sir, put it up again.

1 Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a wholesale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Who would have thought it?—

1 Sold. [Reads.] "When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;"

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it:

He no' pays after debts; take it before, And say, a soldier, Diana, told thee this. Men are to mells with boys, 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.""

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Fr. Env. This is your devoted friend, sir; the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

1 Sold. I perceive, sir, by our general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, sir, in any case! not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, sir, in a dungeon, 't the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

1 Sold. We'll see what may be done; so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this captain Dumphane. You have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty?

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus. He professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is stronger than Hercules. He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool. Drunkenness is his best virtue; for he will be swine-drunk, and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Fr. Gent. I hope you love this for.

Par. For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him! for me he is more and more a cat.

1 Sold. What say you to his expertise in war?

Par. Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English tragedians,—to be lie him, I will not,—and more of his soldieryship I know not; except, in that country, he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files: I would do the man who honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

Fr. Gent. He hath out-villained 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 point d' escu he will sell the sejins simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.

1 Sold. What's his brother, the other captain Du-

Fr. Env. Why does he ask him of me?

1 Sold. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat he out-runs any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the edge of his tongue!

1 Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, count Rous-

1 Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure.

Par. [Aside.] I'll no more drumming! a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger. Yet who would have suspected an ambush, where I was taken?

1 Sold. There is no remedy, sir; but you must die. The general says, you, that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die. Come, 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-morrow; noble captain.

Fr. Env. God bless you, captain Parolles.

Fr. Gent. God save you, noble captain.

Fr. Env. Captain, what greeting will you to my lord Lafon? I am for France.

Fr. Gent. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you; but fare you well.

[Exeunt BERTRAM, Frenchmen, &c.

1 Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your sward, that has a knot on 't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

1 Sold. If you could find out a country where but women were, that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well; sir, I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [Exit.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great, 'T would burst the closers. 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,
SCENE V.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

That every bragart shall be found an ass.
Rust, 'sword! cool, blushes! and Parolles, live
Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Florence. A Room in the Widow's House.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'tis whose throne, 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to know;
Time was I did him a desired office,
Dear almost as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty 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 dies him home; where, heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good lord the king,
We'll be before your welcome.

Wid. Gentle madam,
You never had a servant, to whose trust
Your business was more welcome.

Hel. Not you, mistress,
Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompense your love: doubt not, but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my mortal,
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 pithy night! so lust doth play
With what it losteth, for that which is away.
But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions, yet must suffer
Something in my behalf.

Dis. Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet, I pray you:
But with the world, the time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
"All's well that ends well." 'tis still the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Rousillon. A Room in the Countess's Palace.

Enter Countess, Lafu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your son was mislaid with a snaftai.
fellow there, whose villainous saffron would
have made all the unbank and doughty youth of
a nation in his colour; 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
tuple 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 rooted love.

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 't was a good lady: we may
pick a thousand salads, 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 knave; they are
not-herbs.

Clo. I had no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not
much skill in grass.

Laf. Whether dost thou profess thyself, a knave, or a
fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave
at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his
service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to
do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave
and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve
at great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman?

Clo. Faith, sir, a has an English name; but his
phismony 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
judges' tricks, which are their own right by the law
of nature.

[Exit.

Laf. A shrewd knave, and an unhappy!

Count. So a is. My lord, that's gone, made himself
much sport out of him: by his authority he remains
here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness
and, indeed, he has no place, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well; '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.

1 word: in f. e. 2 revives: in f. e. 3 Saffron was used to color starch, a yellow hue being then fashionable in dress. It was also used
to color pie-crust. 4 salad-herbs: in f. e. 5 A short stick, with a fool's head, or a small figure, at the end of it. An inflated bladder was
sometimes attached. 6 Old copies: maies. 7 Mischievous. 8 pace: in f. e.
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. ¹

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 thankful.

Gent. What’s your will?

Hel. That it will please you,
To give this poor petition to the king,
And aid me with that store of power you have,
To come into his presence. [Giving it to him.]

Gent. The king’s not here.

Hel. Not here, sir?

Gent. Not indeed:
He hence renom’d last night, and with more haste
Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. All’s well that ends well yet,
Though time seem so adverse, and means unfit,—
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,
Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you, with what good speed
Our means will make us means.

Gent. This I’ll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well thank’d,
What’er falls more.—We must to horse again:—
Go, go, provide. [Exit.]

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 piae
and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good
livery of honour; so, belike, is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed face.

Hel. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to
speak 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.

SCENE II.—Rousillon. The inner Court of the
Countess’s Palace.

Enter Clown, and Parolles, ill-favoured.³

Par. Good monsieur Livatch, give my lord Lafel
this letter. I have ere now, sir, been better known to
you, when I have held familiarit with freshre clothes;
but I am now, Sir, belike, in a countess’s mind, and
smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, fortune’s displeasure is but sluttish, if it
smell so strongly as thou speakest of: I will henceforth
eat no fish of fortune’s buttering. Pr’ythee, allow
the wind.

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir: I
spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop
your nose: or against any man’s metaphor. Pr’ythee,
get thee farther.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr’ythee, stand away: a paper from
fortune’s close-stool to give to a nobleman! ’Look, here
he comes himself.”

Enter Lafel.

Here is a pur of fortune’s, sir, or of fortune’s cat,
(but not a musk-cat) that has fallen into the unclean
fishtpond 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, ingenuous, 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
knives thrive long under her? There’s a quart d’ecu
for you. Let the justices make you and fortune friends;
I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single
word.

Laf. You beg a single penny more: come, you shall
ha’t; save your word.

Par. My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. You beg more than one word, then.—Cox’s
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

¹ a gente Astringer; in f. e. ² This word is not added in f. e.
Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some
grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Oat 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 sound.] 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 will out: go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Countess's
Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Countess, Laffy, 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 in the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbear it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say.—
But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord
Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note, but to himself
The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife,
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;
Whose dear perfection hearts that soon'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 do we bury
The incensing relics of it: let him approach,
A stranger, no offender; 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
spoken?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your high-
ness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I have letters
sent me,
That set him high in fame.

Enter Bertram.

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I am not a day of season,
For thou may'st see a sunshine and a hail
In me at once; but to the brightest beams
Distracted clouds give way: so stand thou forth;
The time is fair again.

Ber. Ha! ha! ha! My high repented blame,
Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is who;
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

[trans: blade: in f. e. 1 sour: in f. e. 2 This and the next line are erased by the MS. emendator of the folio, 1632. 3 f. e. assign this and the next line to the Countess. 4 Old copies: cease. 5 are I: in f. e.

Th'e inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Seals, 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 eyes infusing,
Contempt his scornful perspective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favoured
Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stolen,
Extended or contracted all proportions,
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she, whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excuse'd:
That thou didst love her strikes some scores away
From the great compt. But love, that comes too late,
Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sore offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone. Our rash faults
Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, until we know their grave:
Of our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust;
Our own love, waking, cries to see what's done, 3
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 widower's second marriage-day.

Laf. Which better than the first, O dear heaven,
bless 4 or,

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease.

Come on, my son, in whom my house's name
Must be digested, give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last time ere she 8 took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Here it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to 't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should steal her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Hove'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 reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd: my lord, she never saw it.

In Florence was it from a casement thrown me,
Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd; but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overtake, she ceased,
In heavy satisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.
King.
Plutus himself.
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature’s mystery more science,
Than I have in this ring: ’t was mine, ’t was Helen’s,
Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with ’t yourself,
Confess ’t was hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call’d the saints to 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.

King. Thou speak’st it falsely, as I love mine honour,
And mak’st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—’t will not prove so,—
And yet I know not,—thou dost hate her deadly,
And she is dead,—which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him away.

[Guard seizes BERTRAM.

My fore-past proofs, hove’er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear’d too little.—Away with him!
We’ll sift this matter farther.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [Exit BERTRAM, guarded.

Enter the Gentleman, a Stranger.

King. I am wrap’d in dismal thinking.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I have been to blame, or no, I know not:
Here ’s a petition from a Florence it,
Who hath, for four or five removes, come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish’d thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor 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.] ’Tis upon his many protestations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I blush to say it, he won me. Now is the count Roussillon a widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour’s paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice. Grant me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a seducer flourish’d, and a poor maid is undone. “Diana Capilet?”

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and toll him: for this, I’ll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafet, To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these suitors.

Go speedily, and bring again the count.

[Exeunt Gentleman, and some Attendants.

I am afraid, the life of Helen, lady,
Was foully snatch’d.

Count. Now, justice on the doors!

[Enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, for, wives are monsters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.—What woman’s that?

Re-enter Gentleman, with Widow, and DIANA.

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet. [Kneeling.

My suit, as I do understand, you know, And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count.* Do you know these
women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can, nor will deny
But that I know them. Do they charge me farther?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your wife
[?Rising?]

Ber. She’s none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven’s vows, and those are mine;
You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me;
Either both, or none.

Laf. [To BERTRAM.] Your reputation comes too short for my daughter: you are no husband for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh’d with. Let your highness
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than so to think that I would sink it here. [friend,

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies.

Dia. Good my lord,
Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.

King. What sayst 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
Conferr’d by testament to the sequent 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 loth am to produce
So bad an instrument: his name’s Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

Ber. What of him?

Dia. He’s quoted for a most perfidious slave,
With all the spots o’ the world tax’d and debase’d,
Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
Am I or that, or this, for what he’ll utter,
That will speak any thing?

Dia. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think; she has: certain it is, I lik’d her,
And boarded her if the wanton way of youth.
She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
Mudding my eagerness with her restraint,
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, that turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly diet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband)
Send for your ring; I will return it home,
And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The story then goes false,—you threw it him
Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Enter Parolles.

Ber. My lord, I do confess, the ring was hers.
King. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you.
Is this the man you speak of?
Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
(Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off)
By him, and by this woman here, what know you?
Par. So please your majesty, my master hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks he had hath in him, which gentlemen 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,

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty orator.
Dia. Do you know, he promised me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou know'st?
Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I know of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and things that would derive me ill will to speak of: therefore, I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst
Say they are married. But thou art too fine
In thy evidence; therefore, stand aside.—
This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?
Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Dia. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

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 aught 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 hast this ring,
Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I will put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was 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.

[Pointing to Laf.]

King. She does abuse our ears. To prison with her!

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail.—[Exit Widow.]

Stay, royal sire:
The jeweller that owes the ring, is sent for,
And he shall surety me. But for this lord,
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows myself 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 it 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,

[ Rising
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.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V.

[To Diana.] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that by thy honest aid
Thou kepi'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—

Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[Flourish.

EPILOGUE BY THE KING.

The king's a beggar, now the play is done.
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,

1 This line is not in f. e.

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.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OBSKIN, Duke of Illyria.
SEBASTIAN, Brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.
A Sea Captain, Friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, Gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, Sir Toby Belch, Uncle to Olivia.
Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek.
MALVOLIO, Steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, Servants to Olivia.
Clown.
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, in Love with the Duke.
MARIA, Olivia’s Woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE, a City in Illyria; and the Sea-coast near it.

ACT I.


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,
Stealing, and giving odours.—Enough! no more:

[Music ceases.

’T is not so sweet now, as it was before.
O, spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Received, as the sea, a nought enters there,
Of what validity* and pitch soe’er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shape is fancy,
That it alone is high-fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first.
Methought she purg’d the air of pestilence:
That instant was I turn’d into a hart,
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E’er since pursu’d me.—How now! what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:—
The element itself, till seven years’ heat,
Shall not bestow 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: this all, 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,

---

1 Musicians attending: in f. e. 2 The old copies read: sound; Pope made the change. 3 Not in f. e. 4 Value. 5 My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death. — Daniel's Delta, 1692.
Vio. What is his name?
Cap. Orsino.
Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him: He was a bachelor then.
Cap. And so is now, or was so very late; For but a month ago I went from hence, And then 'twas fresh in murrain, (as you know, What great ones do the less will prattle of) That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
Vio. What's she?
Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her In the protection of his son, her brother, Who shortly also died: for whose dear love, They say, she hath abjured the company, And sight of men.
Vio. O! that I serv'd that lady, And might not be delivered to the world, Till I had made mine own occasion mellow, What my estate is.
Cap. That were hard to compass, Because she will admit no kind of suit, No, not the duke's.
Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain, And though that nature with a beauteous wall Both oft close in pollution, yet of thee I will believe, thou hast a mind that suits With this thy fair and outward character. I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously Conceal me what I am, and be my aid For such disguise as haply shall become The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke: Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him. It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing, And speak to him in many sorts of music, That will allow me very worth his service. What else may hap to time I will commit; Only, shape thou thy silence to my wit.
Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be: When my tongue blushes, then let mine eyes not see.
Vio. I thank thee. Lead me on. [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 qualifying and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir 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 viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed.—all most natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir 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 beaths to my niece. I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coistriit, that will not drink to my niece, till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. 4 What, wench! Castilian vulgo, 5 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. You mistake, knight: accost is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of accost?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part so, sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, sir, thought is free: I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, 6 sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir; I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [Exit Maria.

Sir To. O knight! thou lack'st a cup of canary. When did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks, sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and, I believe, that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. As I thought that, I'd forewarn it. I'll ride home to-morrow, sir Toby.
Sir To. "Pourquoi, my dear knight?"
Sir And. "What is pourquoi? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time which I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!"
Sir To. Then hast thou an excellent head of hair?
Sir And. Why, that would have mended my hair? Sir To. Past question; for, thou seest, it will not curl by nature.
Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not? Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flux on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs, and spin it off.
Sir And. "Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: you shall not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me. The count himself, here hard by, wooes her.
Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in 't, man.
Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strongest mind i' the world: I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.
Sir To. Art thou good at these kick-shaws, knight?
Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my better's; and yet I will not compare with an old man.
Sir To. What is this excellence in a galliard, knight?
Sir And. "Faith, I can cut a caper.
Sir To. And I can cut the mantou't to.'
Sir And. And, I think, I have the back-trick, simply as strong as any man in Illyria. [Dances fantastically.]
Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Malvoli's picture? may dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig: I would not so much as make water, but in a sink-a-piece. What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg; it was formed under the star of a galliard.
Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dun-coloured 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! [Exit.]

SCENE IV. —A Room in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no strangers.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love.

Is he inconsistent, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Cerio, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof. [Cerio, &c. retire.]

Thou know'st no less but all: I have unclasp'd To thee the book even of my secret soul; Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her: Be not denied access, stand at her doors, And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow, Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord, If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow, As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds, Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O! thou unfold the passion of my love: Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith: It shall become thee well to act my words; She will attend it better in thy youth, Than in a municio 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 apt For this affair. — Some four, or five, attend him; All, if you will, for I myself am best, When least best should be, or, Trooper well in this, And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best.

To woo your lady: [Aside.] yet, O, barful! strike! Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [Exit.

SCENE V. —A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Maria. 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.

Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs fear no colours.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear.

Maria. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of fear no colours.

Clown. Where, good mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your folly.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom, that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent: or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are, then, resolved?

Clown. No not so neither; but I am resolved on two points. If, that, if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. 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.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more of that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely; you were best.

[Exit.

1 A quick, lively dance. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Mary Frith, a great notoriety of the time, who went about in male attire; a wood cut of her may be found prefixed to "The Roaring Girl," in Dobson's Old Plays, Vol. VI., and in the folio Shakespeare. 4 Quick dance for two persons. 5 Name of the measures whereon are regulated by the number five. —Sir John Hawkins. 6 Same-coloured: in f. e. 7 An allusion to the representation of man, and the signs of the zodiac, in old almanacs. 8 Not in f. e. 9 a: i f. e. 10 Full of bars or impediments. 11 Points were strings to hold up the gaskins or hose.
Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good footing! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool, than a foolish wit.'—God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself, if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the better mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true eucloid but calamy, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprosion in the highest degree!—Lady, culcullus non facit monachum: that's as much as to say, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna. Good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness I'll 'bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think, his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Oli. 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 two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already: unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crowd so at these set kind of fools, to be no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools.

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1 A post at the door of a sheriff, to which proclamations and placards were affixed. 2 and : in f. e. 3 An unripe pod.
Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak you? I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very compeñite 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?

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 own 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 skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull! here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage. I hold the olive in my hand: my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The ruddiness that hath appeared in me, have I learnt from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead: to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. We will hear this divinity. [Exit MARIA.] Now, sir; what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of my text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture. Look you, sir; such a one I am at this present;'s it not well done? [Unveiling.]

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain, sir: 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red and white Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.

Lady, you are the cruellest she alive, If you will lead these graces to the grave, And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted. I will give you divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will; as, item, two lips indifferent red; item, two grey eyes with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see what you are: you are too proud; But, if you were the devil, you are fair. My lord and master loves you: O! such love Should be but recompen'd, though you were crown'd The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears, With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind: I cannot love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble, Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth; In voices well divulg'd, free, learned, and valiant, And in dimension, and the shape of nature, A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him. He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame, With such a suffering, such a deadly life, In your denial I found no sense: I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate, And call upon my soul within the house; Write loyal cantons of contented love, And sing them loud in the dead of night; Halloo your name to the reverberate hills, And make the babbling gossip of the air Cry out, Olivia! O! you should not rest Between the elements of air and earth, But you should pity me.

Oli. You might do much. What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord: I cannot love him. Let him send no more, Unless, perchance, you come to me again, To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well: I thank you for your pains. Spend this for me.

[Offering her purse.]

Vio. I am no foe'd post, lady; keep your purse: My master, not myself, lacks recompense. Love make his heart of flint that shall you love, And let your fervour, like my master's, be Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair maiden, [Exit.]

Oli. What is your parentage?

"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well: I am a gentleman."—I'll be sworn thou art: Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit, Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast:—soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man.—How now? Everyone so quickly may one catch the plague. Methinks, I feel this youth's perfections, With an invisible and subtle stealth, To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.— What, ho! Malvolio.—

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger, the county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I, or not; tell him, I'll none of it. Desire him not to flatter with his lord, Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him. If that the youth will come this way to-morrow, I'll give him reasons for 't. He thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will.

[Exit.]

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind. Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe: What is decreed must be, and be this so! [Exit.]

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 malignancy 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, 'tis true, 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, would we had so ended! but, you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with self-estimation wander so far to believe that; yet this far I will boldly publish her—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. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter Viola; Malvolio following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the countess Olivia?

1 Foolish. 2 Own. 3 with such estimable wonder overfar believe that: in f. e. 4 the: in f. e. 5 Suit. 6 Dilucuola sanguis saluberrimum est. An adage quoted in Lily's Latin Grammar.
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 stoop of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, I faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of we 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 the very grace in fooling last night: when thou spok'st of Pignoromitus, of the Yapians passing the equinoctial of Quebuna: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy lemon: hadst it?

Clo. I did impetisete thy graviety: 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: 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 life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

Clo. O, mistress mine! where are you roamin'?

Sir To. O! stay, for here your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low,

Trip no farther, pretty sweeting;

Journeys end in lovers' meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, I' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? it is not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,

Youth's a stuff, still not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, I' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in conta-

But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou Knowe?"

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrain'd in't to call the knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin, if I hold my peace.

1 A common tavern sign and print of two fools, with the inscription, "we be three"—the spectator forming the third. 2 Used synonymously with voice.

Sir. * f. e. end this speech thus: "if one knight give a -" 3 and hear: in f. e. * Contained in Raven- croft's "Deuteronimia," 1600, where the six is given to these words:

"Thou knowe, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave!"

5 May mean a sharper or a Chinese. 6 A popular tune. 7 The burden, with variations, as "Three merry boys," &c., of several old songs. 8 From the ballad of The Gidly and Constant Wife, Susscou, a stanza is in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. 9 Buckner. 10 The derivation of this is not known; it means, "Go, and be hanged." 11 The ballad from which this is taken is in Percy's Reliques, Vol. I. 12 Not in f. e. 13 So the old copies: Theobald reads: time. 14 These dainties were eaten on Saint's days, greatly to the horror of the Puritans, for whose benefit the passage may have been intended. 15 Stewards wore gold chains, which were cleaned with crumbs.
man’s a-hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then, to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do’t, knight: I’ll write thee a challenge, or I’ll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet sir Toby, 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 newfangled, 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. [him.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us: tell us something of

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan.

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I’d beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What? for being a Puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for’t, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time pleaser; an affected ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swaths: the blessed madman of himself; so crammed, as he thinks, with excellences, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady, your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device. Sir And. I have none, too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letter that thou wilt send, that it comes from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse, now, would made him an ass.

Sir. Ass I doubt not.

Sir And. O! it will be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know, my physie will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [Exit. Sir And. Good night, Penitello.

Sir And. Before me, she’s a good wench.

Sir To. She’s a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o’ that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let’s to bed, knight; Thou hast need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not o’ the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come: I’ll go burn some sack, ‘tis too late to go to bed now. Come, knight; come, knight. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Duke’s Palace.

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me some music. [Music.]—Now, good morrow, friends.—

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song, we heard last night;
Methought, it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs, and recollected terms:
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced tunes:
Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that
should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord: a fool, that the lady
Olivia’s father took much delight in. He is about the
house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[Exit Curio.—Music again.

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love, [To Viola.
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are:
Unskilful and skittish in all motions, else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov’d.—How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat.

Duke. Where Love is thron’d.

Vio. Thou dost speak masterly.

My life upon’t, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay’d upon some favour that it loves;
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by thy favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is’t?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years is’t
faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she in her husband’s heart;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and uniform,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women’s are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display’d, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas! that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

—Re-enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O, fellow! come, let the song we had last night—
Mark it, Cesario; it is old, and plain:
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maidens, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it: it is sily sooth,
And dailies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?


THE SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypris let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with you,
O! prepare it:
My part of death no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
To her in haste: give her this jewel; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay.  [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—OLIVIA'S GARDEN.

Enter Sir Tobi 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. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly,
raceyly sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know, he brought me
out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again,
And we will fool him black and blue;—shall we not,
sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.—How now,
my metal of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's
coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun,
practising behaviour to his own shadow, this half hour.
Observe him, for the love of mockery; for, I know, this
letter will make a contemptible idiot of him. Close,
in the name of jesting! [The men hide themselves.]
Lie thou there; [drops a letter] for here comes the
trout that must be caught with tickling. [Exit Maria.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once
told me, she did affect me; and I have heard herself
come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be
one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a
more exalted respect than any one else that follows
her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cook
of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue.—

Sir To. Peace! I say.

Mal. To be count Malvolio.—

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace! peace! 

Mal. There is example for 't: the lady of the Strachy
married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel.

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look, how imma-
agination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sit-
ing in my state.—

Sir To. O, for a stone bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branched
velvet gown, having come from a day-bed, where I
have left Olivia sleeping:—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace! peace! peace!

Mal. And then to have the honour 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, 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—some rich jewel.
Toby approaches; courtiers there to me.

---

1 Not in f. e.  * Give me now leave to leave thee: in f. e.  ** Heart of gold.  * A bow for throwing stones.  * humour; in f. e.
Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us by th' ears; yet peace!

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech."—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight."

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One sir Andrew."

Sir And. I knew't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. [Seeing the letter.] What employment have we here?

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. [Taking up the letter.] By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very U's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Fab. "Her O's, her U's, and her T's: Why that?"

Mal. [Reads.] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases!—By your leave, wax.—Soft!—and the impresure 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.] "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, brock!—

Mal. [Reads.] "I may command, where I adore; But silence, like a Lucrece knife, With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore: M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."—Nay, but first, let me see,—let me see,—let me see.

Fab. What a dish of poison has she dressed him!—

Sir To. And with what wing the stannyle 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.—Softly!—M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O! say, make up that. He is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter* will cry upon't, for all this, though it be not as rank as a fox.

Mal. ——Malvolio:—M,—why that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say, he would work it out? the curse is excellent at faults.

Mal. M.—But then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O! shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O! Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I:—this simulation is not as the former;—and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.—[Reads] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve: In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them. And, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants: let thy tongue tag 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 desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,"

The fortunate-unhappy."

Day-light and champagne discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will 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, stent, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Farewell, and may my stars be praised!—

—Here is yet a postscript. [Reads] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I pray thee."—Jove, I thank thee,—I will smile: I will do every thing that thou wilt have me, [Exit.]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophia.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her, but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Enter MARIA.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Witt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trap,* and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad. Mar. Nay, but say true: does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like aqua-vite with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport,  

* Some game of dice.

1 with ears: in f. e. 2 Badger. 3 A species of hawk. 4 One in his senses. 5 The name of a dog. 6 An open country. 7 Exactly
that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt.
If you will see it, follow me.
Sir To. To the gates of Tartarus, thou most excellent devil of wit!
Sir And. I'll make one too.

[Exeunt.]

III.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, are out of my welkin: I might say element, but the word is worn.

[Exit.

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool, and to do that well creaves 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 labour as a wise man's art; For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit, But wise men's folly fall'n quite wanting their wit.

...Enter Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Sir To. Save you, gentle.
Vio. And you, sir.
Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.
Vio. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.
Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.
Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, 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 and accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!
Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odours" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.
Sir And. "Odours," "pregnant," and "vouch-
safed." — I'll get 'em all three all 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 feigning was called 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 bleakus, 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. Dear lady—
Oli. Give me leave, 'beshoo e. 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 shameface'd euning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts [ing
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiv-
Enough is shown; a cypruss, 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 grise?; for 't is a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks, 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If, one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf? [Clock strikes.
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.—
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.
Then westward ho!
Grace, and good disposition? tend your ladyship.
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I pr'ythee, 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 scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous quill should not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidenhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all my pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For, that I wo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather, reason thus with reasonBetter!
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 thy deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'st move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in OLIVIA'S HOUSE.

Enter Sir Toby Belch, Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek, and FABIAN.

Sir AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.
Sir TOBY. 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 favours
to the count's serving man, than ever she bestowed
upon me: I saw 't on the orchard.
Sir TOBY. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.
Sir AND. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her
 toward you.
Sir AND. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths
of judgment and reason.

Sir TOBY. And they have been grand jury-men since
before Neal was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight
only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour,
to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver.
You should then have accosted her, and with some
excellent jests; fire-new from the mint, you should have
banged the youth into dummness. This was looked for
at your hand, and this was baulked: the double gilt
of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are
now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where
you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,
unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt,
either of valour, or policy.

Sir AND. An't be any way, it must be with valour,
for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist1 as a
politician.

Sir TOBY. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the
basis of valour: challenge me the count's youth to fight
With Wain: hurl him in eleven places: my niece shall
take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-
broker in the world can more prevail in man's commen-
dation with woman, than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, sir Andrew.

Sir AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to
him?

Sir TOBY. 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 license of
ink: if thou thou'st him some threc, it shall not be
amiss: and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of
paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed
of a Dutchman, let 'em down. Go, about it.

Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou
write with a goose-pen, no matter. About it.

Sir AND. Where shall I find you?

Sir TOBY. We'll call thee at the cubiculo. Go.

[Exit Sir ANDREW.

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, sir Toby.

Sir TOBY. 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 TOBY. Never trust me then; and by all means stir
on the youth to an answer. I think, oxen and wain-
topes cannot hate them together. For sir Andrew, if
he were opened, and you find so much blood in his
liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of
the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage
no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir TOBY. Look, where the youngest wren of nine
comes.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh your-
selves into stitches, follow me. Yond' gull Malvolio is

1 shamefull: in f. e. 2 A veil of cypruss or grape. 3 Steph. 4 A common phrase, used by the Thames watermen. 5 A sort (afterwards
the Independents) much ridiculed by the writers of the time.
SCENE IV.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR WHAT YOU WILL.

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 in the church. I have dogged him like his
murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that
I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into
more stores than are in the new map, with the aug-
montation of the Indies. You have not seen such a
thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at
him. I know, my lady will strike him: if she do,
he'll smile; and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Street.

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 all love to see you, (though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage)
But jealousy what might befal your travel,
Being skillless in these parts: which to a stranger,
Unguided, and unfriend, often prove
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,
And thanks, still thanks,\(^2\) and very\(^6\) oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my wealth,\(^7\) 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 it is long to night.
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renovate this city.

Ant. 'Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk these streets.
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the county's galleys
I did some service; of such note, indeed,
That were I ta'en here, it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike, you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time, and quarrel,
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in replying
What we took from them; which, for traffick's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not, then, walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time, and feed your knowledge,
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets; sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for an
hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.—

ScENE IV.—OLIVIA'S Garden.

Enter OLIVIA and MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says, he'll come.
How shall I feast him? what bestowe on him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd, or borrow'd;
I speak too loud.—
Where is Malvolio?—he is sad, and civil.\(^5\)
And suits well for a servant with my fortuness.—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange
manner. He is sure possess'v, 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 as
mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

Enter MALVOLIO and MARIA.\(^6\)

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet lady, ha, ha! [Smiles ridiculously.

Oli. Smiles't thou now?

I sen: for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad. This does make
some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but
what of that! if it please the eye of one, it is with me
as the very true sonnet hath it, "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\(^6\) in my
legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall
be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman
hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, sweet-heart, and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so,
and kiss thy hand so oft?

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":—'T was well
writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,":—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,":—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them.",

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember, who commend thy yellow
stockings?":—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

Oli. Cross-gartered?

Mal. "Go to; thou art made, if thou desirest to be
so":—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still."

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

\(^{1}\) A map engraved for Linschoten's Voyages, a translation of which was published in 1598. A portion, showing its many lines, is
engraved in Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare.

\(^{2}\) The words, "still thanks," are not in f. o. \(^{6}\) ever: in f. o. \(^{4}\) worth: in f. o. \(^{4}\) On
\(^{5}\) Grave and formal. \(^{6}\) Not in f. o. \(^{6}\) Enter MALVOLIO: in f. o. \(^{8}\) There was an old ballad-tune, called "Black and Yellow."
Enter Servant.

Ser. 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’ll come to him. [Exit Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where’s my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him. I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[Exit OLIVIA and MARIA.

Mal. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may not offend her; and for she inclines me to that in the letter: “Cart thy humble slough,” says she: “be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servante,—let thy tongue tang with arguments of state—put thyself into the trick of singularity”—and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face; a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have lined her; but it is Jove’s doing, and Jove make me thankful. And when she went away now, “Let this fellow be looked to;” fellow; not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple; no obstacle, no incredible or unsafe circumstances. What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me, and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, with SIR TOBY BELCH, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess him, yet I’ll speak to him. Fab. Here he is, here he is. —How is’t with you, sir? how is’t with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Sir To. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace! peace! we must deal gently with him; let me alone. —How do you, Malvolio? how is’t with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Sir To. You speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.

Mal. How now, mistress?

Mar. O lord!

Sir To. Pr’ythee, hold thy peace: this is not the way. Do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentle; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! ’tis not for gravity to play at cherry-stones with Satan. Hang him, foul coiler!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to say his prayers.

Mal. My prayers, minx! 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 device, 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.

Sir To. Come, we’ll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he’s mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompts us to have mercy on him; at which time, we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

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, is’t, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [Reads.] “Youth; whatsoever thou art, thou art but a saucy fellow.”

Fab. 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 it.”

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-less.

Sir To. “I will way-lay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,”—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. “Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain,”—

Fab. Still you keep’st 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 usest 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 behaviour 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 cedpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Ague-cheek’s notable report of valour, and drive the gentleman, (as I know, his youth will aptly receive it) into a most hideous opinion of his rage.
skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece. Give them way, till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[Exit Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.]

Re-enter Olivia, with Viola.

Oli. I, Sir, have said too much unto a heart of stone, and laid mine honour too, and on me.

Sir To. This is something in me that reproves my fault, but such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears, Go on my master's griefs.

Oli. Here; wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture. Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you; And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me, that I'll deny, That, honour saved, may upon asking give? Vio. Nothing but this; your true love for my master. Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that, Which I have given to you? Vio. Oli. I will acquit you. Vio. Well, come again to-morrow. Fare thee well; A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [Exit.

Re-enter Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That 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深度, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard end. Dismount thy tuck; be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me. My remembrance is very free, and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is a knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on carpet consideration, but he is a devil in a private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implaceable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, he's your word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men, that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valour; belike, this is a man of that quirk.

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 moddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you. 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 arbitration, 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 valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? 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. [Exit.

Re-enter Sir Toby, with Sir Andrew hanging back.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil, I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the 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 fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Pague on 't; an I thought he had been valiant, and so cunning in face, I'd have seen him damned ere I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capulet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on 't. This shall end without the perdition of souls. [Aside.] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. Re-enter Fabian and Viola, unwillingly.

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 's oath sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore, draw for the suppression of his vow: he protests, he will not hurt you.

Vio. [Aside.] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you: he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman, and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on: to 't.

Sir And. Pray God, he, keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 't is against my will.

[They draw, and go back from each other.]

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. — If this young gentleman Have done offence, I take the fault on me: If he offends, I'll 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.

1. Rapier. 2. Nimble. 3. Unhatched. 4. Referring to carpet knights, or those who were not dubbed on the field of battle, or for service. 5. A corruption of kap, or no kap. 6. The words, "hanging back," are not in f. e. 7. This word is not added in f. e. 8. Drawers in f. e.
Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [Drawing.

Enter Officers.

Oub. 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. Marrv, will I, sir,—and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easy, and reis well.

1 Off. This is the man: do thy office.

2 Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

1 Off. No, sir, no jot: I know your favour well, though now you have no sun-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.

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here, 
And part, being prompted by your present trouble, 
Out of my lean and low ability, 
I'll lend you something. My having is not much: 
I'll make division of my present with you. 
Hold, there's half my coffer.

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 nie 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 vairness, babbling drunkenness.

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 me; 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 lubberly world will prove a cockney. I pr'ythee now, unbird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vest to your lady. Shall

Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption 
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O, heavens themselves! 

2 Off. Come, sir: I pray you, go. [see here, 

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth, that you 

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. 

1 Off. What's that to us? The time goes by: a away! 

Ant. But, O, how vile an idol proves this god!— 

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame. 

In nature there's no blemish, but the mind; 

None can be call'd deformed, but the unkind: 

Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil 

Are empty trunks, o'erfervish'd by the devil. 

1 Off. The man grows mad: away with him! 

Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [Exeunt Officers, with Antonio.

Vio. Methinks, his words do from such passion fly, 

That he believes himself; so do not I. 

Prove true, imagination! O! prove true, 

That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you! 

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: 

we'll whisper o'er a couple or two of most sage saws, 

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know

Yet living in my glass: even such, and so, 

In favour was my brother; and he went. 

Still in this fashion, colour, ornament, 

For him I imitate. O! if it prove, 

Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love! [Exit.

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a 

coward than a hare. His dishonesty appears, in leaving 

his friend here in necessity, and denying him; and for 

his cowardship, ask Fabian. 

[It. 

Fub. A coward, a most devout coward: religious in 

Sir And. 'Sild, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy 

sword.

Sir And. An I do not.— 

Exit. 

Fub. Come, let's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money't will be nothing yet. 

[Exeunt. 

* venerable: in f. e. 
+ this great lubber, the world: in f. e. 
2 foolish and metry Greek, were terms applied to jocular persons. 
3 This was a high (twelve being the usual) rate of purchase.—Verplanck.
against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I
struck him first; yet it's no matter for that.
Seb. Let go thy hand.
Sir Tof. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my
young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed.
Come on.
Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldest thou
now?
[Breaking away.
If thou dar'st tempt me farther, draw thy sword.
Sir Tof. What, what! Nay then, I must have an
ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.
[They draw and fence.

Enter Olivia.
Oli. Hold, Toby! on thy life, I charge thee, hold!
Sir Tof. Madam—
Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungrateous do
I and be not offended, dear Cesario.—
Rudesby, be gone!—I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil, and unjust extant
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 deay. Beshrew 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 Lethes sleep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.
Oli. Nay, come, I pr'ythee. Would thou'dst be
ruled by me?
Seb. Madam, I will.
Oli. O! say so, and so be. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Olivia's House.

Enter Maria and Clown.
Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and this
beard: make him believe thou art sir Topas, the cura-
rate: do it quickly; I'll call sir Toby the whilst.

[Exit Maria.

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble my-
self in't: and I would I were the first that ever dis-
sembled 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 to say a careful man, and a great scholar. The
competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby Belch and Maria.

Sir Tof. Jove bless thee, master parson.
Clo. Bonos dies, sir Toby: for as the old hermit of
Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said
to a niece of king Gorboduc, 'That, that is, is;' so I,
being master parson, am master parson,—for what is
that, but that? and is, but is?
Sir Tof. To him, sir Topas.
Clo. What, ho! I say.—Peace in this prison.
[Opening a door.
Sir Tof. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.
Mal. [Within.] Who calls there?
Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Mal-
volio 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 Tof. 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 Satan! 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 bay-windows transparent as ban-
riceadoes, and the clear stories' towards the south-north
are 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 errest: I say there is no dark-
ness 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 ques-
tion.

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 appro
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 Tof. My most exquisite sir Topas.
Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightest have done this without thy
beard, and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir Tof. To him in thine own voice, and bring me
word how thou findest him; I would, we were all well
rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliv-
ered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence
with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety
this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my cham-
bers. [Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.

Clo. 'Hey 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?'
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?

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1 Not in f.e. 2 Draws: in f.e. 3 Not in f.e. 4 Lustre, stout.
5 Confederates. 6 Not in f.e. 7 The clere-story of a church, is the
upper wall above the aisles, having generally a row of windows.
8 Not in f.e. 9 This ballad may be found in Percy's Reliques. 10 Not
in f.e.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Street before OLIVIA's House.

Enter Cloten and Fabian.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st 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.

Duke. I 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?

SCENE III.—OLIVIA's Garden.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Sef. This is the air; that is the glorious sun; this pearl she gave me, I do feel 't, and see 't.; and though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus, Yet 't is not madness. Where's Antonio then? I could not find him at the Elephant; Yet there he was, and there I found this credit, That he did range the town to seek me out. His counsel now might do me golden service: For though my soul disputes well with my sense, That this may be some error, but no madness, Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune So far exceed all instance, all discourse, That I am ready to distrust mine eyes, And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me To any other trust but that I am mad: Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 't were so, She could not sway her house, command her followers, Take, and give back, and thus despatch affairs, With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing, As, I perceive, she does. There's something in 't, That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA and a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well, Now go with me, and with this holy man, Into the chimney by; there, before him, And underneath that consecrated roof, Plight me the full assurance of your faith; That my most jealous and too doubtful soul May live at peace: he shall conceal it, Whiles you are willing it shall come to note, What time we will our celebration keep According to my birth.—What do you say?

Sef. I'll follow this good man, and go with you, And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine, That they may fairly note this act of mine! [Exeunt.
Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplet, sir, is a good measure; or the bells of St. Benet, sir, may put you in mind—one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, fulllaly 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.

[Exit Clown.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well; yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeard,
As black as Vulcan, in the smoke of war.
A bawling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable,
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy, and the tongue of loss,
Cried fame and honour on him.—What’s the matter?

1 Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio,
That took the Phenix, and her fraught, from Candy;
And this is he, that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private 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 ’t was, but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate, thou salt-water thief,
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody, and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas’d that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief, or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino’s enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boar there, by your side,
From the rude sea’s enraged, and foamy mouth
Did I redeem: a wreck past hope he was.
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention, or restraint,
All his in dedication: for his sake,
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him, when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning
(Not meaning to partake with me in danger)
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing,
While I would pluck, and deny me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use.
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interm, not a minute’s vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Duke. Hero comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—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.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia.—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,—

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncevil lady,
To whose ingrate and unsauspicous altars
My soul the faithfull’st offerings hath breath’d out,
That e’er devotion tender’d. What shall I do? [him.

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly.—But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument,
That screens me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly;
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master’s spite.—

Come boy, with me: my thoughts are ripe in mischief: I’ll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven’s heart within a dove.

[Going.

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willing,
To do you rest a thousand deaths would die.

[Following.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all more, than e’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! Vio. Who does beguil you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—

Call forth the holy father.

[Exit an Attendant.

Duke. Come away. [To VIOLA.

Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband?

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah?

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear,
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Cesario: take thy 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 intended
To keep in darkness, what occasion now
Reveals before ’t is ripe) what thou dost know,
Hath newly past between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract and eternal bond of love,
Confirm’d by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips;
Strengthen’d by interchange of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal’d in my function, by my testimony:

\[\text{triplets: in f. e. 2 From the Saxon derr, hurt. 3 Thymis; in the Greek romance, the "Ethiopians" of Heliodorus, translated into English near the end of the sixteenth century. 4 of: in f. e.}\]
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

_Duke._ O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath sower'd a grizzle on thy ease?  
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.

_Vio._ My lord, I do protest,—

_Oli._ O! do not swear:
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

_Elter Sir ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK, with his head broken._

_Sir ANDREW._ For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

_Oli._ What's the matter?

_Sir And._ He has broken my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb 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 ANDREW._ The count's gentleman, one Cesario. We took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

_Duke._ My gentleman, Cesario?

_Sir ANDREW._ Od's life! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

_Vio._ Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you: You drew your sword upon me, without cause; But I bespeak you fair, and hurt you not.

_Sir ANDREW._ If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

_Elter 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's it with you?

_Sir To._ That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's the end on't.—Sol, didst see Dick surgeon, sol?

_Clo._ O! he's drunk, sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight the morning.

_Sir To._ Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.  
I hate a drunken rogue.

_Oli._ Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

_Sir ANDREW._ I'll help you, sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

_Sir To._ Will you help? An ass-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

_Oli._ Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exit Clown, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

_Elter SEBASTIAN (all start)._  

_Seb._ I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinman; But had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

_Duke._ One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!

_Seb._ Antonio! O, my dear Antonio!  
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have lost thee?

_Ant._ Sebastian are you?

_Seb._ Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

_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 every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.—

[To VIOLA.] Of charity, what kin are you to me?

_What countryman? what name? what parentage?

_Vio._ Of Messalline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.

_Seb._ A spirit I am indeed;

But am in that dimension grossly clad,
Which from the womb I did partake.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say—thrice welcome, drowned Viola!

_Vio._ My father had a mole upon his brow.

_Seb._ And so had mine.

_Vio._ And died that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.

_Seb._ O! that record is lively in my soul.
He finished his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.

_Vio._ If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my masqueing usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me, till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere, and jump,
That I am Viola which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady, and this lord.

_Seb._ So comes it, lady, [To OLIVIA.] you have been mistook;

But nature to her bias true in that,
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, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.

_Boy, [To VIOLA.] thou hast said to me a thousand times,
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me._

_Vio._ And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true as soul,
As doth that orbent continent, the fire
That severs day from night.

_Duke._ Give me thy hand;

And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

_Vio._ The captain, that did bring me first on shore,
Hath my maid's garments: he, upon some action,
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

_Oli._ He shall enlarge him.—Fell Malvolio hither:—

And yet, alas! now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most distracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his—

[Re-enter Clown, with a letter.]

_How does he, sirrah?_  

_Clo._ Truant I hold, he holds Bezzlebub at the stave's end, as well as a man in his case may do. He has here

1 Skin.  2 The passo messa was a formal step.  3 all start not in f. e.  4 A picture painted on a board, so cut as to present a different appearance when looked at in front or at the side.  5 drawing in f. e.  6 extracting in f. e.
TWELFTH-NIGHT: OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Scene I.

write a letter to you: I should have given it you to-day morning; but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills1 not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open it, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edited, when the fool delivers the madman:—[Reads.] "By the Lord, madam."—

Oli. How now? art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Oli. Pr'ythee, read t' thy right wits.

Clo. So do I, madonna; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [Reads.] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speake out of my injury.

"The madly-used Malvolio!"

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.

[Exit Fabian.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on, To think me as well a sister as a wife, One day shall crown the alliance, and so please you, Here at my house, and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—

[To Viola.] Your master quits you; and for your service done him, So much against the mettle of your sex, So far beneath your soft and tender breeding, And since you call'd me master for so long, Here is my hand; you shall from this time be Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister: you are she.

Re-enter Fabian, with Malvolio; with straw about him, as from prison.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,

Notorious wrong.


Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter: You must not now deny it is your hand, Write from it, if you can, in hand, or phrase; Or say, 't is not your seal, nor your invention: You can say none of this. Well, grant it then, And tell me, in the modesty of honour, Why you have given me such clear lights of favour, Bade me come smiling, and cross-garter'd to you, To put on yellow stockings, and to frown Upon sir Toby, and the lighter people? And, acting this in an obedient hope, Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd, Kept in a dark hold by the priest, And made the most notorious geck4 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, 't is Maria's hand:
And now I do bethink me, it was she First told me thou wast mad; thou8 eam'st in smiling, And in such forms which here were preimpos'd6 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 case.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come, Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not, Most freely I confess, myself, and Toby, Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncouert 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 weight'd, That have on both sides past.

Oli. Alas, poor soul, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them," I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one.—"By the Lord, fool, I am not mad;"—

But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he '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 abuse'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.

He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When that is known and golden time convers, A solemn combination shall be made;
Of our dear souls:—mean time, sweet sister, We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come; For so you shall be, while you are a man, But when in other habits you are seen, Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.

[Exeunt.

Clown sings, a pipe and labor.

When that I was and a little busy boy, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy.
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Gainst knives and thieves men shut their gate, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wine, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, By swaggering could I never thrive, For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my bed, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, With toss-pots still 11 had drunken head, For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun, With hey, ho, the wind and the rain, But that's all one, our play is done, And we'll strive to please you every day.

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1 Signifies. 2 the alliance on 't: in f. e. 3 The rest of this direction is not in f. e. 4 Object of scorn. 5 Then: in f. e. 6 presupposed: in f. e. 7 fool: in f. e. 8 thrown: in f. e. 9 The rest of this direction not in f. e. 10 ' 11: not in f. e.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

Dramatis Personae.

Leontes, King of Sicilia.
Mamillius, young Prince of Sicilia.
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Lords of Sicilia.
Dion, Roger, a Gentleman of Sicilia.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, King of Bohemia.
Florezel, Prince of Bohemia.
Archidamus, a Lord of Bohemia.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.

An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita.
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, a Rogue.
Time, the Chorus.

Hermione, Queen to Leontes.
Perdita, Daughter to Leontes and Hermione.
Pola, Wife to Antigonus.
Emilia, a Lady attending the Queen.
Mopsa, Shepherdesses.
Dorcas, Shepherdesses.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bohemia.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Sicilia. An Antechamber in Leontes' Palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you should chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon our services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us, we will be justified in our loves; for, indeed,—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare— I know not what to say.—We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficiency, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal necessities, made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been so royally attorney'd, with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies, that they have seemed to be together, though absent, shook hands, as over a vast, and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

This word is not in f. o. 2 that may: in f. o. 3 Nipping. 4 truly: in f. o.
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother, Than you can put us to.'

Pol. No longer stay.

Leon. One seven-night longer.

Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then; and in that I'll no gain-saying.

Pol. Press me not, beseech you.

There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world, So soon as yours, could win me: so it should now, Were there necessity in your request, although 'T were needful I denied it. My affairs Do o'erhang me homeward, which to hinder, Were in your love a whip to my stay, To you a charge, and trouble: to save both, Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? speak you. Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace, until You had drawn oaths from him, not to stay. You, sir, Charge him too coldly: tell him, you are sure All in Bohemia's well: this satisfaction The bygone day proclaimed. Say this to him, He's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione. [he walks apart. Her. To tell him longs to see his son were strong: But let him say so then, and let him go; But let him swear so, and he shall not stay, We'll thwack him hence with distaste. — venture Yet of your royal presence [to Polynesia.] I'll ad

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's parting; yet, good dead. Leontes, I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind What lady should her lord. You'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!

You put me off with limber vows; but I, Though you would seek t'unsphere the stars with oaths, 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 your prisoner, Not like a guest, so you shall pay your fees, When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you? My prisoner, or my guest? by your dread verily, One of them you shall be.

Pol. 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 no 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 drisk i' the sun, And bleat 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 rea'd With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven Boldly " not guilty;" the imposition 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 unfledg'd days was my wife a girl: Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! Of this make no conclusion, lest you say, Your queen and I are devils: yet, go on; Th' offences we have made you do, we'll answer; If you first 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.

Leon. At my request he would not.

Hermione, my dearest, thou never spok'st To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but ones.

Her. What? have I twice said well when wasn't before?

I pr'ythee, tell me. Cram's with praise, and make's As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueless, Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that. Our praises are our wages: you may ride's With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs, ere With spur we clear an acre. But to the good— My last good deed was to entreat his stay: What was my first? it has an elder sister, Or I mistake you: O, would her name be Grace! But once before I spoke to the purpose: When? Nay, let me have it; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when

The wander'd months had sound'd themselves to death, Ere I could make thee open thy white hand, And clap' thyself my love: then didst thou utter "I am yours for ever."

Her. It is Grace, indeed.— Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice: The one for ever carn'd a royal husband, Th' other for some while a friend.

[Giving her hand to Polynesia.]

Leon. Too hot, too hot! [Aside.]

To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.

I have tremor cordis on me:—my heart dances, But not for joy,—not joy. —This entertainment May a free face put on;—derive a liberty From heartiness, from bounty's fertile bosom, And well become the agent: 'tis may, I grant; But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers, As now they are; and making practis'd smiles, As in a looking-glass;—and then to sigh, as 't were The mort's o' the deer; O! that is entertainment My bosom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius, Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Why, why?—

Why, that's my bawcock." What hast smutched thy nose?—
They say, it is a copy out of mine. 

Come, captain, 

We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain: 

And yet the steer, the leifer, and the calf, 

Are all call'd neat. — Still virginalling. 

[Observing Polixenes and Hermione. 

Upon his palm? — How now, you wanton calf? 

Art thou my calf? 

Mam. 

Is, if you will, my lord. 

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pass, 1 and the shots that I have, 

To be done like me: — yet, they say, we are 

Almost as like as eggs: women say so, 

That will say any thing: but were they false 

As our dead 2 blackes, 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 welkin' 3 eye: sweet villain! 

Most dearest! my collop! — Can thy dam? — may't be 

Affection 4? thy intention stab's the centre? 

Thou dost make possible things not so held, 

Communicat's with dreams; — (how can this be?) 

— With what 's unequal thou coactive art, 

And fellow'st nothing. Then, 't is very credent, 

Thou may'st co-join with something; and thou dost, 

And that beyond commission; and I find it, 

And that to the infection of my brains, 

And hardening of my brows. 

Pol. 

What means Sicilia? 

Her. He something seems unsettled. 

Pol. 

How, my lord! 

Leon. What cheer? how 's it with you, best brother? 

[ Holding his forehead. 

Her. 

You look, 

As if you held a brow of much distraction: 

Are you mov'd, my lord? 

Leon. 

No, in good earnest. 

How sometimes nature will betray its folly; [Aside. 

Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime 

To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines [To them. 

Of my boy's face, my 5 thoughts I did recoil 

Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd, 

In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled, 

Lest it should bite its master, and so prove, 

As ornaments oft do, too dangerous. 

How like, methought, I then was to this kernel, 

This squash, 12 this gentleman. — Mine honest friend, 

Will you take eggs for money? 13 

Mam. 

No, my lord, I'll fight. 

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole! 14 

My brother, 

Are you so fond of your young prince, as we 

Do seem to be of ours? 

Pol. 

If at home, sir, 

He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter: 

Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy; 

My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all. 

He makes a July's day short as December; 

And with his varying childless cures in me 

Thoughts that would th'ick my blood. 

Leon. 

So stands this squire 

Offer'd with me. We two will walk, my lord, 

And leave to your graver steps. — Hermione, 

How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome: 

Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap. 

Next to thyself, and my young rover, he's 

Apparent to my heart. 

Her. 

If you would seek us, 

We are yours i' the garden: shall's attend you there? 

Leon. To your own bent 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 nebb, the bill to him; 

And arms her with the boldness of a wife 

To her allowing husband. Gone already! 

[Exit Polixenes, Hermione, and Attendants. 

Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one! — 

Go play, boy, play; — thy mother plays, and I 

Play too, but so disagreed a part, whose issue 

Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour 

Will be my knell. — Go play, boy, play. — There have been, 

Or I am much deceiv'd, euckolds ere now; 

And many a man there is, (even at this present, 

Now, while I speak this) holds his wife by th' arm, 

That little thinks she has been stabb'd in 's absence, 

And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by 

Sir Smile, his neighbour. Nay, there's comfort in't, 

While others men have gates, and those gates open'd, 

As mine, against their will. Should all despair 

That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind 

Would hang themselves. Physic for't there is none: 

It is a bawdy planet, that will strike 

Where 't is predominant: and 't is powerful, think it, 

From east, west, north, and south: be it concluded, 

No barricado for a belly: know it; 

It will let in and out the enemy, 

With bag and baggage. Many a thousand on's 

Have the disease, and feel it not. — Now, how, boy? 

Mam. I am like you, they say. 

Leon. 

Why, that's some comfort. 

What! Camillo there? 

Cam. Ay, my good lord. 

Leon. Go play, Mamillius. Thou'rt an honest man. 

[Exit Mamillius. 

Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer. 

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold: 

When you cast out, it still came home. 

Leon. 

Didst note it? 

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made 

His business more material. 

Leon. 

Didst perceive it? 

They're here with me 6 already; whispering, rounding, 

6 Sicilia is a 7 soo forth. 'T is far gone, 

When I shall gust? it last. — How came? Camillo, 

That he did stay? 

Cam. 

At the good queen's entreaty. 

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good should be pertinent; 

But so it is, it is. Was this taken 

By any understanding pate but thine? 

For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in 

More than the common blocks: — not noted, is 't, 

But of the finer natures? by some several, 

1 Playing with her fang, as on a virginal, which was an oblong musical instrument, played with keys, like a piano. 

2 Fully. 

4 o'er-dyed: in f. e. 

5 Blue, like the sky. 

6 This passage is usually pointed, with a period before affection—which thus commences a sentence— it has the sense, taken in connection with this reading, of imagination—intention, that of intensity. The punctuation of the text is that of the old copies. The passage (to the end of the speech) is crossed out by the MS. emendator of the folio of 1632, 7 to the (of the heart). 

8 & 10 Not in f. e. 

9 Old copies: see: my is the MS. emendation of Lord F. Egerton's folio, 1623. 

11 Unripe pea-pod. 

12 A proverb, for bearing an affront. 

13 Proper, or lot; this is another old proverb. 

14 They are aware of my condition. 

15 An old word for whispering. 

16 Taste, or be aware of.
Of head-piece extraordinary? lover messes,1 Perchance, are to this business purblind: say.
Cam. Business, my lord? I think, most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.
Leo. Ha?
Cam. Stays here longer.
Leo. Ay, but why?
Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.
Leo. Satisfy
The entreaties of your mistress?—satisfy?—
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-cupboards, wherein, thou
 Hast clean'd my bosom: I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which seems so.
Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!
Leo. To bide upon 't,—thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclin'st that way, thou art a coward,
Which hexes2 honesty behind, restraining
From course requir'd; or else thou must be counted
A servant gained in my serious trust,
And therein negligent; or else a fool,
That seem a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And tak'st it all for jest:
Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish, and fearful:
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongst the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Against the non-performance, 't was 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,
't is none of mine.
Leo. Have not you seen, Camillo,
(But that's a past doubt; you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn) or heard,
(For, to a vision so apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute) or thought, (for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think it?)
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought, then say,
My wife's a bobby-horse; denies a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't, and justify 't.
Cam. I would not be a stander-by, to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance 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.
Leo. Is whispering nothing?
Cam. I must believe you, sir: I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highness
Will take again your queen, as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.
Leo. Thou dost advise me,
Even so as I mine own course have set down.
I'll give no blemish to her honour, none.
Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemin,
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholesome beverage,
Account me not your servant.

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1 People sitting at lower tables—the lower classes. 2 Ham-strings. 3 "it." was added in the 2d folio. 4 An old name for a cataract in the eyes. 5 his: in f. e. 6 Start, or fly off.
This is all:

Do not, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do not, and thou split'st thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advis'd me.

[Exit.]
ACT II.

All's true that is mistrusted—that false villain, Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him. He has discover'd my design, and I Remain a pinch'd thing; yes, a very trick For them to play at will.—How came the 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 'tis too well.— Give me the boy. [To Hermione.] I am glad, you did not nurse him:

Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her.

Away with him: and let her sport herself With that she's big with; for 'tis Polixenes Has made thee swell thus.

Her. But, I'd say he had not, And, I'll be sworn, you would believe my saying, Howe'er you lean to the Nayward.

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, "It is pity she's not honest, honourable!" Praise her but for this her without-door form, (Which, on my faith, deserves high speech) and straight The shrug, the hump, or ha (these petty brands, That calumny doth use,—O, I am out!— That mercy does, for calumny will scar 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 adultress.

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, Polixenes for Leontes. O, thou thing! Which I'll not call a creature of thy place, Leontes,

Leon. Behind the tuft of pines I met them: never Saw I men scour so on their way. I eyed them Even to their ships.

Leon. How bless'd am I [Aside.] In my just censure! in my true opinion!— Alack, for lesser knowledge!—How accompl'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 abhorred ingredient to his eye, make known How he hath drunk; he cranks his gorge, his sides, With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider. Camillo was his help in this, his pard'r. There is a plot against my life, my crown:

1 Not in f. e. 2 drink, depart, &c. : in f. e. 3 It was an old popular belief that spiders were poisonous. 4 Hearings. 5 Puppet. 6 Not in f. e.
Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top.—Away with her to prison!
He, who shall speak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he speaks.

Her. There's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient, till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable.—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are, the want of which you diew.
Perchance, shall dry your eyes, but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me;—and so
The king's will be performed.

Leon. Shall I be heard? [To the Guards.
Her. Who is it that goes with me?—Bessech your
highness,
My women may be with me: for you see,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause: when you shall know, your mistress
Has deserv'd prison; then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,
Is for my better grace. — Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry: now,
I trust, I shall.—My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding: hence!

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

1 Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.
Ant. Be certain what you do, sir, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

1 Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down; and will do 't, sir,
Please you '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 me 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.

Leon. Hold your peace!

1 Lord. Good my lord,
Ant. It is for you we speak; not for ourselves.
You are abused, and by some putter-on,
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would lamback^ him. Be she honour-flaw'd, I
have three daughters: the eldest is eleven,
The second, and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I'll gend them all: fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generation: they are coheirs,
And I had rather gib myself, than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease! no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose; but I do see 't, and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus, and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. And 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 dungey earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 Lord. I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your suspicion,
Be blam'd for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which, if you (or stupified,
Or seeming so in skill) cannot, or will not,
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation)
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed! doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confession.
(For in an act of this importance 't were
Most piteous to be wild) I have despatch'd in post,
To sacred Dolphins, 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 Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others; such as he,
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good,
From our free person she should be confin'd,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us:
We are to speak in public; for this business
Will raise us all.

Ant. [Aside.] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. The outer Room of a Prison.

Enter Paulina and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison.—call to him:

[Exit an Attendant.

Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What dost thou then in prison?—Now, good sir,

Re-enter Attendant, with the Jailor,

You know me, do you not?

Jailor. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

Paul. Pray you then,

Conduct me to the queen.

Jailor. I may not; madam: to the contrary
I have express commandment.

Paul. Here's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
Th' access of gentle visitors!—Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Jailor. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

1 my stables: in f. s. 2 land-dame: in f. s.; lamback, is to beat.
The cause were not in being, part o' the cause,  
She, th' adul'tress; for the harlot king  
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank  
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she  
I can hook to me: say, that she were gone,  
Given to the fire, a motley of my rest  
Might come to me again.—Who's there?  
1 Attent.  
1 Attent. How does the boy?  
1 Attent. He took good rest to-night:  
'T is hop'd, his sickness is discharg'd.  
Leon.  
To see his nobleness!  
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,  
He straight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply,  
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,  
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,  
And downright languish'd.—Leave me solely:—go,  
See how he fares. [Exit Attend.]—Fie, fie! no thought  
of him:—  
The very thought of my revenge that way  
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty,  
And in his parties, his alliance;—let him be,  
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,  
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes  
Laugh at me; make their pastime at my sorrow:  
They should not laugh, if I could reach them; nor  
Shall she, within my power.  
Enter Paulina, behind, with a Child.  
1 Lord.  
You must not enter.  
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me.  
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,  
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,  
More free than he is jealous.  
Ant.  
That's enough.  
1 Attent. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; com-  
manded  
None should come at him.  
Paul.  
Not so hot, good sir:  
I come to bring him sleep. 'T is such as you,—  
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh  
At each his needless heavings, such as you  
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I  
Do come with words as medicinal as true,  
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour,  
That presses him from sleep.  
Leon.  
What noise there, ho?  
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference,  
[Coming forward.  
About some gossips for your highness.  
Leon.  
How?—  
Away with that audacious 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! cant not rule her?  
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,  
(Unless he take the course that you have done,  
Commit me for committing honour) trust it,  
He shall not rule me.  
Ant.  
Lo, you now! you hear.  
When she will take the rein, I let her run;  
But she 'll not stumble.  
Paul.  
Good my liege, I come,—  
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes  
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,  
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares  
Less appear so in comforting* your evils,
The Winter's Tale

ACT II.

Than such as most seem yours,—I say, I come From your 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.

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.

Leontes. [Laying down the Child. Out!
A mankind! witch! Hencw with her, out o' door! A most intelligencing hawd!
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.

Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.— Thou, dotard, [To Antigonus.] thou art woman-tir'd, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here.—Take up the bastard: Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou Tak'st up the princess by that forced baseness Which he has put 'pon't!

Leontes. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did; then, 't were past all doubt, You'd call your children yours.

Antigonus. 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 honour 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 (Tor, as the case now stands, it is a curse He cannot be compell'd to 't) once remove The root of his opinion, which is rotten As ever oak, or stone, was sound.

Leontes. 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.

It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge, So like you, 't is 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; nay, the valley, The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his smiles; The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.— 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 colours No yellow in 't; lest she suspect, as he does, Her children not her husband's.

Leontes. A gross hug!—
And, lozel, thou art worthy to hang'd, That will not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands That cannot do that feat, you will leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leontes. Once more, take her hence.
Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord Can do no more.

Leontes. 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 hing'd fancy) something savours Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you, Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leontes. On your allegiance, Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant, Where was her life? She durst not call me so, If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I'll be gone. Look to your babe, my lord; 't is yours: Jove send her A better guiding spirit!—What need these hands?— You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies, Will never do him good, not one of you.

Paul. So, so:—farewell; we are gone.

Leontes. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.— My child? away with 't!—even thou, that hast A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence, And say, it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight. Within this hour bring me word 't is done, (And by good testimony) 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 th' on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please, Can clear me in 't.

Leontes. We can: my royal liege, He is now guilty of her coming hither.

Leontes. You're liars all.

1 Lord. Beseech your bigness, give us better credit. We have always truly serv'd you, and beseech you So to esteem of us; and on our knees we beg, (As recompense of our dear services, Past, and to come) that you do change this purpose; Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must Lead on to some foul issue. We all kneel.

Leontes. Am I a feather for each wind that blows? Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel And call me father? Better burn it now, Than curse it then. But, be it; let it live:— It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither; [To Antigonus.]

You, that have been so tenderly officious With lady Margery, your midwife, there, To save this bastard's life,—for 't is a bastard, So sure as thy beard's grey,—what will you adventure To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any, my lord,
That my ability may undergone, And nobleness impose: at least, thus much; I'll pawn the little blood which I have left, To save the innocent; any thing possible.

Leontes. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword Thou will perform my bidding.

1 Masculine. 2 Hen-pecked. 3 A woman of low character. 4 A worthless fellow. 5 Old copies: this; sty is the MS. emendation of Lord F. Egerton's folio, 1023.
ACT III.

Even to the guilty, or the purgation—
Produce the prisoner.

Offi. It is his highness' 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.

Offi. "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."—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 boot me
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
Tremble 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 devis'd,
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me,
A fellow of the royal bed, which once
A moicry of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal

1 Not in f. e. 2 Printed as a stage direction in the 1st folio; the others omit it. Mod. ed., with Malone, usually add it to the previous speech. 3 The words, "to her trial," not in f. e. 4 Own.
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent
Have stray'd? 't appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or, in act, or will,
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of that that hear me, and my near's of kin
Cry, "Fie!" upon my grave.

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did,
Than to perform it first.

Her. That's true enough:

Though 't is a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd) I do confess,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you, and toward your friend, whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not 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 know of his departure, as you know
What you have undert'na to do in 's absence.

Her. You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level2 of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams:
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it.—As you were past all shame,
(Those of your fact are so) so past all truth;
Which to deny concerns more than avail's; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it; (which is indeed,
More criminal in thee than it) so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug, which you would fright me with, I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy,
And first-fruit's of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent month,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with utmost hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion: lastly, hurried
Here to this place, 't he open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore, proceed,
But yet hear this; mistake me not.—No: life,
I prize it not a straw; but for mine honour,
(Which I would free) if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you,
'T is rigour, and not law.—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

Her. This your request
Is altogether just. Therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle. [Exeunt Officers.

Her. The emperor of Russia was my father:
O! that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Offi. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphi; and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest; and that, since then,
You have not dare'd to break the holy seal,
Nor read the secrets in it.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals, and read.

Offi. [Reads.] "Hermione is chaste, Polixenes blameless,
Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant,
His innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall
live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found."

Lords. Now, bless'd be the great Apollo!

Her. Praise!

Offi. Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all in 't the oracle.
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter a Servant, in haste.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir! I shall be hated to report it:
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed,3 is gone.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead. [Hermione swoons.

Leon. Apollo's angry, and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen.—Look down,
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; she will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own suspicion:—
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[Exeunt Paulina and Ladies, with Hermione.

My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!—
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New wo me my queen, recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister, to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, most humane,
And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest

1 stray'd: in f. o. 2 Is the object at which him is taken. 3 Of how the queen may speed—the issue.
Unclesap'd my practice; quit his fortunes here, 
Which he knew great, and to the hazard
Of all uncertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour.—How he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
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, hast for me? 
In lead?  

Wherefore?  

What old, or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyrannic, 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; stank mad, for all Thy by-gone follies were but spices of it.  
That thou betray'dst Polixones, 't was nothing; That did but show thee of a fool, inconsistent; And damnable ungrateful: nor was 't much, Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour, To have him kill a king; poor trespasses, More monstrous standing by! wherefore I reckon The peeping forth to crow's thy baby daughter, To be or none, or little; though a devil Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:  
Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts (Thoughts high for one so tender) cleft the heart That could conceive a gross and foolish sire Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no, Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O, lords! When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen, The sweet'st, dear'st creature's dead; and vengeance for 't  
Not drop'y down yet.  

Not drop'y down yet.  

1. Lord. The higher powers forbid!  
Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear 't: if word, nor oath, Prevail not, go and see. If you can bring 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 repent these things, for they are heavier Than all thy woes can stir; therefore, betake thee To nothing but despair. A thousand knees Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting, Upon a barren mountain, and still winter, In storm perpetual, could not move the gods To look that way thou wert.  

Leon. Go on; go on;  

Thou canst not speak too much: I have deserved All tongues to talk their bitterest.  

Leon. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault I the boldness of your speech.  

Paul. I am sorry for 't: All faults I make, when I shall come to know them, I do repent. Alas! I have show'd too much The rashness of a woman. He is touch'd To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's past help, Should be past grief: do not receive affliction At repetition, I beseech you; rather, Let me be punish'd, that have minded you

| 1 my petition: in f. e. | * becoming: in f. e. | * weep: in f. a. | Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege, Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman: The love I bore your queen,—lo, 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 pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me To the dead bodies of my queen, and son. One grave shall be for both: upon them shall The causes of their death appear, unto Our shame and reproach. One day I'll visit The chapel where they lie; and tears shed 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.  

Antigonus, with the Babe; and a Mariner.  

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, ourship hath touch'd upon The deserts of Bohemia?  

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear We have landed in ill times: the skies look grimly, And threaten present blusters. In my conscience, The heavens with that we have in hand are angry, And frown upon us.  

Ant. Their sacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard; Look to thy bark: I'll not be long, before I call upon thee.  

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not Too far i' the land; 't is like to be loud weather: Besides, this place is famous for the creatures Of prey that keep upon 't.  

Ant. I'll follow instantly.  

Mar. I am glad at heart To be so rid o' the business.  

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 Appeard to me last night, for ne'er was dream So like a waking. To me comes a creature, Sometimes her head on one side, some another; I never saw a vessel of like sorrow, So fill'd, and so o'er-running: in pure white robes, Like very sanctity, she did approach My cabin where I lay, thrice bow'd before me, And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon Did this break from her.—'t 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 are in Bohemia, There wend, and leave it crying; and, for the babe Is counted lost for ever, Perdita. I pr'ythee, call 't: for this ungentle business, Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see Thy wife Paulina more?—and so, with shrieks She melted into air. Affrighted much, I did in time collect myself, and thought This was so, and no stumper. Dreams are toys; Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously, I will be square 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.—Blessom, speed thee well!

[Exeunt.
There lic; and there thy character: there these,
[Exeunt with a Bundle.
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 accus'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this!—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough. I never saw [clamour—
The heavens so dim by day. [Bear roar. A savage
Well may I get aboard!—This is the chase.
I am gone for ever.

[Exit, pursued by a bear.

Enter an 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
wenches with child, wronging theancient, stealing,
fighting.—Hark you now!—Would any 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,
browzing of it. Good luck, and do thy will! what
have we here? [Taking up the Babe] Mercy on's, a
barn; a very pretty barn! A boy, or a child, I wonder?
A pretty one; a very pretty one. Sure some scape
though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gen-
tlewoman in the scape. 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 but even now.—Whoa, ho ho!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, lea!

Shep. What! art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to
talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither.
What ails't this 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
bol'din'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 not 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
flown 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; how he
cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigus-
us, a nobleman.—But to make an end of the ship:
—to see how the sea flag-draped 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 roaring 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 't. So,
let's see. It was told me I should be rich by the
fairies: there is some changeling.—Open 't: what's
within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man: if the sins of your
youth are forgotten you, you're well to live. Gold! all
gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 't will 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
go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how
much he hath eaten: they are never sure, 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, I will; and you shall help to put him
there.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds
on't.

[Exeunt.}
SCENE II. -THE WINTER'S TALE.

Equal with wondering: What of her enues, I list not prophecy; but let Time's news be known, when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter, and what to her adheres, which follows after, 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 importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee anything, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have, for the most part, been aired 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 alloy, or I overween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out 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 heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prythee speak: no more, whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'st him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious sons, and children, are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when saw'st thou the prince Florizel, my son? Kings are no 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 musingly noted, he is of late much retired 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 remoteness: from whom I have this intelligence; that he is seldom from the house of a most holy shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, 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.

Pol. My best Camillo! — We must disguise ourselves.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE III.—The Same. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These, your unusual weeds, to each part of you Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora Peering in April's front. This, your sheep-shearing, Is as a meeting of the petty gods, And you the queen on't.

Per. Sure, 'tis 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 obscured With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid, Most goddess-like pranks'd up. But that our feasts In every mess have folly, and the feeders Digest it with a custom, I should blush To see you so attir'd, so worn', I think, To show myself a glass.

Flo. 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 forgives 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?

Flo. Apprehend Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves, Humbling their deities to love, have taken The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god, Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain, As I seem now. Their transformations Were never for a piece of beauty rarer, Nor any way so chaste; since my desires Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O! but, sir, Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power of the king. One of these two must be necessities, Which then will speak—that you must change this purpose, Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearst Perdita, With these fore'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not The mirth of the feast: or 'twill be thine, my fair, Or not my father's; for I cannot be Mine own, nor any thing to any, if I be not taken: to this I am most constant, Though destiny say, no. Be merry, girl!; Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing That you behold the while. Your guests are coming: Lift up your countenance, as 't were the day Of celebration of that nuptial, which We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O, lady fortune, Stand you auspicious!

Enter Shepherd, with Polixenes and Camillo, dis- guised; Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others.

Flo. See, your guests approach: Address yourself to entertain them sprightly, And let's be red with mirth.

1 Pick his pocket: in f. e. 2 An old game resembling bagatelle. 3 A puppet-show. 4 unrolled: in f. e. 5 Sir: in f. e. 6 attired, sworn: in f. e. 7 in a: in f. e. 8 gentle: in f. e.
THE WINTER’S TALE.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife liv’d, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant; welcome all; serv’d all;
Would sing her song, and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o’ the table, now, ’t’ middle,
On his shoulder, and his; her face o’ fire
With labour, and the thing she tool to quench it,
She work’d with middle one slip. You are retir’d,
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come; quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o’ the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [To Pol.] Sir, welcome.
It is my father’s will, I should take on me
The hostess-ship o’ the day:—[To Cam.] You’re welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs, For you there’s rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdesse,
(A fair one are you) well you flit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer’s death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the fairest flowers o’ the season
Are our carnations, and streak’d gillyflowers!
Which some call nature’s bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden’s barren, and I care not
To get slips of them.

Per. Do you neglect them?

Pol. For I have heard it said,
There is an art which, in their piedness, shares
With great creating nature.

Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, o’er that art,
Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scope to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bank of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather; but the
Art itself is nature.

So it is.

Per. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them bastards.

I’ll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth should say, ’t were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me.—Here’s flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi’ the sun,
And with him rises weeping: these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age. You are very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I o’ your flock,
And only live by grazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You’d be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through.—Now, my
fair’s 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, friended, thou let’st fall
From Dis’s waggon! daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lides of Juno’s eyes,
Or Cytherea’s breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips, and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one. O! these I lack,
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend,
To strew him o’er and o’er.

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,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers.
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun-pastorals: sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I’d have you do it ever: when you sing,
I’d have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you
A wave 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,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles! Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps so fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstat’d shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo’d me the false way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to’t.—But, come; our dance, I pray.
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I’ll swear for ‘em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
Ran on the greensward: nothing she does, or says,
But smacks of something greater than herself;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something,
That wakes her blood:—look on it. Good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up.

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlick,
To mend her kissing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time—

Clo. Not a word, a word: we stand upon our manners.—

Come, strike up. [Music.

[Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this,
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles, and boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like sooth. He says, he loves my daughter:

1 Old copies: gillygors. 2 Reason. 3 seems: in f. e. 4 That makes her blood look on’t: in f. e.
I think so too; for never gaz’d the moon
Upon the water, as he’ll stand, and read,
As ’t were, my daughter’s eyes; and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances fealty.
Slep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent. If young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. O master! if you did but hear the pedlar at
the door, you would never dance again after a tabor
and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you. He
sings several tunes faster than you’ll tell money; he
utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men’s ears
grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he shall come in
I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doeful
matter, merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed,
and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs, for man, or woman, of all sizes:
no milliner can sit his customers with gloves. He
has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without
bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burdens
of “diddles” and “faddings,” “jump her and thump her;” and where some stretch’d-mouth’d rascal would,
it was, mean mischief, and break a soul jape in
the matter, he makes the maid to answer, “Whoop, do
me no harm, good man?” puts him off; slights him with
“Whoop, do me no harm, good man.”

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable-con
ceited fellow. Has he any embroidered wares?

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i’ the rainbow;
points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can
learnedly handle though they come to him by the gross;
inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns; why he sings
them over, as they were gods or goddesses. You
would think a snook were a she-angel, he so chants to
the sleeve-band; and the work about the square’s on’t.

Clo. Pr’ythee, bring him in, and let him approach
singing.

Per. Forewarn him, that he use no scurrilous words
in’s tunes.

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in
them than you’d think, sister.

Per. Ay; good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing:

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cypres, black as e’er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Buggle-bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady’s chamber:
Golden quips, and stomachers,
For my ladis to give their dears;
 Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come, buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopea, thou shouldest
take no money of me; but being enthral’d 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 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-talking before all our guests? ’Tis
well they are whispering. 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?

Aut. And, indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad;
therefore, it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing
here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many
parcels of charge.

Clo. What Hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in pritnite,
for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here’s one to a very doeful tune, How a
usurer’s wife was brought to bed of twenty money
bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders’
heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. 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
Taleporter, and five or six honest wives that were
present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. ‘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 hard hearts of maids: it was thought
she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for
she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her.
The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices’ hands at it, and witnesses more
than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let’s have some merry ones.

Aut. Why this is a passing merry one, and goes to
the tune of, “Two maids wooing a man.” There’s
scarcely a maid westward but she sings it: ’tis in
quest, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou’lt bear a part,
thou shalt hear; ’tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on’t a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know, ’tis my
occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

Aut. Get you hence, for I must go,
Whither fits not you to know.

Dor. Whither?

Mop. O! whither?

Dor. Whither?

Mop. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell.

1 A fadding was also a dance.
2 Just. s. e.; gap.
3 unbridled; in f. s.
4 Tag. to the strings used to fasten dresses.
5 Tape.
6 Gay-
7 loon.
8 Twelve-hand: in f. s.
9 Bosom.
10 Used, when heated, to set the plaits of ruffles.
11 Whistle: in f. s.
12 Glamour: in f. s.
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,  
Hath sometimes lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,  
As soft as dove's down, and as white as it,  
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fam'd snow, that's bolted  
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?  
How prettily the young swain seems to wash  
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out.  
But, to your protestation: let me hear  
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more  
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all;  
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,  
Thereof most worthy; were I the fairest youth  
That ever made eye swerve; had sense, and knowledge,  
More than was ever man's; I would not prize them,  
Without her love: for her employ them all,  
Commend them, and condemn them, to her service,  
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Skep. But, my daughter,  
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak  
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:  
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out  
The purity of his.

Skep. 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. O! that must be  
I the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,  
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;  
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on;  
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.  
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? dispose' 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 most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,  
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong  
Something unfaith. Reason, my son  
Should choose himself a wife; but as good reason,  
The father, (all whose joy is nothing else  
But fair posterity) should hold some counsel  
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;  
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,  
Which 't is not fit you know, I not acquaint

1 Serious.  2 In f. e. these characters make their exit with Arctotuces, after the next song.  3 A dish made up of scraps.  4 Pr. esquire, a foot-rule.  5 force: in f. e.  6 Not in f. e.  7 dispute: in f. e.
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know it.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.—

Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,

[Dismissing himself.
Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affect'st a sheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am sorry, that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week.—And thou fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou cop'st with—

Per. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state.—For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know, thou dost but sigh
'That thou no more shalt never' see this knack, (as never
I mean thou shalt) we'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, nor not our kin,
Far than Denecall off:—mark thou my knav, my words.
Follow us to the court.—Thou, churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. 

[Exit.

Flo. 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 milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father? Speak, ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think;
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, sir,

[To FLORIZEL.

You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones; but now,
Some hangman must put on my shroud, and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust.—O, cursed wretch!

[To PERDITA.

That know'st this was the prince, and wouldst adven-
ture
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 afeard: delay'd,
But nothing alter'd. What I was, I am:
More straining on, for plucking back; not following

My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, (which, I do guess,
You do not purpose to him) and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.

I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 't would be thus?
How often said my dignity would last
But till 't were known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then,
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,
And mar the seeds within.—Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father; I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy: if my reason
Will there be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleas'd with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it; but it does fulfill my vow:
I needs must think it honestly. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glee'n'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd. Therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more) cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And so deliver.—I am put to sea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on shore;
And, most opportune to our need, I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepar'd
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord!
I would your spirit were more easy for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.—

[To Camillo.] I'll hear you by and by. [They talk apart.]

Cam. He's irremovable; Resolv'd for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo, I am so fraught with serious business, that
I leave out ceremony.

[Going.

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserv'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 honour
I’ll keep you wherewith you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress; (from the whom, I see,
There’s no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend, your ruin) marry her;
And (with my best endeavours in your absence)
Your discontenting father strive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done,
That I may call thee something more than man,
And, after that, 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 profess
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) before Leontes:
She shall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I see
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His Welcome forth; asks thee, the son, forgiveness,
As ’t were i’ the father’s person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; and o’er and o’er divides him
’Twixt his unhappiness and his kindness: th’ one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faster than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall 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 between us three, I’ll write you down:
The which shall point you forth: for my sitting
What you must say, that he shall not perceive,
But that you have your father’s bosom there,
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you.

Cam. There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpatith’ed 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 lost 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 years,
Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i’ the rear of birth.

Cam. I cannot say, ’tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To mold that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I’ll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita.—
But, O, the thorns we stand upon!—Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish’d like Bohemia’s son,
Nor shall appear ’t in Sicily.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this. I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all 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 apart.]

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honesty is! and trust, his
sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold
all my trumpery, not a counterfeite-stone, not a riband,
glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape,
glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack
from fasting: they thronged who should buy first: as if
my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a beneficent
to the buyer: by which means, I saw whose purse
was best in picture, and what I saw, to my good
use I remembered. My clown (who wants but some-
thing to be a reasonable man) grow so in love with the
wrenches’ song, that he would not stir his petticoats, till
he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest
of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in
ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was sense-
less; ’t was nothing to geld a codepiece of a purse; I
would have fleted keys off, that hung in chains: no
hearing, no feeling, but my sir’s song, and admiring
the nothing of it: so that, in this time of lethargy,
I picked and cut most of their festival purses, and had
not the old man come in with a whoo-bub’ against his
daughter and the king’s son, and scared my choughs
from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole
army.

[Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita, come forward.

Cam. Now, but a pretty, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you’ll procure from king Leon-
tes?

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!

All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Whom have we here?—Seeing Autolycus.
We’ll make an instrument of this: omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now,—why hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! Why shakest thou
so?—Fear not, man; here’s no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here’s nobody will steal that
from thee: yet, for the outside of thy poverty, we must
make an exchange: therefore, disease thee instantly,
thou must think, there’s a necessity in ’t and change
garments with this gentleman. Though the penny-
worth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there’s
some boot.

[Giving money.]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.—[Aside.] I know ye
well enough.
TPIE

Adieu,
in those I and I therefore, take
[They it Fortune but muffle No
Get into That Have He Come Pray To Thus time smell here an thought yields
muffle, you, and as you can, dislien
The truth of your own seeming, that you may,
(For I do fear eyes ever') to ship-board
Get undescribed.

Per. I see, the play so lies,
That I must bear a part.
Cam. No remedy.—Have you done there?
Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me son.
Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[Give it to Perdita.

Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.
Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. Oh Perdita! what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word. [They talk apart.

Cam. What I do next shall be to tell the king
Of this escape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I shall so prevail,
To force him after; in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman’s longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!—Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.
Cam. The swifter speed, the better.
[Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.

Aut. I understand the business; I hear it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse: a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see, this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! what a boot is here with this exchange! Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore.
The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity; stealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do’t: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it, and therein am I 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.

C1. 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.

C1. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

C1. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her; those secret things, all but what she has with her. This being done, let the law go whistle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king 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.

C1. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furthest off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [Aside.] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this farde] will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [Aside.] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

C1. Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. [Aside.] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance:—let me pocket up my pedler’s excrement?—[Takes off his false beard.] How now, rusties! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that farde], the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having 4, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known? discover.

C1. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie: you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stubbing steel: therefore, they do not give us the lie.

C1. You were had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an’t like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hast not my gait in it the measure of the court? receivs not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thank’s thou, for that I insinuate, or touze 9 from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pie; and one that will either push on, or pluck back thy business there: whereupon, I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know none’an’t like you.

C1. Advocate is the court-word for a pheasant; say, you have none.

Shep. None, sir: I have no pheasant, cock, nor hen.

Aut. How bless’d are we that are not simple men! Yet nature might have made me as these are, Therefore I’ll not disdain.

C1. This cannot but be a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

C1. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I’ll warrant; I know, by the picking on’s teeth.

Aut. The horse there? what’s it the farde? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lie such secrets in this farde, and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy, and air himself: for, if thou be’st capable of things serious, thou must know, the king is full of grief.

1 Old copies: over: ever, is the MS. emendation of Lord F. Egerton’s folio, 1623. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Hair, nails, and feathers, were so called. 4 Estate. 5 In the act. 6 Pull. 7 A pheasant was a common present from countrymen to great people.
Scene I. The Winter's Tale.

Skep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aur. If that 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.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aur. 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 hangman: 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.

Clo. Has the old man o'er a son, sir, do you hear, an't like you, sir?

Aur. 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 quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua vitae, 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 traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me, (for you seem to be honest plain men) what you have to the king? 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.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a stub-born bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold. Show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, stoned, and flayed alive!

Aur. 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 I bring it you.

Aur. After I have done what I promised?

Skep. Ay, sir.

Aur. Well, give me the money. — Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aur. O! that's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he'll be made an example.

Aur. 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.

Aur. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side: go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are blessed in this man, as I may say; even blessed.

Skep. Let's before, as he bids us. He was provided to do us good. [Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.]

Aur. 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 luck to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore 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 will I 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 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.

Leom. Whilst I remember Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget My blemishes in them, and so still think of The wrong I did myself; which was so much, That heless it hath made my kingdom, and Denroy'd the sweetst companion, that o'er man Beed his hopes out of: true.¹

Paul. Too true, my lord: If one by one you wedded all the world, Or from the all that are took something good, To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd Would be unparallel'd.

Leom. I think so. Kill'd! She I kill'd? I did so; but thou strik'st me

¹back; in f.e. ²Theobald, and most mod. eds. transfer this word to the beginning of the next speech. ³So old copies; most mod. eds. read: dame.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V.

Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes shall not have an heir,
Till his molest 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 peril 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 hast the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
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 wife: one worse,
And better us'd, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse; and, on this stage,
(Where we offenders now appear) soul-vex'd,
Begin, 'And why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.
Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Leon. I should so:
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her? then I'd shrive, that even your ears
Should rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, "Remem'ring mine."

Leon. Stare, stare! And all eyes else dead coals.—Fear thou no wife; I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leon. Never, Paulina; so be bless'd my spirit!
Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
And turn'd 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 bid'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 prince, (she
The fairest I have yet beheld,) desires acr-ss
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 visitationfram'd, but fore'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?
Gent. Ay; the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione!
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better, gone, so must thy grace!
Give way to what's seen now. Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme—She had not been,
Nor was not to be equal'd;—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 't is shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almost forgot, (your pardon)
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else, make presbytics
Of whom she did but follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Paul. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 't is strange,
[Exeunt Cleomenes, Lords, and Gentleman.
He should thus steal upon us.

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more: cease! thou know'st,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that, which may
Unfurnish me of reason.—They are come.—

Re-enter Cleomenes, with Florizel, Perdita, and
Others.

Your mother was most true to wed-lock, prince,
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so bit 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
Lest a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood, begetting wonder as,
You, gracious couple, do. And then I lost
(All mine own folly) the society,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia; and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, as friend,
Can send his brother; and, but infirmity
(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
Messur'd to look upon you, whom he loves
(Had bade me say so) more than all the sceptres,
And those that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother!
SCENE II.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

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Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee stir
A fresh within me; and these thy offices,
So readily kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness.—Welcome hither,
As is the spring to th' earth. And hath he, too,
Expost’d this paragon to the fearful usage
(At least ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
Th’ adventure of her person?

Flo. Good, my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble, honour’d lord, is fear’d, and lov’d?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose
tears proclaim’d his, 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 graceful gentleman, against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father’s bless’d
(As he from heaven merits it) with you,
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look’d on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has
(His dignity and duty both cast off)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd’s daughter.

Leon. Where’s Bohemia? speak
Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly, and it becomes
My Marvel, and my message. To your court
While he was hastening (in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple) meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray’d me,
Whose honour, and whose honesty, till now,
Endur’d all weathers.

Lord. Lay ’t so to his charge:
He’s with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir: I spake with him, who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quako: 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. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That once, I see, by your good father’s speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty; and as sorry,
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with our father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves.—Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow’d no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate: at your request,
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I’d beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in ’t; not a month
’Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition

[To Florizel.

Is yet unanswer’d. I will to your father:
Your honour not o’erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him. Therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make. Come, good my lord.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

1 Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard
the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it;
whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all
commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought
I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

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 tear the cases of their
eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language
in their very gesture; they looked, as they had heard
of a world 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 ex-
tremity of the one it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, haply, knows more.—
The news, Rogero?

2 Gent. Nothing but bonfires. The oracle is ful-
filled; the king’s daughter is found: such a deal of
wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-
makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina’s steward; he can deliver
you more.—How goes it now, sir? This news, which
THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V.

is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion. Has the king found his heir?

3 Gent. Most true, if ever truth were, pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear, you'll swear you see. There is such unity in the proofs. The maniacal queen Hermione; her jewel about the neck of it;—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character;—the majesty of the creature, in resemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleness, which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences, proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

2 Gent. No.

3 Gent. Then you have lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; so, and in such manner, that it seemed, sorrow went to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garments, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, "O, thy mother, thy mother!" then asks 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 undue deception to show itself. There was found 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 it, heavily confessed, and lamented by the king) how attentiveness wounded his daughter: till, from one sign of colour to another, she did, mysteriously, make him say, "I would mince my bloody tears: for, I am sure, my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen it, the woe had been universal.

1 Gent. Are they returned to the court?

3 Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano; who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they say, one would speak to her, and stand in her, and not that she should stand in him. And, as far as 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?

1 Gent. Who would be thence, that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[Exeunt Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, I had not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a farthing, and I know not what; but he at that time, over-fond of the shepherd's daughter, (so he then took her to be) who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Closets, 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 gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born: see you these clothes? say, you see them not, and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say, these robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

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 lord; and all the world called my father, father; and so we slept: 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 't were hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship, and to give you my 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, true, and faithful 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 pe'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 wouldest 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 darrest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not.—[Trumpets.] Hark! the stage and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good masters.

**The Winter's Tale.**

**Scene III.**—The Same. A Chapel in Paulina's House.

Enter LEONTES, POLIENES, FLOREZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, and Attendants.

_LEON._ O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort That I have had of thee!

_Paul._ What, sovereign sir, I did not well, I meant well. All my services, You have paid home; but that you have vouchsafed, With your crown'd brother, and these you contracted Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit, It is a surplus of your grace, which never My life may last to answer.

_LEON._ O Paulina! We honour you with trouble. But we came To see the statue of our queen: your gallery Have we pass'd through, not without much content In many singularities, but we saw not That which my daughter came to look upon, The statue of her mother.

_Paul._ As she liv'd peerless, So her dead likeness, I do well believe, Excees whatever yet you look upon, Or hand of man hath done: therefore I keep it Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare To see the life as lively mock'd, as ever Still sleep mock'd death: behold! and say, 'tis well.

[Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.]

_Music playing._—_A pause._

I like your silence: it the more shows off Your wonder; but yet speak:—first you, my liege. Comes it not something near?

_LEON._ Her natural posture.—

_Chide me, dear stone, that I may say, indeed, Thou art Hermione; or, rather, thou art she._

_In thy not chiding, for she was as tender As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing So aged, as this seems._

_Pol._ O! not by much.

_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 stand'd, Even with such life of majesty, (warm life, As now it coldly stands) when first I woot'd her. I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me, For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece! There's magic in thy majesty, which has My evils condicion'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 [Kneeling.] kneel, and thus implore her blessing.—Lady, Dear queen, that ended when I but began, Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

_Paul._ O, patience! The statue is but newly fix'd; the colour's Not dry.

_Cam._ My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on, Which sixteen winters cannot blow away, So many summers dry: scarce any joy Did ever so long live; no sorrow, But kill'd itself much sooner.

_Pol._ Dear my 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. [Offers to draw.]

_LEON._ Do not draw the curtain.

_Paul._ No longer shall you gaze on't, lest your fancy May think anon it moves.

_LEON._ Let be, let be! Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am but dead, stone looking upon stone. What was he that did make it?—See, my lord, Would you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins Did verily bear blood?

_Pol._ Masterly done: The very life seems warm upon her lip._

_LEON._ The fixture of her eye has motion in '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.

_Paul._ I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but I could afflict you farther.

_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 cut exception? Let no man mock me, For I will kiss her._

_Paul._ Good my lord, forbear. [She stays him.] The rudness upon her lip is wet: You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

_LEON._ No, not these twenty years.

_Per._ So long could I Stand by, a looker on.

_Paul._ Either forbear, Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you For more amazement. If you can behold it, I'll make the statue move indeed; descend, And take you by the hand; but then you'll think, (Which I protest against) I am assisted By wicked powers.

_LEON._ What you can make her do, I am content to look on: what to speak, I am content to hear; for 't is 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._

'T is time; descend; be stone no more: approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come;
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequest to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. — You perceive, she stirs.

[Hermione descends slowly from the pedestal.

Start not: her actions shall be holy, as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her,
Until you see her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'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 hooted 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, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserv'd? where liv'd? how found

Take her by the hand: in f e.

Paul. There's time enough for that,
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. — Go together,
You precious winners all: your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O peace, Paulina! Thou should'st 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 question'd, for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave: I'll not seek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable husband. — Come, Camillo,
And take her hand; whose worth, and honestly,
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 o'er I put between your holy looks
My ill-suspicion. — This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, (whom heavens directing)
Is troth-plight 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 dissemble. Hastily lead away. [Exeunt.
KING JOHN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

KING JOHN.
Prince Henry, his Son.
Arthur, Duke of Bretagne.
William Marshal, Earl of Pembroke.
Geoffrey Fitz-Peter, Earl of Essex.
William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.
Robert Bute, Earl of Norfolk.
Hubert de Burgh, Chamberlain to the King.
Robert Faulconbridge.
Philip Faulconbridge.
James Gurney, Servant to Lady Faulconbridge.

Lords, Ladies, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in England, and sometimes in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Northampton. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, Salisbury, and Others, withChatillon.

K. John. Now, say, Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France, In my behaviour, to the majesty, The borrow'd majesty, of England here.

Elia. A strange beginning!—borrow'd majesty?

K. John. Silence, good mother: hear the embassy. Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf Of thy deceased brother Geoffrey's son, Arthur Plantagenet, lays most lawful claim To this fair island, and the territories, To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine; Desiring thee to lay aside the sword Which sways usurpingly these several titles, And put the same into young Arthur's hand, Thy nephew, and right royal sovereign.

K. John. What follows, if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud control of fierce and bloody war, To enforce these rights so forcibly withheld.

K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood, Controlment for controlment: so answer France.

Chat. Then take my king's defiance from my mouth, The farthest limit of my embassy.

K. John. Bear mine to him, and so depart in peace. Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France; For ere thou canst report I will be there, The thunder of my cannon shall be heard. So, hence! Be thou the trumpet of our wrath, And sudden' presage of your own decay.—An honourable conduct let him have; Pembroke, look to't. Farewell, Chatillon.

[Kneel Chatillon and Pembroke.]
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou dost shame thy mother,
And wound her honour 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 pound a year.
Heaven guard my mother's honour, and my land!

K. John. A good blunt fellow.—Why, being younger born,
Doth he lay claim to thine inheritance?
Bast. I know not why, except to get the land.
But once he slander'd me with bastardy:
But whe'r I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head;
But, that I am as well begot, my liege,
Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!
Compare our faces, and be judge yourself.
If old sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and this son like him,
O! old sir Robert, father, on my knee
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 affec'teth him.
Doth not read some tokens of my son
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard.—Sirrah, speak;
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?
Bast. Because he hath a half-face, like my father,
With that half-face he would have all my land:
A half-face did 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 sojournd at my father's;
Where how he did prevail I shame to speak,
But truth is truth: large lengths of seas and shores
Between my father and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speak himself,
When this same lusty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will 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 did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lies 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 must have claim'd him, nor your father,
Being none of his, refuse him. This concludes—
My mother's son did get your father's heir;

Your father's heir must have your father's land.
Rob. Shall, then, my father's will be of no force
To dispossess that child which is not his?
Bast. Of no more force to dispossess me, sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land,
Or the reputed son of 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 his; like him;
And if he were two such riding-rods,
My arms such eel-skins stuff'd: my face so thin,
That in mine ear I durst not stick a rose.
Lest men should say, 'Look, where three-farthings goes,

And, to his shape, were he 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:
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.

Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me, thither.
Bast. Our country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?
Bast. Philip, my liege; so is my name begun;
Philip, good old sir Robert's wife's eldest son.

K. John. From henceforth bear his name whose
Form thou bearest.

Kneel thou down Philip, but arise more great:

Bast. kneels and rises.

Aris's Richard, and Plantagenet.
Bast. Brother, by the mother's side, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, yours gave land,
Now blessed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got Sir Robert was away.

Eli. The very spirit of Plantagenet!—
I am thy grandame, Richard: call me so.

Bast. Madam, by chance, but not by truth: what though?

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 have, however men do catch.

Near or far off, well won is still well shot,
And I am I, however was begot.

K. John. Go, Faulconbridge: now hast thou thy desire;

A Jandless knight makes thee a landed squire.—
Come, madam, and come, Richard: we must speed
For France, for France, for it is more than need.

Bast. Brother, adieu: good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got in the way of honesty.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.

A Foot of honour better than I was,
But many, ah, many foot of land the worse.
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady:—
"Good den", sir Richard.—"God a-mercy, fellow?"
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:—
'Tis too respective, and too solable.

For your diversion, now, your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick\(^1\) at my worship's mess;  
And when my knightly stomach is suffic'd,  
Why then I suck my teeth, and catechize  
My picked\(^2\) man of countries:— "My 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, "is 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 accompaniment,  
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 shew 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 no, good lady!  
What brings you here to court so hastily?  

Lady F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he,  
That holds in chase mine honour up and down?  

Bast. My brother Robert? old sir Robert's son?  
Colbrand\(^3\) the giant, that same mighty man?  
Is it Sir Robert's son, that you seek so?  

Lady F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy,  
Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou 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?—sparrow!—James,  
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.  

[Exit Gurney.

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.

Lewis. 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 importance\(^4\) lither is he come,  
To spread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;  
And to rebuke the usurpation  
Of thy unnatural uncle, English John:

\(^1\) Not in general use in England, when the play was written.  
\(^2\) Spruce, trim.  
\(^3\) The Danish giant, whom Guy of Warwick discomfited in the presence of King Athelstan.  
\(^4\) An old name given to a sparrow.  
\(^5\) Could he get me: in i. e.  
\(^6\) A braggadocio character in Soliman and Persida, a play of the time.  
\(^7\) Folio: That.  
\(^8\) Unstained: in i. e.
Even till that England, hedg’d in with the main,  
That water-walled bulwark, still secure  
And confident from foreign purposes,  
Even till that utmost corner of the west  
Salute thee for her king: till then, fair boy,  
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.  
Const. O! take his mother’s thanks, a widow’s thanks,  
Till your strong hand shall help to give him strength,  
To make a more requital to your love.  
Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs, that lift their swords

In such a just and charitable war.

K. Phi. Well then, to work. Our cannon shall be  
Against the brows of this resisting town:— [bent  
Call for our chiefest men of discipline,  
To eul the plots of best advantages.  
We’ll lay before this town our royal bones,  
Wade to the market-place in Frenchmen’s blood,  
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Const. Stay for an answer to your embassy,  
Lest unadvis’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 indiscreetly' shed.

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phi. A wonder, lady!—io, 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 expedit’d to this town;  
His forces strong, his soldiers confident.  
With him along is come the mother-queen,  
As’ Alc’ 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 humours of the land:  
Rush, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,  
With ladies’ faces, and fierce dragons’ spleens,  
Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,  
Bearing their birthrights boldly on their backs,  
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.  
In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits,  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o’er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide,  
To do offence and sooth in Christendom.

The interruption of their churlish drums  
Cuts off more circumstance; they are at hand,  
To parley, or to fight: therefore, prepare.  
K. Phi. How much unlock’d for is this expedition!  
Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much  
We must awake endeavour for defence,  
For courage mounteth with occasion:  
Let them be welcome, then; we are prepared.

Enter King John, Elinor, Blanch, the Bastard,  
Pembroke, and Forces.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit.  
Our just and linear entrances to our own:  
If not, bleed France, and peace ascend to heaven;  
While we, God’s wrathful agent, do correct

Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

K. Phi. Peace be to England, if that war return  
From France to England, there to live in peace.  
England we love; and, for that England’s sake,  
With burden of our armour here we sweat.  
This toil of ours should be a work of thine;  
But thou from loving England art so far,  
That thou hast under-wrought her lawful king,  
Cut off the sequence of posterity,  
Outfaced infant state, and done a rape  
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.  
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey’s face:

[Pointing to Arthur.]

These eyes, these brows, were moulded out of his;  
This little abstract doth contain that large,  
Which died in Geffrey, and the hand of time  
Shall draw this brief into as huge a volume.  
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,  
And this his son: England was Geffrey’s right,  
And this is Geffrey’s. In the name of God,  
How comes it, then, that thou art call’d a king,  
When living blood doth in these temples beat.  
Which owe the crown that thou o’ermasterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commenc’  
Thy France?

To draw my answer from thy articles?

K. Phi. From that supernal Judge, that stirs good thoughts  
In any breast of strong authority,  
To look into the blots 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 be usurping down.  
Eli. Who is it, thou dost call usurper, France?

Const. Let me make answer—thy usurping son.

Eli. Out, insolent! thy bastard shall be king,  
That thou mayst be a queen, and check the world!  
Const. My bed was ever to thy son as true,  
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy  
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,  
Than thou and John, in manners being as like,  
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.  
My boy a bastard! By my soul, I think,  
His father never was so true begot:  
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.  
Eli. There’s a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.  
Const. There’s a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.

Aust. Peace!

Aust. Hear the crier.

Aust. What the devil art thou?

Aust. One that will play the devil, sir, with you,  
An’ a may catch your hide and you alone.  
You are the harle of whom the proverb goes,  
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.  
I’ll smoke your skincoat, and I catch you right:  
Sireh, look to’t; if faith, I will, if faith.

Blanch. O! well did he become that lion’s robe,  
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.  
Eli. It is as sightly on the back of him,  
As great Alcides’ shoes upon an ass.—  
But, ass, I’ll take that burden from your back,  
Or lay on that shall make your shoulders crack.

Aust. This Alcides cannot be that wretches that doas our ears  
With this abundance of superfluous breath.

K. Phi. Lewis, determine what we shall do straight.
Eur. Women and fools, break off your conference.

King John, this is the very sum of all:

English, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur do I claim of thee.

Wilt thou resign them, and lay down thy arms?


Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand,
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward hand of France can win.

Submit thee, boy.

Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.

Const. Do, child, go to it! grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it! grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
This's a good grandam.

Arth. Goo my mother, peace, peace!
I would that I were low laid in my grave: [Weeping.
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother shames him so, poor boy, he weeps.

Const. Now shame upon you, who's she does, or no!
His grandam's wrongs, and not his mother's shames,
Draw those heaven-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with these crystal beads shall heaven be brib'd
To do him justice, and revenge on you.

Eli. Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and earth!

Const. Thou monstrous injurer of heaven and earth!

Call not me slanderer, thou, and thine, usurp
The denominations, royalties, and rights,
Of this oppressed boy; thy child's son's
cannot in nothing but in thee:
Thy sins are visited on this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him,
Buing but the second generation
Removed from thy sin-conceiving womb.

K. John. Bedlam, have done.

Const. I have but this to say,—
That he is not only plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sin, and her the plague.
On this removed issue, plag'd for her,
And with her plag'd her sin; his injury
Her injury the beadle to her sin.
All plag'd in the person of this child,
And all for her, a plague upon her!

Eli. Thou unadvised scold. I can produce
A will, that bars the title of thy son.

Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will;
A woman's will: a canker'd grandam's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady! pause, or be more temperate.
It ill bespeaks this presence, to cry aim?
To these ill-tuned repetitions,—
Some trumpet summon hither to the walls
These men of Angiers; let us hear them speak,
Whose title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

Trumpets sound. Enter Citizens upon the walls.

Cit. Who are they, that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phi. 'Tis France, for England.

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects,—
K. Phi. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's subjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.

K. John. For our advantage; therefore, hear us first.

These flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and prospect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endangerment:
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they, to spit forth
Their iron indignation against 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 dishabited, and wide havoc made.
For bloody power to rush upon your peace.
But, on the sight of us, your lawful king,
Who painfully, with much expedient march,
Have brought a countercheck before your gates,
To save unscrath'd your city's threat'red cheeks,
Behold, the French amaz'd you vouchsafe a parle;
And now instead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a shaking fever in your walls.
They shoot but calm words, folded up in smoke,
To make a faithless error in your ears:
Which trust accordingly, kind citizens,
And let us in, your king; whose labour'd spirits,
Forwearied in this action of swift speed,
Crave harbourage within your city walls.

K. Phi. When I have said, make answer to us both.

Lo! in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands young Plantagenet,
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And king o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden city, we tread
In warlike march these groans before your town;
Being no further enemy to you,
Than the constraint of hospitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppressed child,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased, then,
To pay that duty which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this young prince;
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aspect, have all offence seal'd up:
Our cannon's malice vainly shall be spent
Against th' invulnerable clouds of heaven;
And with a blessed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd swords, and helmets all unbruised,
We will bear home that lusty blood again,
Which here we came to spent against your town,
And leave your children, wives, and you, in peace.
But if you fondly pass our proffer'd offer,
'T is not the roundure of your old-face'd walls
Can hide you from our messengers of war,
Though all these English, and their discipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference.
Then, tell us; shall your city call us lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it,
Or shall we give the signal to our rage,
And stalk in blood to our possession?

Cit. In brief, we are the king of England's subjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the king, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the king,
To him will we prove loyal: till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the king?
And, if not that, I bring you witnesses,

Twice fifteen 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.
CIT. Till you compound whose right is wealthiest.
We for the wealthiest hold the right from both.

K. John. Then God forgive the sins of all those souls,
That to their everlasting residence
Before the dew of evening fall shall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's king!

K. Phi. Amen, Amen.—Mount, chevaliers! to arms!
Bast. St. George, that swing'd the dragon, and c'or since,
Sits on his horseback at mine hostess' door,
Teach us some fence! [To Austria.] Sirrah, were I at home,
At your den, sirrah, with your lionesse,
I would set an ox-head to your lion's hide,
And make a monster of you.

Aust. Peace! no more.
Bast. O! tremble, for you hear the lion roar.

K. John. Up higher to the plain; where we'll set forth
In best appointment all our regiments,
Bast. Speed, then, to take advantage of the field.
K. Phi. It shall be so;—[To Lewis] and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand.—God and our right! [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same.
alarums and Excursions: then a Retreat. Enter a French Herald, with trumpets, to the gates.

E. 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 son lie scatter'd on the bleeding ground:
Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,
Caldly embracing the discolor'd earth,
And victory, with little loss, doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand, triumphantly display'd,
To enter conquerors, and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's king, and yours.

Enter an English Herald, with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells:
King John, your king and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot melodious day,
Their armour, that march'd hence so silver-light,
Hither return all gilt with Frenchmen's blood.
There stuck no plume in any English crest,
That is remov'd by any staff of France:
Our colours do return in those same hands,
That did display them when we first march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands,
Dyed in the dying slaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

CIT. 1. Heralls, from off our towers we might behold,
From first to last, the onset and retire
Of both your armies; whose equality
By our best eyes cannot be censtred:
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have answer'd blows;
Strength match'd with strength, and power confronted
power:
Both are alike; and both alike we like.
One must prove greatest: while they weigh so even,
We hold our town for neither, yet for both.

Enter, at one side, King John, with his power, Elinor, Blanch, and the Bastard; at the other, King Philip, Lewis, Austria, and forces.

K. John. France, hast thou yet more blood to cast away?
Say, shall the current of our right roam on?
Whose passage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and e'er-awell
With course disturb'd ev'n thy confining shores,
Unless thou let his silver waters keep
A peaceful progress to the ocean.

K. Phi. England, thou hast not save'd one drop of
In this hot trial, more than we of France;
Rather, lost more: and by this hand I swear,
That sways the earth this climate overlooks,
Before we will lay down our just-born arms,
We'll put thee down, 'gainst whom these arms we bear,
Or add a royal number to the dead,
Gracing the scroll, that tells of this war's loss,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.
Bast. His! 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, mousing 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, fire-kindled spirits!
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The other's peace; till then, blows, blood, and death!

K. John. Whose party do the townsmen yet admit?
K. Phi. Speak, citizens, for England who's your king?

CIT. The king of England, when we know the king.
K. Phi. Know him in us, that here hold up his right.
K. John. In us, that are our own great deputy,
And bear procession of our person here;
Lord of our presence, Angiers, and of you.

CIT. A greater power than we deny all this; And, till it be undoubted, we do lock
Our former sculp in our strong-barr'd gates, Kings of our fear; until our fear, resolv'd, Be by some certain king purs'd and depos'd.
Bast. By heaven, these sertoyes of Angiers flout you, kings.
And stand securely on their battlements, As in a theat'd bench, whence they gaze and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death.
Your royal presence be rul'd by me:
Do like the mutines 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.
Their battering cannon, charg'd to the mouths,
Till their soul-fearing clamours have brawldown
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city:
I'd play incessantly upon these jades,
Even till unfeud'd desolation
Leave them as naked as the vulgar air.
That done, disserver your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once again:
Turn face to face, and bloody point to point;
Then, in a moment, fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day;
And kiss him with a glorious victory.
How like you this wild counsel, mighty states?
Smacks it not something of the policy?

K. John. Now, by the sky that hangs above our heads, I like it well.—France, shall we knit our powers,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground, Then, after, fight who shall be king of it?  
**Bast.** An if thou hast the mettle of a king, Being wrong'd as we are by this wicked town, Turn thou the mouth of the 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 pell-mell, Make work upon ourselves for heaven, or hell.  
**K. Phi.** Let it be so.—Say, where will you assault.  
**K. John.** We from the west will send destruction Into this city's bosom.  
**Aust.** I from the north.  
**K. Phi.** 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.  

I'll stir them to it.—Come, away, away!  
**Cit.** Hear us; great kings: vouchsafe a while to stay, And I shall show you peace, and fair-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 favour: we are bent to hear.  
**Cit.** That daughter there of Spain, the lady Blanch, Is niece to England: look upon the years Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid. If lusty love should go in quest of beauty, Where should he find it fairer than in Blanch? If zealous love should go in search of virtue, Where should he find it purer than in Blanch?  
If love ambitious sought a match of birth, Whose veins bound richer blood than lady Blanch? Such as she is, in beauty, virtue, birth, Is the young Dauphin every way complete: If not complete of, 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 vessels, 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 ope, And give you entrance; but, without this match, The sea enraged, is half so deaf, Lions more confident, mountains and rocks More froe from motion: no, not death himself In mortal fury half so peremptory, As we to keep this city in thy hands.  
**Bast.** Here's a stay, That shakes the rotten carcass of old death Out of his gags! Here's a large mouth, indeed, That spits forth death, and mountains, rocks, and seas; Talks as familiarly of roaring lions, As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.  
What cannoner begot this lusty blood? He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke, and bough; He gives the bastinado with his tongue: Our ears are outgeld'd; not a word of his,

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1 near: in f. e. 2 Complete in the qualities. 3 as: in f. e.
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 liketh us well.—Young princes, close your hands. [They join hands.]

Aust. And your lips too; for, I am well-assur'd,
That I did that, 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 sad and passionate at your highness' seat.

K. Phi. And, by my faith, this league, that we have
Will give her sadness very little cure.—[made,
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow'd lady? In her right we came,
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way,
To our own vantage,

K. John. We will heal up all;
For we'll create young Arthur duke of Bretagne,
And earl of Richmond, and this rich fair town
We make him lord of.—Call the lady Constance:
Some speedy messenger bid her repair
To our solemnity.—I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haste will suffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[Exeunt all but the Bastard.—The Citizens retire from the walls.

Bast. Mad world! mad kings! mad composition!

John, to stop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part;
And France, whose armour conscience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own soldier, round'd in the ear
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 new external thing to lose
But the word maid,—cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world;
The world, who of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifference,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent:
And this same bias, this commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Bath drawn word from his own design'd aim;
From a resolv'd and honourable war,
To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
And why rai I on this commodity:
But for because he hath not woo'd me yet:
Not that I have no power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would salute my palm;
But for my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth 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 misspoke, misheard:
Be well advis'd, tell o'er thy tale again:
It cannot be; thou dost but say 'tis so.
I trust, I may not trust thee, for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man:
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man:
I have a king's oath to the contrary,
Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
For I am sick, and capable of fears;
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, hushbandless, subject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears;
And though thou now confess, thou didst but jest,
With my vex'd spirits, I cannot take a truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head?
Why dost thou look so sadly on my son?
What means that hand upon that breast of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?

1 Not in f. e. 2 Retretoed. 3 Whispered. 4 add: in f. e. 5 the: in f. e. 6 and sightless: in f. e.
KING JOHN.

For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown.
But-thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune join'd to make thee great:
Of nature's gifts thou may'st with little boast;
And, thou the rose, and I the rose overblown, and thou fortune, O!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee:
Sh' adulterates hourly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignty,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune, and king John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John—I
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forsworn?
Envenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou may'st, thou shalt: I will not go with thee.
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud,
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up: here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.

[She 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 splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre coldly earth to glittering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
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 it in golden letters should be set,
Among the high tides, in the calendar?
Nay, rather, turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury;
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray, that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;
But on't this day, let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!
K. Phi. By heaven, lady, you shall have no cause
To curses the false proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit,
Resembling majesty, which, being touch'd and tried,
Proves valueless. You are forsworn, forsworn;
You came in arms to spill mine enemies' blood,
But now in arms you strengthen it with yours:
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in anxiety and faint in' peace.
And our oppression hath made up this league.—
Arm, arm, you heavens, against these perjur'd kings!
A widow cries: be husband to me, heavens!
Let not the hour of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but, ere sunset,
Set armed discord, 'twixt these perjur'd kings!
Hear me! O, hear me!

Aust. Lady Constance, peace!
Const. War! war! no peace! peace is to me a war.
O, Lymoges! O, Austria! thou dost shame
That bloody spoil: thou slave, thou wretch, thou coward;
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'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! dott'it for shame,
And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. O, that a man should speak those words to me!
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.

Aust. Thou dar'st not say so, villain, for thy life.
Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on those recreant limbs.
K. John. We like not this: thou dost forget thyself.

Enter Pandulph.

K. Phi. Here comes the holy legate of the pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heaven.
To thee, king John, my holy errand is.

I Pandulph, of fair Milan cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the legate here,
Do in his name religiously demand,
Why thou against our holy mother,
So wilfully dost spurn; and, force perforce,
Keep Stephen Langton, chosen archbishop
Of Canterbury, from that holy see?
This, in our 'forehold holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can task the free breath of a sacred king?
Thou canst not, cardinal, devise a name
So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an answer, as the pope.
Tell him this tale: and from the mouth of England,
Add thus much more,—that no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions;
But as we under heaven are supreme head,
So, under heaven, that great supremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without thy' assistance of a mortal hand.
So tell the pope; all reverence set apart
To him, and his usur'y authority.


K. John. Though you, and all the kings of Christendom,
Are led so grossly by this meddler priest,
Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
And, by the merit of vile gold, dross, dust,
Purchase corrupted pardon of a man.
Who, in that sale, sells pardon from himself;
Though you, and all the rest, so grossly led,
This juggling witherelash 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 curs'd, and excommunicate:
And blessed shall he be, that doth revolt
From his allegiance to his patron;
And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
Canonized, and worshipping as a saint.
That takes away by any secret course
Thy hateful life.

Const. O! lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse awhile.

Good father Cardinal, cry thou amen
To my keen curses; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pand. There's 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.

Eli. Look'st thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Const. Look to that, devil, lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands hell lose a soul.

Aust. King Philip, listen to the cardinal.

Bast. And hang a calf's-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well, ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs.

Because—

Bast. Year breeches best may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what say'st thou to the cardinal?

Const. What should he say, but as the cardinal?

Lew. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchase of a heavy curse from Rome,
Or the light loss of England for a friend:
Forgo the easier.

Blanch. That's the curse of Rome.

Const. O Lewis, stand fast! the devil tempts thee here,
In likeness of a new uptrimmed bride.

Blanch. The lady Constance speaks not from her faith.
But from her need.

Const. O! if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need must needs infer this principle,
That for I would live again by death of need:
O! then, tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.

K. John. The king is mov'd, and answers not to this.

Const. O! be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Do so, king Philip: hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a calf's-skin, most sweet lout.

K. Phi. I am perplex'd, and know not what to say.

Pand. What canst thou say, but will perplex thee more,

If thou stand excommunicate, and curs'd?

K. Phi. Good reverend father, make my person yours,
And tell me how you would bestow yourself.

This royal hand and mine are newly 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, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms, and our royal selves;
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could wash our hands,
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,

Heaven knows, they were beseech'd and overstand'd
With slaughter's pencil; where revenge did paint

The fearful difference of incensed kings:
And shall these hands, so lately purg'd of blood,

So newly join'd in love, so strong in both,

Unyoke this seizure, and this kind regret?

Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,

Make such unconstant children of ourselves,

As now again to snatch our palm from palm;

Unswear faith sworn; and on the marriage bed

Of smiling peace to march a bloody host,

And make a riot on the gentle brow

Of true sincerity? O! holy sir,

My reverend father, let it not be so:

Out of your grace, devise, ordain, impose
Some gentle order, and then we shall be bless'd.

To do your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formless, order orderless,
Save what is opposite to England's love.

Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church,

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 caged lion by the mortal paw,

A fasting tiger safer by the tooth,

Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

K. Phi. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith;

And, like a civil war, set'st oath to oath,

Thy tongue against thy tongue. O! let thy vow
First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd;

That is, to be the champion of our church.

What since thou sow'st is sworn against thyself,

And may not be performed by thyself:

For that, which thou hast sworn to do amiss,

Is not amiss when it is truly done;

And being not done, where doing tends to ill,

The truth is then most done not doing it.

The better act of purposes mistook

Is to mistake again: though indirect,

Yet indirection thereby grows direct,

And falsehood falsehood cures; as fire cools fire

Within the scorched veins of one new burn'd.

It is religion that doth make vows kept,

But thou hast sworn against religion,

By what thou swear'st, against the thing thou swear'st,

And mak'st an oath, against 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 vouchesafe them; but, 0! not then know,

The peril of our curses light'st on the tree,

So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off,

But in despair die under their black weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion!

Bast. Will it not be?

Will not a calf's-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Lew. Father, to arms!

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

Against the blood that thou hast married?

What? shall our feast be kept with slaughter'd men?

Shall braying trumpets, and loud hurliburli drums,

Clamours of hell, be measures to our pomp?

O husband, hear me!—ah, alack! how new

Is husband in my mouth!—even for that name,
KING JOHN.

Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Against mine uncle.

Const. O! upon my knee,

Kneeling.

Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Fore-thought by heaven.

Blanch. Now shall I see thy love. What motive may
Bo stronger with thee than the name of wife?
Const. That which upbeldh him that thee upholds,
His honour. O! thine honour, Lewis, thine honour.

Lew. I muse, thy majesty doth seem so cold,
When such profound respects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

K. Phi. Thou shalt not need.—England, I'll fall
Const. O, fair return of banish'd majesty! [from thee.

Eli. O, foul revolt of French inconstancy!

K. John. France, thou shalt rue this hour within
this hour.

Bast. Old Time the clock-setter, that beld sexton Time,
Is it as he will? well then, France shall rue.

Blanch. The sun's o'ercast with blood: fair day,
Which is the side that I must go withal? [adieu!
I am with both: each army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl asunder, and dismember me.

 Husband, I cannot pray that thou may'st win;
Uncle, I needs must pray that thou may'st lose;

Father, I may not wish the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive;

Whoe'er wins, on that side shall I lose;
Assuredly, before the match be play'd.

Lew. Lady, with me; with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Cousin, go draw our puissance together.
[Exit Bastard.

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whose heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood, and dearst-vaund'd blood of France.

K. Phi. Thy rage shall burn thee up, and thou shalt
To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire. [turn
Look to thyself: thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threatens.—To arms
let's hie! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Plains near Angiers.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Bastard with
Austria's Head.

Bast. Now, by my life, this day grows wondrous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the sky.
And pours down mischief. Austria's head, lie there,
While Philip breathes.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. Hubert, keep this boy.—Philip, make up:
My mother is assailed in our tent,
And ta'en, I fear.

Bast. My lord, I rescued her;
Her highness is in safety, fear you not;
But on, my liege; for very little pain
Will bring this labour to an happy end.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same.

Alarums; Excursions; Retreat. Enter King John,
Elinor, Arthur, the Bastard, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So shall it be; your grace shall stay behind,
[To Elinor.

So strongly guarded.—Cousin, look not sad:
[To Arthur.

Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Cousin, [To the Bastard.] away for Eng-
land: haste before;

And ere our coming, see thou shake the bags
Of hoarding abbeys; their imprison'd angels
Set at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon;
Use our commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckons 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.


Eli. Come hither, little kinsman; hark, a word.

[She talks apart with Arthur.

K. John. Come hither, Hubert! O! my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh

There is a soul counts thee her creditor,

And with advantage means to pay thy love:

And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath,

Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.

Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—

But I will fit it with some better time.

By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamp'd
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 gauds,

To give me audience:—if the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night:
If this same were a churchyard where we stand,
And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;

Or if that surly spirit, melancholy,

Had had his blood, and made it heavy, thick,
(Which, els runs tingling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,

A passion hateful to my purposes,)

Or if thou couldst see me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, using conceit alone,

Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,
Then, in despite of the broad, waterful day,
I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.

But ah! I will not:—yet I love thee well;

And, by my truth, I think, thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjurent to my act,
By heaven, I would do it...

K. John. Do not I know, thou wouldst?

Good Hubert! Hubert—Hubert, throw thine eye
On yond' young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way;

And wheresoe'er that 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 your majesty.
Hub. My lord?
Hub. He shall not live.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:
Remember.—Madam, fare you well:
I'll send those powers o'er to your majesty.
Eli. My blessing go with thee!
K. John. For England, cousin: go!
Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With all true duty.—On towards Calais, ho! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. The French King's Tent.

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. Phi. So, by a roaring tempest on the flood,
A whole armado of converted with sail
Is scattered, and disjointed from fellowship,
Pand. Courage and comfort! all shall yet go well.
K. Phi. What can go well, when we have run so ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers lost?
Arthur ta'en prisoner? divers dear friends slain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'bearing interruption, spite of France?
Lev. 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?
K. Phi. Well could I bear that England had this praise,
So we could find some pattern of our shame,
Enter Constance.

Const. Lo now; now see the issue of your peace,
K. Phi. Patience, good lady: comfort, gentle Con-

Const. No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress,
Death, death.—O, amiable lovely death!
Thou odorous stench! sound rottenness! 
Arose 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 these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
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 thunder's mouth:
Then with what passion I should shake the world,
And rue from sleep that fell anatomy;
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
Which scorns a 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 hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance: I was Geoffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost!
I am not mad:—I would to heaven, I were;
For then 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And choose me to hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son,
Or madly think a babe of clowns were he.
I am not mad: too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.
K. Phi. Bind up those tresses. O! what love I note
In the fair multitude of those her hairs!
Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,
Even to that drop ten thousand wiry friends
Do glue themselves in sociaile grief;
Like true, inseparable, faithful lovers,
Sticking together in calamity.
Const. To England, if you will.
K. Phi. Bind up your hairs.
Const. Yes, that I will; and wherewithal 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 suspiere,
There was not such a gracious creature born.
But now wilt canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghost.
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit,
And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
I shall not know him: therefore never, never
Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.
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,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
But on his pretty looks and sorrowful words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.—
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[Tearing her hair.]
When there is such disorder in my wit.
O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!
[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,
 vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man;
And bitter shame hath spoil'd the sweet world's taste,
That it yields nought, but shame, and bitterness.
Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repair and health,
The fit is strongest: evils that take leave,
On their departure most of all show evil.
What have you lost by losing of this day?
       \textit{Lev.} All days of glory, joy, and happiness.
\textit{Pand.} If you had won it, certainly, you had.
No, no: when fortune means to men most good,
She looks upon them with a threatening eye.
'T is strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this which he accounts so dearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his prisoner?
\textit{Lev.} As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.
\textit{Pand.} Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me speak with a prophetic spirit;
For even the breath of what I mean to speak
Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,
Out of the path which shall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne; and therefore mark:
John hath seiz'd Arthur; and it cannot be,
That whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The misplace'd John should entertain one hour,
One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest.
A sceptre, snatch'd with an unruly hand,
Must be as hastily maintain'd as gain'd;
And he, that stands upon a slippery place,
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up;
That John may stand, then Arthur needs must fall;
So be it, for it cannot but be so.
\textit{Lev.} But what shall I gain by young Arthur's fall?
\textit{Pand.} You, in the right of lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.
\textit{Lev.} And lose it, life and all, as Arthur did.
\textit{Pand.} How green you are, and fresh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conspire with you,
For he that stoops his safety in true blood
Shall find but bloody safety, and untrine.

\textbf{ACT IV.}

\textsc{Scene I.}—Northampton. A Room in the Castle.
       \textit{Enter Hubert and two Attendants.}
\textit{Hub.} Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Past to the chair: be heedful. Hence, and watch.
\textit{1 Attendant.} I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.
\textit{Hub.} Uncleanly scruples: fear not you: look to it.---
       \textit{[Exit Attendants.}

\textit{Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.}
\textit{Enter Arthur.}
\textit{Arth.} Good morrow, Hubert.
\textit{Hub.} Good morrow, little prince.
\textit{Arth.} As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince), as may be.---You are sad.
\textit{Hub.} Indeed, I have been merrier.
\textit{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 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 practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son?

This act, so evilly born, shall cool the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal,
That none so small advantage shall step forth
To check his reign, but they will cherish it:
\textit{No natural exhalation in the sky,}
\textit{No scope' of nature, no dissembler'd day,
No complaisant, no customed event;}
But they will pluck away his natural cause,
And call them meteors, prodigies, and signs,
Abortives, pressages, and tongues of heaven,
Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John.
\textit{Lev.} May be, he will not touch young Arthur's life,
But hold himself safe in his imprisonment.
\textit{Pand.} O! sir, when he shall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already,
Even at that news he dies; and then the hearts
Of all his people shall revolt from him,
And kiss the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick strong matter of revolt, and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks, I see this hurly all on foot:
And, O! what better matter breeds for you,
Than I have nam'd.—The bastard Faulconbridge
Is now in England ransacking the church,
Offending charity: if but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thousand English to their side;
Or as a little snow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. O, noble Dauphin!
Go with me to the king. 'T is wonderful,
What may be wrought out of their discontent.
Now that their souls are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the king.
\textit{Lev.} Strong reasons make strong actions. Let us go:
If you say, ay, the king will not say, no.
       \textit{[Exeunt.}}
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 no'er have spoken a loving word to you;
But you 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 did, 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. A! none but in this iron age would it do.
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes would drink my tears,
And quench this thievish indignation,
Even in the matter of mine inoencece:
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 Hubert's.


Re-enter Attendants, with Cord, Irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

[Taking it.]

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert: drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron anger.
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put to me.

Hub. Go, stand within: let me alone with him.

[Exit Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Let this your son go: hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert:
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O! spare mine eyes;
Though to no use, but still to look on you.
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserv'd extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And since he repentant ashes to his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glew with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre 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 treasures that thine uncle owes:
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 spies with false reports
And, pretty child, sleep doubly, 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.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter King John, crowned; Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lords. The King takes his State.

K. John. Here 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 never pluck'd off;
The faiths of men ne'er stain'd 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 once 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 beautuous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful, and ridiculous excess.

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-noted face
Of plain old form is much disfigured;
And, like a shifted wind unto a sail,
It takes 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 highness
To overbear it, and we are all well-pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Doth make a stand at what your highness will.

K. John. Some reasons of this double coronation
I have possess'd you with, and think them strong;
And more, more strong, thus lessening my fear,
I shall induc you with: mean time, but ask
What you would have reform'd that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these,
To sound the purposes of all their hearts,
Both for myself and them, but, chief of all,
Your safety, for the which myself and they
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th' enfranchisement of Arthur; whose restraint
Doth move the 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 so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the king doth come and go,
Between his purpose and his conscience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must break.

Pem. And when it breaks, I fear, will issue thence
The foul corruption of a sweet child's death.

K. John. We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.—
Good lords, although my will to give is living,
The suit which you demand is gone and dead:
He tells us, Arthur is decease'd to-night.

Sal. Indeed, we fear'd his sickness was past cure.

Pem. Indeed, we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himself felt he was sick.
This might be answer'd, either here or hence.

K. John. Why do you bend such solemn brows on me?
Think you, I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparent foul play; and 'tis 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 ow'd the breadth of all this isle,
Three foot of it doth hold: bad world the while.
This must not be thus borne: this will break out
To all our sorrows, and ero long, I doubt. [Exit Lords.

K. John. They burn in indignation. I repent:
There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achiev'd by others' death.

Enter a Messenger.
A fearsful eye thou hast: where is that blood,
That I have seen inhabit in those cheeks?
So foul a sky clears not without a storm:
Pour down thy weather.—How goes all in France?

Mess. From France to England.—Never such a power
For any foreign preparation,
Was levi'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your speed is learn'd by them;
For, when you should be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O! where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it slept? Where is my mother's care,
That such an army could be drawn in France,
And she not hear of it?

Mess. My liege, her ear
Is stopp'd with dust: the first of April, died
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my lord,
The Lady Constance in a frenzy died
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idly heard; if true, or false, I know not.

K. John. Withhold thy speed, dreadful Occasion!
O! make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My discontented peers.—What! mother dead?
How wildly, then, walks my estimation
Under whose conduct come these powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed here?

Mess. Under the Dauphin.

Enter the Bastard, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill-tidings.—Now, what says the world
To your proceedings? do not seek to stuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Bast. But if you be afeard to hear the worst,
Then let the worst, unheard, fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, cousin, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speak it of what it will.

Bast. How I have speeded among the clergymen,
The sums I have collected shall express:
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people strangely fantasied,
Possess'd with rumours, full of idle dreams,
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear;
And here's a prophet, that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels;
To whom he sung, in rude harsh-sounding rhymes,
That ere the next Ascension-day at noon,
Your highness should deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore didst thou so?
Peter. For knowing that the truth will fall out so.

K. John. Hubert, away with him: imprison him;
And on that day at noon, whereon he says,
I shall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd,
Deliver him to safety, and return;
For I must use thee. —O my gentle cousin!

[Exit Hubert, with Peter.

Hear'st thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The French, my lord; men's mouths are full
Besides, I met lord Bigot, and lord Salisbury,
Of it: With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to seek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they say, is kill'd to-night
On your suggestion.
K. John. Gentle kinsman, go, And thrust thyself into their companies. I have a way to win their loves again: Bring them before me.

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.

K. John. Nay, but make haste; the better foot before.—

O! let me have no subject enemies, When adverse foreigners affright my towns With dreadful pomp of stout invasion. Be Mercury; set feathers to thy heels, And fly like thought from them to me again. Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. [Exit.

K. John. Spoke like a spriteful, noble gentleman.— Go after him; for he, perhaps, shall need Some messenger betwixt me and the peers, And be thou he.

Mess. With all my heart, my liege. [Exit.

K. John. My mother dead! Re-enter HUERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night: Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about The other four in wonderous motion.

K. John. Five moons? Hub. Old men, and 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 gripe the hearer’s wrist, Whilst the old harper, makes fearful action. With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus, The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool, With open mouth swallowing a tailor’s news; Who, with his shears and measure in his hand, Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet) Told of a many thousand warlike French, That were embattailed and rank’d in Kent. Another lean, unwash’d artificer Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur’s death.

K. John. Why seek’st thou to possess me with these fears? Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur’s death? Thy hand hath murder’d him: I had a mighty cause To wish him dead, but thou hast done none to kill him. Hub. Hadst none, my lord! why, didst thou not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended By slaves, that take their honours for a warrant To break into the bloody house of life; And, on the winking of authority, To understand a law; to know the meaning Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns More upon humour than adviz’d respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did. K. John. O! when the last account’t twist heaven and earth Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal Witness against us to damnation. How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds, Makes ill deeds done! Hadst not thou been by, A fellow by the hand of nature mark’d, Quoted, and sign’d, to do a deed of shame; This murder had not come into my mind: But, taking note of thy 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, what’s to be done?

K. John. Hast thou but shook thy head, or made a When I spake darkly what I purposed; Or turn’d an eye of doubt upon my face, Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off, And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me: But thou didst understand me by my signs, And didst in signs again parley with sign’s; Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent, And consequently thy rude hand to act The deed which both our tongues held vile to name. Out of my sight, and never see me more! My nobles leave me; and my state is brav’d, Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers: Nay, in the body of this fleshly land, This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath, Hostility and civil tumult reigns Between my conscience, and my cousin’s death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies, I’ll make a peace between your soul and you. Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand, Not painted with the crimson spots of blood. Within this bosom never enter’d yet The dreadful motion of a murderous thought, And you have slander’d nature in my form; Which, however, if I judge rightly, Is yet the cover of a fairer mind, Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Dost Arthur live? O! haste thee to the peers:
Throw this report on their incensed rage, And make them tame to their obedience. Forgive the comment that my passion made Upon thy feature; for my rage was blind, And foul imaginary, eyes of blood. Presented thee more hideous than thou art. O! answer not; but to my closet bring The angry lords, with all expedit haste: I conjure thee but slowly; run more fast. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter ARTHUR, on the Wills.

Arth. The wall is high; and yet will I leap down.— Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!— There’s few, or none, do know me; if they did, This ship-boy’s semblance hath disguis’d me quite. I am afraid; and yet I’ll venture it. If I get down, and do not break my limbs, I’ll find a thousand shifts to get away: As good to die and go, as die and stay. [Leaps down. O me! my uncle’s spirit is in these stones.— Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones. [Dies. Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BICROT.

Sal. Lords, I will present his Saint Edmund’s Bury: It is our safety, and we must embrace This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pem. Who brought that letter from the cardinal? Sal. The count Melan, a noble lord of France; Whose private missives of the Dauphin’s love, Is much more general than these lines import. Big. To-morrow morning let us meet him then.

Sal. Or, rather then set forward: for ’t will be Two long days’ journey, lords, or e’er we meet.
Enter the Bastard.

Bast. Once more to-day well met, distemper'd lords. The king by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispos'd of himself of us; We will not live his sin-besotted clown.

With our pure honours, nor attend the foot That leaves the print of blood where'er it walks. Return, and tell him so: we know the worst.

Bast. What'er you think, good words, I think, were best.

Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now. Bast. But there is little reason in your grief;

Therefore, 't were reason you had manners now.

Pen. Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.

Bast. 'Tis true; to hurl his master, no man else.

Sal. This is the prison. Who is he lies here?

[Seeing Arthur.]

Pen. O 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.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld, Or have you read, or heard? or could you think? Or do you almost think, although you see, That you do see? could thought, without this object, Form such another? This is the very top, The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest, Of murder's arm: this is the bloodiest shame, The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke, That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage, Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pen. All murders past do stand excus'd in this: And this, so sole and so unmatchable, Shall give a holiness, a purity, To the yet unbegotten sin of times; And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest, Exampl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned and a bloody work; The graceless action of a heavy hand, If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?— We had a kind of light, what would ensue: It is so fileless, weight so lightly toughed, 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 set a glory to this head, By giving it the worship of revenge.

Pen. 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.— Ay, and, thou hateful villain! get thee gone.

Hub. I am no villain.

Sal. Must I rob the law? [Drawing his sword.

Bast. Your sword is bright, sir: put it up again.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murderer's skin.

Hub. Stand back, lord Salisbury; stand back, I say: By heaven, I think, my sword's as sharp as yours. I would not have you, lord, forget yourself,

1 thin bestowed: in f. e. 2 hand: in f. e. 3 Not in f. e.
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 unwieldy interest of this swelling state.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of majesty.
Doth dogged war bristle his angry crest,
And snarl in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now powers from home, and discontents at home,
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waits.

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.

From this my hand, as holding of the pope,
Your sovereign greatness and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word: go meet the
French;
And from his holiness use all your power
To stop their marches; 'tis 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 inaudation of mistemper'd humour
Rests by you only to be qualified:
Then pause not; for the present time's so sick,
That present medicine must be minister'd,
or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempest up,
Upon your stubborn usage of the pope;
But since you are a gentle convertible,
My tongue shall hush again this storm of war,
And make fair weather in your blustering land.

On this Ascension-day, remember well,
Upon your oath, you laid to the pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms.

Exit.

K. John. Is this Ascension-day? Did not the prophet
Say that before Ascension-day at noon,
My crown I should give off? Even so I have.
I did suppose it should be on constraint;
But, heaven be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yielded; nothing there holds
But Dover castle: London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets;
An empty casket, where the jewel of life
By some 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,
Govern the motion of a kingly eye.

As doth a raven on a sick-fallen beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pomp.
Now happy he, whose cloak and cincture can
Hold out this temper. Bear away that child,
And follow me with speed: I'll to the king.
A thousand businesses are brief in hand,
And heaven itself doth frown upon the land.

[Exeunt: Hubert bearing out Arthur's body.]

SCENE II.—A Plain, near St. Edmund's Bury.
Enter, in arms, Lewis, Salisbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lew. My lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it safe for our remembrance.

Return the precedent to these lords again;
That, having ours written down, both they, and we, perusing o'er these notes,
May know wherefore we took the sacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.

Sol. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
And, noble Dauphin, albeit we swear
A voluntary zeal, and an unurg'd faith,
To your proceedings; yet, believe me, prince,
I am not glad that such a sore of time
Should seek a plaster by commend'd revolt,
And heal the inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. O! it grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
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 't is 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 honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine;
And now it is half-conquer'd, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's slave? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action? is 't not I,
That undergo this charge? who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have banked their towns?
Have I not spent the beholding deeds for the gain,
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.

Pend. You look but on the outside of this work.

Leu. Outside or inside, I will not return
Till my attempt so much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promised
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world,
To outlook conquest, and to win renown
Even in the jaws of danger and of death.

[Trumpet sounds]

What lusty trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter the Bastard, attended.

Bast. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience: I am sent to speak—
My holy lord of Milan, from the king
I come, to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you answer, I do know the scope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pend. The Dauphin is too willful-opposite,
And will not temporize with my entreaties:
He flatly says, he 'll not lay down his arms,
Bast. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth says well.—Now, hear our English king,
For thus his royalty doth speak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reason, too, he should:
This appish and unmanfully approach,
This harness'd masque, and unadvised revel,
This unheard sauciness of boyish troops,
The king doth smile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfish war; these piggyn 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 crouch 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 vaults and prisons, and to thrill, and shake,
Even at the crowing of your nation's cock,
Thinking his voice an armed Englishman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chastisement?
No! Know, the gallant monarch is in arms;

1 spot: in f. e. 2 Embraceeth. 3 So the folio; Theobald, and most eds. read: unhair'd (i. e. unbearded). 4 and: in f. e. 5 crying: in f. e. 6 crow: in f. e.
KING JOHN.

Act V.

Sal. When we were happy we had other names.
Pem. It is the count Melyn.
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly, noble English; you are bought and sold:
Untread the road-way of rebellion.
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads. Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's bury;
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear sanity and ever living love.
Sal. May this be possible? may this be true?
Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, even as a form of wax
Resolveth? from his figure 'gainst the fire?
What in the world should make me now deceive,
Since I must lose the use of all deceit?
Why should I then be false, since it is true
That I must die here, and live hence by truth?
I say again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forsworn, if e'er those eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the east:
But even this night, whose black contagious breath
Already smokes about the burning cresst
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearyed sun,
Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire,
Paying the fine of rated treachery.
Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your assistance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your king;
The love of him,—and this respect besides,
For that my grandsire was an Englishman,—
Awakes my conscience to confess all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you, bear me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the field
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace, and part this body and my soul
With contemplation on this happy hour.
Sal. We do believe thee, and beseech my soul,
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this most fair occasion, by the which
We will un tread the steps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankness and irregular course,
Stoop low within those bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience.
Even to our ocean, to our great king John,—
My arm shall give thee help to bear thee hence,
For I do see the cruel pangs of death
Bright in thine eye.—Away, my friends! New flight,
And happy newness, that intends said right.
[Exit, leading off Melyn.

Scene V.—The same. The French Camp.

Enter LEWIS and his Train.

Lew. The sun of heaven, methought, was loath to set,
But stay'd, and made the western welkin blush,
When English measure'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 tattered colours closely up.¹
Last in the field, and almost lords of it!

Mell. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

¹ Unthread the rude eye: in f.s. ² Dissolved. ³ Right: in f.s. ⁴ tattering colours closely up: in f.s.
LEO. What news?
M. The count Melun is slain: the English lords, By his persuasion, are again fallen off; And your supplies, which you have wish'd so long, Are cast away, and sunk, on Goodwin sands.

LEO. Ah, foul shrewd news!—Beshrew thy very heart.

I did not think to be so sad to-night,
As this hath made me. — Who was he, that said,
King John did fly an hour or two before
The stombling night did part our weary powers?
M. Whoever spoke it, it is true, my lord.
LEO. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night:
The day shall not be up so soon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [Exit.

SCENE VI.—An open Place in the Neighbourhood
of Swinstead-Ashby.

Enter the Bastard and Hubert, severally.
HUB. Who's there? speak, ho! speak quickly, or I shoot.

BAST. A friend. — What art thou?
HUB. Of the part of England.
BAST. Whither dost thou go?
HUB. What's that to thee? Why may not I demand
Of thine affairs, as well as thine of mine?
BAST. Hubert, I think.
HUB. Thou hast a perfect thought:
I will, upon all hazards, well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well.
Who art thou?

BAST. Who thou wilt: and, if thou please,
Thou may'st befriend me so much, as to think
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
HUB. Unkind remembrance! thou, and eyeless' night,
Have done me shame. — Brave soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue
Should 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 sir, news fitting to the night,
Black, fearful, comfortless, and horrible.

BAST. Show me the very wound of this ill news:
I am no woman; I'll not swoon at it.
HUB. The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk:
I left him almost speechless, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evil, that you might
The better arm you to the sudden time,
Than if you had at leisure known of this.
BAST. How did he take it? who did taste to him?

HUB. A monk, I tell you; a resolved villain,
Whose bowels suddenly burst out: the king
Yet speaks, and, peradventure, may recover.

BAST. Whom didst thou leave to tend his majesty?

HUB. Why, know you not; the lords are all come back,
And brought prince Henry in their company;
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his majesty.

BAST. Withhold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to bear above our power.
I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my power this night,
Passing these flats, are taken by the tide;
These Lincoln washes have devoured them:
Myself well-mounted hardly have essay'd.
Away, before: conduct me to the king;
I doubt, he will be dead ere I come. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Orchard of Swinstead-Ashby.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisbury, and Bigot.

P. Hen. It is too late: the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which some suppose the soul's frail dwelling-house)
Doth this idle commotion. But it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.
PEN. His highness yet doth speak; and holds belief
That being brought into the open air,
It would alloy the burning quality
Of that fell poison which assailth him.

P. Hen. Let him be brought into the orchard here.—
Doth he still rage?

PEN. He is more patient
Than when you left him: even now he sung.

P. Hen. O, vanity of sickness! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themselves.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them unvisited; and his siege is now
Against the mind, the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which, in their throng and press to that last hold,
Confound themselves. 'T is strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of raitly 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-room;
It would not out at windows, nor at doors.

There is so hot a summer in my bosom,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribbled form, drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrink up.

P. Hen. How fares your majesty?
K. John. Poison'd. — ill-fare; — dead, forsook, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come,
To thrust his icy fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their course
Through my burn'd bosom; nor entreat the north
To make his bleak winds kiss my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. — I do not ask you much:
I beg cold comfort: and you are so strait,
And so ingrateful, you deny me that.

P. Hen. O, that there were some virtue in my tears,
That might relieve you!

K. John. The salt in them is hot.—
Within me is a hell: and there the poison
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unpreetable condemned blood.

Enter the Bastard.

Bast. O! I am scaled with my violent motion,
And keen of speed to see your majesty.

K. John. O cousin! thou art come to set mine eye
The tackle of my heart is crack'd and burn'd;
And all the shrouds, wherewith my life should sail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor string to stay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered,
And then all this thou seest is but a clod,
And model of confounded royalty.
Bast. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where, heaven he knows, how we shall answer him;
For, in a night, the best part of my power,
As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the washes, all unwarily,
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [King John dies.
Sal. You breathe these dead news in as dead an ear.—
My liege! my lord!—But now a king, now thus.
P. Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a king, and now is clay?
Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge,
And then my soul shall wait on thee to heaven,
As it on earth hath been thy servant still.—
Now, now, you stars, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powers? Show now your mended faiths,
And instantly return with me again,
To push destruction, and perpetual shame,
Out of the weak door of our fainting land.
Straight let us seek, or straight we shall be sought:
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It seems you know not; then, so much as we.
The cardinal Pandulph is within at rest,
Who half an hour since came from the Dauphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace
As we with honour and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this war.
Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Ourselves well sinew'd to our own defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath despatch'd
To the sea-side, and put his cause and quarrel
To the disposing of the cardinal:
With whom yourself, myself, and other lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will post
To consummate this business happily.
Bast. Let it be so.—And you, my noble prince,
With other princes that may best be spare'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 thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.
Bast. O! let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been forsooth with our griefs.—
This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these, her princes, are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true. [Exeunt.
THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING RICHARD the Second.
EDMUND of LANGLEY, Duke of York.
JOHN of GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster.
HENRY BOLINGBROKE, Duke of Hereford.
DUKE of Aumerle, Son to the Duke of York.
THOMAS MOWBRAY, Duke of Norfolk.
DUKE of Surrey.
EARL of Salisbury, EARL BERKELEY.
BUSHY, BAGOT, Creatures to King Richard.
GREEN, EARL of Northumberland.

Lords, Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, Gardeners, Keeper, Messenger, Groom, and other Attendants.

SCENE, dispersedly in England and Wales.

ACT I.

Enter King Richard, attended; JOHN of GAUNT, and other Nobles, with him.

K. Rich. Old John of Gaunt, time-honour'd Lancaster,
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band, ¹
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son,
Here to make good thy boisterous late appeal,
Which then our leisure would not let us hear,
Against the duke of Norfolk, Thomas Mowbray?

Gaunt. I have, my liege.

K. Rich. Tell me, moreover, hast thou sounded him,
If he appeal the duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily, as a good subject should,
On some known ground of treachery in him?

Gaunt. As near as I could sift him on that argument,
On some apparent danger seen in him,
Aim'd at your highness; no indeterate malice.

K. Rich. Then call them to our presence: face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, ourselves will hear
Th' accuser, and th' accused, freely speak.—

[Exeunt some Attendants.

High stomach'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage deaf as the sea, lusty as fire.

Re-enter Attendants, with BOLINGBROKE and NORFOLK.

Boling. Full² many years of happy days beheld My gracious sovereign, my most loving liege!
Nor. Each day still better other's happiness;
Until the heavens, envy'd earth's good hap,
Add an immortal title to your crown!

¹ bond and banded are used indifferently. ² This word is not in f. e.
Which else would post, until it had return'd
These terms of treason doubled down his throat.
Setting aside his high blood's royalty,
And let him be no kinsman to my liege,
I do defect thee, and I hope while he shall be dead
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
Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where ever Englishman durst set his foot.
Mean time, let this defend my loyalty:

_Boling._
Pale trembling coward, there I throw my
Disclaiming here the kindred of the king; [sage,
And lay aside my high blood's royalty;
Which fear, not reverence, makes thee to except:
If guilty deed have left thy soul so much strength,
As to take up of mine honour's post, then stoop,
By that and all the rites of knighthood else,
Will I make good against thee, arm to arm,
What I have spoke, or thou canst worse devise.

_Nor._ I take it up; and, by that sword I swear,
Which gently laid my knighthood on my shoulder,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or chivalrous design of knightly trial:
And, when I mount, alive may I not light,
If I be traitor, or unjustly fight!

_K. Rich._ What doth our cousin lay to Mowbray's charge?
It must be great, that can inherit us
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

_Boling._ Look, what I speak, my life shall prove it true:
That Mowbray hath receiv'd eight thousand nobles,
In name of lendings for your highness's soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd* employments,
Like a false traitor, and injurious villain.
Besides, I say, and will in battle prove,
Or here, or elsewhere, to the furthest verge
That ever was survey'd by English eye,
That all the treasons, for these eighteen years
Complotted and contrived in this land,
Fetch from false Mowbray their first head and spring.
Further, 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,
Stirr'd out his innocent soul through streams of blood:
Which blood, like sacrificing Abel's, cries,
Even from the tongueless caverns of the earth,
To me for justice, and rough chastisement;
And, by the glorious worth of my descent,
This arm shall do it, or this life be spent.

_K. Rich._ How high a pitch his resolution soars?
Thomas of Norfolk, what say'st thou to this?

_Nor._ O! let my sovereign turn away his face,
And bid his ears a little while he deaf,
Till I have told this slander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate so foul a liar.

_K. Rich._ Mowbray, impartial are our eyes, and ears:
Were he my brother, nay, my kingdom's heir,
As he is but my father's brother's son,
Now by my seepire's sake I make a vow,
Such neighbour nearness to our sacred blood
Should nothing privilege him, nor partialize
The unstooping firmness of my upright soul.

He is our subject, Mowbray, so art thou:
Free speech and fearless, I to thee allow.

_Nor._ Then, Bolingbroke, as low as to thy heart,
Through the false passage of thy throat, thou liest.
Through the false parts of that traitor Calais,
Disbur'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 honourable father to my foe,
Once did I lay an ambush for your life,
A trespass that doth vex my grieved soul;
But, ere I last receiv'd the sacrament,
I did confess it, and exactly begg'd
Your grace's pardon, and, I hope, I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd,
It issues from the rancour of a villain,
A recrrent 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.

_K. Rich._ Wrath-kindled gentlemen, be rul'd by me.
Let's purge this choler without letting blood:
This we prescribe, though no physician;
Deep malice makes too deep incision.
Forget, forgive; conclude, and be agreed;
Our doctors say this is no month to bleed.—
Good uncle, let this end where it began;
We'll calm 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.

_K. Rich._ And, Norfolk, throw down his.

_Gaunt._ When, Harry? when?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

_K. Rich._ Norfolk, throw down; we bid; there is no boot.

_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 honour's use thou shalt not have.
I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffled here;
Pierc'd to the soul with slander's venom'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 leopards' tane.

_Nor._ Yes, 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 loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times bard'd-up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then, dear my liege, mine honour let me try;
In that I live, and for that will I die.

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1 Uninhabitable: often so used by contemporary writers.
2 From the quarto, 1597.
3 So the folio; quarto, 1597: said.
4 Wicked.
5 Incite.
6 From the quarto, 1597.
7 dear: in f. e.
8 Norfolk's crest was a golden leopard.
SCENE III.  


Boling. O! God defend my soul from such deep sin.

K. Rich. Shall I seem crest-fallen in my father's sight?

Boling. Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height

K. Rich. Before this outward dastard? Ere my tongue

Boling. Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong,

K. Rich. Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear

Boling. The slavish motive of recanting fear,

K. Rich. And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,

Boling. Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.

[Exit Boling.

K. Rich. We were not born to sue; but to command:

SCENE II.—The same. A Room in the Duke of

Lancaster's Palace.

Enter Gaunt, and Duchess of Gloucester.

Gaunt. Alas! the part I had in Gloucester's blood

doth more solicit me, than your exclamations,

To stir against the butchers of his life:

But since correction lieth in those hands,

Which made the fault that we cannot correct,

Put we our quarrel to the will of heaven;

Who when they see the hours ripe on earth,

Will win on offenders' heads.

Duch. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spur?

Hath love in thy old blood no living fire?

Edward's seven sons, whereof thyself art one,

Were as seven phials of his sacred blood,

Or seven fair branches springing from one root:

Some of those seven are dried by nature's course,

Some of those branches by the destined cut;

But Thomas, my dear lord, my life, my Gloucester,

One phial full of Edward's sacred blood,

One flourishing branch of his most royal root,

Is crack'd; and all the precious liquor spilt;

Is haunc'd down, and his summer leaves all faded,

By envy's hand, and murder's bloody ax.

Ah! Gaunt, was this thy works, this thy deeds,

That metal, that self-mould, that fashion'd thee,

Made him a man; and though thou livest, and breath'st,

Yet art thou slain in him. Thou dost consent

In some large measure to thy father's death,

In that thou seest thy wretched brother die,

Who was the model of thy father's life.

Call it not patience, Gaunt; it is despair:

In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughtered,

Thou show'st the naked pathway to thy life,

Teaching stern murder how to butcher thee.

That which in mean men we entitle patience,

Is pale cold cowardice in noble breasts.

What shall I say? to safeguard thine own life,

The chiefest way is to venge my Gloucester's death.

Duch. God's is the quarrel; for God's substitute,

His deputy anointed in his sight,

Hath caus'd his death; the which, if wrongfully,

Let heaven revenge, for I may never lift

An angry arm against his minister.

Duch. Where then, alas! may I complain myself?

Gaunt. To God, the widow's champion and defence.

Duch. Why then, I will,—Farewell, farewell, old

Gaunt.

Thou goest to Coventry, there to behold

Our cousin Hereford and fall Mowbray's flight.

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 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.

Command me to thy brother, Edmund York.

Lo! this is all:—nay, yet depart not so;

Though this be all, do not so quickly go;

I shall remember more. Bid him—O! what?

With all good speed at Flashy visit me.

Alack! and what shall good old York there see,

But empty lodgings and unfurnished walls,

Unpeopled offices, untrodden stones?

And what hear! there for welcome, but my grounds?

Therefore commend me; let him not come there,

To seek out sorrow that dwells everywhere,

Desolate, desperate, will I hence, and die:

The last leave of thee takes my weeping eye. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Gosford Green, near Coventry.

Lists set out, and a Throne. Herald, &c. attending.

Enter the Lord Marshal, and Aumerle.

Mar. My lord Aumerle, is Harry Hereford arm'd?

Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.

Mar. The duke of Norfolk, sprightly and bold,

Stays but the summons of the appellant's trumpet.

Aum. Why then, the champions are prepar'd, and stay

For nothing but his majesty's approach.

Flourish. Enter King Richard, who takes his seat on his

Throne; Gaunt, Bushy, Bacoit, Green, and others who take their places. A Trumpet is sounded, and answered by another Trumpet within. Then enter

Norfolk in armour, preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, demand of yonder champion

The cause of his arrival here in arms:

Ask him his name; and orderly proceed

To swear him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. In God's name, and the king's, say who thou art,

And why thou com'st thus knightly clad in arms:

Against what man thou com'st, and what thy quarrel.

Speak truly, on thy knighthood, and thine oath,

As so defend thee heavenly, and thy valour!

Nor. My name is Thomas Mowbray, duke of Nor-

folk;

Who hither come engaged by my oath,

(Which, God defend, a knight should violate!) Both to defend my loyalty and truth,

To God, my king, and my succeeding issue,

Against the duke of Hereford that appeals me;

And, by the grace of God and this mine arm,
To prove him, in defending of myself,
A traitor to my God, my king, and me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!
Trumpets sound. Enter BOLINGBROKE, in armour; preceded by a Herald.

K. Rich. Marshal, ask yonder knight in arms,
Both who he is, and why he cometh hither
Thus plated in habiliments of war;
And formally, according to our law,
Depose him in the justice of his cause.

Mar. What is thy name, and wherefore com'st thou hither,
Before King Richard in his royal lists?
Against whom com'st thou, and what is thy quarrel?
Speak like a true knight; so defend thee heaven!

Boling. Harry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
Am I; who ready here do stand in arms,
To prove by God's grace, and my body's valour,
In lists, on Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk,
That he's a traitor, foul and dangerous,
To God of heaven, king Richard, and to me:
And, as I truly fight, defend me heaven!

Mar. Of all the show of death thou dost so bold,
Or daring hardy, as to touch the lists;
Except the marshal, and such officers
Appointed to direct these fair designs.

Boling. Lord marshal, let me kiss my sovereign's hand,
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.

Mar. The: applicant in all duty greets your highness,
And craves to kiss your hand, and take his leave.

K. Rich. We will descend, and fold him in our arms.
Cousin of Hereford, as thy cause is right,
So be thy fortune in this joyful 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 gored 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 earthy author of my blood,—
Whose youthful spirit, in me regenerate,
[Both with a two-fold vigour lift me up
To reach at victory above my head,
Add proof unto mine armour with thy prayers;
And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
That it may enter Mowbray's waxen coat,
And furnish new the name of John of Gaunt,
Even in the lusty 'aviour of his son.

Gaunt. God in thy good cause make thee prosperous!
Be swift like lightning in the execution;
And let thy blows, doubly redoubled,
Fall like abundant thunder on the casque
Of thy adverse pernicious enemy;
Rouse up thy youthful blood, be valiant and live.

Boling. Mine innocence, and Saint George to thrive!—
Nor. 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 uncontroul'd enfranchisement,
More than my dancing soul doth celebrate
This feat 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 must breast.

K. Rich. Farewell, my lord: securely I esp'y
Virtue with valour couched 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 truly;
And dares him to set forward to the fight.

2 Her. Here standeth Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk.
On pain to be found false and recreant,
Both to defend himself, and to approve
Henry of Hereford, Lancaster, and Derby,
To God, his sovereign, and to him, disloyal;
Courageously, and with a free desire,
Attending but the signal to begin.

Mar. Sound trumpets; and set forward, combatants.

[Act, sealed.

Stay, the king hath thrown his war'd down.
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.—

[Act, sounded.

Draw near, [To the Combatants.] and list, what with our council we have done.
For that our kingdom's earth should not be soil'd
With that dear blood which it hath fostered;
And for our eyes do hate the dire aspect
Of civil wounds plough'd up with neighbours' swords;
And for we think the eagle-winged pride
Of sky-aspiring and ambitious thoughts,
With rival-hating envy, set on you,
To wake our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant-breath of gentle sleep;
So which rous'd up with boisterous untun'd drums,
With harsh resounding trumpets' dreadful bray,
And grating shock of wrathful iron arms,
Might from our quiet confines fright fair peace,
And make us wade even in our kindred's blood:
Therefore, we banish you our territories:
You, cousin Hereford, upon pain of life,
Till twice five summers have enrich'd our fields,
Shall not reject our fair dominions,
But tread the stranger paths of banishment.

Boling. Your will be done. This must my comfort be,
That sun that warms you here shall shine on me;
And those his golden beams, to you here lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my banishment.

K. Rich. Norfolk, for thee remains a heavier doom,
Which I with some unwillingness pronounce:
The fly's slow hours shall not determine

1 Just oft'n means a mask entertainment. 2 So the quarto, 1607; other eds. thy. 3 Truncheon. 4 This and the four following lines are omitted in the folio. 5 So the quarto; the folio: death. 6 sty. I in f. s.
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.
The hopeless word or—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 thy highness' mouth:
A dearer merit, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserv'd at thy highness' hands.
The language I have learn'd these forty years,
My native English, now I must forgo;
And now my tongue's use is to me no more,
Than an unstringed viol, or a harp;
Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up,
Or, being open, put into his hands
That knows no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you have enjaill'd my tongue,
Doubly portcullis'd, with my teeth and lips;
And dull, unfeeling, barren ignorance
Is made my jailor to attend on me.
I am too old to fawn upon a nurse,
Too far in years to be a pupil now;
What is thy sentence, then, but speechless death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing native breath?
K. Rich. It boots thee not to be compassionate:
After our sentence plaining comes too late.
Nor. Then, thus I turn me from my country's light,
To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. [Retiring.
K. Rich. Return again, and take an oath with thee.
Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands;
Swear by the duty that ye owe to God,
(Of our part therein we banish with yourselves)
To keep the oath that we administer:—
You never shall (so help you truth and God!) Embrace each other's love in banishment;
Nor never? look upon each other's face;
Nor never write, regret, nor reconcile
This lowering tempest of your home-bred hate;
Nor never by advised purpose meet,
To plot, confive, or comploit any ill,
'Gainst us, our state, our subjects, or our land.
Boling. I swear.
Nor. And I, to keep all this.

[They kiss the king's sword.]

Boling. Norfolk, so fare^, as to mine enemy.—
By this time, had the king permitted us,
One of our souls had wander'd in the air,
Banish'd this frail sonchillers of 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 stray:
Save back to England, all the world's my way. [Exit.
K. Rich. Uncle, even in the glasses of thine eyes
I see thy griefed heart: thy sad aspect
Hath from the number of his banish'd years
Pluck'd four away.—[To Bolingbroke] Six frozen
winters spent,
Return with welcome home from banishment.
Boling. How long a time lies in one little word!
Four lagging winters and 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, even in these years, that he hath to spend,
Can change their moons, and bring their times about,
My oil-dried lamp, and time-bewast'd light,
Shall be extinct with age and endless night:
My inch of taper will be burnt and done,
And blindfold death not let me see my son.
K. Rich. Why, uncle, thou hast many years to live.
Gaunt. But not a minute, king, that thou canst give:
Shoret in my days thou canst with sullen sorrow,
And pluck nights from me, but not lend a morrow.
Thou canst help time to ferrow me with age,
But stop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is current with him for my death,
But, dead, thy kingdom cannot buy my breath.
K. Rich. Thy son is banish'd upon good advice,
Whereeto thy tongue a party-verständ gave:
Why at our justice seem'st thou, then, to lower?
Gaunt. Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.
You urg'd me as a judge; but I had rather,
You would have bid me argue like a father.
O! had it been a stranger, not my child,^,
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.
K. Rich. Cousin, farewell;—and, uncle, bid him so:
Six years we banish him, and he shall go.
[Flourish. Extent King Richard, and Train.
Atm. Cousin, farewell: what presence must not know,
From where do you remain, let paper show.
Mar. My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,
As far as land will let me, by your side.
Gaunt. O! to what purpose dost thou hoard thy words,
That thou return'st no greeting to thy friends?
Boling. I have too few to take my leave of you,
When the tongue's office should be prodigal
To breathe thy abundant dour of the heart.
Gaunt. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.
Boling. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.
Gaunt. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.
Boling. To men in joy; but grief makes one hour ten.
Gaunt. Call it a travel, that thou tak'st for pleasure.
Boling. My heart will sigh when I missal it so,
Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.
Gaunt. The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a foil, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.
Boling. Nay, rather, every tedious stride I make^,
Will but remember me, what a deal of world
I wander from the jewels that I love.
Must I not serve a long apprenticeship
To foreign passages, and in the end,
Having my freedom, boast of nothing else
But that I was a journeyman to grief?
Gaunt. All places that the eye of heaven visits,
Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
Teach thy necessity to reason thus:
There is no virtue like necessity:
Think not the king did banish thee,
But thou the king: woe doth the heavier sit,
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.
Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
And not the king exil'd thee; or suppose,
Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
And thou art flying to a fresher clime:
Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st:
Suppose the singing birds musicians,
The grass whereon thou tread'st the presence strew'd,
The flowers fair ladies, and thy steps no more,
Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks it, and sets it light.
Boling: O! who would hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow,
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
O! no: the apprehension of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worse:
Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lancess not the sore.
Gaunt. Come, come, my son, I'll bring thee on thy way:
Had I thy youth and cause, I would not stay.
Boling. Then, England's ground, farewell: sweet soil, adieu;
My mother, and my nurse, that bears me yet!
Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banish'd, yet a trueborn Englishman.[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Room in the King's Castle.

Enter King Richard, Bagot, and Green, at one door; Aumerle at another.

K. Rich. We did observe—Cousin Aumerle,
How far brought you high Hereford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Hereford, if you call him so,
But to the next highway, and there I left him.
K. Rich. And, say, what store of parting tears were shed?
Aum. 'Tis faith, none for me; except the north-east wind,
Which then blew bitterly against our faces,
Awak'd the sleeping rhum, and so by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a tear.
K. Rich. What said our cousin, when you parted with him?
Aum. Farewell: and, for my heart disdain'd my tongue
Should so profane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppression of such grief,
That words seem'd buried in my sorrow's grave.

Marry, would the word "farewell" have lengthen'd hours,
And added years to his short banishment,
He should have had a volume of farewells;
But, since it would not, he had none of me.

K. Rich. He is our cousin, cousin; but 'tis doubt,
When time shall call him home from banishment,
Whether our kinsman come to see his friends.
Ourself, and Bushy, Bagot here, and Green,
Observ'd his courtship to the common people:
How he did seem to dive into their hearts,
With humble and familiar courtesy;
What reverence he did throw away on slaves;
Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles,
And patient underbearing of his fortune,
As 't were to banish their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench;
A brace of draymen bid God speed him well,
And had the tribute of his supple knee
With — "Thanks, my countrymen, my loving friends:"—
As were our England in reversion his,
And he our subjects' next degree in hope.

Green. Well, he is gone; and with him go these thoughts.

Now for the rebels, which stand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage must be made, my liege,
Ere farther leisure yield them farther means,
For their advantage, and your highness' loss.

K. Rich. We will ourself in person to this war:
And, for our coffers with too great a court,
And liberal largess, are grown somewhat light,
We are enforce'd to farm our royal realm;
The revenue whereof shall furnish us
For our affairs in hand. If that come short,
Our substitutes at home shall have blank charters;
Whereeto, when they shall know what men are rich,
They shall subscribe them for large sums of gold,
And send them after to supply our wants,
For we will make for Ireland presently.

Enter Bushy.

Bushy, what news?

Bushy. Old John of Gaunt is grievous sick, my lord,
Suddenly taken, and hath sent post-haste,
To entreat your 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!

[Exit.

ACT II.


Gaunt on a Couch; the Duke of York, and Others, standing by him.

Gaunt. Will the king come, that I may breathe my
In wholesome counsel to his unpaissed youth; [last
York. Vex not yourself, nor strive with your breath;
For all in vain comes counsel to his ear.

Gaunt. O! but they say, the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:

1 The quarto, 1597, has: he. 2 Expeditions. 3 So the quartos; the folio: is.
York. No; it is stopp'd with other flattering sounds, As praises of his state: then, there are found! Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound The open ear of youth doth always listen: Report of fashions in proud Italy; Whose manners still our tardy apple nation Lips after, in base imitation.

Whereof doth the world thrust forth a vanity, So be it new there's no respect how vile, That is not quickly buzz'd into his ears? Then, all too late comes counsel to be heard, Where will doth mutiny with wit's regard. Direct him, whose way himself will choose: 'Tis breath thou lack'st, and that breath will thou lose.

Gaunt. Methinks, I am a prophet new inspir'd, And thus, expiring, do foretell of him. His rash fierce blaze of riot cannot last, For violent fires soon burn out themselves; Small showers last long, but sudden storms are short; He tires betimes, that spurs too fast betimes; With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder: Light vanity, insatiate cormorant, Consuming means, soon preys upon itself.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle, This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars, This other Eden, demi-paradise; This fortress built by nature for herself, Against infection, and the hand of war; This happy breed of men, this little world, This precious stone set in the silver sea, Which serves it in the office of a wall, Or as a most defensive to a house, Against the envy of less happy lands; This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England, This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings, Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth, Renowned for their deeds as far from home, For Christian service and true chivalry, As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son: This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land, Dear for her reputation through the world, Is now lean'st out, I die pronouncing it, Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.

England, bound in with the triumphant sea, Whose rocky shore boats back the envious siege Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame, With inky blobs, and rotten parchment bonds: That England, that was wont to conquer others, Hath made a shameful conquest of itself. Ah! would the scandal vanish with my life, How happy then were my ensuing death.

Enter King Richard, and Queen; Aumerle, Bushy, Godwin, Exeter, and Winteringham.

York. The king is come: deal mildly with his youth; For young hot-coals, being urg'd, do rage the more.

Queen. How fares our noble uncle, Lancaster?

K. Rich. What, comfort, man! How is 't with aged Gaunt?

Gaunt. O! how that name befits my composition! Old Gaunt, indeed; and gaunt in being old: 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 name in me, I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.

K. Rich. Should dying men flatter with those that live?

Gaunt. No, no; men living flatter those that die.

K. Rich. Then, now-a-dying, say'st thou flatter'st none.

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; Ill in myself to see, and in thee seeing ill.

Thy death-bed is no lesser than the land, Wherein thou liest in reputation sick; And thou, too careless patient as thou art, Commit's thy nointed body to the cure Of those physicians that first wounded thee. A thousand flatterers sit within thy crown, Whose compass is no bigger than thy head; And yet, incaged in so small a v begging the wrongs of Edward, dam us with less than thy land. O! had thy grandsire, with a prophet's eye, Seen how his son's son should destroy his sons, From forth thy reach he would have laid thy shame, Deposing thee before thou wert possess'd, Which art possess'd now to depose thyself. Why, cousin, wert thou regent of the world, It were a shame to let this land 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 bondsclave to the law, And thou—?

K. Rich. A lunatic lean-witted fool, Presuming on an age's privilege, Darest with thy frozen admonition Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood With fury from his native residence. Now, by my seat's right royal majesty, Wert thou not brother to great Edward's son, This tongue that runs so roundly in thy head, Should run thy head from thy unreverend shoulders.

Gaunt! O! spare me not, my brother Edward's son, For that was I 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 beaum in heaven amongst happy souls, May be a precedent and witness good. That thou respecting 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 thy tormentors be,— Convey me to my bed, then to my grave: Love they to live, that love and honour have.

[Exit, borne out by his Attendants.

K. Rich. And let them die, that age and sullens have, For both hast thou, and both become the grave.

1 The quarto, 1693, reads: As praises, of whose taste the wise are found (fond). 2 Folio, 1623: for. 3 Petty. 4 rag'd: in l.c. 5 The folio omits: with. 6 The folio: and. 7 So the quartos; the folio and most mod eds.: And—

K. Rich. And thou a lunatic, &c.
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.
K. Rich. Right, you say true; as Hereford's love,
so his:
As theirs, so mine; and all be as it is.
Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.
North. My liege, old Gaunt commends himself to your majesty.
K. Rich. What says he?
North. Nay, nothing; all is said.
His tongue is now a stringless instrument:
Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent.
York. Be York the next that must be 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 rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom, where no venom else,
But out-and-tomorrow, ills, us to-day;
And for these great affairs do ask some charge,
Towards our assistance we do seize to us
The plate, coin, revenues, and movables,
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd.
York. How long shall I be patient? Ah! how long
Shall tender duty make me suffer wrong?
Not Gloster's death, nor Hereford's banishment,
Not Gaunt's rebukes, nor England's private wrongs,
Nor the prevention of poor Bolingbroke
About his marriage, nor my own disgrace,
Have ever made me sour my patient cheek,
Or bend one wrinkle on my sovereign's face.
I am the last of noble Edward's sons,
Of whom the prince, prince of Wales, was first:
In war was never lion ruder nor more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild,
Than was that young and princely gentleman.
His face then hast, for even so look'd he,
Accomplish'd with the number of thy hours;
But when he crow'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,
O, that the conqueror would compare between,
K. Rich. Why, uncle, what's the matter all?
York. O, my liege!
Pardon me, if you please; if not, I, pleas'd.
Not to be pardon'd, am content withal.
Seek you to seize, and gripe into your hands,
The royalties and rights of banish'd Hereford?
Is not Gaunt dead, and doth not Hereford live?
Was not Gaunt just, and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserve to have an heir?
Is not his heir a well-deserving son?
Take Hereford's rights away; and take from time
His charters and his customary rights;
Let no man live to-day,
Be not thyself; for how art thou a king,
But by fair sequence and succession?
Now, afores God (God forbid, I say true!) If you do wrongfully seize Hereford's rights,
Call in the letters patents that he hath By his attorneys-general to sue
His libery; and deny his offer'd homage,
You pluck a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well-disposed hearts,
And prick my tender patience to those thoughts
Which honour and allegiance cannot think.
K. Rich. Think what you will: we seize into our hands
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
York. I'll not be by the while. My liege, farewell:
What will 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, Bushy, to the earl of Wiltshire straight:
Bid him repair to us to Ely-house,
To see this business. To-morrow next
We will for Ireland; and 'tis time, I trow;
And we create, in absence of ourself,
Our uncle York lord governor of England,
For he is just, and always lov'd us well.—
Come on, our next day, too live.
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.[Flourish.
[Exeunt, RICHARD, QUEEN, BUSHY, AUMERLE, GREEN, and BAGOT.
North. Well, lords, the duke of Lancaster is dead.
Ross. And living too, for now his son is duke.
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,
Ere 'tis be burden'd with a liberal tongue.
North. Nay, speak thy mind; and let him never speak more,
That speaks thy words again to do thee harm!
Willo. Tends that thou dost speak, to the duke of Hereford?
If it be so, out with it boldly, man;
Quick is mine ear to hear of good towards him.
Ross. No good at all that I can do for him,
Unless you call it good to pity him,
Bereft and gilded of his patrimony.
North. Now, afores God, 'tis shame such wrongs are borne
In him, a royal prince, and many more
Of noble blood in this declining land.
The king is not himself, but basely led
By flatterers; and what they will inform,
Merely in hate, 'gainst any of us all,
That will the king severely prosecute,
'Gainst us, our wives', our children, and our heirs.
Ross. The commons hath he 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 not,
But basely yielded upon compromise
That which his noble ancestors achiev'd with blows:
More hath he spent in peace, than they in wars.
Ross. The king of Wiltshire hath the realm in farm.
Willo. The king's grown bankrupt, like a broken man.
North. Reproach, and dissolution, hangeth over him.
Ross. He hath not money for these Irish wars,
His burdensome taxation notwithstanding,
But by the robbing of the banish'd duke.

North. His noble kin'sman: most degenerate king!
But, lords, we hear this fearful tempest sing,
Yet seek no shelter to avoid the storm;
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we strike not, but securely perish.

Ross. We see the very wreck that we must suffer;
And unavoidable is the danger now,
For suffering so the causes of our wreck.

North. Not so: even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering; but I dare not say
How near the tidings of our comfort is.

Wil. Nay, let us share thy thoughts, as thou dost ours.

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 de Blanc, a bay
In Brittany, receiv'd intelligence,
That Harry duke of Hereford, Reginald lord Cobham,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter,
His brother, archbishop late of Canterbury,
Sir Thomas Erpingham, sir John Ramsion,
Sir John Norbery, sir Robert Waterton, and Francis Quoint,
All these well furnish'd by the duke of Bretagne,
With eight tall ships, three thousand men of war,
Are making hither with all due expediency,
And shortly mean to touch our northern shore:
Perhaps, they had ere this, but that they stay
The first departing of the king for Ireland.
If so, then shall we shake out of our slavish yoke,
Impout our drooping country's broken wing,
Redeem from breaking pawn the blemish'd crown,
Wipe off the dust that hides our scepter's gait,
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 fear.

Wil. Hold out my horse, and I will first be there. [Exit.]

SCENE II. The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter QUEEN, BUSY, and BAGOT.

Busby. 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 bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard. Yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me; and my inward soul
With nothing troubles: at some thing it grieves,
More than by parting from my lord, the king.

Busby. 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; eye'd awry,
Distinguish form: so your sweet majesty,
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of grief more than himself to wall;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not: more's not seen;
Or if it be, 'tis with false sorrow's eye,
Which for things true weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me, it is otherwise: how'er it be,
I cannot but be sad; so heavy sad,
As, though unthinking, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink.

Busby. 'T is nothing but conceit, my gracious lady,

Queen. 'T is nothing less: conceit is still deriv'd
From some forefather grief; mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something woe;
Or something hath the nothing that I guess:
'T is in reversion that I do possess,
But what it is, that is not yet known, what
I cannot name: 't is 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 power
And driven into despair an enemy's hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this land.
The banish'd Bolingbroke repeats himself,
And with uplifted arms is safe arriv'd
At Ravenspur.

Queen. Now, God in heaven forbid!

Green. Ah! madam, 'tis too true: and what is worse,
The lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
The lords of Ross, Beaumond, and Willoughby,
With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.

Busby. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumber-
land,
And all the rest of the revolted faction, traitors?

Green. We have: whereupon the earl of Worcester
Hath broken his staff, resign'd his stewardship,
And all the household servants fled with him
To Bolingbroke.

Queen. So, Green, thou art the midwife to my woe,
And Bolingbroke my sorrow's dismal heir:
Now hath my soul brought forth her prodigy,
And I, a gasping new-deliver'd mother,
Have woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow join'd.

Busby. Despair not, madam.

Queen. Who shall hinder me?
I will despair, and be at enmity
With cozening hope: he is a flatterer,
A parasite, a keeper-back of death,
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,
Which we hope lingers in extremity.

Enter the Duke of York, part-armed.

Green. Here comes the duke of York.

Queen. With signs of war about his aged neck.
KING RICHARD II.

ACT II.

SCENE III.—The Wolds in Glosstiirch, 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 Glosstire.

SCENE IV.—Berkley.

Boling. Enter Harry Percy.

Percy. How now, my lord? 
Boling. You are not well defined, my lord, to have taken this town.

North. I am resolv'd to take the town.

Percy. No, my good lord; for that is not forgotten, which I was bid remember; to my knowledge, I never in my life did look on him. 
North. Then learn to know him now: this is the duke.

Percy. My gracious lord, I tender you my service, such as it is, being tender, raw, and young, Which elder days shall ripen, and confirm To more approved service and desert.

Boling. I thank thee, gentle Percy; and be sure, I count myself in nothing else so happy, 

Will the hateful commons perform for us, Except like curs to tear us all to pieces,— Will you go along with us? 
Balog. No: I will to Ireland to his majesty. Farewell: if heart’s protestings be not vain, Where heart left part, there shall I meet again. 
Busky. That’s as York thrives to beat back Bolivar broke. 

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. 
Busky. Well, we may meet again. 
Balog. I fear me, never. [Exeunt.

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KING RICHARD II.

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 to Berkley? And what stir
Keeps good old York there, with his men of war?

Percy. There stands the castle, by yond' tuft of trees,
Many'd with three hundred men. As I have heard;
And in it are the lords of York, Berkley, and Seymour;
None else of name, and noble estimate.

Enter Ross and Willoughby.

North. Here come the lords of Ross and Wil- loughby,
Bloody with spurring, fiery-red with haste.

Boling. Welcome, my lords. I wet, your love pursues
A banish'd traitor: all my treasury
Is but unfelt thanks, which, more enrich'd,
Shall be your love and labour's recompense.
Ross. Your presence makes us rich, most noble lord.
Will. And far surmounts our labour to attain it.

Boling. Evermore thanks, th' exchequer of the poor:
Which, till my infant fortune comes to years,
Stands for my bound. But will you come here?

Enter Berkeley.

North. It is my lord of Berkley, as I guess.

Berk. My lord of Hereford, my message is to you.

Boling. My lord, my answer is—to Lancaster,
And I am come to seek that name in England;
And I must find that title in your tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you say.

Berk. Mistake me not, my lord: it's not my meaning,
To raze one title of your honour out.
To you, my lord, I come, what lord you will;
From the most gracious regent of this land,
The duke of York, to know what prieks you on
To take advantage of the absent time,
And fright our native peace with spoil'd arms.

Enter York attended.

Boling. I shall not need transport my words by you;
Here comes his grace in person.—My noble uncle.

York. Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is deceivable and false.

Boling. My gracious uncle—
York. Tut, tut! Grace me no grace, nor uncle me no uncle:
I am no traitor's uncle; and that word "grace,
In an ungracious month, is but profane.
Why have those banish'd and forbidden legs
Dar'd once to touch a dust of England's ground?
But more than that;—why have they dar'd to so
Many miles upon our peaceful bosom,
Frighting her pale-eyed villages with war,
And ostentation of despoothing arms?
Comst thou because th' anointed king is hence?
Why, foolish boy, the king is left behind,
And in my loyal bosom lies his power.
Were I but now the lord of such hot youth,
As when brave Gaunt, thy father, and myself,
Rescued the Black Prince, that young Mars of men,
From forth the ranks of many thousand French,
O! then, how quickly should this arm of mine,
Now prisoner to the paley, chastise thee,
And minister the 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 breaving arms against thy sovereign.

Boling. As I was banish'd, I was banish'd Hereford;
But as I come, I come for Lancaster.
And, noble uncle, I beseech your grace,
Look on my wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my father, for, methinks, in you
I see old Gaunt alive: O! then, my father,
Will you permit that I shall stand condemn'd
A wandering vagabond, my rights and royalties
Pluck'd from my arms perfidious, and given away
To upset untrifles. Wherefore was I born?
If that my cousin king be king of England,
It must be granted I am duke of Lancaster.
You have a son, Aumerle, my noble kinsman;
Had you first died, and he been thus trod down,
He should have found his uncle Gaunt a father,
To rouse his wrongers, chase them to the bay.
I am denied to sue my livery here,
And yet my letters patent give me leave:
My father's goods are all distrain'd, and sold;
And them and all, am I, and all ye'd.
What would you have me do? I am a subject,
And challenge law: attorneys are denied me,
And therefore personally I lay my claim
To my inheritance of free descent.

North. The noble duke hath been too much abused.
Ross. It stands your grace upon to do him right.

Boling. Base men by his endowments are made great.
York. My lords of England, let me tell you this:
I have had feeling of my cousin's wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to do him right;
But in this kind to come; in breaving arms,
Be his own earver, and cut out his way,
To find out right with wrong,—it may not be:
And you, that do abstain 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 see or see joy that breaks that oath.
York. Well, well, I see the issue of these arms.
I cannot mend it, I must needs confess,
Because my power is weak, and all ill left;
But if I could, by him that gave me life,
I would await you all, and make you stop
Unto the sovereign mercy of the king:
But since I cannot, be it known unto you,
I do remain as neuter. So, farewell;
Unless you please to enter in the castle,
And there, my lords, repose you for this night.

Boling. An offer, uncle, that we will accept:
But we must win your grace, to go with us
To Bristol castle; which, they say, is held
By Bushy, 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Camp in Wales.

Enter Salisbury, and a Welsh Captain.

Cap. My lord of Salisbury, we have stay'd ten days,
And hardly kept our countrymen together,
And yet we hear no tidings from the king;
Therefore, we will disperse ourselves. Farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou trusty Welshman:
The king reposeth all his confidence in thee.
Cap. 'Tis thought, the king is dead: we will not stay.
The bay-trees in our country are all wither'd,
And meteors fright the fixed stars of heaven;
The pale-fac'd moon looks bloody on the earth,
And lean-look'd prophets whisper fearful change:
Rich men look sad, and ruffians dance and leap,
The one in fear to lose what they enjoy,
The other to enjoy by rage and war:
These signs forerun the death or fall of kings.
Farewell: our countrymen are gone and dead,
As well assur'd Richard, their king, is dead.
Sal. Ah, Richard! with the eyes of heavy mi
I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
Fait to the base earth from the firmament.
Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly west,
Witnessing storms to come, woe, and unrest:
Thy friends are fled to wait upon thy foes,
And crossly to thy good all fortune goes.  [Exit.

A C T III.

SCENE II.—The Coast of Wales. A Castle in view.


K. Rich. Barklowthy Castle call they this at hand?
Aum. Yes, my good lord. How brokers your grace the air,
After late tossing on the breaking seas?
K. Rich. Needs must I like it well: I weep for joy,
To stand upon my kingdom once again.—
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:
As a long parted mother with her child
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,
And do thee favour with my royal hand.
Feed not thy sovereign's foe, my gentle earth,
Nor with thy sweets comfort his ravenous sense;
But let thy spiders, that suck up thy venom,
And heavy-gaited toads, lie in their way,
Doing annoyance to the treacherous feet,
Which with usurping steps do trample thee.
Yield stinging nettles to mine enemies:
And when they from thy bosom pluck a flower,
Gird it, my thorny plant; let it be
A lurking adder, whose double tongue may with a mortal touch
Throw death upon thy sovereign's enemies.—
Mock not my senseless conjunction, lords:
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king
Shall falter under foul rebellion's arms.

Bishop. Fear not, my lord: that power that made you king,
Hath power to keep you king, in spite of all.
The means that heavens yield must be embrac'd,
And not neglected; else, if heaven would,
And we will not, heaven's offer we refuse,
The profer'd means of succour and redress.

Aum. He means, my lord, that we are too remiss;
Whilst Bolingbroke, through our security,
Grows strong and great in substance, and in power.

K. Rich. Discomfortable cousin! know'st thou not,
That when the searching eye of heaven is hid
Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,
Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,
In murders and in outrage, boldly here;
But when from under this terrestrial ball
He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
And darts his light through every guilty hole,
Then murders, treasons, and detected sins,
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves?
So when this thief, this traitor Bolingbroke,
Who all this while hath revelled in the night, 1
Whilst we were wandering with the antipodes,
Shall see us rising in our throne, the east,
His treasons will sit blushing in his face,
Not able to endure the sight of day,
But, self-frightened, tremble at his sin.
Not all the water in the rough rude sea
Can wash the balm from an anointed king:
The breath of worldly men cannot depose
The deputy elected by the Lord:
For every man that Bolingbroke hath press'd,
To lift shrewd steel against our golden crown.
God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay
A glorious angel: then, if angels fight,
Weak men must fall, for heaven still guards the right.

Enter Salisbury.
Welcome, my lord. How far off lies your power?
Sal. Nor near, nor farther off, my gracious lord,
Than this weak arm. Discomfort guides my tongue
And bids me speak of nothing but despair.
One day too late, I fear, my noble lord,
Hath clouded all thy happy days on earth.
O! call back yesterday, bid time return,
And thou shalt have twelve thousand fighting men:
To-day, to-day, unhappy day too late,
O'erthrows thy joys, friends, fortune, and thy state;
For all the Welshmen, hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to Bolingbroke, dispers'd, or fled.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! why looks your grace so pale?
K. Rich. But now, the blood of twenty thousand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled;
And till so much blood thisher come again,
But bear the stamp of the world and dead?
All souls that will be safe, fly from my side;
For time hath set a blot upon my pride.

Aum. Comfort, my liege! remember who you are.
K. Rich. I had forgot myself. Am I not king?
Awake, thou coward* majesty! thou sleepest.
Is not the king's name twenty thousand names?
Arm, arm, my name! a puny subject strikes
At thy great glory.—Look not to the ground,
Ye favourites of a king: are we not high?
High be our thoughts. I know, my uncle York
Hath power enough to serve our turn. But who comes here?

Enter Scroop.
Scroop. More health and happiness betide my liege,
Than can my care-top'd tongue deliver him.
K. Rich. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd:—
The worst is worldiy loss thou canst unfoild.
Say, is my kingdom lost? why, 't was 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'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
Revolt our subjects? that we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry woe, 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 tides of calamity.
Like an unseasonable stormy day,
Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits swells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, covering your fearful land
With hard bright steel, and hearts harder than steel.
White-beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy majesty; and boys, with women's voices,
Strive to speak big, and clasp their feeble* joints
In still unquiet arms: 'gainst thy crown:
Thy very beardsmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew against thy state;
Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills
Against thy seat: both young and old rebel,
And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
Where is the earl of Wiltshire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Bushy? where is Green?
That they have let the dangerous enemy
Measure our confines with such peaceful steps?
If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it. I
warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.

Scroop. Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord.
K. Rich. O villains, vipers, damn'd without redemption!
Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
Upon their spotted souls for this offence!

Scroop. Sweet love, I see, changing his property,
Turns to the sorcest and most deadly hate.
Again uncurse their souls; their peace is made
With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse
Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound;
And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is Bushy, Green, and the earl of Wiltshire, dead?
And tell me if all of them have lost their heads.
Aum. Where is the duke, my father, with his power?
K. Rich. No matter where. Of comfort no man speak:
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
Let's choose executors, and talk of wills:
And yet not so,—for what can we bequeath,
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
And nothing can we call our own but death,
And that small model of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have depo'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 antick 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 walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable: and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Through his heart's bulk, and—drowneth all!—a king!
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
With solemn reverence: throw away respect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,

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1 This line is not in the folio. 2 So the quartos: the folio: singleand. 3 So the quartos: the folio: forty. 4 clap: i. e. 5 female: i. e.
6 arms against: in f. e. 7 This word is added in the folio. 8 The folio: head. 9 This image may have been taken from the seventh of the "Imagines Mortis," a series of designs in the style of Holbein's Dance of Death. It is in Knight's Pictorial Shakespear.
For you have but mistook me all this while:
I live with bread like you, feel want,
Taste grief, need friends: subjected thus,
How can you say to me —I am a king?

Bishop. My lord, wise men ne'er sit and 'wail their
But presently present the ways to walk.
To fear the foe, since fear oppresseth strength,
Gives, in your weakness, strength unto your foe,
And so your follies fight against yourself. 1
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 child'st me well.—Prond Bolingbroke,
I come
To change blows with thee for our day of doom.
This ague-fit of fear is over-blown:
An easy task it is, to win our own.—
Say, Scroop, where lies our uncle with his power?
Speak sweetly, man, although thy looks be sour.
Says, Lord judge by the complexion of the sky
The state and inclination of the day:
So may you by my dull and heavy eye,
My tongue hath but a heavier tale to say.
I play the torturer, by small and small,
To lengthen out the worst that must be spoken.
Your uncle York is join'd with Bolingbroke;
And all your northern castles yielded up,
And all your southern gentlemen in arms
Upon his party.

K. Rich. Thou hast said enough.—
Bedew thee, cousin; [To Aumerle.] which didst lead me forth
Of that sweet day I was in to despair!
What says he now? What comfort have we now?
By heaven, I 'll hate him everlasting,
That bides me be of comfort any more.
Go to Flint castle: there I'll pine away;
A king, woe's share, shall kingly woe obey.
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.
Aum. My liege, one word.

K. Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Discharge my followers: let them hence away;
From Richard's night to Bolingbroke's fair day.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. A Plain before Flint Castle.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Bolingbroke and Forces; York, Northumberland, and Others.

Boling. So that by this intelligence we learn,
The Welshmen are dispers'd; and Salisbury
Is gone to meet the king, who lately landed
With some few private friends upon this coast.
North. The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard, not far from hence, hath bid his head.
York. It would beseen the lord Northumberland,
To say, king Richard—Alack, the heavy day
When such a sacred king should hide his head!
North. Your grace mistakes me; only to be brief,
Left I his title out.
York. The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would

Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.

Boling. Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.
York. Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake: the heavens are o'er our heads. 4

Boling. I know it, uncle; and oppose not myself
Against their will.—But who comes here?

Enter Perc.

Welcome, Harry. What, will not this castle yield?
Percy. The castle royally is mann'd, 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 yond' lime 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. O! belike it is the bishop of Carlisle.

Boling. Noble lord.[To North.] Go to the ruin 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 lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen:
The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such emolument 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 threaten'ng 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 7
At meeting tears the cloudy checks of heaven.
Be he the fire, I 'll be the yielding water;
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters; on the earth, and not on him.—
March on, and mark king Richard how he looks.

A varlety sounded, and answered by a Trumpet within.

Flourish. Enter on the walls King Richard, the
Bishop of Carlisle, Aumerle, Scroop, and Salisbury.
Boling. See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
As doth the blushing discontented sun
From out the fiery portal of the east,
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dim his glory, and to stain the track
Of his bright passage to the occident.
York. Yet looks he like a king, behold, his eye,
As bright as is the eagle's: lighter forth
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for wee,
That any storm 9 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 ourself 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 he do profane, steal, or usurp. 
And though you think that all, as you have done, 
Have torn their souls by turning them from us, 
And we are barren and bereft of friends, 
Yet know, my master, God omnipotent, 
Is mustering in his clouds on our behalf 
Armies of pestilence; and they shall strike 
Your children yet unborn, and unbegot, 
That lift your vassal hands against my head, 
And threat the glory of my precious crown. 
Tell Bolingbroke, for yond’l methinks, he stands, 
That every stride he makes upon my land 
Is dangerous treason. He is come to ope 
The purple testament of bleeding war; 
But ere the crown he looks for live in peace, 
Ten thousand bloody crowns of mothers’ sons 
Shall ill become the flower of England’s face, 
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace 
To scarlet indigination, and below 
Her pastures’ grass with faithful English blood.

North. The king of heaven forbid, our lord the king 
Should so with civil and unevil arms 
Be rush’d upon. Thy thrice-noble cousin, 
Harry Bolingbroke, doth humbly kiss thy hand; 
And by the honourable tomb he swears, 
That stands upon your royal grandsire’s bones, 
And by the royalties of both your bloods, 
Currents that spring from one most gracious head, 
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt, 
And by the worth and honour of himself, 
Comprising all that may be sworn or said, 
His coming hither hath no farther scope, 
Than for his lineal royalties, and to beg 
Enfranchisement immediate on his knees: 
Which on thy royal party granted once, 
His glittering arms he will commend to rust, 
His bar’d head to stables, and his heart 
To faithful service of your majesty, 
This swears he, as he is a prince, is just, 
And, as a gentleman, I credit him.

K. Rich. Northumberland, say,—thus the king re- 
His noble cousin is right wellcome hither; 
Turns: 
And all the number of his fair demands 
Shall be accomplish’d without contradiction. 
With all the gracious utterance thou hast, 
Speak to his gentle hearing kind demands.—

[NORTHUMBERLAND RETIVES TO BOLINGBROKE.

We do desease ourself, cousin, [To AUMERLE.] do we not, 
To look so poorly, and to speak so fair? 
Shall we call back Northumberland, and send 
Defiance to the traitor, and so die? 

Aum. No, good my lord: let’s fight with gentle words. 
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpful swords. 
K. Rich. O God! O God! that e’er this tongue of mine, 
That laid the sentence of dread banishment 
On yond’l proud man, should take it off again 
With words of sooth. O! that I were as great 
As is my grief, or lesser than my name, 
Or that I could forget what I have been, 
Or not remember what I must be now. 
Swell’st thou, proud heart? I’ll give thee scope to beat, 
[Unbuttoning.] 1

Since foes have scope to beat both thee and me.

Aum. Northumberland comes back from Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. What must the king do now? Must he submit?

The king shall do it. Must he be depos’d? 
The king shall be contented. Must he lose 
The name of king? o’ God’s name, let it go: 
I’ll give my jewels for a set of heads, 
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 little grave, an obscure grave: 
Or I’ll be buried in the king’s high-way, 
Some way of common trade, where subjects’ feet 
May hourly trample on their sovereign’s head; 
For on my heart they tread, now whilst I live, 
And, buried once, why not upon my head?— 
Aumerle, thou weep’st; my tender-hearted cousin!— 
We’ll make foul weather with despised tears; 
Our sighs and they shall lodge the summer corn, 
And make a deaarth in this revolving land: 
Or shall we play the wantons with our wees, 
And make some pretty match with shedding tears? 
As thus:—4o 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 2 he doth attend 
To speak with you: may’t please you to come down?

K. Rich. Down, down, I come; like glistening 
Phlegon, a w 
Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the base court? Base court, where kings grow base, 
To come at traitors’ calls, and do them grace. 
In the base court? Come down, down, court! down, 
king! 
For night-owls shriek, where mounting larks should sing. 

[Exeunt, from above.

Boling. What says his majesty?

North. Sorrow and grief of heart 
Make him speak fondly, like a frantic man: 
Yet he is come.

Enter King Richard, and his Attendants, below.

Boling. Stand all apart, 
And show fair duty to his majesty.—

My gracious lord,—

Kneeling. K. Rich. Fair cousin, you despise your princely knee, 
To make the base earth proud with kissing it: 
Me rather had, my heart might feel your love, 
Than my unpleas’d eye see your courtesy. 
Up, cousin, up: your heart is up, I know, 
Thus high at least, although your knee be low. 

Boling. My gracious lord, I come but for 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.

K. Rich. Well you deserve:—they well deserve to have,
That know the strongest and surest way to get.—
Uncle, give me your hand: nay, 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 will give, and willing too,
For do we must what force will have us do.—
Set on towards London.—Cousin, is it so?

Boling. Yea, my good lord.

K. Rich. Then I must not say no.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter the QUEEN, and two LADIES.

Queen. What sport shall we devise here in this garden,
To drive away the heavy thought of care?

1 Lady. Madam, we'll play at bowls.

Queen. 'Twill make me think the world is full of rubs,
And that my fortune runs against the bias.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll dance.

Queen. My legs can keep no measure in delight,
When my poor heart no measure keeps in grief:
Therefore, no dancing; girl; some other sport.

1 Lady. Madam, we'll tell tales.

Queen. Of sorrow, or of joy?

1 Lady. Of either, madam.

Queen. Of neither; girl;
For if of joy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of sorrow;
Or if of grief, being altogether had,
It adds more sorrow to my want of joy;
For what I have I need not to repeat,
And what I want it boots not to complain.

1 Lady. Madam, I'll sing.

Queen. 'Tis well that thou hast cause;
But thou should'st please me better, wouldst thou weep.

1 Lady. I could weep, madam; would it do you good?

Queen. And I could sing, would weeping do me good,
And never borrow any tear of thee.
But stay, here come the gardeners:
Let's step into the shadow of these trees.—

My wretchedness unto a row of pins,
They'll talk of state: for every one doth so
Against a change. Woe is forerun with woe.

[Queen and Ladies retire.

Enter a Gardener and two Servants.

Gard. Go, bind thou up yond' dangling 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 two-fast-growing sprays,
That look too lofty in our commonwealth:
All must be even in our government.—
You thus employ'd, I will go root away
The noisome weeds, that without profit suck
The soil's fertility from wholesome flowers.

1 Serv. Why should we, in the compass of a pale,
Keep law, and form, and due proportion,
Showing, as in a model, our firm estate,
When our sea-walled garden, the whole land,
Is full of weeds; her fairest flowers chol'd up,
Her fruit-trees all unprom'd, her hedges ruin'd,
Her knots' disorder'd, and her wholesome herbs
Swarming with caterpillars?

2 Serv. That he hath suffer'd this disorder'd spring,
Hath now himself met with the fall of leaf;
The weeds that his broad-spreading leaves did shelter,
That seem'd in eating him to hold him up,
Are pluck'd up, root and all, by Bolingbroke;
I mean, the earl of Wiltshire, Bushy, Green.

1 Serv. What! are they dead?

Gard. They are; and Bolingbroke
Hath seiz'd the wasteful king.—What is it, That he had not so trimm'd and dress'd his land,
As we this garden. At the time of year
We wound the bark, the skin of our fruit-trees,
Lest, being over-pride in sap and blood,
With too much riches it confound itself:
Had he done so to great and growing men,
They might have liv'd to bear, and he to taste
Their fruits of duty. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughs may live:
Had he done so, himself had borne the crown,
Which waste and idle hours have quite thrown down.

1 Serv. What! think you, then, the king shall be depos'd?

Gard. Depress'd he is already; and depos'd,
'T is doubt, he will be: letters came last night
To a dear friend of the good duke of York's,
That tell black tidings.

Queen. O! I am press'd to death, through want of
[Coming forward.

Thou, old Adam's likeness, set to dress this garden,
How dares thy harsh, rude tongue sound this unpleasing
What Eve, what serpent hath suggested thee [news? To make a second fall of cursed man?
Why dost thou say king Richard is depos'd?
Dar'st thou, thou little better thing than earth,
Divine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how,
Can'st thou by these ill tidings? speak, thou wretch.

Gard. Pardon me, madam: little joy have I,
To breathe these news, yet what I say is true.
King Richard, he is in the mighty hold
Of Bolingbroke: their fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your lord's scale is nothing but himself,
And some few vanities that make him light;
But in the balance of great Bolingbroke,
Besides himself, are all the English peers,
And with that odds he weighs king Richard down.
Post you to London, and you'll find it so;
I speak no more than every one doth know.

Queen. Nimble mischance, that art so light of foot,
Dost not thy embassage belong to me,
And am I last that knows it? O! thou think'st
To serve me last, that I may longest keep
Thy sorrow in my breast.—Come, ladies, go
To meet at London London's king in woe.—
What! was I born to this, that my soul look
Should grace the triumph of great Bolingbroke?
Gardener, for telling me these news of woe,
Pray God, the plants thou graft'st may never grow.

[Exeunt Queen and Ladies.

Gard. Poor queen! so that thy state might be no worse,
I would my skill were subject to thy curse.
Here did she fall; 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.

1 All the old copies read: grief; Pope made the change. 2 The figures formed by the flower-beds in the old formal gardens. 3 O! what. &c. in fac. 4 We at time of year. 5 Do wound, &c.: in f. 6 So the quarto, 1597; all other old ed. with. 7 So the quarto, 1597; the other quartos and folio: drop. 8 Also so called in Hamlet, A. IV, 5. II.
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.¹

Now, Bagot, freely speak thy mind;
What thou dost know of noble Gloster's death;
Who wrought it with the king, and who perform'd
The bloody office of his timeless end.

Bagot. Then, set before my face the lord Aumerle.

Boling. Cousin, stand forth, and look upon that man.

Bagot. My lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scorns to unsay what once it hath deliver'd,
In that dead time when Gloster's death was plotted,
I heard you say,—"¹ Is not my arm of length,
That reacheth from the restful English court,
As far as Calais, to mine uncle's head?”²

Amongst much other talk, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand crowns,
Than Bolingbroke's return to England;
Adding withal, how blest this land would be
In this your cousin's death.

Aum. Princes, and noble lords,
What answer shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my fair stars,
On equal terms to give him chastisement?—
Either I must, or have mine honour soild,
With the attainer of his slanderous lips.—
There is my gage, the manuell seal of death,
That marks thee out for hell: I say, thou liest,
And will maintain what thou hast said is false
In thy heart-blood, though being all too base
To stain the temper of my knightly sword.

Boling. Bagot, forbear: thou shalt not take it up.

Aum. Excepting one, I would have we the best
In all this presence, that hath mov'd me so.

Fitz. If that thy valour stand on sympathy,³
There is my gage, Aumerle, in gage to thine.
By that fair sun which shows me where thou stand'st,
I heard thee say, and vauntingly thou spak'st it,
That thou wert cause of noble Gloster's death.
If thou deny'st it twenty times, thou liest;
And I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
Where it was forged, with my rapier's point.

Aum. Thou dar'st not, coward, live to see that day.

Fitz. Now, by my soul, I would it were this hour.

Aum. Fitzwater, thou art damn'd to hell for this.

Percy. Aumerle, thou liest; his honour is as true
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,⁴
And spue thee on with full as many lies

¹ F. e. add: Officers behind, with Banor. ² Not in f. e. ³ Equality of rank. ⁴ This and the next speech are not in the folio; all, but the quarto of 1597, read: take.
Worst in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet best became me to speak the truth.
Would God, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard: then true nobles 3 would
Learn him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on his king?
And who sits here that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judge'd but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them;
And shall the figure of God's majesty,
His captain, steward, deputy elet,
Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
Be judge'd by subject and inferior breath,
And he not 7 present! O! forefend it, God,
That, in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
I speak to subjects, and a subject, speaks,
Stirr'd up by God thus boldly for his king.
My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king;
And if you crown him, let me prophesy
The blood of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groan for this foul act:
Peace shall go sleep with Turks and infidels,
And in this seat of peace tumultuous wars
Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind 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 raise this house against this house,
That ever fell upon this cursed earth,
Prevent, 8 resist it, let it be not so,
Lest child, child's children, cry against you—woe!
North. Well have you argued, sir; and, for your pains,
Of capital treason we arrest you here—
My lord of Westminster, be it your charge
To keep him safely till his day of trial.
May it please you, lords, to grant the commons' suit. 9
Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender; so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [Exit. 
Boling. Lords, you that here are under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer—
Little are we beholding to your love, 10 [To the Bishop.
And look for little at your helping hands.
Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bear-
ing the Crown, &c.
K. Rich. Alack! why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
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 sometime cry, All hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ; but he, in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one: I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will 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 me him.—
To do what service am I sent for hither?
York. To do that office of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer;

The resignation of thy state and crown
To Harry Bolingbroke.
K. Rich. Give me the crown.—Here, cousin, seize
the crown; 11 [Crown brought.
Here, cousin, on this side my hand, and on that side,
yours.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes 13 two buckets, filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water:
That bucket down, and full of tears, am I,
Drinking my grief, whilst you mount up on high.
Boling. I thought you had been willing to resign.
K. Rich. My crown, I am; but still my griefs are mine.
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs: still am I king of those. 12 [crown.
Boling. Part of your cares you give me with your
K. Rich. Your cares set up do not pluck my cares
down.
My care is loss of care, by old care done;
Your care is gain of care, by new care won:
The cares I give, I have, though given away;
They tend the crown, yet still with me they stay.
Boling. Are you contented to resign the crown?
K. Rich. Ay, no;—no, ay;—for I must nothing be;
Therefore no no, for I resign to thee.
Now mark me how I will undo myself.—
I give this heavy weight from off my head,
And this unwieldy sceptre from my hand,
The pride of kingly sway from out my heart:
With mine own tears I wash away my balm,
With mine own hands I give away my crown,
With mine own tongue deny my sacred state,
With mine own breath release all duties, rites 14:
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 unbrok'd that swear'd 15 to thee!
Make me, that nothing have, with nothing griev'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that hast all achiev'd!
Long may'st thou live in Richard's seat to sit,
And soon lie Richard in an earthy 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, 16
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 worthy depos'd.
K. Rich. Must I do so? and must I ravel out
My weav'd up folly? Gentle Northumberland,
If thy offences were upon record,
Would it not shame thee, in so fair a troop,
To read a lecture of them? If thou wouldst,
There shouldst thou find one heinous article,
Containing the deposing of a king,
And cracking the strong warrant of an oath,
Mark'd with a blot, damn'd in the book of heaven.—
Nay, all of you, that stand and look upon me,
Whilst that my wretchedness doth baffle myself,
Though some of you, with Pilate, wash your hands,
Showing an outward pity; yet you Pilates
Have here deliver'd me to my sour cross,
And water cannot wash away your sin.

3 So the quarto. 1507; all other editions: nobles. 4 And be himself not, &c.; in f. s. 5 So all the quartos; the folio: forbid. 6 So the quartos; the folio: near. 7 The folio inserts: and. 8 This line, and all that follows to Richard's exit, were first printed in the quarto of 1608. 9 Features. 10 Not in f. s. 11 Ours. 12 The folio: dutheous oaths. 13 The folio: are made.
Scene I.

KING RICHARD II.

North. My lord, dispatch: read o'er these articles.
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 1 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 pompos body of a king;
Made glory base, and 2 sovereignty a slave.

Proud majesty a subject; state a peasant.
North. My lord.
K. Rich. No lord of thine, thou haughty, insulting man,
Nor no man's lord: I have no name, no title,
No, not that name was given me at the font;
But 'tis usurped. —Alack, 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 3 be sterling yet in England,
Let it command a mirror litter straight,
That it may show me what a face I have,
Sinces it is bankrupt of his majesty.

Boling. Go some of you, and fetch a looking-glass.

North. Read o'er this paper, while the glass doth come.
K. Rich. Fiend! thou torment'st me ere I come to hell.
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 4 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 beguile me. Was this the 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 beholder's wink? 5
Was this the face, that face'd so many follies,
And was at last outface'd by Bolingbroke?
A brittle glory shineth in this face:
As brittle as the glory is the face;

[Dashes the Glass against the ground.

For there it is, crack'd in a hundred shivers.

Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:
How soon my sorrow hath destroy'd my face.
Boling. The shadow of your sorrow hath destroy'd
The shadow of your face.
K. Rich. Say that again.
The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see: —
'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;
And these external manners of lament
Are merely shadows to the unseen grief,
That swells with silence in the tortured soul;
There lies the substance: and I thank thee, king,
For thy great bounty, that not only giv'st
Me cause to wail, but teachest me the way
How to lament the cause. I'll beg one boon,
And then begone and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtain it?
Boling. Name it, fair cousin.
K. Rich. Fair cousin! I am greater than a king;
For, when I was a king, my flatterers
Were then but subjects; being now a subject,
I have a king here to my flatterer.

Being so great, I have no need to beg.
Boling. Yet ask.
K. Rich. And shall I have it?
Boling. You shall.
K. Rich. Why then give me leave to go.
Boling. Whither?
K. Rich. Whither you will, so I were from your sights.
Boling. Go, some of you; convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O, good! Convey? —Conveyers 6 are you all,
That rise thus nimblly by a true king's fall.

[Exeunt K. Richard, and Guard, Boling.
Boling. On Wednesday next we solemnly set down
Our coronation: lords, prepare yourselves.

[Exeunt all but the Abbot, Bishop of Carlisle, and
Aumerle.
Abbot. A woeful pageant have we here beheld.
Bishop. The woeful to come: the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
Aum. You holy clergymen, is there no plot
To rid the realm of this pernicious blot?
Abbot. My lord, before I freely speak my mind
herein,
You shall not only take the sacrament
To bury mine intents, but also to effect
Whatever I shall happen to devise.
I see your brows are full of discontent,
Your hearts of sorrow, and your eyes of tears:
Come home with me to supper; I will lay
A plot, shall show us all a merry day.

[Exeunt.

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 way
To Julius Caesar's ill-erected tower,
To whose flint bosom my condemned lord
Is doomed a prisoner by proud Bolingbroke.
Here let us rest, if this rebellions 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 winter: yet look up, behold,

1 Set, or company. 2 The folio: a. 3 The folio: word. 4 The rest of the line is added in the folio. 5 This sentence was added in the folio. 6 This word was applied to lawyers, or conveyancers, and thieves.
To grim necessity; and he and I
Will keep a league till death. Hie thee to France,
And cloister thee in some religious house:
Our holy lives must win a new world's crown,
Which our profane hours here have stricken down.
Queén. What! is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transform'd and weaken'd? Hath this Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?
The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw,
And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage
To be o'erpower'd; and wilt thou, pupil-like,
Take thy correction mildly? kiss the rod,
And fawn on rage with base humility,
Which art a lion, and a king of beasts?
K. Rich. A king of beasts, indeed; if aught but beasts,
I had been still a happy king of men.
Good sometime queen, prepare thee hence for France:
Think I am dead; and that even here thou tak'st,
As from my death-bed, my last living leave.
In winter's tedious nights sit by the fire
With good old folks, and let them tell thee tales
Of woeful ages long ago betid;
And, ere thou bid good night, to quit their grief,
Tell thou the lamentable tale of me,
And send the hearers weeping to their beds.
For why, the senseless brands will sympathize
The heavy accent of thy moving tongue,
And in compassion weep the fire out;
And some will mourn in ashes, some coal-black,
For the depositing 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, wherewithal
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 unrighteous kings, wilt know again,
Being well goaded, to the best day
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. Doubly divorc'd!—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;
[They embrace.]
And yet not so, for with a kiss 'twas made."
Part us, Northumberland: I towards the north,
Where shivering cold and sickness pine the clime;
My wife to France: from whence, set forth in pomp,
She came adorned hither like sweet May.
Sent back like Hallowmas, or shortest day.
Queen. And must we be divided? must we part?
K. Rich. Ay, hand from hand, my love, and heart
From heart.
Queen. Banish us both, and send the king with me.
North. That were some love, but little policy.
Queen. Then whither he goes, thou let me go.

K. Rich. So two, together weeping, make one woe.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, being as 'eret the near.
Go; count thy way with sighs, I mine with groans.
Queen. So longest way shall have the longest moans.
K. Rich. Twice for one step I'll groan, the way
Being short,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in woeing sorrow let's be brief,
Since, wedding it, there is such length in grief.
One kiss shall stop our mouths, and dumbly part:
Thus give I mine, and thus take I thy heart. [They kiss.
Queen. Give me mine own again; 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keep, and kill thy heart.
[They kiss again.
So, now I have mine own again, begone,
That I may strive to kill it with a groan.
K. Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay.
Once more, adieu; the rest let sorrow say. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, and the Duchess.

Duch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest,
When weeping made you break the story off,
Of our two cousins coming into London.
York. Where did I leave?
Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,
Where rude misgovern'd hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.
York. Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
While all tongues cried—"God save thee, Bolingbroke!"
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls
With painted imagery had said at once,—
"Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!"
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Despake them thus:—"I thank you, countrymen." And
Thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.
Duch. Alas, poor Richard! where rode he the whilst?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grad'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did 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 combattting with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now;
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.
Duch. Here comes my son Aumerle.
York. Aumerle that was;
KING RICHARD II.

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.
Enter Bolingbroke as King; Percy, and other Lords.

Boling. Can no man tell me of my untruthy son? 'Tis full three months, since I did see him last:
If any plague hang over us, 'tis he.
I would to God, my lords, he might be found.
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions;
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes,
And beat our watch, and rob our passengers;
While he, young wanton, and effeminate boy,
Takes on the point of honour to support
So dissolute a crew.
Percy. My lord, some two days since I saw the prince,
And told him of these triumphs held at Oxford.
Boling. And what said the gallant? 
Percy. His answer was,—he would unto the stews;
And from the common'st creature pluck a glove,
And wear it as a favour; and with that
He would unhorse the lustiest challenger.
Boling. As dissolute, as desperate: yet through both
I see some sparks of better hope, which elder days
May happen to bring forth. But who comes here?
Enter Aumerle, in great haste.

Aum. Where is the king?
Boling. What means our cousin, that he stares and looks
So wildly?

Aum. God save your grace. I do beseech your majesty,
To have some conference with your grace alone.

Boling. Withdraw yourselves, and leave us here alone.—

[Exit Percy and Lords.

What is the matter with our cousin now?

Aum. For ever may my knees grow to the earth.

[Kneels.

My tongue cleave to my roof within my mouth,
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.

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 appæarch him.

Duch. Hadst thou grace d for him, As I have done, thou wouldest be more pitiful.
But now I know thy mind: thou dost suspect,
That I have been disloyal to thy bed,
And that he is a bastard, not thy son.
Sweet York, sweet husband, be not of that mind:
He is as like thee as a man may be,
Not like to me, nor any of my kin,
And yet I love him.

York. Make way, unruly woman. [Exit.

Duch. After, Aumerle! Mount thee upon his horse:
Spur, post, and get before him to the king,
And beg thy pardon ere he do accuse thee.
I'll not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as fast as York:
And never will I rise up from the ground,
Till Bolingbroke have pardon'd thee. Away! begone.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Windsor. A Room in the Castle.
Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not:
God knows, I had as lief be none, as one.
York. Well, bear you well in this new spring of time,
Lest ye be crop'd before you come to prime.
What news from Oxford? hold those justs and triumphs?
Aum. For aught I know, my lord, they do.
York. You will be there, I know.
Aum. If God prevent it not, I purpose so.
York. What seal is that, that hangs without thy bosom?
Yea, look'st thou pale? let me then see the writing.
Aum. My lord, 'tis nothing.
York. No matter, then, who sees it:
I will be satisfied, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech your grace to pardon me.
It is a matter of small consequence,
Which for some reasons I would not have seen.
York. Which for some reasons, sir, I mean to see.
I fear, I fear.—

Duch. What should you fear?
'Tis nothing but some bond he's entered into
For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
York. Bound to himself? what doth he with a bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a fool.—
Boy, let me see the writing.
Aum. I do beseech you, pardon me: I may not show it.
York. I will be satisfied: let me see it, I say,

[Snatches it and reads.

Treason! foul treason! —villain! traitor! slave!
Duch. What is the matter, my lord?
York. Ho! who is within there? Saddle my horse.
God for his mercy! what treachery is here!
Duch. Why, what is it, my lord?
York. Give me my boots, I say: saddle my horse.—
Now by mine honour, by my life, my truth,
I will apprehend the villain.
Duch. What's the matter?
York. Peace, foolish woman.
Duch. I will not peace.—What is the matter,
Aumerle?
Aum. Good mother, be content: it is no more
Than my poor life must answer.
Duch. Thy life answer?
York. Bring me my boots! I will unto the king.

Enter Servant with boots.

Duch. Strike him, Aumerle.—Poor boy, thou art amaz'd—

Hence, villain! never more come in my sight.—

[Exit Servant.

York. Give me my boots, I say.

Duch. Why, York, what wilt thou do?
Willst thou not hide the trespass of thine own?
Have we more sons, or are we like to have?
Is not my teeming date drunk up with time,
And wilt thou pluck my fair son from mine age,
And rove—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,

1 Not in f. e. 2 that he is: in f. e. 3 Foolish.
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 revengen hand: thou hast no cause to fear.

York. [Within.] Open the door, secure, fool-hardy king:
Shall I for love speak treason to thy face?
Open the door, or I will break it open.

[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. Percive 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, begets his penitence.
Forget to pity them, 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 seem, immaculate, and silver fountain,
From whence this stream through muddy passages
Hath held his current, and doff'd himself! Thy over-flow of good counsel to bad;
And thy abundant goodness shall excuse
This deadly blot in thy digressing son.

York. So shall my virtue be his vice's bawd,
And he shall spend mine honour with his shame,
As thriftless sons their scraping fathers' gold.
Mine honour lives when his dishonour dies,
Or my shamed life in his dishonour lies:
Thou kill'st me in his life: giving him breath,
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death.

Duch. [Within.] What ho! my liege! for God's sake let me in.

Boling. What shrill-voic'd suppliant makes this eager cry?

Duch. A woman, and a youth, great king; 'tis I.

Aum. Speak with me, pity me, open the door:
A beggar begs, that never begg'd before.

Boling. Our scene is altered, from a serious thing,
And now chang'd to 'The Beggar and the King.'—
My dangerous cousin, let your mother in:
I know, she's come to pray for your foul sin.

York: If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,
More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.
This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound;
This, let alone, will all the rest confound.

[Enter Duchess.

Duch. O king! believe not this hard-hearted man:
Love, loving not itself, none other can.
York. Thou frantic woman, what dost thou make here?
Shall thy old dugs once more a traitor rear?

Duch. Sweet York, be patient. Hear me, gentle liege.

Boling. Rise up, good aunt.

Duch. Not yet, I thee beseech:
For ever will I walk upon my knees,
And never see day that the happy sees,
Till thou give joy; until thou bid me joy,
By pardoning Ituatu, my transgressing boy.

Aum. Unto my mother's prayers, I bend my knee.

Kneels. York. Against them both, my true joints bended be.

[Duch. Nay, do not say—stand up.
But, pardon first, and afterwards, stand up.
An if I were thy nurse, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon should be the first word of thy speech.
I never long'd to hear a word till now;
Say—pardon, king: let pity teach thee how:
The word is short, but not so short as sweet;
No word like pardon, for kings' mouths so meet.
York. Speak it in French, king: say, pardonnez-moi.

Duch. 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 chopping French we do not understand.
Thine eye begins to speak, set thy tongue there,
Or in thy piteous heart plant thou thine ear,
That hearing how our plaints and prayers do pierce,
Pity may move thee pardon to rehearse.

Boling. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand:
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.

Boling. I pardon him, as God shall pardon me.

Duch. O, happy vantage of a kneeling knee!
Yet am I sick for fear: speak it again;
Twice saying pardon doth not pardon twain,
But makes one pardon strong.

Boling. I pardon him with all my heart.

Duch. A god on earth thou art. [Rises.] Boling. But for our trusty brother-in-law, and the abbots,
With all the rest of that consorted crew,
 Destruction straight shall dog them at the heels.—Good uncle, help to order several powers To Oxford; or where else these traitors be: They shall not live within this world, I swear, But I will have them, so I once know where.
Uncle, farewell.—and cousin mine! adieu: Your mother well hath pray'd, and prove you true.

Duch. Come, my old son; I pray God make thee now.[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir Pierce of Exton, and a Servant.

Exton. Didst thou not mark the king, what words he spake?

"Have I no friend will rid me of this living fear?"
Was it not so?

Serv. Those were his very words. [twice, Exton. "Have I no friend?" quoth he: he spake it And urg'd it twice together, did he not? Serv. He did.

1 The rest of this stage direction is not in f.e. 2 Folio: had. 3 A popular ballad. 4 Folio: kneel. 5 This line is not in the folio. 6 Changing. 7 Not in F.E. 8 Where'er: in F.E. 9 Are: in F.E. 10 if: in F.E. 11 too: in F.E.
KING RICHARD II

SCENE V.

K. Rich. I have been studying how I may compare this prison, where I live, unto the world:
And for because the world is populous,
And here is not a creature but myself,
I cannot do it: yet I'll hammer 't out.
My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts,
And these same thoughts people this little world;
In humours like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better sort,
As thoughts of things divine, are intermix'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 ambition, they do plot
Unlikely, wonders: how these vain weak nags
May tear a passage through the flinty ribs
Of this hard world, my ragged prison walls;
And, for they cannot, die in their own pride.
Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves,
That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,
Nor shall not be the last; like silly beggars,
Who, sitting in the stocks, refuse their shame
That many have, and others must sit there:
And in this thought they find a kind of ease,
Bearing their own misfortune on the back
Of such as have before endur'd the like.
Thus play I, in one person, many people,
And none contented: sometimes am I king;
Then, treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
And so I am: then, crushing penury
Persuades me I was better when a king:
Then, am I king'd again; and, by and by,
Think that I am unking'd by Bolingbroke,
And strange:—But sooner or later I am,
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing.—Music do I hear?
Ha! ha! keep time.—How sour sweet music is,
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives:
And here have I the daintiness of ear,
To check time broke in a disorder'd string,
But for the concord of my state and time,
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
For now hath time made me his numbering clock;
My thoughts are minutes, and with sighs they jar;
Their watchch on unto mine eyes the outward watch,
Whereo my finger, like a dial's point,
is pointing still, in cleansing them from tears.
Now, for the sound, that tells what hour it is,
Are clamorous groans, that strike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: so sighs, and tears, and groans,
Show minutes, times, and hours; but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fouling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me: lest it sound no more,
For though it hath holpe madmen to their wits,
In me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.
Yet, blessing on his heart this gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love, and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch² in this all-hating world.

Enter Groom.

Groom. Hail, royal prince!

K. Rich. Thanks, noble peer;
The cheapest of us is ten groats too dear,
What art thou? and how comest thou hither,
Where no man never comes, but that sad¹ dog
That brings me food to make misfortune live?

Groom. I was a poor groom of thy stable, king,
When thou went 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 lastest bestrid,
That horse that I so carefully have dres'd
K. Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me, gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groom. So proud, as if he had disdain'd the ground.
K. Rich. So proud that Bolingbroke was on his back?
That jade hath eat bread from my royal hand;
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him,
Would he not stumble? Would he not fall down,
(Since pride must have a fall) and break the neck O! that proud man that did usurp his back?
Forgiveness, horse! why do I rail on thee,
Since thou, created to be aw'd by man,
Wast born to bear? I was not made a horse;
And yet I bear a burden like an ass,
Spur-gall'd and tire'd by jangling Bolingbroke.

Enter Keeper, with a Dish.

Keep. Fellow, give place: here is no longer stay.

K. Rich. If thou love me, 'tis time thou wert away.

Groom. What my tongue dares not, that my heart shall say.

[Exit Groom.

K. Rich. My lord, will 't please you to fall to?

K. Rich. Taste of it first, as thou art wont to do.

K. Rich. For my lord, I dare not: Sir Pierce of Exton, who lately came from the king, commands the contrary.

K. Rich. The devil take Henry of Lancaster, and thee!

Pattens 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 in hell.

[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
Hath with the king's blood stain'd the king's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

Exton. As full of valour, as of royal blood:
Both have I spelt: O, would the deed were good!
For now the devil, that told me I did well,
Says that this deed is chronicled in hell.

1 So the quarto, 1597 and 6; two later ones and folio: wisely. ² So the quarto, 1597; other eds.: "how to compare." ³ So the quarto; the folio: faith. ⁴ Not in folio; needes is to be pronounced, as it often was, as one syllable. ⁵ Tick. ⁶ Dial-plate. ⁷ The figure that struck the hours in old clocks. ⁸ An allusion, say the commentators, to these ornaments being out of fashion. ⁹ Grave.
This dead king to the living king I'll bear.—
Take hence the rest, and give them burial here.
[Exeunt 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 Cicester in Glosstershire;
But whether they be ta'en, or slain, we hear not.
[Enter Northumberland.]
Welcome, my lord. What is the news with you?1
North. First, to thy sacred state wish I all happiness:
The next news is,—I have to London sent
The heads of Salisbury, Spencer, Blunt, and Kent:
The manner of their taking may appear
At large discoursed in this paper here.
[Presenting a Paper]

Boling. We thank thee, gentle Percy, for thy pains,
And to thy worth will add right worthy gains.
[Enter Fitzwater.]

Fitz. My lord, I have from Oxford sent to London
The heads of Brocas, and Sir Benet Seely,
Two of the dangerous consorted traitors,
That sought at Oxford thy dire overthrow.

Boling. Thy pains, Fitzwater, shall not be forget;
Right noble is thy merit, well I wot.
[Enter Percy, with the Bishop of Carlisle.]

Percy. The grand conspirator, abbot of Westminster,
With clog of conscience, and sour melancholy,
Hath yielded up his body to the grave;

1 These two words are not in f. e. 2 Carlisle, this is your doom : in f. e. 3 So the quarto, 1607; the others, and folio: slaughter.

But here is Carlisle living, to abide
Thy kingly doom, and sentence of his pride.

Boling. Bishop of Carlisle, this shall be your doom:—
Choose out some secret place, some reverend room,
More than thou hast, and with it joy thy life; So, as thou liv'st in peace, die free from strife:
For though mine enemy thou hast ever been,
High sparks of honour in thee have I seen.
[Enter Exton, with Attendants bearing a Coffin.]

Exton. Great king, within this coffin I present
Thy buried fear: herein all breathless lies
The mightiest of thy greatest enemies,
Richard of Bordeaux, by me hither brought.

Boling. Exton, I thank thee not; for thou hast wrought
A deed of slander2 with thy fatal hand
Upon my head, and all this famous land. [Decem.]

Exton. From your own mouth, my lord, did I this
Boling. They love not poison that do poison need,
Nor do I thee: though I did wish him dead,
I hate the murderer, love him murdered.
The guilt of conscience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor princely favour:
With Cain go wander through the shade of night,
And never show thy head by day nor light.—
Lords, I protest, my soul is full of woe,
That blood should sprinkle me to make me grow:
Come, mourn with me for that I do lament,
And put on sullen black. Incontinent
I'll make a voyage to the Holy land,
To wash this blood off from my guilty hand,
March sadly after: grace my mourning here,
In weeping after this untimely bier. [Exeunt.]

2 A word improperly inserted here, following the word 'slander.'
THE FIRST PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

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.
SCHROOP, Archbishop of York.
ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain,

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-windèd 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 brusie her flowerets with the armed hoofs Of hostile paces; those opposed eyes, Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven, All of one nature, of one substance bred, Did lately meet in the intestine shock And furious close of civil butchery, Shall now, in mutual, well-seeing 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 those holy fields, Over whose acres walk’d those blessed feet, Which fourteen hundred years ago were nail’d For our advantage on the bitter cross. But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,

1 Coleridge adopts Theobald’s view, that the “dry penetrability” of the soil of England was referred to. 2 Expedition. 3 Calculations of the expense. 4 The folio: like. 5 The folio: Far.
And pride of their contention did take horse, 
Uncertain of the issue any way. 
K. Hen. Here is a dear, a true-industrious friend, 
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse, 
Stain'd with the variation of each soil 
Betwixt, that Holmedon and this seat of ours; 
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The earl of Douglas is discomfited; 
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights, 
Balk'd in their own blood, did Sir Walter see 
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners, Hotspur took 
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son 
To beaten Douglas, and the earl of Athol, 
Of Murray, Angus, and the bold Menteith; 
And is not this an honourable spoil? 
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not? 
West. 'Faith, 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of. 
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin, 
In envy that my lord Northumberland 
Should be the father to so blest a son: 
A son that is the mak'ring of his tongue's; 
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant; 
Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride: 
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him, 
See riot and dishonour stain the brow 
Of my young Harry! O! that it could be prov'd, 
That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd 
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, 
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet: 
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine. 
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz, 
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 Worcester, 
Malevolent to you in all aspects; 
Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up 
The crest of youth against your dignity. 
K. Hen. But I have sent 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 anger can be uttered. 
West. I will, my liege. 

[Exeunt.]

Scene II. — The Same. Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Henry, Prince of Wales, and Falstaff.

Fal. Now, Hal; what time of day is it, lad? 
P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, 
and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldest truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes cups, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluously to demand the time of the day.

1 Raised in ridges, heaped. 2 These two words are not in f. e. 3 in f. e.: In faith, &c.

*The Knight of the Sun*, whose romantic adventures were translated and published in 1585. 4 An allusion to the name of Oldcastle, which Falstaff appears to have originally borne. Farmer says it is from, lad of Castle. 5 This was the dress of constables at the time of the play. 6 were it not here: in f. e. 7 Gib, was an old name for a tom-cat. 8 The Lincolnshire bagpipe is often mentioned by old writers.
P. Hen. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch? 
Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascally, sweet young prince.—But, Hal, I pray thee, 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 eres out in the street, 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 forgoe 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 purse to-morrow, Jack?
Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I send no recommendation of life thee from praying, to purse-taking.

Enter Poins, at a distance.
Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal: 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match"—O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hell in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever eried, Stand! to a true man.

P. Hen. Good morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Renmore? What says Sir John Sack-2nd-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 proverbs; 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 cozening the devil.

Poins. But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill. There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses; I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoken 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 earn'st not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap.
Fal. Why, that's well said.
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, Northumberland, Worcester, Hotspur, Sir Walter Blunt, and Others.

K. Hen. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me; for, accordingly,
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect,
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

Wor. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness, too, which our own hands
Have up to make so sporty.

North. My good lord,—

K. Hen. Lord? Worcester, get thee gone; for I 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 bow.
You have good leave to leave us: when we need
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[Exit Worcester.

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 bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumed 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 snuff';—and still he snifld, and talk'd.
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
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 pester'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief and my impatience,
Answer'd neglectingly; I know not what,
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman.
Of guns, and drums, and wounds, God save the mark!

And telling me, the sovereign's thing on earth
Was parmaecli 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 baid, unjointed chat 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, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
The lives of those that he did lead to fight
Against that great magician, damn'd Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we fear, that earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall 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,
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost,
To ransom home revoluted Mortimer.

Hot. Revoluted 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 sodgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they
drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood;
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Colour her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then, let him not be slander'd with revolt.

K. Hen. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower.
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me.
As will displeasure you.—My lord Northumberland,
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd contempt,
Of this proud king; who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say,—

Wor. Peace, cousin! say no more.
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous;
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night!—or sink or swim,
Send danger from the east unto the west,
So honour cross it, from the north to south,
And let them grapple —o! the blood more stirs,
To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

North. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

Hot. By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon;
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks,
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corriall 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. 3

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.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat.
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!
Nay, I'll have a startling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motion.

Wor. Hear you, cousin, a word.

Hot. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:
And that same sword-and-buckler 7 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 8 with a pot of ale.

Wor. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

North. Farewell, kinsman. I will talk to you,
When you are better temper'd to attend.

Wor. Why, what a wasp-stung 9 and impatient fool
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 scourg'd with rods,
Netted, and stung with pismires; when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke;
In Richard's time,—what doth call the place?—
A plague upon't!—it is in Gloucestershire;—
'T was where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept,

1 Folio: Although it be with hazard. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Folio: In his behalf. 4 Folio: if. 5 banished: in f. e. 6 The folio inserts here as a separate line: "And list to me." 7 Servants and riotous persons were thus accounted. 8 Folio: poison'd him. 9 Folio: wasp-stung.

Enter a Carrier, with a Lantern in his hand.

1 Car. Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles's wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 Car. I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all ease.

Enter another Carrier.

2 Car. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the boys: this house is turned upside down since Robin ostler died.

1 Car. Poor fellow! he never joyed since the price of oats rose: it was the death of him.

2 Car. I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fles: I am stung like a thcoth.

1 Car. Like a thcoth? by the mass, there is never 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 look in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 Car. What, ostler! come away and be hanged: come away.

2 Car. I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 Car. Oh, somebody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved. What, ostler!—A plague on thee! haste.

Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it:

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well.

North. Before the game's afoot, thou still let'st slip.

Hot. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—And then the power of Scotland, and of York,

To join with Mortimer, ha?

War. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

War. 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 see already how he doth begin

To make us strangers to his looks of love.

Hot. He does, he does: we'll be revenge'd on him.

War. 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, I trust.

Hot. Uncle, adieu.—O! let the hours be short,

Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport.

[Exeunt.

Act II.
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.

_Gods._ Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas's 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.

_Gods._ What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallowes; for, if I hang, old sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. _Tu!_ 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-languers, no long-staff, sixpeny strikers: none of these mad, mustachio purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and sanguinity; burgomasters, and great 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, for they rise up and down on her, and make her boots.

_Cham._ What! the commonwealth's their boots? will she hold up water in foul weather?

_Gods._ She will she will; justice hath dignified 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 beholding to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

_Gods._ 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.

_Gods._ Go to; _homo_ is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. [Exeunt.

**SCENE II.—The Road by Gadhill.**

_Enter Prince Henry, and Poi's; Bardolph and Petoe, at some distance._

_Poi's._ Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gimmed velvet.  

_P. Hen._ Stand close.  

_Bardolph._ Enter FALSTAFF.

_Fal._ Poi's! Poi's! and be hanged! Poi's!  

_P. Hen._ Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep?

_Fal._ Where's Poi's, Hal?

_P. Hen._ He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.  

_Pretends to go seek Poi's._

_Fal._ I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse; and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire's further afoot I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I escape 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—Poi's!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An I were not as 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 whistle.] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me 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 canst hear the tread of travellers.

_Fal._ Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot, as for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

_P. Hen._ Thou liest: thou art not colt'd, thou art 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 ta'en, I'll peach for this. An 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 GADHILL._

_Gods._ Stand.

_Fal._ So do, against my will.

_Poi's._ O! 't is our seller: I know his voice.

_Enter BARDOLPH._

_Bard._ What news?

_Gods._ 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: 't is going to the king's tavern.

_Gods._ There's enough to make us all.

_Fal._ To be hanged.

_P. Hen._ Sire, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower; if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

_Peto._ But how many be there of them?

_Gods._ 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.

_Poi's._ 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 Poins.] Where are our disguises?

_Poi's._ Here, hard by: stand close.

_Exeunt P. Hen and Poi's._

_Fal._ Now, my masters, happy man be his dole; say I: every man to his business.

_Enter Travellers._

_Trav._ Come, come, neigbour: the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

**Thieves.** Stand!

_Trav._ Jesus bless us!

_Fal._ Strike; down with them; eat the villains' throats. Ah, whorson caterpillars! bacon-fed knives! they hate us youth: down with them: flceee them.

_Exeunt._

_Trav._ O! we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

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1 A cant name for robbers. 2 tranquility; in f. e. 3 great oneryes; in f. e. 4 Of old, believed to be invisible, from its very minute size 5 A cant term, in frequent use, for booty. 6 A gummed velvet, being very stiff, fretted, or wore rapidly. 7 Foot-rule. 8 Trick. 9 Lot.
SCENE III.—Warwick. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Horseshoe, reading a Letter.

"O! for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house."—He could be contented,—why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. "The purpose you undertake, is dangerous!"—Why, that's certain: "it is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my lord, out of this nettle, danger, we'll weave this fruit of safety. The purpose you undertake, is dangerous: the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterfeit of so great an opposition."—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a 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 frothy-spirited rogue is this? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Round! and I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and my cousin? Lord Edinburgh, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. Oh! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king: we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.

1 The fortifications protecting frontiers. 2 Weighed nine thousand pounds and carried a ball of sixty. 3 Weighed seven thousand, and carried a ball of sixty. 4 Weighed four thousand, and carried a ball of eighteen. 5 currents: in i.e. 6 So the quarto; the folio: haste. 7 The motto of the Percy family. 8 Puppets, dolls.
KING

HENRY IV.

SCENE IV.—Eastcheap. A Room in the Boar’s
Head Tavern.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. Ned, pr’ythee, come out of that fat
room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst
three or four-score hogsheads. I have sounded the
very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn
brother to a leach of drawers, and can call them all by
their Christian names as Tom, Dick, and Francis.

They take it already upon their salvation, that though
I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of cour-
tesy, and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Fal-
staff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,
(by the lord, so they call me), and when I am king of
England, I shall command all the good lads in East-
cheap. They call drinking deep, dying sweet; and
when you breathe in your waterings, they cry hem! and
bid you play it off.—To conclude, I am so good a pro-
ficient 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 much honour that thou wert
not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to
sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this penny-
worth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an
under-skinner1; 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! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,2
or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff
come, I pr’ythee, do thou stand in some by-room, while
I question my puny drawer to what end he gave me
the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis! that
his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step
aside, and I will show thee a precedent.

Poins. Francis! P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis! [Exit Poins.

Enter Francis.

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pome-
granate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Franc. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Franc. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by ’r lady, a long lease for the
clinking! No, Francis, dost thou think I am
so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture,
and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

For, O lord, sir! I’ll be sworn upon all the books
in England, I could find it in my heart.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis? [be—

Franc. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon, sir. Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar
thou gavest me,—I was a pennyworth, was ’t not?

Franc. O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound:
ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

Franc. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-mor-
row, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed,
Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis—

Franc. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-
button, knot-pated,3 agate-ring, puke'-stocking, caddis-
garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Franc. O lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard? Is your only
drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas
doubles will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so
much.

Franc. What, sir?

Poins. [Within.] Francis!

P. Hen. Away, you rogue! Dost not thou hear them
call?

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed,
not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What! stand’st thou still, and hear’st such a
calling? Look to the guests within. [Exit Fran.

My lord, old sir John, with half a dozen more, are at
the door: shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the
door. [Exit Vintner.] Poins.

Re-enter Poins.

Poins. Francis, anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves
are at the door. Shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as cricketts, my 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 humours, that have show’d
themselves humours, since the old days of Goodman
Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve o’clock
at midnight. [Re-enter Francis, with Wine.] What’s
o’clock, Francis?

Franc. Anon, anon, sir.

Franc. That over 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
1 to the park; Kate not in f. e. 2 take breath in your drinking. 3 One who serves drink, a drawer. 4 Having the hair cut close. 5 Puce. 6 Galee. 7 A strong and sweet Spanish wine. It was both brown and white.
life? I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says he, "How many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers. "Fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle."—I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and Peto.

Pains. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards; I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'II sell 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 extant?

[He drinks.]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! if thou didst, then, behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but regurgity to be found in villainous man; 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 Pains there?

Pains. 'Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drank to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'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't a thousand pound this day morning. [He drinks.]

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. [He drinks.]

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 cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: ecce sig-

num. [Drawing 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 Ebrew 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 a past praying for: I have pepered 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.

Pains. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust 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.

Pains. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone: we shall have more anon.

[To Pains.]

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. Their points being broken,—

Pains. Down fell their hoes.

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 couldst not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begats them; gross as a mountain; open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech. —

Fal. What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not

1 One that has cast his spawn. 2 So the first two quarto's, the folio omit: day. The phrase is still in use in the eastern counties of England. 3 So all old copies; many mod. eds. omit: of. 4 Not in f. e. 5 All the quarto's but the last, give this speech to P. Harry; the last quarto, and the folio, to Pains. 6 Not in f. e. 7 Points is taken by Pains in the sense of tags, or strings, by which the clothes were fastened. 8 Old copies: catch; changed by some editions to "kick;" the fat of an animal called up in a ball.
Scene IV.

KING HENRY IV.

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See thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack; your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado! or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, bull’s pizzle, you stock-fish, O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-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.

POINS. 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 drown?—Then did we two set you four, 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 roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then, say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, cast thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

POINS. 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 knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct: I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the tittles 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 lovest me.

Enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! My lord the prince.—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess! what say'st thou to me?

Host. 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. Pr'ythee, do, Jack. Fal. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [Exit. P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto,—so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince, no;—fa!

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 wear 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 beslubber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this seven year before; I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. O villain! thou stol'st a cup of sack eighteen years ago, andwert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore. Thou hastd fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ranst away: what instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteor's? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. [To Host.] What is this, I pray you? Make haste, Mr. Hostess.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken, halter.

Re-enter Falstaff.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast!—How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thy own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring: a plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad; here was sir John Bracey 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 Amaimon the bastardize, and made Lucifer euckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what, a plague, call you him?—

POINS. O! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the same; and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's head 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 maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundred.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like, we shall have good trading that way. But, tell me,——

1 This punishment consists in drawing the sufferer up to an elevation, by a strap passed under his shoulders, and then letting him drop suddenly—usually dislocating his shoulder blade. 2 Hammer suggests eel-skin. 3 A play upon the names of coins, the noble, or half, and the royal, 10s. 4 In the Fact. 5 Cotton-wood, used for stuffing dresses. 6 A pike, with a hook below its point.—Knight.
Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious ruff-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 wrong in King Cymbeline's reign.

Fal. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here I speak. —Stand aside, nobility.

Host. O Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my trifling queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! —Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied; for though men canonise, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, so youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That art thy mother's son, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If, then, thou be son to me, here lies the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a mickey, and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the sun of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile: so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears, not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in weeds also. —And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like thy majesty?

Fal. A goodly, portly man! i' faith, and a corpulent: of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by' r Lady, inclining to threescore, and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lowly given me, let me have one; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me, now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker, or a poulterer's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry! whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous. Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. —Nay, I'll tickle thee for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that hulk of humours, that bolting-hutch of bestiality, that swarm parcel of dropscies, that huge bombard, that stuffed old cloth-bag? why dost thou feed that pimple, with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in —are? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know no more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it: but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord: banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poin; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant 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. —[A knocking heard.

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis, and Bardolph.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. O Jesu! my lord, my lord! —

P. Hen. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick. What is the matter?

Host. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are coming to the sheriff house. Shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

1 An allusion to the "Lamentable Tragedy" of Cambyses, by Thomas Preston. 2 My obeisance. 3 Old copies; trustful; Rowe made the change. 4 The later quarto and folio; yet. 5 One who lurks out of sight, a truant. 6 So the old copies; Malone changed the word to "good." 7 A raking rabbit. 8 Crank, i.e. 9 A large barrel, also, a drinking vessel. 10 An allusion to the Manningtree Fair. 11 Skillful. 12 Let me understand you.
SCENE I.

KI^G.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Pol. I deny your major. If you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up. I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras:—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and a good conscience.

Pol. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the Prince and Peto.]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and Carrier.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry

Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord;

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee,

That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,

Send him to answer thee, or any man,

For any thing he shall be charg'd withal:

And so, let me entertain you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

ACT

SCENE I.—Bangor. A Room in the Archbishop's House.

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Glen-
dower.

Mort. These promises are fair, the parties sure,

And our induction 2 full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower, will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester,—A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

Glend. No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;

For by that name as oft as Lancaster

Doth speak of you,

His cheek looks pale, and with a rising sigh

He wisheth you in heaven.

Hot. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: at my nativity,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,

Of burning crescents; and at my birth,

The frame and huge foundation of the earth

Shak'd like a coward.

Hot. Why, so it would have done at the same season,

If your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

Glend. I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the earth was not of my mind,

If you suppose as fearing you it shook.

Glend. The heavens were all on fire; the earth did tremble.

Hot. It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.

Go, call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting 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, Sauce 4d.

Item, Sack, two gallons, 5s. 6d.

Item, Anothing, and sack after supper, 2s. 6d.

Hot. Bread. [Exeunt.

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 honourable. 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.

[Exeunt.]

III.

Hot. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of chollic pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old baldame earth, and topples down

Steeplings, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam 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 goats ran from the mountains, and the herds

Were strangely clamorous 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 chides 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 hold me pace in deep experiments.

Hot. I think, there is no man speaks better Welsh.

I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call spirits from the vastly deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man: 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.  
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.  
Mort. Come, come;  
No more of this unprofitable chat.  
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head  
Against my power: thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandie-bottom’d Severn, have I sent him  
Bootless home, and weather-beaten back.  
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!  
How 'scape’d he agues, in the devil’s name?  
Glend. Come, here’s the map: shall we divide our right,  
According to our three-fold order ta’en?  
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally.  
England, from Trent and Severn hither;  
By south and east is to my part assign’d:  
All westward, Wales, beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute)  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth;  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.—  
Within that space you may have drawn together.  
[To Glendower.  
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.  
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come;  
From whom you must steal, and take no leave;  
For there will be a world of women,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.  
Hot. Menthinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,  
In quantity equals not one of yours.  
See, how this river comes me cranking in,  
And cuts me from the best of all my land  
A huge half-moon; a monstrous castle out.  
I’ll have the current in this place dam’d up,  
And here the snug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly:  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.  
Glend. Not wind? it shall; it must; you see, it doth.  
Mort. Yes, but mark; how he bears his course, and runs me up.  
With like advantage on the other side;  
Gelling the opposed continent, as much  
As on the other side it takes from you.  
Wor. Yes, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land;  
And then he runs all straight and evenly.  
Hot. I’ll have it so: a little charge will do it.  
Glend. I will not have it alter’d.  
Hot.  
Glend. No, nor you shall not.  
Hot.  
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. Marry, and I’m glad of it with all my heart,  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry new;  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:  
I had rather hear a brazen can’t stick 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.  
’T is like the fore’d gait of a shuffling nag.  
Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn’d.  
Hot.  
I do not care.  
I’ll give thrice so much land to any well-deserving friend;  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I’ll 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 doth on her Mortimer.  
[Exit.  
Mort. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father.  
Hot. I cannot choose: sometime he angers me  
With telling me of the 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 skimble-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 days’ names,  
That were my lackeys: I cried, “Humph,” and “Well,”  
“Go to!”  
But mark’d him not a word. O! he’s as tedious  
As a tired horse, a railing wife;  
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.  
Mort. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman;  
Exceedingly well read, and profited  
In strange concealments; 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 humour; ‘faith, he does.  
I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
Without the taste of danger and reproof:  
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.  
Wor. In faith, my willful lord, you are to blame,  
And since your coming hither have done enough

1 Often used, as here, as a general term for shares.  
2 Porion.  
3 Funny and even.  
4 Candle-stick.  
5 In f. e.  
6 Break with your wives, &c.
In Welsh.

Hot. I had rather hear, lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

Lady P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

Hot. No.

Lady P. Then be still.

Hot. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

Lady P. Now, God help thee!

Hot. To the Welsh lady's bed.

Lady P. What's that?

Hot. Peace? she sings. [A Welsh Song by Lady M.]

Hot. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

Lady P. Not mine, in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours, in good sooth! 'Heart!

You swear like to a comfit-maker's wife.

Not yours, in good sooth; and, as true as I live;

As God shall mend me; and, as sure as day:

And giv'st such sacretne, surety for thy oaths,

As if thou never walk'd farther than Finsbury.

Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,

A good-mouth-filling oath; and leave in sooth,

And such protests of pepper-gingerbread,

To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Come, sing.

Lady P. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-bread teacher. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will.

[Exit.]

Glend. Come on', lord Mortimer; you are as slow.

As hot lord Percy is on fire to go.

By this our book is drawn; we'll seal, and part?

To horse immediately.

Mort. With all my heart. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, and Lords.

K. Hen. Lords, give us leave. The Prince of Wales and I,

Must have some private conference: but be near at hand.

For we shall presently have need of you.—

[Exeunt Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so.

For some displeasing service I have done,

That, in his secret doom, out of my blood

He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;

But thou dost, in thy passages of life,

Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd

For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven,

To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,

Could such inordinate, and low desires,

Such poor, such bare, such low'd; such mean attempts,

Such barren pleasures, rude society,

As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,

Accompany the greatness of thy blood,

And hold their level with thy princely heart?

P. Hen. So please your majesty, I would, I could

Quit all offences with as clear excuse

As well as, I am doubtless, I can purge

Myself of many I am charg'd withal:

Yet such extremity let me beg,

As, in reproof of many tales devis'd,

Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear

By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,

I may, for some things true, wherein my youth

Hath faulty wander'd, and irregular,

Find pardon on my true submission.
K. Hen. God pardon thee! - yet let me wonder, 
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors,
Thy place in counsell 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-place'd in the eyes of men,
So state and cheap'd in all my company;
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possession,
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a comet I was wonder'd at;
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say,- "Where? which is Bolingbroke?"
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dress'd myself in such humility,
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crowned king.
Thus do I keep my person fresh, and now;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wonder'd at: and so my state,
Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And won by raraeness such solemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters, and rash bavins wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burn'd; discarded state;
Mingled his royalty with earing fools;
Had his great name profan'd with their scorn;
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfled himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey; and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,
Aford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty,
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect
As cloudy men use to their adversaries.
Being with his presence 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-warey of common sight,
Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

P. Hen. Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'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 garment all of blood,
And stain my favour in a bloody mask,
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.
And that shall be the day, when'er it lights,
That this same child of honour and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honour sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes; and on my head
My shames redoubled! 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 will I make him so strict account,
That he shall render every glory 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 intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands;
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

K. Hen. A hundred thousand rebels die in this!
Thou shalt have change, and sovereign trust herein.

Enter BLUNT.
How now, good Blunt? thy looks are full of speed.
Rhut. So is the business that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word, That Douglas, and the English rebels met, The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head they are, If promises be kept on every hand, As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

K. Hen. The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day, With him my 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 Shropshire; by which account, Our business valued, some twelve days hence.
Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet,
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Eastecheap. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? do I not dwindle?—Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown: I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villainous company, have been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so frettful, 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 poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No; I'll be sworn, I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a memento mori: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, glowing. If thou wast any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be,

By this fire, that's God's angel: but thou art altogether given over, and wilt, 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 wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years: God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood! I would my face were in your belly. Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter Hostess.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Host. Why, sir John, what do you think, sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Host Who 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 quarrel to beguile me of it. I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Downes, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Host. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell! You owe money here besides, sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it: let him pay.

Host He? alas! he is poor: he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a yonker 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 Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'Sblood! and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would so.

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, i' faith? must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion?

Host. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well: he is an honest man.

Host. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee let her alone, and list to me.

P. Hen. What 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.

P. Hen. A trifle: some eight-penny matter.

Host. So I told him, my lord: and I said I heard your grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said, he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Host. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.
**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**—The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury,  

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, and Douglas.  

Hot. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking true,  
In this fine age were not thought flattering,  
Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By God, I cannot flatter: I defy  
The tongues of scothurs; 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 honour:  
No man so potent breathes upon the ground,

with any other injuries but these, I am a villain; and yet you will stand to it; you will not pocket it wrong.  
Art thou not ashamed?  

**Fal.**  

Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocence, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy?  Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess, then, you picked my pocket?  

**P. Hen.** It appears so by the story.  

**Fal.** Hostess, I forgive thee, Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest condition.  

**Host.** Do, my lord.  

**Fal.** I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.  

**Bard.** Indeed, sir John, you said so,  

**Fal.** Yeas; if he said my ring was copper.  

**P. Hen.** I say, 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?  

**Fal.** Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man,  
I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.  

**P. Hen.** And why not, as the lion.  

**Fal.** The king himself is to be feared as the lion.  

Dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear my father? nay, an I do, I pray God, my girdle break!  

**P. Hen.** O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is filled up with guts and midnight.  

Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket!  
Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor penny-worth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched

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1 Robin Hood's companion—she was often introduced as a character in Morris dances.
KING HENRY IV.

He was much fear’d by his physicians.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Wor.</th>
<th>I would the state of time had been whole, Ere he by sickness had been visited: His health was never better worth than now.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hot.</td>
<td>Sick now! drop now! this sickness doth infect The very life-blood of our enterprise: ’Tis catching hither, even to our camp. He writes me here,—that inward sickness— And that his friends by deputation could not So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet, To lay danger and dear a trust On any soul remov’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 qualifying now, Because the king is certainly possess’d Of all our purposes. What say you to it?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wor.</td>
<td>Your father’s sickness is a main to us.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hot.</td>
<td>A perils gash, a very limb lopp’d off:— And yet, in faith, ’tis not; his present want Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good, To set the exact wealth of all our states All at once? to do so rich a man Upon the nice hazard of one day’s hour? It were not good; for therein should we read The very bottom and the soul of hope, The very list, the very utmost bound Of all our fortunes.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Doug. ’Faith, and so we should, Where now remains a sweet recession: We now! 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 hair4 of our attempt Brooks no division: it will be thought By some, that know not why he is away, That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence. And think, how such an apprehension May turn the tide of fearful faction, And breed a kind of question in our cause: For, well you know, we of the offering side Must keep aloof from strict arbitration, And stop all sight-eyes, every loop from whence The eye of reason may pry in upon us. This absence of your father’s draws a curtain, That shows the ignorant a kind of fear Before not dreamt of. |

Hot. | You strain too far, I, rather, of his absence make this use:— It lends a lustre, and more great opinion, A larger dare to our great enterprise, Than if the earl were here: for men must think, If we, without his help, can make a head To push against the kingdom, with his help, We should o’erturn it topsy-turvy down.— Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole. |

Doug. | As heart can think: there is not such a word Spoke of in Scotland as this term4 of fear. |

Enter Sir Richard Vernon. |

Hot. | My most excellent lord, welcome, by my soul. |

Ver. | Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord. The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong, Is marching hitherwards; with him, prince John. |

Hot. | No harm: what more? |

Ver. | And farther, I have learn’d, The king himself in person is set forth, Or hitherwards intendeth speedily, With strong and mighty preparation. |

Hot. | He shall be welcome too. Where is his son, The nimble-footed mad-emp prince of Wales, And his comrades, that daff’d the world aside, And bid it pass ? |

Ver. | All furnish’d, all in arms, All plum’d like estridges, that wing the wind, Bated4 like eagles having lately bath’d; Glittering in golden coats, like images; As full of spirit as the month of May, And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer, Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls. I saw young Harry, with his beaver on, His cusses on his thighs, gallantly arm’d, Rise from the ground like feather’d Mercury, And vaited with such ease into his seat, As if an angel dropp’d down from the clouds, To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus, And witch the world with noble horsemanship. |

Hot. | No more, no more: worse than the sun in March, This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come; They come like sacrifices in their trim, And to the fire-ey’d maid of smoky war, All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them: The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit, Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire, To hear this rich reprisal is so high, And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste4 my horse, Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt, Against the bosom of the prince of Wales: Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse, Meet, and ne’er part, till one drop down a corse.— O, that Glendower were come! |

Ver. | There is more news: I learn’d in Worcester, as I rode along, He cannot draw his power this fourteen days. |

Doug. | That’s the worst tidings that I hear of yet. |

Wor. | Ay; by my faith, that bears a frosty sound. |

Hot. | What may the king’s whole battle reach unto? |

Ver. | To thirty thousand. |

Hot. | Forty let it be: My father and Glendower being both away, The powers of us may serve so great a day, Come, let us take a muster speedily: Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily. |

Doug. | Talk not of dying: I am out of fear Of death, or death’s hand, for this one halfyear. |

SCENE II.—A public Road, near Coventry. Enter Falstaff and Bardolph. |

Fal. | Bardolph, get thee hence to Coventry: fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through; we’ll to Sutton-Cosford to-night. |

Bard. | Will you give me money, captain? |

Fal. | Lay out, lay out. |

Bard. | This bottle makes an angel. |

Fal. | An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I’ll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town’s end. |

Bard. | I will; captain: farewell. |

[Exit. |

Fal. | If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soosed gurnet.4 I have misused the king’s press damna-

[Exit. |

Fal. | This word is not in f. e. 4 Completion, character. 3 dream; in f. o. 4 A term of archery, to beat the air. 5 Try. The two latter.
soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I pressed me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquired me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toast and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old pieced ancient; and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draf't and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the giblets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyrus on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company: and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at St. Albans, or the red-nosed inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

Enter Prince Henry and Westmoreland.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!
Fal. What, Hal! how now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 1st 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, ever fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut! good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit, as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they have found; nor, in 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: Percey 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 feast, 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. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?
Ver. So do we.
Hot. His is certain, ours is doubtful.
Wor. Good cousin, be advis'd: stir not to-night.
Ver. Do not, my lord.
Dou. You do not counsel well.
You speak it out of fear, and a cold heart.
Ver. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life, And I dare well maintain it with my life, If well-respected honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear, As you, my lord, or any Scot that lives.' Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle, Which of us fears.

Dou. Yea, or to-night.
Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up: Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day; And now their pride and mettle is asleep.
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half himself.
Hot. So are the horses of the enemy,
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;
T' the better part of ours are full of rest.
Wor. The number of the king excelled ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.
[The Trumpet sounds a parley,

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.
Hot. Welcome, sir Walter Blunt; and would to God
You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings, and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,
But stand against us like an enemy.
Blunt. And God defend but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule,
You stand against anointed majesty.
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon
You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty? That if the king
Have any way your good resolutions forgot,
Which he contracted to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefs, and with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,
Herein misled by your suggestion.

Hot. The king is kind; and, well we know, the king
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father, with* my uncle, and myself,
Did give him that same royalty he wears;

* According to Fynes Morison's itinerary (1617), Londoners, were "in reproach" called Cockneys, and eaters of buttered toast. Used for covering walls. * faced; in f. e. Old copies: not; mod. eds: but. * So the quartos; folio: to-night. * Toss on a pike. * that this day lives: in f. e. * and: in f. e.
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 innocency, 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,
Gave him their heirs, as pages follow'd him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspur;
And now, forsooth, 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:
Process and farther, cut me off the heads
Of all the favourites, that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut! I came not to hear this.

*Hot.* Then, to the point.
In short time after he depos'd the king;
Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state;
To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were due place'd,
Indeed his king) to be engag'd in Wales,
Without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgrac'd me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismiss'd my father from the court;
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong,
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and, withal, to pray
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long-continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king?

*Hot.* Not so, sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile.

**ACT V.**

**SCENE I.**—The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.

*Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John of Lancaster, Sir Walter Blunt, and Sir John Falstaff.*

*K. Hen.* How bloodyly the sun begins to peer
Above yond! a busky hill: the day looks pale
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind

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*The delivery of his property to him.* See Richard II., p. 334, n. 1. *Ta'nd.* = well; in f. r. *Delivered a garden or hostage.* *So the quarter; the folio: was raised firmly.* *Busky, wooded.*

Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then, with the losers let it sympathise,
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

[Trumpet sounds.]

*Enter Worcester and Vernon.*

How now, my lord of 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 dell our easy robes of peace,  
To crush and hang our old monarch:  
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.  
What say you to it? Will you again unlend  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war,  
And move in that obdient 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?  
Wor. Hear me, my liege.  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I do protest,  
I have not sought the day of this dislike. [then?]  
K. Hen. You have not sought it! I say, how comes it  
Fad. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.  
P. Hen. Peace, cheswet, peace!  
Wor. It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord.  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place, and in account,  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, reputedly did outlodge  
The danger 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 contrary winds that held the king  
So long in fish wars,  
That all in England did big with joy  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,  
You took occasion to be quickly woud  
To grip 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 durst not come near your sight,  
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing  
We were enforc'd, for safety sake, to fly  
Out of your sight, and raise this present head:  
Whereby we stand and present you this  
As you yourself have forg'd against yourself,  
By unclead usage, dangerous countenance,  
And violation of all faith and troth  
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.  
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 colour, that may please the eye  
Of fickle changelings, and poor discontent  
Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
Of hurriedly innovation:  
And never yet did insurrection want  

Such water-colours to impair his cause  
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time  
Of pellmell havoc and crouching  
P. Hen. In both our armies, there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes,  
This present enterprise set off his head,  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry,  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too;  
Yet this before my father's majesty:  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation,  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.  

K. Hen. And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
Albeit considerations infinite  
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,  
We love our people well; even those we love,  
That are misled upon your cousin's part;  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.  
So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
What he will do; but if he will not yield,  
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
And they shall do their office. So, be gone.  
We will not now be troubled with reply:  
We offer fair, take it advisedly.  

[Exeunt Worcester and Vernon.  
P. Hen. It will not be accepted, on my life.  
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
Are confidant against the world in arms.  
K. Hen. Hencefore, every leader to his charge,  
For, on their answer, will we set them on;  
And God befriend us as our case is just.  

[Exeunt King, Brunt, and Prince Jorn.  
Fal. Hal, he will make 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.  

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loth to pay him  
before his day. What need I be so forward with him  
that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour  
pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour pricks me off  
when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg?  
No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief  
of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery,  
then? No. What harm is? A word. What is in  
that word, honour? What is that honour? Air. A  
trick reckoning!—Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday.  
Dost he feel it? No. Dost he hear it? No.  
Is it insensible, then? Yea, to the dead.  
But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction  
will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it: honour is  
a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.  

[Exit.  

SCENE II.—The Rebel Camp.  
Enter Worcester and Vernon.  
Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, sir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king.
There did he pause: but let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe so sweet a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

Hot. Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies: never did I hear
Of any prince so wild o' liberty.
But be he as he will, like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cheerful'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 cheerful'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'll 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 Westmoreland.—Uncle, what news?
Wor. The king will bid you battle presently.
Dou. Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Dou. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [Exit Wor.]
Hence. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you bega?—And did you, Harry?
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances,
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus:
By now forswoaring that he is forsworn:
He calls us rebels, traitors: and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Dou. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd, did hear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly 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 Mowmouth! Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his tasking? seem'd it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul: I never in my life
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,
Making you ever better than his prais'd,
By still dispraising prais'd, valued with you;
And, while you became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushingly great of himself;
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,
As if he master'd then a double spirit,
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.

1 Old copies: Suggestion; Pope made the change. 2 The folio, and all but first quartos: talking. 3 Mention. 4 So the three earliest quartos; the last, and folio: at. 5 The folio inserts: worthy. 6 For heaven to earth: in e. 7 So the three early quartos; the folio: born to yield, thou haughty Scot. 8 So the first and second quartos; the others, and folio: over.
Sensibly furnish'd like the king himself.  
Dong. A fool go with thy soul, where'er it goes!  
A borrow'd title hath thou bought too dear:  
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?  
Hot. The king hath many masking2 in his coats.  
Dong. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats:  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.  
Hot.  

Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day.  [Exeunt.  

Alarums. Enter Falstaff.  

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I  
shar the shot here; here's no scaring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt:—  
there's honour 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 raglanmuffs 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 vanishing enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet unreveng'd. I pr'ythee, lend me  
your sword.  
Fal. O Hal! I pr'ythee, give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory2 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  
gu'lt'st not my sword: but take my pistols 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.  
[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.  
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 promise him. If he  
do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his,  
willingly, let him make a carbonado3 of me. I like not  
such grinning honour as sir Walter hath: give me life;  
which I can save, so; if not, honour comes unlooked for,  
and there's an end.  

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 bleed'st too much.—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.  
P. John. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.  
P. Hen. I do beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.  
K. Hen. I will do so.—My lord of Westmoreland,  
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 slender scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this,  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres!  
P. John. We breathe too long.—Come, cousin West-  
moreland, our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come.  
[Exeunt Prince John and Westmoreland.  
P. Hen. By God thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John,  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.  
K. Hen. I saw him hold lord Percy at the point,  
With luster maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior.  
P. Hen.  
O! this boy  
Lends mettle to us all.  [Exit.  

Alarums. Enter Douglas.  

Doug. Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads,  
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them:—what art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?  
K. Hen. The king himself; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,  
So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys  
Seek Percy, and thyself, about the field:  
But, seeing thou fail'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee; and defend thyself.  

Doug. I fear thou art another counterfeit,  
And yet, if in faith, thou hast the king a way:  
But mine I am sure thou art, whose' thon be,  
And thus I win thee.  

[They fight: the King being in danger, enter  
P. Henry.  
P. Hen. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like  
Never to hold it up again! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:  
It is the prince of Wales that threatens thee,  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—  

They fight: Douglas flies.  

Cheerly, my lord: how fares your grace?—  
Sir Nicholas Gauwayne hath for succour 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 thou mak'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 hearten'd 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 labour of your son.  
K. Hen. Make up to Clifton: I'll to sir Nicholas  
Gauwayne.  [Exit King Henry.  

Enter Hotspur.  

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.  
P. Hen. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.  
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.  
P. Hen.  
Why, then I see  
A very valiant rebel of that name.  
I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more:  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.  
Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us; and would to God  
Their name in arms were now as great as mine!  
P. Hen. I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.  
Hot. 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, and exit 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,
That the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—[Dies.

P. Hen. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill-wea'rd 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 spar'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 dearer, in this bloody day.—

Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [Exit.

Fal. [Rising.] Embowell'd! if thou embowell me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me seet 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, and will have the life of the man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereof liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part, I have saved 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 your 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 thou flesh'd.

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 am Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy: [Thrusting down his body] if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so: if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, 'zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[A Retreat is sounded.

The 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.

[Exit Prince Henry and Prince John.

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him; if I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[Exit, dragging out Percy's Body.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

The Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Prince Henry, Prince John, Westmoreland, and Others, with Worcester, and Vernon, prisoners.

K. Hen. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—

Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the ter'f of thy kinsman's trust?

Three knights upon our party slain to-day,
A noble earl, and many a creature else,
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

Wor. What have I done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Which not to be avoided falls on me.?

K. Hen. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too;
Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[Exit 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.

1So all but the last quarto; that, and the folio: the.
2So the first quarto; the others, and folio: great.
3Surt.
4Not in f. e.
5Folio inserts: again.
6Hearing off the Body: in f. e.
7Since not to be avoided, it falls on me.
K. Hen. With all my heart.

P. Hen. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you This honourable bounty shall belong.

Go to the Douglas, and deliver him

Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:

His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,

Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,

Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

P. John. I thank your grace for this high courtesy,

Which I shall put in act without delay.¹

K. Hen. Then this remains,—that we divide our power,—

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.

¹ Which I shall give away immediately: in i.e. This speech is found in the four earliest, but not in the two latest quartos, or the folio.
SECOND PART
OF
KING HENRY IV.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales;
Thomas, Duke of Clarence;
Prince John of Lancaster;
Prince Humphrey of Gloucester;
Earl of Warwick;
Earl of Westmoreland; (Of the King's Party.)
Gower; Harcourt;
Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. (A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.)
Earl of Northumberland;
Scroop, Archbishop of York;
Lord Mowbray;
Lord Hastings;
Lord Bardolph;
Sir John Coleville.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and a Page.
POINS and PETO.
SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.
DAY, Servant to Shallow.
MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULCALF, Recruits.
FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
RUMOUR, the Presenter.
A Porter. A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.
LADY, NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY PERCY.
Hostess Quickly. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.
Lords, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

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 rebel's blood. But what mean I
To speak so true at first? my office is
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;
And that the king before the Douglas' rage
Stoop'd his appointed head as low as death.
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news.
Than they have learnt of me; from Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true

SCENE, England.

INDUCTION.

Workworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.

Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues.1

Rum. Open your ears; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing, when loud rumour speaks?
I, from the orient to the dropping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth:
Upon my tongues continual soldiers 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, swolin 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,

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter Lord BARDOLPH.2

Bard. Who keeps the gate here? ho! Where is the earl?

Enter Warder, above.4

Ward. What shall I say you are?

Bard. Tell thou the earl, that the lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Ward. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard:

1 This direction is only in the quarto, 1600. Rumour, or Fame, was often so represented.
2 peasant: in f. e.
3 Porter before the Gate;
4 Not in f. e.
Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume:
So looks the strown, whereon th' imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.
Say, 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 tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is up in that thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
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 chaned. Yet speak, Morton:
Tell thou thy ear his divination 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 by me gain'd
Your spirit is too true; your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.—
I see a strange confession in thine eye:
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it fear, or sin,
To speak the truth. If he be slain, say so; 4
The tongue offends not, that reports his death;
And lie 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,
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 bruited once, took fire and heat away
From the best temper'd courage in his troops:
For from his metal was his party steel'd;
Which once in him abated, all the rest
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,
So did our man, heavy in Hotspur's lead,
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,
That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
The gentle archbishop of York is up,
With well-appointed powers: he is a man,
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corps,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight;
For that same word, rebellion, did divine
The action of their bodies from their limbs,
And they did fight with quesains, constrain'd
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side: but, for their spirits and souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now, th' archbishop
Turns insurrection to religion:
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind,
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair king Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones;
Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause;
Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land,
Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke,
And more, and less, do flock to follow him.

North. I knew of this before; but, to speak truth,
This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
Go in with me; and counsel every man
The aptest way for safety, and revenge.
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed:
Never so few, and never yet more need.

SCENE II.—London. A Street.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, with his Page bearing his Sword and Buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water; but for the party that owed it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me: the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me: I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow that hath overweighed all her litter but one: if the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then, I have no judgment. Thou wondrous mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate till now: but I will in'st* ye neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel; the juvenile, the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fleshted. I will sooner have a beard grown in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six-pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dumbelt about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, the doctor should give him better assurance than Bardolph; he would not take his bond and yours: he liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damned like the glutton: may his tongue be hotter. A woreson Achitophel; a rascally yea-forsore knave, to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand upon security!—The woreson smooth-pates  

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1. *Bend.  
2. Weak, petty.  
3. This line is omitted in the folio.  
4. This and the thirteen lines following, were first printed in the folio.  
5. *Distribution, allotment.  
7. This and the twenty lines following, were first printed in the folio.  
do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking up, then must they stand upon 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 truth 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 worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul’s, and he’ll buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were married, horned, and wived.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close; I will not see him.

Ch. Just. What’s he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an’t please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery?

Atten. He, my lord; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.


Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything 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 rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so? I lay aside that which grows to me? If thou getst any leave of me, hang me: if thou tak’st leave, thou wilt better be hanged. You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

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 saltiness of time, and I would humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An’t please your lordship, I hear his majesty is returned with some discomfort from Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his majesty.—You would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, heaven mend him.—I pray you, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an’t please your lordship; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen: it is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well; my lord, very well; rather, an’t please you, it is the disease of not listening; the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As it was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise: I would my means were greater, and my waist slendracer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me: I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loth to gall a new-healed wound. You shall be present at Shrewsbury hath been 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 wassell! candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravely, gravely.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel is light, but, I hope, he that looks upon me will take me without

1 Buying upon credit. 2 He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or ale-house, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul’s, as the derviv proverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant, honest woman for his wife.—Burton’s Anatomy—quoted by Knight. The middle aisles of St. Paul’s Cathedral seems to have been a sort of general exchange. 3 Folio: beg. 4 Folio: want. 5 Following on a wrong scent. 6 An’t please your lordship; a kind of "is omitted in the folio. 7 The quarto: Old—for Oldcastle—the name which Falstaff seems to have been at first called. 8 Folio: be. 9 Wassell. 10 Folio: evil. 11 The coin so named.
SCENE III.

KING HENRY IV.

KING. I will have thee, Hotspur, 
Curse thee with my behests to-day. 

Enter Archbishop of York, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray, Earl Marshal, and Bardolph.

ARCHBISHOP. Thus have ye heard our cause, and know 
Our means; and, my noble friends, I pray you all,
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes. —
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?
MOXB. Well, I will 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.

HA. 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.

BARD. The question then, lord Hastings, standeth thus:
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland.

HA. With him, we may.

BARD. Ay, marry, there's the point: But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgment is, we should not step too far;
Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For in a theme so bloody and as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surplus
Of aids incertain should not be admitted.

ARCH. 'Tis very true, lord Bardolph; for, indeed,
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

BARD. It was, my lord; who find's himself with hope,
Eating the air on promise of supply,
Flattering himself with project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts:
And so, with great imagination,
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

HA. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

BARD. Yes, in this present quality of war;15
Indeed the instant act, and cause16 on foot,
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds; which, to prove fruit,

(The scene closes.)
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,
We first survey the plot, then draw the model,
And, when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection;
Which if we find outweighs ability,
What do we then, but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or, at last, despair.
To build at all? Much more, in this great work,
(Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,
And set another up) should we survey
The plot, the situation, and the model;
Consult upon a sure foundation;
Question surveyors, know our own estate,
How able such a work to undergo.
A careful leader sums what force he brings
To weigh against his opposite; or else,
We fortify on paper, and in figures,
Using the names of men, instead of men:
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,
Gives over, and leaves his part-created cost
A naked subject to the weeping clouds.
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Host. Grant, that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess
The utmost man of expectation,
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

Bard. What! is the king but five and twenty thousand?

Host. To us, no more; nay, not so much, lord Bardolph;
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,
Are in three heads: one power against the French,
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third
Must take up us. So is the uniform king
In three divided, and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
Together,
And come against us in full puissance,
Need not be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh
Buy ing him at the heels: never fear that.

Bard. Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

Hast. The duke of Lancaster, and Westmoreland:
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mornmouth;
But who is substituted against the French,
I have no certain notice.

Arch. Let us on.
And publish the occasion of our arms.
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited;
An habitation giddy and unsafe
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O, thou fond many! with what loud applause
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,
Before he was what thou wouldst have him be;
And being nowtrimm'd in thine own desires,
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgrace
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard,
And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times?
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,
Are now become enamour'd on his grave;
Thou, that throw'st dust upon his goodly head,
When through proud London he came sighing on
After th' admired heels of Bolingbroke,
Cry'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,
And take thou this!" O, thoughts of men accurst!
Past, and to come, seem best; things present, worst.

Host. Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on?

Hast. We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[Exit.]
Fal. How now! whose mare's dead; what's the matter?
Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets!—Draw, Bardolph: cut me off the villain's head: throw the queen in the channel.
Fal. Keep thine oath, 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 scoundrel! you rampallion! you fistilarian! 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?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home: he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his; but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think, I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, sir John?—Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation?—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 parcel-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 didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me thy lady wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Koch, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns, whereby thou didst desire to eat some, whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath: deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you. She hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.
Ch. Just. Sir John, sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration; you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Host. Yes, in 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 sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness; if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor: I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [Taking her aside. Enter Gover.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gover! what news?

Gover. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales are near at hand: the rest this paper tells. [C.J. reads.]

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

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 thin walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work?, is worth a thousand of these bed hangings, and these fly bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope, you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together.

Fal. Will I live?—Go, with her, with her; hook on, hook on.

Host. Will you have you Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words: let's have her.

[Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLOPH, Officers, and Page.

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Ch. Just. Where lay the king last night?

Gover. 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 taunt 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 fencing 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 Poi.n.s.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poi.n.s. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. 'Tis faith, it doth me, though it discourses the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show videuly in me to desire small beer?

Poi.n.s. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? or to know thy face to-morrow? or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz, these, and those that were thy peach-coloured ones? or to hear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, 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 rackets there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy Holland? and God knows, whether those that bawl 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 mighty strengthened.

Poi.n.s. How ill it follows, after you have laboured so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poi.n.s.?

Poi.n.s. Yes, faith, and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poi.n.s. 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 be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee, (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

Poi.n.s. 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.

Poi.n.s. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poi.n.s. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought; and thou art a beloved 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 accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

Poi.n.s. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poi.n.s. 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 fellow of my hands, and these 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 christiant; 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 virtuous 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 pottepole's maidenhead?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window; at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new red petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright 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. [Giving him money.

Poi.n.s. Q. that this good blossom could be kept from canteries!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

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.

Poi.n.s. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the matlemess, your master?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poi.n.s. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician; but that moves not him: though that he sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog; and he holds his place, for look you how he writes.

Poi.n.s. [Reads.] "John Falstaff, knight,"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name

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1 The rest of this speech is not in the folio. 2 lying so sick as yours is: in folio. 3 in folio. 4 This word is not in f. e.
himself; even like those that are kin to the king, for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt:" "How comes that?" says he, that takes upon him not to conceive: the answer is, as ready as a borrower's cap; "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japheth. But to the letter:—

Pois. "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!

Pois. "I will imitate the honourable 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 favours so much, that he sweares, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou useth him,) Jack Falstaff, with my kinsfamiliars; John, with my brothers and sisters; and sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's but to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Pois. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank?

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Epheians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish helpers are to the town bull.—Shall we steer upon them, Ned, at supper?

Pois. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy,—and Bardolph,—no word to your master that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence. [Giving money.]

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [Exit E Zenith BARDOLPH and Page.]

P. Hen. This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Pois. I warrant you, common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Pois. Put on two leathen 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 prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [E Zenith.]

SCENE III.—Warkworth. 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: 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 honour is at pawn, And, but my going, nothing can redeem it. Lady P. O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars! The time was, father, that you broke your word, When you were more endear'd to it than now; When your own Percy, when my 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 honours 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 practis'd not his gait; And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish, Became the accents of the valiant; For those that could speak low, and tardily, Would turn their own perfection to abuse, To seem like him: so that, in speech, in gait, In diet, in affections of delight, In military rules, humours of blood, He was the mark and glass, copy and book, That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him! An miracle of men!—him did you leave, (Second to none, unseconded 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 his honor more precise and nice With others whom him joined, 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 Monmouth'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.

Lady N. O! fly to Scotland. Till that the nobles, and the armed commons, Have of their bounty made a little taste. Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the king, Then join 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, For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind,
As with the tide swelleth up unto its height, 
That makes a still-stand, running neither way: 
Fain would I go to meet the archbishop, 
But many thousand reasons hold me back.—
I will resolve for Scotland: there am I, 
Till time and vantage crave my company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap.

Enter Two Drawers.


2 Draw. Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights." It angered him to the heart, but he hath forgot that.

1 Draw. Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise; mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch;—the room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 Draw. Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons, and sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 Draw. By the mass, here will be old utis: it will be an excellent stratagem.

2 Draw. I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [Exit. Enter Hostess and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. I' faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperateness: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire, and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose: but, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries, and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, what's this? How do you now?

Dol. Better than I was. Hem.


Fal. "When Arthur first in court"—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king. [Exit Drawer.

How now, mistress Doll?

Host. Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

Fal. So is all her sex; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, mistress Doll.

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 diseases, 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 ooches"—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 trotch, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. 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 hogstead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody—cares.

Re-enter Drawer.

Dol. Sir, ancient* Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

Host. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul mouth'dst rogue in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best.—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while, to have swaggering now.—Shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?

Host. Pray you, pacify yourself, sir John: there comes no swaggerers here.

Dol. Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-valley, sir John, never tell me: your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick, the deputy, &' other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbour Quickly," says he,—muster Dumb, our minister, was by then:—"Neighbour 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;" 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 cheater, i' faith; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, draw not in.

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 one says—swagger. Feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So do you, hostess.

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth do I, an' t were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets.

I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.  

Pist. Then to you, mistress Dorothy: I will charge you.  

Dol. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion.  
What you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you moulid rogue, away! I am meet for your master.  

Pist. I know you, mistress Dorothy.  

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your moulid chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me.  
Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale jiggler, 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 cheat, 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 whoreson's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a captain!—Hang him, rogue! He lives upon moulid stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! these villains will make the word captain as odious* as the word occupant, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to't.  

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.  

Fal. Hark thee hither, mistress Dell.  

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph; I could fear her,—I'll be revenged of her.  

Page. Pray thee, go down.  

Pist. I'll see her damned first;—to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down? down, dogs! down fates! Have we not Hiren here?  

Host. Good captain Peesell, be quiet; it is very late, i'faith. I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.  

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack'em hollow-pampered jades of Asia, [horses, 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. On my word, captain, there's none such here.  

What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.  

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.  

Come, give 's some sack.  

Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.—  

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:  
Give me some sack; and, sweethearth, lie thou there.  

[Resuming his sword.  

Come we to full points here, and are et ceteras nothing?  

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.  

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif.*—What! we have seen the sev'nx acts.  

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 nags?  

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat 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 imbibe?—[Snatching 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 goodly stuff toward!  

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.  

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do no draw.  

Fal. Get 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.  

[Exit BARDOLPH and PISTOL.  

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet: the rascal is gone.  

Ah! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.  

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.  

Re-enter BARDOLPH.  

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?  

Bard. Yes, sir: the rascal's drunk. You have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.  

Fal. A rascal, to brave me!  

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chaps.—Ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamenon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain!  

Fal. A rascally slave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.  

Dol. Do, if thou darest for thy heart: if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.  

Enter Music.  

Page. The music is come, sir.  

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sir.—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 boar-pig,  

when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and joining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven?  

Enter behind, Prince Henry and POINS, disguised like  

[Drapers.  

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.  

Dol. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?  

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.  

Dol. They say, Poins 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.

* This speech is not in the folio.  
* The rest of this sentence, to the word "therefore," is not in the folio.  
* fates: i' quarto; faitours, or traits.  
* A quotation from Marlowe's play of Tamburlaine—they are addressed by the hero to the captive kings who draw his chariot.  
* A quotation from the play of "The Battle of Alcazar," probably by Peake.  
* Fist.  
* The broad shilling of Edward VI.; the game, probably, resembled shuffle-board.  
* Roast pig was a favourite delicacy at Bartholomew Fair.
Dol. Why does the prince love him so, then?
Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness; and he plays at quoits well; and cats conger and fensell; and drinks off candles' ends for 'flap-dragons'; and rides the wild mare\* with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and sweats 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 gumble faculties he has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him; for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoidance.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?
Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.
P. Hen. Look, whether the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.
Poins. 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?
Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon\* his man, be not a workman to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.
Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.
Dol. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.
Fal. I am old, I am old.
Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.
Fal. What stuff wilt have a kipple of? I shall receive money on Thursday; thou shalt have a cap tomorrow. A merry song come; it grows late; we'll to bed. Thou 'lt forget me, when I am gone.
Dol. By my troth, thou 'lt set me weeping, an thou sayest so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.
Fal. Some sack, Francis!
Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the king's.—And art not thou Poins, 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 welcome. [Placing his hand upon DOLL.
Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.
Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.
P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how wisely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentleman.
Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by troth.
Fal. Didst thou hear me?
P. Hen. Yes; and you knew me, as you did, when you ran away by Gad's-hill: you knew, I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.
Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.
P. Hen. I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.
Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.
P. Hen. Not to displease me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?
Fal. No abuse, Hal.
Poins. No abuse.
Fal. No abuse, Ned, 'tis the world; honest Ned, none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal!—none, Ned, none;—no, 'faith boys, none.
P. Hen. See now, whether pure fear, and entire cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?
Poins. Answer, thou dead clm, answer.
Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverably; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him, but the devil outwits\* him too.
P. Hen. For the women?
Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul. For the other, I owe her money, and whether she be damned for that, I know not.
Host. No, I warrant you.
Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law; for which I think, thou wilt howl.
Host. All victuallers do so: what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?
P. Hen. You, gentilwoman.—
Dol. What says your grace? 
Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking heard.
Host. Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.
P. Hen. Peto, how now! what news?
Peto. The king your father is at Westminster, And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the north; and as I came along I met, and overtook, a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns, And asking every one for sir John Falstaff. [blame.
P. Hen. By heaven, Poin, I feel me much to So idly to profane the precious time, When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt, And drop upon our bare unarm'd heads. Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night. [Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. More knocking at the door? [Knocking heard. How now? what's the matter?

*Inflammable substances floating on liquor, and swallowed flaming.  
*Plays at see-saw.  
*Debate.  
*if: in folio.  
*Trigonum trigonian, is the astronomical term when the upper planets meet in a fiery sign. The fiery Trigon, I think, consists of Ariet, Leo, and Sagittarius.—Stevens.  
*Petticoat.  
*these: in quarto.  
*blinds: in quarto.  

[Knocking heard.]
Act

SCENE I.—A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY in his Nightgown, with a Page.

K. Hen. Go, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick; But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters, And well consider of them. Make good speed.

[Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep! Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee, That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down, And steep my senses in forgetfulness? Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky efts, Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, And shudd'rid with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber, Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great, Under high canopies of costly state, And lul'd with sound of sweetest melody? O, thou duff God! why liest thou with the vile, In loathsome beds, and leave'st the kingly couch, A watch-case, or a common larum bell? Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains In cradle of the rude impetuous surge, And in the visitation of the winds, Who take the ruffian billows by the top, Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them With deafening clamours in the slippery shrouds? That with the hurly death itself awakes? Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude; And in the calmest and most stillest night, With all appliances and means to boot, Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!* Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your majesty! K. Hen. Is it good morrow, lords? War. 'Tis one o'clock; and past.

K. Hen. Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords. Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

K. Hen. Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom How foul it is; what rank diseases grow, And with what danger, near the heart of it. War. It is but as a body, yet, distemper'd, Which to his former strength may be restor'd, With good advice, and little medicine. My lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

K. Hen. O God! that one might read the book of fate, And see the revolution of the times Make mountains level, and the continent, Weary of solid firmness, melt itself Into the sea: and, other times, to see The beachy girdle of the ocean Too wide for Neptune's hips; how chances mock, And changes fill the cup of alteration With divers liquors!—O, if this were seen, The happiest youth, viewing his progress through, What peril 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 they at wars: it is but eight years, since This Percy was the man nearest my soul: Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs, And laid his love and life under my foot; Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard, Gave him defiance. But which of you was by, (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember) To Warwick, When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears, Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy? "Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne?"— Though then, God knows, I had no such intent, But that necessity so bow'd the state, That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss. "The time shall come," thus did he follow it, "The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head, Shall break into corruption,"—so went on, Foretelling this same time's condition, And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, Figuring the nature of the times decreas'd; The which observ'd, a man may prophesy, With a near aim, of the main changes of things As yet not come to life, which in their seeds, And weak beginnings, lie inunseared. 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

* The rest of the speech is not in the folio. Dyce says, "She comes blubbered," is a stage direction.® The whole in f. a.® Clouds: in f. a.® Warburton suggested: happy, lowly clown.® This sentence, beginning with, "Oh, if" is not in the folio.
dead!—he would have clapped in the clout at twelve score; and carried you a foroehold shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man’s heart good to see.—How a score of eves now? Sil. Thereafter as they be; a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead!

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, commends 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 backsword 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 accommodate: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good day, I know not the phrase: but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship’s good hand. By my troth, you like* well, and bear your years very, very well: welcome, good sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow.—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Sil. No, sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Vie! 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, 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?

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, sir John? a good limbed fellow: young; strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy?

Moul. Yea, an it please you.

Fal. ’Tis the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! most excellent, i’ faith! things that are模具 Lord use: very singular good!—In faith, well said, sir John; very well said.

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1 This passage is cited to prove the identity of Falstaff with Sir John Oldcastle—the latter having been page to Mowbray. 2 The name of a jest. 3 Scorgan’s Jest. 4 Was a popular book in Shakespeare’s time. 5 Hit the pin which held up the target, at twelve score paces. 6 everywhere: in fo. 7 Not in folio. 8 lock: in folio.
Fal. Prick him.
Moul. I was pricked well enough before; an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her handbrandy, and her drudgery. You need not to have pricked me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.
Fal. Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.
Mould. Spent!
Shal. Peace, fellow, peace! stand aside; know you where you are?—for the other, sir John:—let me see.
—Simon Shadow!
Fal. Ye, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.
Shal. Where's Shadow?
Shad. Here, sir.
Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou?
Shad. My mother's son, sir.
Fal. Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed; but not of the father's substance.
Shal. Do you like him, sir John?
Fal. Shadow will serve for summer, prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the master-book.
Shal. Thomas Wart!
Wart. Where's he?
Wart. Here, sir.
Fal. Is thy name Wart?
Wart. Yea, sir.
Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir John?
Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.
Shal. Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Fleeble!
Fec. Here, sir.
Fal. What trade art thou, Fleeble?
Fec. A woman's tailor, sir.
Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?
Fal. You were forth but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked 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 more.
Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Fleeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow: deep master Shallow.
Fec. I would Wart might have gone, sir.
Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightest mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: let that suffice, most forcible Fleeble. Fec. It shall suffice, sir.
Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Fleeble. Who is next?
Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the green!
Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.
Bull. Here, sir.
Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me.
Bull-calf till he roar again.
Bull. O lord! good my lord captain,—
Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked?
Bull. O Lord! sir, I am a diseased man.
Fal. What disease hast thou?  

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs upon his coronation day, sir.
Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. —Is here all?
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.
Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, master Shallow.
Shal. O, sir John! do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's fields?
Fal. No more of that, good master Shallow; no more of that.
Shal. Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?
Fal. She lives, master Shallow.
Shal. She never could away with me.¹
Fal. 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 bona-roba. Dost she hold her own well?
Fal. Old, old, master Shallow.
Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old, and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's-inn.
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?
Fal. 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 there 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 troth, I care not; a man can die but once;—we owe God a death. I'll ne'er 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.
Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four, of which you please.
Bard. Sir, a word with you. —I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.
Fal. Go to; well.
Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?
Fal. Do you choose for me.

¹ Abide.
Shal. Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf.—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong. They are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man?—Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assembly of a man?—Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's war:—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 giblets 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 men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver1 into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart; traverse: thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So,—very well,—go to:—very good,—exceeding good.—Give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot. Well said, 't faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab; hold, there's a taster for thee.

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 show2, there was a little quiver fellow, and he would manage you his piece thus: and he would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: "rah, tah, tah," would he say; "bounce," would he say; and away again would he go, and again would he come.—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence: I will not use many words with you.—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and God prosper your affairs, and send us peace. At your return, visit our house. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. '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. Oh, Bardolph; lead the men away. [Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.] As I return, I will fetch off these justees: I do see the bottom of justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starving justice hath done nothing but pate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved up with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible; he was the very genius of famine; yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion3: and sung those tunes to the ever-scuffed harps that he had heard the drummers whistle, and swore that they were his fancies, or his good-nights4. And now is this Vice's dagger5 become a square, 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 burst6 his head, for crowding among the marshals' men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name; for you might have thrust7 him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin: the case of a treble haubboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeces. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Forest in Yorkshire.

Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others.

Arch. What is this forest call'd?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done.—My friends and brethren in these great affairs, I must acquaint you, that I have received

New-dated letters from Northumberland;

Their cold intent, tenour and substance, thus:—Here doth he wish his person, with such powers

1 A hand-gun. 2 An exhibition of archery at Mile-end green, where the archers assumed the characters of King Arthur's round-table.

Sir Dagonet was the fool or buffoon of Arthur's court. As in folio. 3 my: in folio. 4 The rest of the sentence ending in mandrake, is not in the folio. 5 Scotch'd, cut and slashed by the beadle's whip. 6 Sound lyrical pieces, for the voice. 7 The Vice, a character of the early English drama, resembling a harlequin, was armed with a dagger of lath.

As might hold sortance with his quality,
The which he could not levy; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in hearty prayers,
That your attempts may overlie the hazard,
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowbr. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,
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.

Mowbr. The just proportion that we gave them out,
Let's away12 on, and face them in the field.

18
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, guarded with rags;  
And countenanced by boys, and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd;  
Whose white investments figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to gloves, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and report of war?  
Arch. Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands:  
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician,  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men;  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd,  
What wrongs our army may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet chair  
By the rough torrent of occasion;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles,  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,  
And might by no suit gain an audience.  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person,  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance, present now,  
Have put us in these ill-becoming arms,  
Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied?

Wherein have you been galled by the king?  
What peer hath been sobred to grace on you,  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge?  
Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,  
To brother born an household cruelty  
i make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.  
Mowb. Why not to him, in part, and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?  
West. O! my good lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their 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 the duke of Norfolk's signories,  
Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?  
Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
That need to be reviv'd, and breath'd in me?

The king that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compel'd to banish him:  
And when that Harry Bolingbroke, and he  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,  
Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,  
And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
O! when the king did throw his warder down,  
His own life hung upon the staff he threw;  
Then threw he down himself, and all their lives,  
That, by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, lord Mowbray, now you know not what.

The earl of Hereford was reputed then,  
In England the most valiant gentleman;  
Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smiled?  
But if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry;  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers, and love,  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd, and grac'd, indeed, more than the king.  
But this is 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 for'd us to compel this offer,  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween, to take it so.  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear;  
For, lo! within a ken our army lies,  
Upon mine honour, all too confident.
To give admittance to a thought of fear.
Our battle is more full of names than yours,
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best:
Then, reason will our hearts should be as good;
Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd?

_Moeb._ Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.
_West._ That argues but the shame of your offence:
A rotten case abides no handling.

_Host._ Hath the prince John, a full commission,
In very ample virtue of his father,
To hear, and absolutely to determine
Of what conditions we shall stand upon?

_West._ That is intended in the general's name.
I muse you make so slight a question.

_Arch._ Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this schedule,
For this contains our general grievances:
Each several article herein redress'd;
All members of our cause, both here and hence,
That are insinu'd to this action,
Acquainted by a true substantial form;
And present evidence of your wills
To us, and to our purposes, confin'd.
We come within our awful banks again,
And knot 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 so do. [Exit West.]

_Moeb._ There is a thing within my bosom tells me,
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

_Host._ 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.

_Moeb._ Ay, but our valuation shall be such,
That every slight and false-derived cause,
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,
Shall to the king taste of this action:
That were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,
And good from bad find no partition.

_Arch._ No, no, my lord. Note this,—the king is weary
Of dainty and such picky grievances:
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death
Revives two greater in the heirs of life.
And therefore will he wipe his tables clean,
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,
That may repeat and history his loss
To new remembrance. For full well he knows,
He cannot so precisely weed this land,
As his misdoubts present occasion:
His foes are so enrooted with his friends,
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
He doth unsafely do, and shake a friend.
So that this land, like an offensive wife,
That hath engag'd her man1 to offer strokes,
As he is striking, holds his infant up,
And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
That was uprear'd to execution.

_Host._ Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods
On late offenders, that he now doth lack
The very instruments of chastisement;

1 Malone, and most mod. eds. read: consag'd. 2 enrag'd him on: in f. &. 3 seal: in f. &.
Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt;
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,
Whilest England shall have generation.

P. John. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times.
West. Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,
How far forth you do like their articles.

P. John. I like them all, and do allow them well:
And swear, here, by the honour of my blood,
My father's purposes have been mistook;
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours; and here, between the armies,
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love, and amity.

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses,
P. John. I give it you, and will maintain my word thereupon I drink unto your grace. [word:
Hast. Go, captain, [To an Officer] and deliver to the army
This news of peace: let them have pay, and part.
I know, it will please them: lie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.

Arch. To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.
[Drinks?

West. I pledge your grace: [Drinks? and, if you knew what pains
I have bestowed 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.

[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 sorrow
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,

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.

P. John. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night togeth'r.—

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Re-enter Westmoreland.

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?
West. The leaders having charge from you to stand,
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

P. John. They know their duties.

[Exit Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already,*
Like youthful steers unsus'd, 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 which
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason:—
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, lord Mowbray;
Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable?

West. Is your assembly so?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith?

P. John. I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,
Whereof you did complain; which, by mine honour,
I will perform with a most christian care.
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due
Meet for rebellion; and such acts as yours.
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—
Strike up our drums! pursue the scatter'd stray;
Heaven, and not we, hath safely fought to-day:—
Some guard these traitors to the block of death:
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [Exitunt.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Forest.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Falstaff and Colevile, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you; and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Coleville of the dale.

Fal. Well then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your dale,—a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, who'er I am. Do ye yield, sir, or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore, rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think, you are sir John Falstaff, and in that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb undoeth me.

—Here comes our general.

Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, and Others.

P. John. The heat is past, follow no farther now.—Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[Exit West.

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?
When every thing is ended, then you come:—
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,
One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet but robke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow; or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old
motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded
hither with the very extremest inch of possibility: I
have foundered nine-score and odd posts; and here,
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immacu-
late valour, taken sir John Colevile of the dale, a most
famous knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that?
he saw me; and yielded; that I may justly say with
the hook-nosed fellow of Rome, I came, saw, and over-
came.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy than your
deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him,
and I beseech your grace, let it be hooked with the
rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it
in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on
the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot. To which
course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt
two-pence to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame,
o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the
inders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her,
believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me
have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. And if it shine, my good lord, that may
do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Colevile?

Col. It is, my lord.


Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my better are,
That led me hither: had they been ruled by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou,
like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and
I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland,

P. John. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

P. John. Send Colevile, with his confederates,
To York, to present execution.—
Blunt, lead him hence, and see you guard him sure.

[Exit Colevile, guarded.

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords.
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:
Our news shall go before us to his majesty.—
Which, cousin, you shall bear—to comfort him;
And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go
through Gloshtershire; and, when you come to court,
stand my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condi-
tion
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[Exit.

Fal. I would, you had but the wit: 't were better
than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young
sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot
make him laugh; but 'tis no marvel, he drinks no
wine. There's never any of these demure boys come
to any proof, for thin drink doth so over-cool their
blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into
a kind of male green-sickness: and then, when they
marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and
cowards, which some of us should be too, but for
information. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold
operation in it: it drowns me into the brain; dries me
there all the foolish, and dull, and cruddy vapours which
environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetful,
full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which, de-
lider'd o'er to the voice, (the tongue) which is the
birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of
your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood;
which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and
pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice:
but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the
inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face,
which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of
this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital
commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to
their captain, the heart, who, great, and puffed up
with this shining doth and deed of courage: and this
valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon
is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and
learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till
sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof
comes it, that prince Harry is valiant: for the cold
blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath,
like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded,
and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good,
and good store of fertile sherris, that he is become very
hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first
human principle I would teach them should be, to
forbear 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 Gloshtershire; and
there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I
have him already, tempering between my finger and
my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come
away.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Westminster. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Prince Humphrey,
Warwick, and Others.

K. Hen. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected,
Our substitutes in absence, well invested,
And every thing lies level to our wish:
Only, we want a little personal strength,
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government.

War. Both which, we doubt not but your majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

K. Hen. Humphrey, my son but of Gloster,
Where is the prince your brother?

P. Humph. I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at
Windor.

K. Hen. And how accompanied?

P. Humph. I do not know, my lord.

K. Hen. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him?

P. Humph. No, my good lord: he is in presence here.

Clu. What would my lord and father?

K. Hen. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clas-

How chance thou art not with the prince thy brother?
He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.
Thou hast a better place in his affection,
Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou may'st effect
With that blessed hand.

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.
Therefore omit him not: blunt not his love,
SCENE IV.
KING HENRY IV.

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace, By seeming cold, or careless of his will, For he is gracious, if be he observ’d. He hath a tear for pity, and a hand Open as day for melting charity; Yet, notwithstanding, being incens’d, he’s flirt, As humorous as winter, and as sudden As flaws1 congealed in the spring of day. His temper, therefore, must be well observ’d; Chide him for faults, and do it reverently When you perceive his blood inclin’d to mirth, But, being moody, give him line and scope, Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas, And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends, A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in, That the united vessel of their blood, Mingled with venom of suggestion2, (As, force perforce, the age will pour it in) Shall never leak, though it do work as strong As aconitum, or rash gunpowder. Clá. I shall observe him with all care and love. K. Hen. Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas? Clá. He is not there to-day: he dines in London. K. Hen. And how accompanied?3 canst thou tell that? Clá. With Sir John Poins, 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 amsleeping 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, Or, with what wings shall his affections fly Towards fruition peril and oppos’d decay! War. My gracious lord, you are 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 upon, and learnt; which once attain’d, Your highness knows, comes to no further use, But to be known, and hated. So, like gross terms, The prince will, in the perfection of time, Cast off his followers, and their memory Shall as a pattern or a measure live, By which his grace must mete the lives of others, Turning past evils to advantages. K. Hen. It’s seldom, when the bee doth leave her comb In the dead carriion. [Enter Westmoreland.] Who’s here? Westmoreland? West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness Added to that that I am to deliver! Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace’s hand: Mowbray, the bishop Scoop, Hastings, 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. [Giving a paper.] K. Hen. O Westmoreland! thou art a summer bird, Which ever in the haunch 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 sherrif of Yorkshire overthrown. The manner and rude order of the flight, This packet, please it you, contains at large. [Giving a packet.] K. Hen. And wherefore should these good news make me sick? Will fortune never come with both hands full, But write her fair words still in foulest letters? She either gives a stomach, and no food,— Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast, And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich, That have abundance, and 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. [Falls back.] P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty! Clá. O my royal father! West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself: look up! War. Be patient; princes: you do know, these fits Are with his highness very ordinary. Stand from him, give him air; he’ll straight be well. Clá. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs. Th’ incessant care and labour 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,4 for they do observe Unfather’d heirs, and lostly births of nature: The seasons change their manners, as the year Had found some months asleep, and leap’d them over. Clá. 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, certain, be his end. K. Hen. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence Into some other chamber: softly, pray. [They place the king on a bed in a inner part of the room. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends; Unless some dull and favourable hand Will whisper music to my weary spirit. War. Call for the music in the other room. K. Hen. Set me the crown upon my pillow here. Clá. His eye is hollow, and he changes much. War. Less noise, less noise! [Enter Prince HENRY. P. Hen. Who saw the duke of Clarence? Clá. I am heir, brother, full of heaviness. P. Hen. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad? How doth the king? P. Humph. Exceeding ill. P. Hen. Heard he the good news yet? Tell it him. P. Humph. He alter’d much upon the hearing it. P. Hen. If he be sick with joy, he will recover Without physic.

1 Thin ice. 2 Temptation. 3 The rest of this line is not in the quarto. 4 * Not in f. e. 5 Stoums: in f. e. 6 The history of Henry IV, says, Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind, Might well look thorough, and his frailty find.
SECOND PART OF

ACT IV.

War. Not so much noise, my lords.—Sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd 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.

[Exeunt 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 majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy blear, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scales with safety.—By his gates of breath
There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspect, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep,
That from this golden ring! hath divorc'd So many English kings. Thry due from me To tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown,
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me.—Lo! here sits it,

[Putting it on his head.
Which heaven shall guard; and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from mee. This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as it is left to me.

[K. Hen. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!]

[Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.]

Cla. Doth the king call?
War. What would thy majesty? How fares thy grace?
K. Hen. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?
Cla. We let the prince, my brother, here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.
K. Hen. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here. 1

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.
P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where
we stay'd.
K. Hen. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?
War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.
K. Hen. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go, seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[Exit Warwick.]

This part of his conjointh with my disease,
And helps to cale me.—See, sons, what things you are; How quickly nature falls into revolt,
When gold becomes her object.
For this thee foolish over-careful fathers Have broke their sleep's with thoughts,
Their brains with care, their bones with industry:
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtfull to invest Their sons with arts, and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower The virtuous sweets; 2
Our thighs pack'd with wax. Our mouths with honey, We bring it to the hive, and like the bees, Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste Yield his engrossments to the ending father.—

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long, Till his friend sickness' hands determin'd me?
War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room, Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?

Re-enter Prince Henry.

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry,—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought: I stay too long, he gives me weary throughs.
Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth,
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee! Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stol'n that; which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence, and at my death
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it. Thou hid'st 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 bear 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 crown'd, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearne,
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten dust:
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms. Pluck down my officers; break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form.
Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity! Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence; And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, 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 gild his treble guilt,
England shall give him office, honour, might;
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog Shall flash his teeth 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.

1 rigid: in f. a; the word means a circle. 2 where: in quarto. 3 The rest of the speech is not in the quarto. 4 This line is not in the folio. 6 culling: in folio. 4 This line is not in the quarto. 7 hath: in folio. 8 Ended.
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

_P. Hen._ O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,

The most impediments unto my speech,
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
Which my most true and inward duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold it struck my heart! if I do seign, 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,
And thus upbraided it: "The care on thee depending,
Hath fed upon the body of my father;
Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable:
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
Hast made thy better up." Thus, my most royal liege,
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 affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the weight of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

_K. Hen._ O my son!

God put it in thy head to take it hence,
That thou mightest win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,
I met this crown; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head:
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation;
For all the soil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances;
Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed,
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears,
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 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 o'ff; 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 were wasted so,
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive,
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

_P. Hen._ My gracious liege,

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain, and right, must my possession be:
Which, I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

_Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Warwick, Lords, and Others._

_K. Hen._ Look, look, here comes my John of Lan-

_oshier._

_P. John._ Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father!

_K. Hen._ Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace, son John:

But health is back, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare, wither'd trunk: upon thy sight,
My worldly business makes a period.
Where is my lord of Warwick?

_P. Hen._ My lord of Warwick!

_K. Hen._ Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon
War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

_K. Hen._ Laud be to God!—even there 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!

_P. Fal._ You must excuse me, master Robert Shal-

_low._

_Shal._ I will not excuse you; you shall not be ex-

_cused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no ex-

_cuse shall serve; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy!

"Not in the quarto. 2 f. e.: purchased; i. e., not obtained by inheritance. 3 thy: in f. e. 4 them: in f. e. 5 This line is not in the quarto.
Enter Davy.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy; let me see:—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus; those precepts cannot be served: and, again, sir, shall we sow the headland with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook, are there any young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is, now, the smith's note 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 sack 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 tiny kishkeshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy: 1 will use him well. 2 A friend! 3 the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back bitten 4 sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceived, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy; against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight yeares; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, 5 let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to: I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit Davy.] Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come; off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph.—And welcome, my tall fellow. [To the Page.] Come, sir John. [Exit Shal.]

Fal. I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exit Bardolph and Page.] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: they, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of scribble, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would honour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions, (which is four terms, or two actions) and he shall laugh without intervalums. O! it is much, that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sud brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet clock ill kept.


Enter Warwick, and the Lord Chief Justice.

War. How now, my lord chief justice! whither away?

Ch. Just. How doth the king?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature, and to our purposes he lives no more.

Ch. Just. I would, his majesty had call'd me with him:

The service that I truly did his life, hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself To welcome the condition of the time;

Which cannot look more hideously upon me Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

Enter Prince John, Prince Humphrey, Clarence, Westmoreland, and Others.

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry: O! that the living Harry had the temper Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen! How many nobles then should hold their places, That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort.

Ch. Just. O God! I fear all will be overturn'd.

P. John. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

P. Humph. Cia. Good morrow, cousin.

P. John. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember; but our argument Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

P. John. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy!

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

P. Humph. O! good my lord, you have lost a friend, indeed;

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face Of seeming sorrow: it is, sure, your own.

P. John. Though no man be sure what grace to You stand in coldest expectation: [find, I am the sorrier; 'twould 'twere otherwise.

Cia. 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 honour, Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul; And never shall you see, that I will beg A ragged and forestall'd remission. If truth and upright innocence fail me, I'll to the keystone murder, that is dead, And tell him who hath sent me after him.

War. Here comes the prince.

Enter King Henry V.

Ch. Just. Good morrow, and heaven save your majesty!

1 Warrants. 2 bitten: in folio. 3 I beseech you: in quarto. 4 imperial: in folio.
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 succeeds, 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 assurance, 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.

P. John, &c. We hope no other from your majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me;—and you must.

[To the Chief Justice.

You are, I think, assurance I love you not.
Ch. Just. I am assurance, if I be measured rightly, Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No! How might a prince of my great hopes forget So great indignities you laid upon me? What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison The immediate heir of England! Was this easy? May this be wasn't I in Lethe, and forgotten?

Ch. Just. I think, I did use the person of your father; The image of his power lay then in me: And, in the administration of his law While I was busy for the commonwealth, Your 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 seat of judgment: Whereon, as an offended to your father, I gave bold way to my authority, And did commit you. If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought; To pluck down justice from your awful beach; To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person: Nay, more; to spurn at your most royal image, And mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours, Be now the father, and propose a son; Hear your own dignity so much profound, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, Behold yourself so by a son disdained, And then imagine me taking your part, And in your power soft silencing your son. After this cold consideration, sentence me; And, as you are a king, speak in your state What I have done, that miscarried my place, My person, or my that the Turkish court.

King. You are right, justice; and you weigh this well. Therefore still bear the balance, and the sword; And I do wish your honours may increase, Till you do live to see a son of mine. Offend you, and obey you, as I did. So shall I live to speak my father's words:—
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold, That dares do justice on my proper son; And not less happy, having such a son, That would deliver up his greatness so

Into the hands of justice."—You did commit me, For which, I do commit into your hand The untaught sword that you have used to bear; With this remembrance,—that you use the same With the high 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-practiced, wise directions.— And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you; My father is gone wild into his grave, For in his tomb lie my affections, And with his spirit sadly I survive, To mock the expectation of the world, To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down. After my seeming. The tide of blood in me Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now: Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea, Where it shall mingle with the state of floods, And flow henceforth in formal majesty. Now, call we our high court of parliament, And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel, That the great body of our state may go In equal rank with the best govern'd nation; That war, or peace, or both at once, may be As things acquainted and familiar to us, In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will proceed 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.—Glosstershire. The Garden of Shallow's House.

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Bardolph, the Page, and Davy.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbouret, we shall 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,—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy;—well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Sil. Ah, sirrah! quothe—a, we shall Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer, [Singing. And praise heaven for the merry year; When flesh is comely and females dear, And lusty lads room here and there; So merrily, And ever among so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon. Shal. Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy. Davy. Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit: profuse! What you want in meat, we'll have in drink, But you must bear: the heart's all. [Exit.
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 shrives, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrive-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 1 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 mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a.

Fal. Well said, master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, master Silence.

Sil. Fill the cup, and let it come;

I 'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; and welcome, indeed, too—

I 'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavaliers about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy,—

Shal. By the mass, you 'll crack a quart together.

Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. By God's legins I thank thee.—The knife 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.


Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.

Singing.

Sil. Do me right,^3

And dub me knight:

Samingo.

Is 't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is 't so? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. An't please your worship, there 's one Pistol come from the court with news.

Fal. From the court? let him come in.—

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you, sir.

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man 2 to good. Sweet knight, th' art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By 'r lady, I think he be, but goodman Puff of

Barson. 3

Puff in teeth, most recreant coward base!—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And heller-skeleton have I rode to thee.

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and worldlings base!

I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight! what is thy news?

Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John. 4

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Heilcoms?

And shall good news be baffled.

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

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 5 speak, or die.

Shal. Under king Harry.

Pist. Harry the fourth? or fifth?

Shal. Harry the fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the fourth, the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and let me, like

The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What 's is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door: the things I speak are just.


Bard. O joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.


Fal. Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we 'll ride all night.—O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [Exit Barn.]—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," 6 say they;—

Why, here it is: welcome this pleasant day! 7 [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—London. A Street.

Enter Beadle, dragging in Hostess Quickly, and Doll Tear-sheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave: I would to God I might die, that I might have thee hanged; thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Read. The constables have delivered her over to me, and she shall have whipping-cherenough, 8 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 hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-thin 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! 9

1 Russet apples. 2 A phrase used in drinking healths. 3 none: in folio. 4 A term of reproach, derived from the Italian bigaugga, signifying a ' fresh, needy soldier.' 5 insert, by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger; fcu, has the same signification. 6 This quotation is also made in "Taming of the Shrew." 7 These pleasant days: in folio. 8 Not in the quartos.
KING. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.
Ch. Just. Have you any wits? know you what 'tis
for 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-swell'd, so old, and so profane;
But, being awake, I do despise my dream.
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;
Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape
For thee thrice wider than for other men,
Reply not to me with a fool-born jest:
Presume not that I am the thing I was;
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self:
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,
The tutor and the feeder of my riots:
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.—Be it your charge, my lord,
To see perform'd the tenor of our word.—
Set on.
[Exeunt King and his Train.
Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.
Shal. Ay, marry, sir John; which I beseech you
to let me have in my home with me.
Fal. That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not
you grieve at this: I shall be sent for in private to
him. Look you, he must seem thus to the world.
Fear not your advancement; I will be the man yet
that shall make you great.
Shal. I cannot perceive how, unless you should give
me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw.
I beseech you, good sir John, let me have five hundred
of my thousand.
Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word: this that
you heard was but a colour.
Shal. A colour, I fear, that you will die in, sir John.
Fal. Fear no colours: go with me to dinner. Come,
lieutenant Pistol;—come, Bardolph.—I shall be sent
for soon at night.
Re-enter Prince John, the Chief Justice, Officers, &c.
Ch. Just. Go, carry sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.
Take all his company along with him.
Fal. My lord, my lord!—
Ch. Just. I cannot now speak: I will hear you soon.
Take them away.
Pist. Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta.
P. John. I like this fair proceeding of the king's.
He hath intent, his wonted followers
Shall all be very well provided for;
But all are banish'd, till their conversations
Appear more wise and modest to the world.
Ch. Just. And so they are.
P. John. The king hath call'd his parliament, my lord.
Ch. Just. He hath.
P. John. I will lay odds, that, ere this year expire,
We bear 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?

1 In the quarto ed., the king and his train here pass across the stage.
EPLOGUE,

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 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 I need, to pray for the queen. 

[End with a dance.]

1 These words are not in f. e. 2 Not in f. e.
NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL AND MRS. QUICKLY.

Henry V. Act II. Scene I.
KING HENRY V.

DRAMATIS

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 WARRICK.
ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. BISHOP OF ELY.
EARL OF CAMBRIDGE,
LORD SCROOP,
SIR THOMAS GREY,
SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLuellen,
MACMORRIS, JAMY, Officers in King Henry's army.
BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, Soldiers.

PERSONÆ.

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.
Boy, Servant to them. A Herald.
CHORUS.
CHARLES THE SIXTH, King of France.
LEWIS, the Dauphin.
DUCES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, AND BOURBON.
The Constable of France.
RAMBURES, and GRANDWE, French Lords.
MONTJOY. A French Herald.
Governor of Harfleur. Ambassadors to England.

Isabel, Queen of France.
Katharine, Daughter of Charles and Isabel.
Alice, a Lady attending on the Princess.
Mrs. Quickly, a Hostess.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers, Messengers, and Attendants.

The SCENE in England, and in France.

CHORUS.

Enter Chorus, as Prologue. 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 war-like 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 unrais'd spirit that hath dard'd,
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O' the very casques,
That did alight the air at Agincourt?
O! pardon, since a crooked figure may
Attest in little place a million; And let us, cyphers to this great accomp't,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high uprear'd andimaginative puissance:
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth;
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there, jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for which the supply,
Admit me chorus to this history;
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. 1

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. An Antechamber in the King's Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.

Cont. My lord, I'll tell you, that self bill is urg'd,
Which in thy eleventh year of the last king's reign
Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scrambling and inquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

1 The words, as Prologue: not in f. e. 2 The Globe Theatre, where the play was probably first acted. 3 All the choruses were first printed in the folio. 4 Scrambling.
Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,
A hundred 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. 'T would drink the cup and all.
Ely. But what prevention?
Cant. The king is full of grace, and fair regard.
Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.
Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,
Leaving his body as a paradise,
T' envelop and contain celestial spirits.

Never was such a sudden scholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wildfulness
So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wish
You would desire the thing 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 Gordan knot of it he will unloose,
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 practice part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoretic:
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and shallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports;
And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.
Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the prince obscure'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet creasive in his faculty.
Cant. It must be so; for miracles are cease'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
Incline to it, or no?
Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty, —
Upon our spiritual conversation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France,—to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet

1 So the second folio; the first: earnest. 2 In the quartos, the play commences here.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the great, having subdued the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law,—to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meissen.
Then doth it well appear, the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred and twenty years
After defunctio of king Pharamond,
Idly supposed the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six, and Charles the great
Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala in the year
Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blitihild, which daughter to king Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also,—who usur'd the crown
Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the great,—
To 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
Of Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great. Also king Lewis the tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied.
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the lady Ermengarde,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the great
Was reunited to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis 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 claiming from the female;
And rather choose to hide them in a net,
Than amply to imbaro their crooked titles
Usur'd from you and your progenitors.
K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this
Now a solemn question?

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign;
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great uncle's, Edward the black prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy;
Making defeat on the full power of France,
While their most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.

O noble English! that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France,
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work, and cold for action.

Elly. Awako remembrance of these valiant dead,
And with your puissant arm renew their feats. You are their heir, you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage, that renowned them,
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits, and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings, and monarchs of the earth,
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause, and means,
and might;
So hath your highness—never king of England
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O! let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only and at one time invade the French,
But lay down our proper rights to defend
Against the Scot; who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilling borderers.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intention of the Scot,
Who hath been still a greedy neighbour 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 his force's fitness of force;
Galling 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 neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd,
my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended,
But taken, and impounded as a stray,
The king of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's train with prisoner kings,
And make his monument rich with praise,
As is the oze 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 her unguarded nest the weasel, Scot,
Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs;
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc 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.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th' advised head defends itself at home:
For government, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congreasing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience; for so work the honey bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The art in 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 violet buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor:
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey;
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Deliver o'er to executioners, and
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously;
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways unite; 2
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's center;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore, to France, my liege,
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with this our union, can destroy,
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 the Dauphin.

[Exit an Attendant.

Now are we well resolv'd: and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our weal,
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,
Tomblest with no name and a well-known home:
Either our history shall, with a full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear,
Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Amb. May't please your majesty, to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king,
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons;
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Amb. Thus then, in few;
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, Edward third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says, that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won:
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore bids you, meeter for your spirit,
This turn of treasure: and, in lieu of this, shewing it 3
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. 4
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 chances; are not these, my liege?—What say you?
How comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England,
And therefore, living here, did give myself
To barbarous license; as 't is ever common,
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;
Be like a king, and show my soul 5 of greatness,
When I do rasce me in my throne of France:
For here I have laid by my majesty,
And plodded like a man for working days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yet strike the Dauphin backward on us,
And tell the pleasant prince, this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; 6 and his soul
Shall stand sore charg'd for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down,
And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,
That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful cause, in a well hallow'd cause,
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—
Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[Exeunt Ambassadors.

K. Hen. This was a merry message.

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 propensions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all things thought upon,
That may with seasonable
delight add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door.

ACT II.

Nym. 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the
certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I will
do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of
it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to
Nell Quickly; and, certainly, she did you wrong, for
you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may:
men may sleep, and they may have their throats about
them at that time, and some say knives have edges. It
must be as it may: though patience be a tired jade,
yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I
cannot tell.

Enter Pistol and Mrs. Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol, and his wife.—
Good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host
Pistol?

Pist. Base take', 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
die honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will
be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [Nym
drags his sword.] O well-a-day, lady! if he be not
ehewn now!—we shall see willful adultery and murder
committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant—good corporal, offer nothing
here.

Nym. Fish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-eared
cur of Iceland! [Draws his sword.]" 

Quick. Good corporal Nym, show thy valour, and
put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus."

Pist. Solus, egregious dog? O viper vile!

The solus in thy most marvellous face;
The solus in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdye;
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retract the solus in thy bowels:
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me.
I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If
you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with
my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk
off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as
I may; and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile, and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gap, and doating death is near;
Therefore exhale."

Bard. Hear me: hear me what I say:—he that
strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilt, as
I am a soldier.

[Draws.

Pist. An oath of mickle might, and fury shall abide.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;
Thy spirits are most tall."

[Enter Pistol and Nym sheathe their swords."


Enter Nym and Bardolph.

Bard. Well met, corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part I care not; I say little; but
when time shall serve, there shall be smiles—but
that shall be as it may. I date not fight; but I will
wink, and hold out mine iron. It is a simple one; but
what though? it 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. 
KING HENRY V.

SCENE II.—Southampton. A Council-Chamber.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, and Westmoreland.

Bed. 'Tis true, God, his grace is bold to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves, as if allegiance in their bosoms sat, Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

Bed. The king hath note of all that they intend, by interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Now, but the man that was his bedfellow, Whom he hath dulled and cloyed with gracious favours; That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

Trumpets sound. Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard. My lord of Cambridge, and my kind lord of Mars- sham,—

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 hand enabled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best. K. Hen. I doubt not that: since we are well persuaded, We carry not a heart with us from hence, That grows not in a fair consent with ours; Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better feared, and lov'd, Than is your majesty: there's not a subject, That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness Under the sweet shade 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 created of duty and of zeal. [Ruffles.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thank- And shall forget the office of our hand, Sooner than quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil, And labour shall refresh itself with hope; To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter, Enlarge the man committed yesterday, That rail'd against our person: we consider, It was excess of wine that set him on; And, on our^ more advice, we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security: Let him be punish'd, sovereign; last example Breed by his sufferance more of such a kind.

K. Hen. O! let us yet be merciful, my lord.

Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You show great mercy, if you give him life After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. Alas! your too much love and care of me Are heavy orisons against this poor wretch. If little faults, proceeding on distemper, Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye, When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested, Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man, Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care, And tender estimation of our person, Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:

Who are the state® commissioners?

Cam. I one, my lord:

1 The folio adds: to go to; which mod. eds. usually print: go to. only in the quarto.
2 Not in f. e.
3 *This speech is not in f. e. The practice here alluded to, seems to have been not unusual.
4 *This speech is late: in f. e.
5 Donors in f. e.
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

Scoop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.

K. Hen. Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there is yours:—

There yours, lord Scoop of Marsham:—and, sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:—

Read them; and know, I know your worthiness.—

[They read and start!]

My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen!

What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change:

Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chaz'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy,

Grey. Scoop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppose and kill'd:

You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;

For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their 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 appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man

Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,

To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,

This knight, no less for bounty bound to us,

Than your own counsel is suppose and kill'd:—But O!—

What shall I say to thee, lord Scoop? thou cruel,

Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!

Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsellors,

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,

That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,

Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use?

May it be possible, that foreign hire

Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,

That might annoy my finger? it is 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 twin devils sworn to either's purpose,

Working so grossly in a natural course,

That admiration did not whoop at them:

But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in

Wonder to want on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,

That wrought upon thee so preposterously,

Hath got the voice in hell for excellence,

And other devils, that suggest by treasons,

Do both and bungle up damnation

With patches, colours, and with forms, being fecht'd

From glistening semblances of piety:

But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,

Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,

Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.

If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,

Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,

He might return to vasty 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 dutiful?

1 Not in f. c. 2 them: in quarto. 3 make: in folio. Theobald changed the word. 4 The quarto have no trace of this, or the thirty-seven previous lines. 5 from the quarto.
SCENE III.—London. Mrs. Quickly’s House, in Eastcheap.

Enter PISTOL, Mrs. QUICKLY, Nym, BARDOLPH, and Boy.

Quick. Pr’ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn—

Bardolph, be blythe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead, and we must yearn therefore.

Bard. ’Would I were with him, where’some’er he is, either in heaven, or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure, he’s not in hell: he’s in Arthur’s bosom, if ever man went to Arthur’s bosom. ’A made a fine end and went away, as it had been any christom child; ’a parted ev’n just between twelve and one, ev’n at the turning o’ the tide: for after I saw him tumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and shine 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 frize. How now, sir John? quoth I: what, man! ’be of good cheer. So ’a cried out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him, ’a should not think of God; I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So, ’a bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that ’a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that ’a did not.

Boy. Yes, that ’a did; and said, they were devils incorrigible.

Quick. ’A could never abide carnation; ’t was a colour 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 is 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 moveables:
Let senses rule; the word is, “Pithec and pay;”

Trust none;
For oaths are straw, men’s faiths are wafer-cakes, And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, avete be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy 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. [Kissing her.

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but adieu. [command.


Farewell; adieu. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—France. A Room in the French King’s Palace.

Flourish. Enter the French King attended; the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, and Others.

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us, and more than carefully it us concerns,
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the dukes of Berry, and of Bretagne, Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth, And you, prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line, and new repair, our towns of war
With men of courage, and with means defendant: For England his approaches makes as fierce, As waters to the sucking of a gulph.
It fits us, then, to be as provident
As fear may teach us, out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father, It is most meet we arm us’gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom, (Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question) But that defences, munsters, 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 lofty king’d, Her reception so magnanimously borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth, That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin! You are too much mistaken in this king.

Question your grace the late ambassadors, With what great state he heard their embassy, How well supplied with noble counsellors, How modest in exception, and, withal,
How terrible in constant resolution, And you shall find, his vanities forespent Wereto but the outside of the Roman Brutus, Covering discretion with a coat of folly; As gardeners do with ordure to those roots That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

Dau. Well, ’tis not so, my lord high constable; But though we think it so, it is no matter: In cases of defence, ’tis best to weigh The enemy more mighty than he seems, So the proportions of defence are fill’d; Which, of a weak and rigidly projection, Doth like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting A little cloth.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong? And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him. The kindred of him hath been flesh’d up upon us, And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That haunted us in our familiar paths: Witness our too much memorable shame, When Cressy battle fatally was struck, And all our princes captiv’d by the hand Of that black name, Edward black prince of Wales;

1 The chrisom, was a white cloth placed upon the head of a child after it was anointed with the chrisom, or sacred oil. The name was afterwards given to the white cloth in which the child was wrapped at the ceremony, and which was used as its shroud, if it died within a month of its birth. Children so dying were called Chriseus, in the old bills of mortality. 2 The old copy read:—a table of green fields; which Theobald conjecturally altered to: “a babbled of green fields.”
Whilst that his mighty sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his herculean seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns that by God, and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

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 chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, 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 monarch you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, with Exeter and Train.

Fr. King. From our brother of England?
Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrowed glories, that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature, and of nations, long
To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,
By custom and the ordinance of times,
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,
'T is 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 rage for it:
Therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,

In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel:
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallowed'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threat'nig, and my message;
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consist 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 wony vaul'tings of France
Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will: for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe.
And, be 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.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon despatch'd with fair conditions.

A night is but small breath, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imag'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 p'cer
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phaebus fanning;
Play with your fancies, and in them behold,
Upon the haenpen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd: beheld the threaden sails,
Blown 2 with th' invisible and creeping wind,

1 in f. e. 2 Borne: in f. e.

Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge. O! do but think,
You stand upon the rivage, and behold
A city on th' inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow!
Grapple your minds to stertage of this navy;
And leave your England, as dead midnight .

Guarded with grand'ises, babies, and all women,
Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance:
For who is he, whose chin is but curli'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cu'ld and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege:
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur,
Suppose, th’ ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the king doth offer him
Katharine his daughter; and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dower.
The offer likes not; and the nimble paragon
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,
[Alarum; and Chambers go off.
And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [Exit.

SCENE I.—France. Before Harfleur.

Aalarums. Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloster, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead!
In peace, there’s nothing so becomes a man; As modest stillness, and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-fav’rd 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 jutty 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!—Oh, on, on, you noblest English!
Whose blood is as the English Parliament’s war-proof,
Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And shear’d their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
That those whom you call’d fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war.—And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not,
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the starting. The day’s at one:
Fellow your spirit; and upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!
[Exeunt. Aalarum, and Chambers go off.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Forces pass over; then enter Nym, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. Oh, 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 humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just, for humours do abound;
Knocks go and come,
To all and some;
God’s vassals feel the same;
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Do’s win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

Pist. And I:
If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I now.

Boy. And as duly,
But not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! avants, you culions! [Driving them forward.

Pist. Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould!
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage;
Abate thy rage, great duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!
Nym. These be good humours!—your honour wins bad humours.

[Fluellen drives out Nym, Pistol, and Bardolph.

Boy. As young as I am, I have observed these three swashers. I am boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for, indeed, three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-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 swears 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 any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case; bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three halfpence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in-filching, and in Gaol they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men’s pockets, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another’s pocket, to put into mine, for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[Exit.

Re-enter Fluellen, Gower following.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines: the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines? tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the cavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th’ aversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you) is digged himself four yards under the countermines. By Cheshu, I think, ’a will plow up all, if there is not better di-

Gow. The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, ’ faith.

Flu. It is captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world. I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions
in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter Macmorris and Jamy, at a distance.

Gouv. Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, captain Jamy, with him.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous furious gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition, and knowledge in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Chosht, 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, gade day, captain Fluellen.

Flu. Godden to your worship, good captain James.

Gouv. How now, captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

Mac. By Chris! Ia, 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 Chrisht save me, la, in an hour. O! tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I penseech you now will you vonchesafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the wars, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friendly communication; partly, to satisfy my opinion, and partly, for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline: that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be very gude, gude feith, gude captains bath: and I sall quit' you with gude lewe, as I may pick occasion; that sall I marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrisht 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 besieged, and the trumpet calls us to the breach, and we talk, and, by Chrisht, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all; so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is threats to be cut, and works to be done, and there ish nothing done, so Chrisht sa' me, la.

Jamy. By the mess, ere these eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile lig' the grand for it; ay, or go to death; and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sall I surely do, that is the brief and the long. Marry, I wad full faire heard some question 'tween you twa.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation—

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation?

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not touch with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot 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 Chrisht sa' me, I will cut off your head.

Gouv. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. An! that's a foul fault. [A Parley sounded.

Gouv. 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.

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, Dely 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 conscience wide as hell, moving like grass

Your fresh fair virgins, and your flowering infants.

What is it then to me, if impious war,

Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,

Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feasts

Enlink'd to waste and desolation?

What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

If your pure maidens fall into the hand

Of hot and forcing violation?

What rein can hold licentious wickedness,

When down the hill he holds his fierce career?

We may as booleless spend our vain command

Upon th' 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,

Whilest yet my soldiers are in my command;

Whilest yet the cool and temperate wind of grace

O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds

Of heady murder, spoil, and 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 beards,

And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;

Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,

Whilest the mad mothers with their bowls confus'd

Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry

At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.

What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,

Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroyed?

Gouv. Our expectation hath this day an end.

The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated,

Returns us that his powers are not yet ready

To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,

We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.

Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours,

For we no longer are defensible.

K. Hen. Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,

Go you and enter 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-morrow in Harfleur will we be your guest:

To-morrow for the march are we address.

[Flourish. The King isc. enter the Town.

SCENE IV.—Rouen. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Katherine and Alice.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langue.

Alice. Un peu, madame.
Kath. Je te prie, m’enseigne : il faut que j’apprenne à parler. Comment appelles vous la main, en Anglois ?
Alice. La main? elle est appelée, de hand.
Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?
Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense, qu’ils sont appelé de fingres; ouy, de fingres.
Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon écolier. J’ai gagné deux mots d’Anglois vistement. Comment appelles vous les ongles ?
Alice. Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.
Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites mot, si je parle bien; et ne donnez pas, de nails.
Alice. C’est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.
Kath. Dites moi l’Anglois pour le bras.
Alice. De arm, madame.
Kath. Et le coude.
Alice. De elbow.
Kath. De elbow. Je m’en fais la répétition de tous les mots, que vous avez appris dès à présent.
Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.
Kath. Excuses moi, Alice ; écoutez: de hand, de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.
Alice. De elbow, madame.
Kath. O Seigneur Dieu! je m’en oublie; de elbow.
Comment appelles vous le col ?
Alice. De neck, madame.
Kath. De neck: Et le menton ?
Alice. De chin.
Alice. Oui. Savez votre honneur; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d’Angleterre.
Kath. Je ne doute point d’apprendre par la grâce de Dieu, et en peu de temps.
Alice. N’avez vous pas déjà oublé ce que je vous ay enseigné ?
Kath. Non, je réciterai à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de nails,——
Alice. De nails, madame.
Kath. De nails, de arms, de ilbow.
Alice. Savez vous votre honneur, de elbow.
Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de neck, et de sin.
Comment appelles vous le pied et la robe ?
Alice. De foot, madame; et de con.
Kath. De foot, et de con? O Seigneur Dieu! ces mots sont de son mawais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d’honneur d’user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de con, néantmoins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de neck, de sin, de foot, de con.
Alice. Excellent, madame !
Kath. C’est assez pour une fois: allons nous à diner. [Exeunt.]"}

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and others.

Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath passed the river Somme.

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.

Dau. O Dieu vinent ! Shall a few sprays of us, The emptying of our fathers’ luxury, Our seisons, put in wild and savage stock, Spirit up so suddenly into the clouds, And overlook their graziers?

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards.

Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-atomt pamphlet, isle of Albion.

Con. Dieu de batailles! where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sudden water,
A drench for sun-rein’d jades, their barley broth,
Dessert of their own body, and bane of man?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O! for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping ieciles
Upon our houses’ thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields,
Poor we may call them, in their native lords.

Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,
Our mettle is bred out; and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth,
To new-store France with bastard warriors.

Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltes’ high, and swift coranios;
Saying, our only hope, our only heart,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy, the herald? speed him hence;
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour, edged
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field.
Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France;
You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Rouassi, and Fauconberg,
Poix, Lestrale, Bouciquault, and Charolais;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights,
For your great states, now quit you of great shame.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With penmons painted in the blood of Harleur;
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon.
Go, down upon him,—you have power enough,—
And in a captive chariot into Rouen,
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick, and famish’d in their march,
For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He’ll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Montjoy;
And let him say to England, that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.—
Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.—
Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England’s fall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—The English Camp in Picardy.

Enter Gower and Fluellen.

Gow. How now, captain Fluellen? come you from the bridge?

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1 An island that shoots out into capes and promontories.
2 An Italian dance resembling a waltz.
Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the 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 honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and pandered!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pride most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient, lieutenant, there, at the bridge.—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 favours: The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart, And buxom value, hath, by cruel fate And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel, That goddess blind, That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plインド, with a muffer afore her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plインド; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and variation: and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a sphorical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him: For he hath stol'n a pac, and hanged must a be. A damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not hemp his wine-pipe succotane.
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
For pacz of little price:
Therefore, go speak to the duke will hear thy voice, And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut.

With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requece.

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 were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution, for discipline ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damned; and fie for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The sig of Spain! [Exit Piston; making the [sign],

Flu. Very good.

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal: I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

Flu. I'll assure you, a utter'd as prave words at the bridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is very well, what he has spoken to me; that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, it's a gull, a rogue; a 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 scence, 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 oaths: and what a heard of the general's cut, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such sliders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

The 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 press your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen? can't sthou from the bridge?

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pride: the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most brave passages. Marry, th' anniversary was have possession of the pride, but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pride. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a brave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The pertilion of th' anniversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubbles, and whelps, and knobs, and flames of fire; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes ple, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for; none of the French unprapped, or abused in dissemblant language for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it.

Mont. Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seemed dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial. England shall repeat his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom: which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our
losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the murther of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance; and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master: so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, and tell thy king, I do not seek him now. But could be willing to march on to Calais. Without impeachment; for to say the sooth, though it is no wisdom to confess so much unto an enemy of craft and vantage, my people are with sickness much enfeebled; my numbers lessen'd, and those few I have, almost no better than so many French: who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald, I thought upon one pair of English legs. Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God, that I do brag thus!—this your air of France hath bewitched me; I must repent. Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am: my ransom is this frail and worthless trunk, my army but a weak and sickly guard; yet, God before, tell him we will come on, though France himself, and such another neighbour, stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness.

[Exit Montjoy.]

Glo. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs. March to the bridge; it now draws toward night. Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves, and on to-morrow bid them march away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE 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 armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

Dau. My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armours.

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that tread on four pasterns. If ha! he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were air, le cheval volant, the Pegasus, qui a les marines de feu. When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk; he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. 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.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys: his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath not wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved 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. 'T is 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 writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: "Wonder of Nature!"—

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress. Dau. Then did they imitate that which I composed to my mistress; for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your horse bears well.

Dau. Me 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.

Dau. So, perhaps, did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. Oh! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your Strait trowsers.

Con. You have good judgment in horsemanship.

Dau. 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.

Dau. I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears her own hair.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sot to my master.

Dau. Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la true lavée au Bourbier: thou makest use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or sons, 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 superfluously, an't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brads 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 of your mistress?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight: I'll go arm myself. [Exit.]

Orl. The Dauphin longs for morning.
Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your ground.

Con. Who hath measured the ground?

Mes. The lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman.—Would it were day!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is 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.

Orc. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures: their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orc. 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 idea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and, then, give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

Orc. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

Orc. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see; by ten, We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [Exit.

ACT IV.

Enter Chorus.

Cho. Now entertain conjecture of a time,
When creeping murmur and the pining dark,
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixed sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umb'red face:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear; and from the tents,
The armourers 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 confident and over-lustful French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple, tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a soul and ugly witch, doth limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
Investing lank-lean cheeks, and war-worn coats,
Presenteth 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.
Upon his royal face there is no note,
How dread an army hath encompassed him,
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night;
But freshely looks, and over-bears attendant,
With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his look.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal 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, O 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.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better; since I may say, now lie I like a king. K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains, upon example: so the spirit is eased: and when the mind is quenched, out of doubt, the organs, though defunct and dead before, break up their drowsy grave, and newly move with casted slough and fresh levity. 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.

[Exit Gloster and Bedford.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight: Go with my brothers to my lords of England: I and my bosom must debate a while, and, then, I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry! [Exit Erpingham.

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speakest cheerfully.

Enter Pistol.

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer? Or art thou base, common, and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Traist thou the puissant pike? K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the emperor. K. Hen. Then you are better than the king.

Pist. The king's a basewitted, and a heart of gold! A lad of life, an imp of fame; Of parents good, of fist most valiant: I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?


Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish blood?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman. [Crew.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate; Upon Saint David's day, when we enterured that day, last he knocked that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The face for thee then!

K. Hen. I thank you. God be with you!

Pist. My name is Pistol called.

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter Fluellen and Gower, severally.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So, in the name of Cheshu 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 fiddle taddle, or pipele 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 sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear 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.

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion, there is much care and valour in his Welshmen.

Enter John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning 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 is the name of your 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 he should; for, though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him, as it doth to me: the element 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 affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his care, 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 he were, and 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 he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives 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 honourable.

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.
KING HENRY V.

SCENE I.

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 these lords, men of the mettle of a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—"We died at such a place:" some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in a battle; for how can they charitably 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 led them to it, whom to disbelieve were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many irreconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation. But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pilg rage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law, and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his bale: war is his vengeance; so that here men are punished, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel: where they feared the death, they have borne life away, and where they would be safe, they perish: then, if they die unpardoned, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of these impieties for the which they are now punished. Every subject's duty is the king's; and 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. I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

Bates. Ay, he said so to make us fight cheerfully; but when our threats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er 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 myself, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, "This is my glove," by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou darest 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.

[Exit Soldiers.

Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls, Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and Our sins, live 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 idol 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 a king; thou art a king, and to that degree, and form, Creating awe and fear in other men, Wherin thou art less happy, being fear'd, Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet, But poison'd flattery? O! be sick, great greatness, And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.

Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out With titles blown from adulation? Will it give place to flexure and low bending? Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee, Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream, That play'st so subtly with a king's repose: I am a king; that find thee, and I know, That is not the haute acceit, and the ball, The sword, the mace, the crown imperial, The inter-tissue robe of gold and pearl, The 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 fill'd, and vacant mind, Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distasteful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever running year
With profitable labour to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
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 't, my lord.  
**K. Hen.** O, God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!
Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning; it's th' opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them!—Not to-day, O Lord!  
O! not to-day, think not on the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd 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,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

**Enter Gloster.**

**Glo.** My liege!  
**K. Hen.** My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
I know thy errand, I will go with thee.—
The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.  

**Scene II.—The French Camp.**

**Enter Dauphin, Orleans, Ramuriers, and others.**

**Orl.** The sun doth gild our armour: up, my lords!  
**Dau.** Montez à cheval!—My horse! valet la cavray! ha!  
**Orl.** O brave spirit!  
**Dau.** Voici!—les eaux et la terre!  
**Orl.** Rien puis? E'stce et le feu!  
**Dau.** Ciel! cousin Orleans.

**Enter Constable.**

Now, my lord Constable!  
**Con.** Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.
**Dau.** Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And doubt them with superfluous courage: Ha!
**Ram.** What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

**Enter Messenger.**

**Mess.** The English are embattled, you French peers.
**Con.** To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!  
Do but behold you poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales* and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,

**To give each naked curtle-ax a stain,**
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
*T is positive *gain* all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battles, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,
Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not.
What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then, let the trumpets sound
The tucket-sonnance*, and the note to mount:
For our approach shall so much dare the field,
That England shall crouch down in fear, and yield.

**Enter Grandpere.**

**Grand.** Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrioles, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps.
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hands,* and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal* bit
Lies, fowl with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.
Description cannot suit itself in words,
To demonstrate the life of such a battle,
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

**Con.** They have said their prayers, and they stay for
**Dau.** Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?
**Con.** I stay but for my guard. On, to the field!
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day.

**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 three-score thousand.

**Ezr.** There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.
**Sal.** God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.
God be with you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully—my noble lord of Bedford,—
My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,—
And my kind kinsman,—warriors all, adieu!
**Bed.** Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!
**Ezr.** 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 valour.

**Exeunt Salisbury.**

**Bed.** He is as full of valour, as of kindness;
Primely in both.
**West.** O! that we now had here

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1 of: in folio: which Singer retains, removing the period from the middle of the next line to its close.  
2 Shells.  
3 The blast of a trumpet.  
4 Candlesticks were often made in the figure of a knight, the candle being set in the hand.  
5 Double.
Enters 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 now
To do our country loss; and if to live, 
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more. 
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold; 
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost; 
It yearns 1 me not if men my garments wear; 
Such outward things dwell not in my desires: 
But, if it be a sin to covet honour, 
I am the most offending soul alive.

No, 'tis faith, my coze, wish not a man from England: 
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour, 
As one man more, methinks, would share from me, 
For the best hope I have. O! do not wish one more: 
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host, 
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight, 
Let him depart; his passport shall be made, 
And crowns for convoy put into his purse: 
We will not die in this 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 comes safe home, 
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd, 2 
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.

He, that shall live this day, and see 3 old age, 
Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends, 
And say—toward the Saint Crispian: 
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars. 
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot, 
But he'll remember with advantages 
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names, 
Familiar in their mouths as household words,—
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter, 
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glaster,— 
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd. 
This story shall the good man teach his son, 
And Crispian 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 4 his condition: 
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed, 
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here, 
And hold their manhoods cheap, whilst any speaks 
That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day.

Sol. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed: 
The French are bravely in their battles set, 
And with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so. 
West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now! 
K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, cousin?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone, 
Without more help, might fight this royal battle.

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand 
Which likes me better than to wish us one.—[men, 
You know your places. Good be with you all! 
Tucket. Enter Montjoy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, king Harry,
SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field of Battle.

Retreat sounded. [Enter Davipson, Orleans, Bourbon, Constable, Rambures, and others.]

Con. O diable! Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu! tout est perdu! Deu. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame
Sit mocking in our plumes.—O méchante fortune!—

Do not run away. [A short Alarum.]

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke. Deu. O perdurable shame!—let's stab ourselves.

Boe these the wretches that play'd at dice for? Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom? Boure. Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us not fly. !—in! Once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,
Like a base pandar, hold the chamber-door,
Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog,
His fairest daughter is contaminate.

Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now! Let us in haps go offer up our lives.

Orl. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smoother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

Bour. The devil take order now! I'll to the throng;
Let life be short, else shame will be too long. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Another part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King Henry and Forces; Exeter and others.

K. Hen. Well, have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
But all is not done; yet keep the French the field.

Exe. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thence within this hour
I saw him down, thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie, Loading the plain; and by his bloody side,
(Young fellow to his honour-saving wounds)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over;
Came to him, where in gore he lay insceip'd,
And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes,
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
He cries aloud. —Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk! My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine; then fly a-breast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field,
We kept together in our chivalry.]

Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble grip, says, "Dear my lord,
Command my service to my sovereign."

So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips;
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.

The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
But all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound

1 A name for a sword. 2 The cave in which the bowels are wrapped.—Cato's Dic., 1677. 3 An allusion to the Old Morallities in which the devil usually took part. 4 Alarums: in f. e. 5 Let us die instant: in f. e. 6 Larding: in f. e.
SCENE VII.

With mistful eyes, or they will issue too.—[Alarum.

But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—
The French have reinforce'd their scatter'd men:—
Then, every soldier kill his prisoners!
Give the word through.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly
against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant 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 worthy 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 magnan-
mimous, 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
perish'd. I say to you, captain,—if you look in the maps of
the world, I warrant, you shall find, in the comparisons
between Macedon and Monmouth, 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 prains,
what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one,
't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there:
is salmons 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 dis-
pleasures, and his indignations, and also being a little
indegious, did, in biles and his angers, 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 pelly-doublet: he was full of
jests, and gipes, and knaveryes, and mocks; I have
forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he. I'll tell you, there is goot 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:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight.

[If they'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.

Besides, I'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 find'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mont. No, great king: I come to thee for charitable
license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men;
For many of our princes, woe the while!
Lien drove'd and sook'd in mercenary blood;

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes, and their wounded steeds
Fret fretlock deep in gore, and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O! give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety, and dispose
Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours, or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,
And gallop o'er the field.

Mont. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praiseth be God, and our strength, for
it!

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

Mont. They call it Agincourt,

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please
your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack
prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles,

Fought a most brave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty
is enquired 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 is an honourable padge 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 honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your ma-
 jesty's Welsh plood out of your body, I can tell you
that: Got pless it, and preserve it, as long as it pleases
his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Cheeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I
care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world:
I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be
God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him:

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt 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 swagged with me last night; who, if 'tis 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 craven and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my presence.

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 goot a gentlemen as the devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebuth 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 asarrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce, as ever his placd shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who servest thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a goot captain, and is goot knowledge, and literatururd in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

Will. I will, my liege.

[Exit.]

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap. When Alençon and myself were down together, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once, and the soldier strike of his grace, that I might see.

K. Hen. Knowest thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[Exit.

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, and my brother

Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels.

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,
May happily purchase him a box o' the ear:
It is the soldier's; I, by bargain, should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike of his grace, I will
By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word
Some sudden mischief may arise of it,
For I do know Fluellen valiant,
And, touch'd with choleric, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Before King Henry's Pavillion.

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I pesech you now, come apace to the king: there is more got toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know, the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Flu. 'Shlood! an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal world, or in France, or in England.

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, captain Gower! I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he is a friend of the duke Alençon's.

Enter Warwick and Gloster.

War. How now, how now! what's the matter?

Flu. My lord of Warwick, here is, praised be God for it! a most contemptuous treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

Enter King Henry and Exeter.

K. Hen. How now! what's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to, in strange promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did.

I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowey knave it is. I hope your majesty is near me testimony, and witness, and avouchments, 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.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appeared to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I had made no offence; therefore, I beseech you highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow,
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly.—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of praws, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions; and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will. I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so goot: it is a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.
Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd? Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French. [Delivers a Paper.]


K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French, That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number, And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead [Reads: One hundred and twenty-six: added to these, Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen, Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which, Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights: So that, in these ten thousand they have lost, There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries; The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires, And gentlemen of blood and quality. The names of those their nobles that lie dead— Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France; Jacques Chatillon, admiral of France; The master of the cross-bows, lord Rambures; [pbn; Great-master of France, the brave sir Guisachau Dau- John duke of Alençon; Antony duke of Brabant, The brother to the duke of Burgundy; And Edward duke of Bar: of lusty ears, Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix, Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale.

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe all those that have not read the story, That I may prompt them: and for such as have, I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse Of time, of numbers, and due course of things, Which cannot in their huge and proper life Be here presented. Now, we bear the king Toward Calais: grant him there; those seen, Heave him away upon your winged thoughts, Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys, Whose shouts and claps out-voise the deep-mouth'd sea, Which, like a mighty whiffeter!, 'fore the king Seems to prepare his way. So, let him land, And solemnly see him set on to London. So swift a pace hath thought, that even now You may imagine him upon Blackheath; Where, that his lords desire him, to have borne Hisbruised helmet, and his bended sword, Before him, through the city, he fords it, Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride, Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent, Quite from himself, to God. But now behold, In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought, How London doth pour out her citizens. The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort, Like to the senators of th' antique Rome, With the plebeians swarming at their heels, Go forth, and fetch their conquering Caesar in: As, by a lower but by loving likelihood, Were now the general of our gracious empress —

Here was a royal fellowship of death! — Where is the number of our English dead? [Herald presents another Paper.]

Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk, Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire: None else of name, and of all other men But five and twenty. O God! thy arm was here. [Kneeling.]

And not to us, but to thy arm alone, Ascribe we all.—[Rising.] When, without stratagem, But in plain shock, and even play of battle, Was ever known so great and little loss, On one part and on th' other?—Take it, God, For it is only thine! 

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village: And be it death, proclaimed through our host, To boast of this, or that praise from God, Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is killed? K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment, 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 Calais; and to England then, Where nè'er from France arriv'd more happy men. [Exit.]

ACT V.

[As in good time he may] from Ireland coming, Bringing rebellion broached on his sword, How many would the peaceful city quit, To welcome him! much more, and much more cause, Did they this Harry. Now, in London place him. As yet the lamentation of the French Invites the king of England's stay at home: The emperor's coming in behalf of France, To order peace between them; and omit All the occurrences, whatever chan'd; Till Harry's back-return again to France: There must we bring him: and myself have play'd The interim, by remembering you, it is past. Then brook abridgment, and your eyes advance, After your thoughts, straight back again to France. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—France. An English Court of Guard. Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions, and causes, why and wherefore, in all things: I will tell you, as my friend, captain Gower. The rascally, scald, beggarly, lewry, praging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself, and all the world, know to be no better than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek. It was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.
Enter Pistol.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowly knave, Got pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thurst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parea's fatal web? Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I persecute you heartily, scurvy lowly knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [Strikes him.] Will you be so gott, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is. I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals: come, there is sauce for it. [Striking him again.] You called me yesterday, mountain-squire, but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree!—I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonished him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days.—Plee, I pray you; it is got for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

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 swallow.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel: thou dost see, I eat.

Flu. Much gott do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is got for your broken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is gott.—Hold you; there is a great to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a great!

Flu. Yes; verily, and in truth, you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy 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. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. When you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predecessor valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleek[1] and galling at this gentlemen twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel? you find it otherwise; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition.

Flu. It may do well. [Exit.

Pist. Doth fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital, Of malady of France;
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax, and from my weary limbs
Honour is cudgelled. Well, bawd I'll turn,
And something lean to cupurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these cudgell'd scars.
And swear, I got them in the Gallia wars. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Troyes in Champagne. An Apartment in the French King's Palace.

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Bedford, Glouster, Exeter, Warwick, Westmoreland, and other Lords; at another, the French King, Queen Isabel, the Princess Katharine, Lords, Ladies, &c., the Duke of Burgundy, and his Train.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met. Unto our brother France, and to our sister, Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine:— And, as a branch and member of this royalty, By whom this great assembly is contriv'd, We do salute you, duke of Burgundy:— And, princes French, and peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England: fairly met:— So are you, princes English, every one. Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England, Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes; Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them Against the French, that met them in their bent, The fatal balls of murdering basiliks: The venom of such looks, we fairly hope, Have lost their quality, and that this day Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry amen to that we appear. Q. Isa. 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 labour'd With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours, 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 congregated, 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 fertile France lift up her lovely visage? Alas! she hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps, Corruption in its own fertility. Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,

Unpruned dies: her hedges even-pleached[2], Like prisoners wildy overgrown with hair;
Put forth disorder'd twigs: her fallow leas The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory, Do root upon, while that the coulter rusts, That should deracinate such savagery:
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth The fickled cowslip, burnet, and green clover, Wanting the sower, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceits by idleness, and nothing teems,

[This is the title of an old English romance. This and the fifty-five following lines are not in quarto. put: in t. e. 1 Flatted, interwoven. 2]
But hateful docks, rough thistles, keckies, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility;
And as 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 would not do but meditate on blood,—
To swearing, and stern looks, diffus'd attire,
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour,
You are assembled; and my speech entreats,
That I may know the let, why gentle peace
Should not expel these inconveniences,
And bless us with her former qualities.
K. Hen. If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to th' imperfections
Which you have eft, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have, ensamble'd briefly, in your hands.
But the King hath heard them; to which, as yet,
There is nothing made.
K. Hen. Well then, the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursory eye
O'er-glan'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass, or accept, and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—
And brother Clarence,—and you, brother Glover,—
Warwick, and Huntingdon,—go with the king;
And take with you free power, to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisest best
Shall see advantage,4 for our dignity,
Any thing in, or out of, our demands,
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them.
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Isa. She hath good leave.
[Exeunt all but King Henry, Katharine, and her Gentlewoman.
K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair!
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?
Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.
K. Hen. O fair Katharine! if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?
Kath. Pardonnez moi; I cannot tell vat is,—like me.
K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.
Kath. Qu' est-il? que je suis semblable à tes anges? 
Alise. Oui, vraiment, soyez votre grace, ainsi dit-il.
K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine, and I must not blush to affirm it.
Kath. O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.
1 all: in folio. 2 passe our accept: in f. e. 3 advantageable: in f. e. 4
K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?
Alise. Ouy; dat de tongues de de mans is be full of deceits; dat is de princesses.
K. Hen. The princess is the better English-woman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king, that thou wouldst think I had old thy farm. O my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do, and so clap hands and a bargain. How say you, lady?
Kath. Sain't vostre honmeur, I understand well.
K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you offend me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure; yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour under the correction of braging he is spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife; or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off; but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly, nor 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 sunburnt, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be th'y cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this; take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, not yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, I take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for he perform must do th'e right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places; for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall, a straight back will 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 not the moon, for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps its course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me: and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king; and what sayst 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 you, 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 fell thee in French, which I am sure will hang upon you more-like a new-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 Denis be my speed!)—donc vostre est France, et vous êtes miene. It is as easy for me, Kate, to con-
quer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French. I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, est meilleur que l'Anglois que je parle.

K. Hen. No, 'faith, is 't not, Kate; but thy speaking of language, thou art a fool, and 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 your neighbours 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 will, to her, dispraise 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 be 'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with sembling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-bred. Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantiopolle, and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flour-de-luce?

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No: 't is hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy, and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse?

Kath. Your majesty have fausse French enough to deceive de most sage damoiselle dat is en France.

K. Hen. Ah! thou art wiser than I thought, Kate. By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting effect of my visage. Now shew my father's ambition; he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to wo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better. And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music, for thy voice is music, and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English: will thou have me?

Kath. Dat is, as it shall de vous mon père.

K. Hen. Nay, I will please him well, Kate: it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez! Moi fai, je ne veux point que vous abaissez votre grandeur, en 

baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure: excusez moi, je vous suppute, mon très puissant seigneur.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames, et damoiseilles, pour estre baisées devant leurs nœurs il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Eux, il n'est pas de fashion pour les ladies de France.—Canst thou tell what is, baiser, in English.

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty entend bettre que moi.

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O, Kate! nice customs curtesy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouths of all found-faults, as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently, and yielding. [Kissing her.] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

Enter the French king and Queen, Burgundy, Bedford, Gloster, 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 tongues are 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 consign 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 maids, 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 she was 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 perspectively: 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.
Eze. 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 tres cher fils Henry rois d'Angleterre,
heretier de France; and thus in Latin.—Præclarissimus
filius noster Henricus, rex Angliae, et hæres Franciae.
Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.
K. Hen. I pray you, then, in love and dear alliance
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.
Fr. King. Take her, fair son; and from her blood
raise up
Issue to me, that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale,
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.
All. Amen!
K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate:—and bear me wit-
ess all,

1 This mistake in translation, is copied from Holinshed's Chronicle.
FIRST PART
OF
KING HENRY VI.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HENRY the Sixth.
DUKE of GLOSTER, Uncle to the King, and Protector.
DUKE of BEDFORD, Uncle to the King, Regent of France.
DUKE of EXETER.
HENRY BEAUFORT, Bishop of Winchester.
JOHN BEAUFORT, Earl of Somerset.
RICHARD PLATAGENET, Duke of York.
EARLS of WARWICK, SALISBURY, and SUFFOLK.
TALBOT, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.
JOHN TALBOT, his Son.
EDMUND MORTIMER, Earl of March.
Mortimer’s Keeper, and a Lawyer.
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 ALENSON, 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 be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars;
That have consented unto Henry’s death!
Henry the fifth, so famous to live long!
England ne’er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne’er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had deserving to command:
His brandish’d sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon’s wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun force bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne’er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exc. We mourn in black: why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive,
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death’s dishonourable victory

We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a 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 church-men pray’d,
His thread of life had not so soon decay’d:
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster. whate’er we like, thou art protector,
And lookst to command the prince, and realm.
Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe.
More than God, or religious churchmen may.

Glo. Name no religion, for thou lov’st the flesh;
And ne’er throughout the year of church thou go’st,
Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in peace.
Let’s to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us,—
Instead of gold, we’ll offer up our arms.
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.  
Postierly, await for wretched years,
When at their mothers' moist eyes babes shall suck,
Our isle be made a nourish' salt tears,
And none but women left to wall the dead. —
Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;  
Preserve this gem, keep it from civil broils;  
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
A far more glorious star thy soul will make, 
Than Julius Caesar, or bright Cassiope. 

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all.  
Sad tidings bring to you out of France,  
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
Guillem. Champaigne, Rheims, Orleans,  
Paris, Guyssors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.  
Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?  
Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns  
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.  

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Rouen yielded up?  
If Henry were recall'd to life again,  
These news would cause him once more yield the ghost.  

Ezr. How were they lost? what treachery was used?  
Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.  

Among the soldiers this is muttered,—
That here you maintain several factions;  
And whilst a field should be despatch'd and fought,
You are disputing of your generals.
One would have lingering wars with little cost;  
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;  
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.  
Awake, awake, English nobility!  
Let not sloth dim your honours new-beget.  
Crop'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms;  
Of England's coat one half is cut away.  

Ezr. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,  
These tidings would call forth her flowing tides.  
Bed. Me they concern; recent I am of France.  
Give me my steed's coat! I'll fight for France.  
Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!
Wounds will I lend the French instead of eyes,  
To weep our intermisible miseries.  

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. Lords, view these letters, full of bad mis-

France is revolted from the English quite,  
Except some petty towns of no import:  
The Dauphin, Charles, is crowned king in Rheims;  
The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd;  
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;  
The duke of Alencon delteth to his side.  
Ezr. 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 slack, I'll fight it out.  
Bed. Glaster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?  
An army have I musterd in my thoughts,  
Whereewith already France is over-run.  

3 Mess. My gracious lords, to add to your lament,  
Wherewith you now behold king Henry's hearse,  
I must inform you of a dismal fight,  
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.  

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame? is't so?  
3 Mess. O! no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:  
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 current his  
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;  
Instead whereof, sharp stakés, 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 every where, enrag'd he flew,  
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;  
All the whole army stood agaz'd on him.  
His soldiers, sayng his unaunted spirit,  
A Talbot! A Talbot! cried out amain,  
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 placed behind  
With purpose to relieve and follow them,  
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.  
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre:  
Enclosed were they with their enemies.  
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,  
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;  
Whom all France, with their chief assembled strength,  
Durst not presume to look once in the face.  

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then, I will slay myself,  
For living idly here in pomp and ease,  
Whilst such a worthy leadeth wanting aid,  
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.  

3 Mess. O! no! he lives; but is taken prisoner,  
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:  
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours:  
Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.  
Bonfires in France with forth I am to make,  
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:  
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take;  
Whose bloody deeds shall cause all Europe waked.  
3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd.  
The English army is grown weak and faint;  
The earl of Salisbury crazeth supply,  
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,  
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.  

Ezr. 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.  

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can,  
To view th' artillery and munition;  
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.  

Ezr. To Eltham will I, where the young king is;  
Being ordain'd his special governor  
And for his safety I'll best advise.  

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:  
I am left out; for me nothing remains.  
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;  
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,  
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.  

[Exit.  

Pope reads: mash, marsh.  
This word is not in f. e.  
The word is now in f. e.  
*make's: in f. e.  
*send: in f. e.
SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces; ALÉON, 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 arms of any moment but have? At pleasure here we lie near Orleans. The whiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts, Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-bees: Either they must be dictates like mules, And have their provender tied to their mouths, Or pitcuses they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege. Why live we 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 gali; Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound sound, sound! alarum! we will rush upon them. Now, for the honour of the forborne French! Him I forgive my death that killeth me.

When he sees me go back one foot, or flee. [Exeunt.

Alarums: Excursions; afterwards a Retreat.

Re-enter CHARLES, ALÉON, Reignier, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I!— Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled, But that they left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide; He fighteth as one weary of his life: The other lords, like lions wanting food, Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. I think, a countryman of ours, records, England all Olivers and Rowlands bred, During the time Edward the third did reign. More truly now may this be verified; For none but Samsons, and Goliasse, 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 knew them; rather with their teeth The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmels' or device, Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on; Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do. By my consent, we'll c'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks your looks are sad, your cheer appalled: Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence? Be not dismayed, for succour is at hand: A holy maid lunier 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 prophecye she hath, Exceeding the nine 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 PECELLE, Bastard of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me? Where is the Dauphin?—Come, come from behind; I know thee well, though never seen before. Be not amaz'd, 'tis nothing hid from me: In private will I talk with thee apart.—Stand back, my lords, and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

[They retire.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter. My wit untrain'd in any kind of art. Heaven and our gracious Lady' hath it pleas'd To shine in my alarm, to smile upon me. 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 me what question thou canst possible, And I will answer unpremeditated. My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st, And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. Resolve on this: thou shalt be fortunate, If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms. Only this proof I'll of thy valour make: In single combat thou shalt buckle with me, And if thou vanquish's, thy words are true; Or, I renounce all confidence in you. [Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-edg'd sword, Deck'd with five flower-de-lices on each side; The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's churchyard, Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth. Char. Then, come o' God's name: I fear no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from no man.

[They fight.

Char. Stay, stay thy hands! thou art an Amazon, And fightest with the sword of Deborah. Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me. Impatiently I burn with thy desire; My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued. Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be: T is the French Dauphin sueth thus to thee. Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love, For my profession's sacred from above: When I have chased all thy foes from hence, Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Mean time look gracious on thy prostrate thrill.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in talk.

[They talk apart.\(^{10}\)

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\(^{1}\) This circumstance is mentioned in other writers of the time.

\(^{2}\) otherwhiles: in f. e.

\(^{3}\) Not in f. e.

\(^{4}\) our Lady gracions: in f. e.

\(^{5}\) otherwise: in f. e.

\(^{6}\) in you: not in f. e.

\(^{7}\) Not in f. e.

\(^{8}\) recompense.

\(^{9}\) otherwhiles: in f. e.

\(^{10}\) f. e.: in f. e.

\(^{11}\) recompense.

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**SCENE III.**

**KING HENRY VI.**

**Glo.** Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him 'fore me? Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate, Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook? Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:—

Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 **Serv.** Open the gates unto the lord protector:—

We'll burst them open, if you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, and SERVANTS in tawny coats.

**Win.** How now, ambitious Humphrey! what means this?

**Glo.** Pilgrim priest, dost thou command me be shut out?**

**Win.** I do, thou most usurping viceroy, And not protector, of the king's realm.

**Glo.** Stand back, thou manifest conspirator, Thou that contiv'st to murder our dear lord; Thou that giv'st those indulgences to sin,

I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat, If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

**Win.** Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot: This be Damascus,* be thou cursed Cain, To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

**Glo.** I will not stay thee, but I'll drive thee back. Thy scatter'd robes, as a child's bearing-cloth I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

**Win.** Do what thou dar'st; I'll hear thee to thy face.

**Glo.** What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this is a privileg'd place: Blue coats! to tawny coats. Priest, beware your beard! [GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.]

I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly. Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat, In spite of pope or dignities of church;

Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

**Win.** Gloster, thou 'rt answer this before the pope.

**Glo.** Winchester goes! I cry—a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence; why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array,—

Out, tawny coats!—out, scarlet hypocrites! [Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter, in the hurly-burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.]

May. Die, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates, Thus contumeliously should break the peace!**

**Glo.** Peace, mayor! thou knowest little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king, Hath here distrust'd the Tower to his use.

**Win.** Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens; One that still motions war, and never peace, O'recharging your free purses with large fines; That seeks to overthrow religion,

Because he is protector of the realm; And would have armour, here, out of the Tower, To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

**Glo.** I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [Here they skirmish again.

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer; as loud as thou canst cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places; and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

**Glo.** Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law; But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

**Win.** Gloster, we'll meet to thy dear cost be sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.
May. I'll call for clubs if you will not aw.
This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.
Glo. Mayor, farewell! thou dost but what thou may'st.
Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
For I intend to have it off ere long.
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year.

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.
Enter on the Walls, the Master-Gunner and his Son.
M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieged,
And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
How'er unfortunate I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou guid'd by me:
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's espiels have informed me,
How the English, in the suburbs close entrenched,
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 full even these three days have I watch'd,
If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
For I can stay no longer on my post.
If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word,
And thou shalt find me at the governor's.

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 Glansdale,
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and others.
Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd,
Discovered any plan, or other's top.
Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called the brave lord of Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdaining, scorn'd; and craved death,
Rather than I would be so vile esteem'd:
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 now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wast entertain'd?
Tal. With scorns, oaths, and curst contumelious taunts.
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all:
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me,
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To 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-while,
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here, through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify:
Let us look in; the night will much delight thee.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
Let me have your express opinions,
Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes forlorn'd.

[Exeunt.

[Shot from the Town. Salisbury and Sir Tho.
Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners.
Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woeeful man.
Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
Speak Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak: [us?—
How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?
One of thine eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—
A consecrated 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;
When it was any ground, he first struck up,
His sword did not leave striking in the field.—
Yet live'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!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; say, 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 enrage me with the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and, Nere-like,
Play on the lute, beholding the town's burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.
[An Alarum : it thunders and lightens.
What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?
Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?
Enter a Messenger.
Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd
The Dauphin, with one Joan La Pucelle join'd, [head:
A holy prophetess, new risen up,
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.
[Salisbury lift'sh himself up and groans.
Tal. Hear, hear, how doth Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.
[Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.
Alarum. Skirmishings. Talbot pursues the Dauphin,
And drives him; then enter Joan La Pucelle, driving
Englishmen before her. Then enter Talbot.
Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

_Enter La Pucelle._

Here, here she comes. — I'll have a bout with thee:
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee;
Blood will I draw on thee; thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

_Puc._ Come, come; 't is only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.]

_Tal._ Heaven's, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

_Puc._ Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
'Overtake 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 Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:
So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
Are from their hives and houses driven away.
Theycall'd us for our fierceness English dogs;
Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[Short _Alarum._]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soul, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the wolf,
Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you from your oft-subdued slaves.

[Alarum. Another skirmish.]

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans

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_SCENE IV._

_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._

_Atall._ Retreat. _Exeunt_ Talbot and his Forces.

(Scene VI.—The Same.

_Florish._ Enter, on the Walls, Pucelle, Charles, Reignier, Alençon, and Soldiers.

_Puc._ Advance our waving colours on the walls!
Rescue our Orleans from the English wolves;*
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word:
Char. Divinest creature, bright Astraea's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess! —
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:
More blessed hap did never befall our state.

_Reign._ Why ring not out the bells aloud throughout the town?
Daunphin, command the citizens make bonfires
And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.
_Alen._ All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
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 statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhadopès', 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._

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(Scene I.—The Same.

_Enter the Gates, a French Sergeant, and Two Sentinels._

_Serg._ Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant,
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

[Exit Sergeant._

_I._ Sergeant, you shall. Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

_Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundy, and Forces, with scaling Ladders; their Drums beating a dead march._

_Tal._ Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,
By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted.
Embrace we, then, this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

_Bed._ Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his fame,

* It was an old popular belief, that if a witch lost blood, her power was ended.
* hung'ry: in _f. a._
* Pope reads: timorous.
* wolves

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(Scene II.

_Despairing 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 underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun.

_Tal._ Well, let them practice and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress, in whose conquering name
Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed._ Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee.

Tal._ Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fall
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

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*From the second folio.*
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[The English scale the Walls, crying St. George! a Talbot! and all enter the Town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm! arm! the enemy doth make assault!

Frenchmen leap over the Walls in their shirts. Enter several ways, Bastard, Alencon, Reignier, half ready and half unready.

Alencon. How now, my lords! what, all unready so?

Bastard. Unready! ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reignier. It was time, I trow, to wake and leave our beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber doors.

Alencon. Of all exploits, since first I followed arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise

More venturous, or desperate than this.

Bastard. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of hell.

Reignier. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alencon. Here cometh Charles: I marvel, how he sped.

Enter Charles and La Pucelle.

Bastard. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucelle. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my war alike?

Sleeping or waking must I still prevail,

Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—

Improvind soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alencon, this was your default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alencon. Had all your quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd,

Bastard. Mine was secure.

Reignier. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precept,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then, how, or which way, should they first break in?

Pucelle. 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, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. Enter an English Soldier, crying, a Talbot — a Talbot!—They fly, leaving their Clothes behind.

Soldiers. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a word;

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.

Talbot. The day begins to break, and night is fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit.

[Retreat sounded.

Bedford. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;

And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him.

There have at least five Frenchmen died to-night.

And that hereafter ages may behold

What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,

Within their chiepest temple I'll erect

A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be inter'd;

Upon the which, that every one may read,

Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,

The treacherous manner of his mournful death,

And what a terror he had been to France.

But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,

I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's grace,

His now-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc,

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bedford. '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.

Burst. Myself, as far as I could well discern,

For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,

Am sure I scarr'd the Dauphin, and his trull;

When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves,

That could not live asunder, day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this princely train

Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts

So much applauded through the realm of France?

Talbot. 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 wouldst vouchsafe

To visit her poor castle where she lies;

That she may boost she hath beheld the man

Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Burst. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,

When ladies crave to be encounter'd with—

You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Talbot. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,

Yet hath a woman's kindness over-ruled—

And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her—

Will not your honours bear me company?

Bedford. No, truly, it is more than manners will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests

Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Talbot. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

[mind.

Come hither, captain. [Whisper.] You perceive my

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the Countess and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;

And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Porter. Madam, I will.

[Exit.

Count. The plot is laid; if all things fall out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian Thymiris by Cyrus' death.

Great is the rumour 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.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd, by message crave'\d, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome.—What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the 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. Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf; It cannot be, this weeny and writhed shrimp. Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you; But, since your ladyship is not at leisure, I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go, ask him, whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief, I go to certify her Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?—To me, blood-thirsty lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house. Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me, For in my gallery thy picture hangs; But now the substance shall endure the like, And I will chain these legs and arms of thine, That hast by tyranny these many years, Wasted our country, slain our citizens, And sent our sons and husbands captive.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughter thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to monn.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond, To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow; Wherein to practise such severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself: You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here; For what you see, is but the smallest part And least proportion of humanity. I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here, It is of such a spacious lofty pitch, Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant\ 1 for the nonce; He will be here, and yet he is not here: How can these contradictions agree?

Tal. That will I show you, lady,\ 2 presently. He waves his Horn. Drums strike up; a Peal of Ordnance. The Gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded, That Talbot is but shadow of himself? These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength, With which he yoketh your rebellions necks, Razath your cities, and subverts your towns, And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse: I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruit'd, And more than may be gather'd by thy shape. Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath; For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me: No other satisfaction do I crave, But only, with your patience, that we may Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have; For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and a Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this Dare no man answer in case of truth? [silence? Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud:
The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth, Or else was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law, And never yet could frame my will to it: And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then, betwixt us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch, Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth, Between two blades, which bears the better temper, Between two horses, which doth bear him best, Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye, I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment; But in these nice sharp quillets of the law, Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance: The truth appears so naked on my side, That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparel'd, So clear, so shining, and so evident, That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. If you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak, In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts.

Let him, that is a true-born gentleman, And stands upon the honour of his birth, If he suppose that I have pleaded truth, From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer, But dare maintain the party of the truth, Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me. War. I love no colours; and, without all colour Of base insinuating flattery, I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset; And say with that, I think he hold the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more, Till you conclude that he, upon whose side The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree, Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well object'd: If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case, I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here, Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off; Last, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, And fall on my side so, against your will.

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1 This word was often used as a term of contempt. 2 This word is not in f. e.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And in the wound, shall make me whole as 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.
Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my seabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.
Plan. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our rose;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.
Som. I'll have no Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear, but anger; and thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame to counterfeit our rose,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.
Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?
Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?
Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth,
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.
Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding-roses;
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.
Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee and thy faction*, peevish boy.
Suf. Turn not thy scorn this way, Plantagenet.
Plan. Froud Poole, I will; and scorn both him and thee.
Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole.
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.
War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset:
His grandfather was Lionel, duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, king of England.
Spring erstwhile yeomen from so deep a root?
Plan. He braves him on the place's privilege,
Or durest 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 standst thou not attained,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood;
And till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.
Plan. My father was attainted, not attainted,
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah! thou shalt stand and suffer for thee still,
And know us by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends in spite of thee shall wear.
Plan. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me in my grave,
Or flourish to the height of my degree.
Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition:
And so farewell, until I meet thee next.
Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard.
[Exit.

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perform endure it!
War. This blot, that they object against your house,
Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
And for the true'st of Winchester and Gloster,
And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick.
Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party weat this rose.
And here I prophesy,—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
Ten thousand souls to death and deadly night.
Plan. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalf—would pluck a flower.
Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same.
Law. And so will I.
Plan. Thanks, gentle sir:
Come, let us four to dinner. I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter Mortimer, blind*, brought in a Chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack;
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like, aged in a cage of care,
Argue the end of Edward Mortimer.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent;* Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief,
And pitiless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops 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 other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come?
1 Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

[Exit Keeper.]

Mor. Enough! my soul shall then be satisfied.—
Poor gentleman, his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscure'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement dethis commision me;
I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet, and Keeper.^

1 Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come,
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despis'd Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.
O! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheek,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say,—of late thou wert despis'd?
KING. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm, And in that case I'll tell thee my disease. This day, in argument upon a case, Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me; Amongst which terms he us'd his lavish tongue, And did upbraided me with my father's death: Which obloquy set bars before my tongue; Else with the like I had requited him. Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake, In honour of a true Plantagenet, And for alliances' sake, declare the cause My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head. Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me, And hath detain'd me all my flow'r'ing youth Within a leathsome dungeon, there to pine, Was cursed instrument of his decease. Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was: For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. Mor. I will, if that my fading breath permit, And death approach not ere my tale be done. Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king, Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son, The first-begotten, and the lawful heir Of Edward, king the third of that descent: During whose reign the Percies of the north, Finding his usurpation most unjust, Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne. The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this, Was for that young king Richard thus remov'd, (Leaving no heir begotten of his body) I was the next by birth and parentage; For by my mother I derived am From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son To king Edward the third, whereas he From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree, Being but fourth of that heroic line. But mark: as, in this haughty great attempt They laboured to plant the rightful heir, I lost my liberty, and they their lives. Long after this, when Henry the fifth, (Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign, Thy father, earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York, Marrying my sister, that thy mother was, Again, in pity of my hard distress,

ACT III.

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 disに入ってください。
If I were covetous, ambitious, proud, 1
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how hap it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, for peace.
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is that not that hath incensed 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 roar these accusations forth.
But he shall know, I am as good——
Glo. As good?
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 usest it to patronize his theft.
Win. Unreverent Gloster!
Glo. Thou art reverent
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.
Win. Rome shall remedy this.
War. Roam thither then.
My lord, it was 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 is better not to press so close.
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 fling at Winchester.
K. Hen. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.
O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers should hold 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 tauny cows! 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. 2
[Enter the Mayor of London, and some Citizens.
May. O, my good lords, and virtuous Henry,
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop's and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden long to carry any weapon.
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones:
And banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do poll so fast at one another's pates,
That many have their giddy brains knocked out.
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we for fear compell'd to shut our shops.
[Enter, skirmishing, 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 commonwealth,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn' mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.
3 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.[Skirmish again.
Glo. And, if you love me, as you say you do.
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.
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 ye be not?
Or who should study to preserve a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?
War. Yield, lord protector; and yield, Winchester;
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.
Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.
Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stooj;
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 moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?
Glo. Here, Winchester; I offer thee my hand.
[Winchester refuses it. 3
K. Hen. Fye, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you profess
That malice was a great and grievous sin;
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?
War. Sweet king! —the bishop hath a kindly gird.
For shame, my lord of Winchester, relent:
What! shall a child instruct you what to do?
Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.
[Give his hand.
Glo. Ay; but I fear me, with a hollow heart.  [Aside.
See here, my friends; and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers.
So help me God, as I dissemble not!
Win. So help me God, as I intend it not!  [Aside.
K. Hen. O, loving uncle, and kind duke of Gloster,
How joyful 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, Citizens; Servants, &c.
War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign, 
Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet 
We do exhibit to your majesty.

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 Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And these 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 recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so will Ithelitch Winchester.

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York.

From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy honour'd servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
And in reguernon 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. Parish, base prince, ignoble duke of York!

[Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France.
The presence of a king engenders love
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloucester says the word, King Henry

goes;

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[Flourish. Excitall but Exeter.

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue.

This late dispersion, grown betwixt the peers,
Burns under feigned ashes of froward 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.

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,
I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter them.

Sold. Our sacks shall be a mean to seek the city,
And we be lords and rulers over Rouen;
Therefore we'll knock.

Guard. [Within.] Qui est là?

Puc. Paisans, les pouvoirs gens de France:
Poor market-folks that come to sell their corn.

Guard. Enter; go in: the market-bell is rung.

[opening the gates.

Puc. Now, Rouen, I'll shakethy bulwarks to the ground.

[Exeunt Pucelle, &c. enter the City.

Enter Charles, Bastard of Orleans, Alençon, and

Forces.

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem,
And once again we'll sleep secure in Rouen.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practisants.
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which, once discern'd, shows, that her meaning is,—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter La Pucelle on a Battlement, holding out a Torch

burning.

Puc. Behold! this is the happy wedding torch,
That joineth Rouen unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbots.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our friend;
The burning torch in yonder turret stands.

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends:
Enter, and cry The Dauphin! presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[They enter.

Alarums. Enter Talbot, and English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France.

[Exeunt to the Town.

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, Alençon, Reinier,

and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye corn for bread?
I think, the duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of dainties; do you like the taste?
Burr. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtier! 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.

Bed. O! let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard? break a lancet,
And run a tilt at death within a chair?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and bag of hell's? despite,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.— [peace;

[Talbot, and the rest, consult together.}
Bur. Warlike and matchless Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrinethis in his heart; and there erects
Thynoble deeds, asvalour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle
now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:
Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?;

What, all a-might? Rouen hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,
Placing therein some expert officers,
And then depart to Paris to the king,
For there young Henry with his nobles lies.


Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen:
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court;
But kings, and mightiest potentates must die,
For that's the end of human misery. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, the Bastard, ALÉNÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Norgrieve that Rouen is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Letfrantie Talbot triumph for a while,
Andlike 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 difficulties,
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Best. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenced like a blessed saint:
Employ thee, then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise,
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Char. Ay, marry; sweeting, if we could do that.
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirp'd from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard after off.]

Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English March. Enter, and pass over, Talbot and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread,
And all the troops of English after him.

A French March. Enter the Duke of Burgundy and his Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:
Fortune in favour makes him leg behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

Char. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?
KING HENRY VI.

**SCENE I.**—The Prince of Wales, now Duke of York, assembles his followers with the purpose of invading France. The Earl of Suffolk, Sir John Fastolfe, and other noblemen are present.

**KING.** Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers, And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Execut.]

**SCENE II.**—A Room in the Palace. The Duke of York and his followers are gathered there. The Duke announces his intention to invade France.

**KING.** My gracious prince, and honourable peers, Hearing of your arrival in this realm, I have a while given truce unto my wars, To do my duty to my sovereign:—

By your obedience fifty fortresses, Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,

Befehl 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.

When Talbot hath set footing once in France, And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill, Who then but English Henry will be lord,

More than the worst infamy, and to the scathe, By loving friend of all, and true, and dear,

They set him free, without his ransom paid,

From the true monarch's waste, and loss of land,

The tongues of nations, and the pride of men,

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake.

You have set foot once in France, and fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,

Who, with the help of your friends, and your faith,

For the true monarch of the waste, and loss of land,

That you may, when you shall return to your friends,

And for your faith to the true monarch,

That they may, when you return to your friends,

And so, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

**Bur.** Done like a Frenchman, turn, and turn again! [Aside.]
Enter Sir John Fastolfe.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy. [Gives it.]

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from 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 was given,
Like to a trusty square, 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 besembling any common man,
Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
Such as was grown to credit by the wars;
Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolve in worst extremes.
He, then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight,
Profaning this most honourable order;
And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.
Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—

Enter FASTOLFE.

And, now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.
Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his style?
No more but, plain and bluntly,—"To the king!"
Hath he forgot he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Portend some alteration in good will?
What's here? [Reads.] "I have upon especial cause,—
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,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France."
O, monstrous treachery! Can this be so?
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?
Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become thy foe.
K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?
Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.
K. Hen. Why then, lord Talbot, there, shall talk
with him,
And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord; are you not content?

†Not in f. e. * mock: in f. e. † pretend: in f. e. ‡ shall: in f. e.
SCENE III.

KING HENRY VI.

Exe. It grieves his highness: good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Honest friend, I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are;
In France, amongst a fickle waverling nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree,
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd
To wilful disobedience, and rebel?
Beside, what infancy 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 forget
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 upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.
But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach them.
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, good 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, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[FLOURISH. Exeunt King Henry, Glo., Som.,
Win., Suff., and Basset.

War. My lord of York, I promise you, the king
Prettily, methought, 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 thine voice;
For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen theecephal'd there.
More rancorous spite, more fur'ious raging broils,
Than yet can be imaginy'd or supposed.
But howso' er, no simple man that sees
This jarring discord of nobility,
This shouldering of each other in the court,
This factious bandying of their favourites,
But that it doth presage some ill event.
'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands,
But more, when envy breeds unkind division:
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter Talbot, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter:
Summon their general unto the wall.
Trumpet sounds a Parley. Enter, on the Walls, the
General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'Il withdraw me and my bloody power;
But, if you frown upon this propos'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three regiments,
Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou omenous and fearful owl of death,
Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge,
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
On us thou canst not enter but by death;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight:
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snakes of war to tangle thee.
On either hand thee there are squadrions pitch'd
To wall thee from the liberty of descendents,
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo! there thou standst, a breathing valiant man,
Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit;
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due' thee withal;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off. Hark! hark! the Dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[Exeunt General, &c., from the Walls.

Tal. He fables not; I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their wings.—
O, negligent and heedless discipline!
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale?
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!
If we be English deer, be then in blood;
Not raceal-like to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody mad, and desperate stage,
Turn on the bloody bounds 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 colours in this dangerous fight! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

Enter York, with Forces; to him, a Messenger.

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord; and give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Two mightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their march for
Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege!
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am bow't by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.

God comfort him in this necessity!
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke! to Bourdeaux, York!
Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour.

York. O God! that Somerset—who in proud heart
Doth stop my corneets—were in Talbot's place!
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succours 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.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son, young John; whom two hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives are done.
York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends grieve in the hour of death.—
Lucy, farewell! no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot name.
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[Exit York, with his Forces.

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping negligence doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth. Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

Enter Somerset, with his Army; an Officer of
Talbot's with him.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now.
This expedition was by York, and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a salty of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath appli'd all his glos of former honour,
By this unheedful, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Off. Here is sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er-mate'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir William Lucy.

Som. How now, sir William! whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions:
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wareied limbs,
And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aaloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, revengeful Sir William, doth yield
His life up to the world against odds.

Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on; York should have sent him
Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swareing that you withhold his levied host,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and had the
I own him little duty, and less love,
And take full 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 strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horsemen
straight:
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

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.

[Exeunt.

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 Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But,—O, malignat and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto 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,
Dis honour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me:
The world will say he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so well ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay; and father, do you fly;
Your loss is great, so your regard should be;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.

Upon my death the French can little boast,
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won,
But mine it will, that no exploit have done:
You fled for 'vantage every one will swear,  
But if I fly, they 'll say it was for fear.  
There is no hope that ever I will stay,  
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.  
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

**Tal.** Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?  
**John.** Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

**Tal.** Upon my blessing I command thee go.  
**John.** To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

**Tal.** Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.  
**John.** No part of him but will be shamed in me.

**Tal.** Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.  
**John.** Yes, your renowned name; shall flight absuirt?  
**Tal.** Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

**John.** You cannot witness for me, being slain.  
If death be so apparent, then both fly.

**Tal.** And leave my followers here, to fight, and die?  
My age was never tainted with such shame.

**John.** And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?  
No more can I be sever'd from your side.  
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:  
Stay, go, do what you will, but do I;  
For live I will not, if thy father die.

**Tal.** Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,  
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,  
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly.  
[Exeunt.]

**SCENE VI.**—A Field of Battle.

**Alarum:** Excursions, whereon Talbot's Son is hemmed about, and Talbot rescues him.

**Tal.** Saint George and victory! fight, soldiers, fight!  
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,  
And left us to the rage of France's sword.

Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;  
I gave thee life, and rescued thee from death.

**John.** O, twice my father! twice am I thy son:  
The life thou gav'st me first was lost and done;  
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,  
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

**Tal.** When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire,  
It warn'd 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 ierful bastard Orleans, that drew blood  
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood  
Of thy first fight; I soon encountered,  
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed  
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,  
Respoke him thus: 'Tis Contaminated, base,  
And misbegotten blood I spit of mine,  
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 wary, John? How dost thou fare?  
Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,  
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?  
Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead;  
The help of one stands me in little stead.  
O! too much folly is it, well I wot,  
To hazard all our lives in one small boat.  
If I today die not with Frenche'man's rage,  
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:

By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,  
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day:  
In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,  
My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame.  
All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;  
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

**John.** The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart;  
These words of yours, I pray, from life-blood from my heart.  
On that advantage, bought with such a shame,  
(To save a paltry life, and stay bright fame)  
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,  
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!  
And like me to the peasanboys 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 feareas. Thy life to me is sweet:  
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,  
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.  
[Exeunt.]

**SCENE VII.**—Another Part of the Same.

**Alarums:** Excursions. Enter Talbot wounded, supported by a Soldier.

**Tal.** Where is my other life?—mine own is gone:  
O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—  
Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,  
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee.  
When he perceive I'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,  
Tender's'my ruin, and assail'd of none,  
Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,  
Suddenly made him from my side to start  
Into the clust'ring battle of the French:  
And in that sea of blood my boy did drench  
His overmounting spirit; and there died  
My learsus, my blossom, in his pride.

**Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of John Talbot.**  
**Sold.** O, my dear lord! ho, where your son is borne!  
**Tal.** Thou antick, death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,  
Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,  
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity,  
Two Talbots, winged through the lither's sky,  
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.  
O! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'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 would have,  
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave.  
[Dies]

**Alarums, Exeunt Soldiers, leaving the two bodies.**  
**Enter** CHARLES, ALÉNÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PUCELLE, and FORCES.  
**Char.** Had York and Somerset brought rescue in,  
We should have found a bloody day of this.  
**Bast.** Hest the young whoop of Talbot's, raging wood.
FRIST PART OF

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, majestic high scorn,
He answered thus: "Young Talbot was not born
To be the pillage of a gigot wench." So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.
But. Doubtless, he would have made a noble knight.
See, where he lies interred in the arms
Of the still bleeding nurse of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder,
Whose life was England's glory, Gallia'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 who 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'd thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me briefly* whom thou sekest now.
Lucy. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great earl of Washford*, Waterford, and Valence;
Lord Talbot of Goodrich and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, lord Furnial of Sheffield,
The three victorious lord of Falconbridge;
Knight of the noble order of St. George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
Great marshall to Henry the sixth.

Of all his wars within the realms of France?
Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this,—

Dear, that thou magnisfist with all these titles,
Stinking, 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 becometh 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 stink, and putrefy the air.
Char. Go, take their bodies hence.
Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their very ashes shall be rear'd
A phamix that shall make all France afeard.
Char. So we be rid of them, do what thou wilt.
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exit.

ACT V.


Enter King Henry, Gloster, and Exeter.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?
Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded
Between the realms of England and of France.
K. Hen. How doth thy grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of much Christian blood,
Establish quietness on every side.
K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.
Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of animity,
The earl of Armagnac, near kin* to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Profers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle? alas! my years are young,
And fitter is my study and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice.

Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

Enter a Legate, and two Ambassadors, with Winches-
ter, as a Cardinal.

Err. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd into 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 resolvd,
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 dower,—
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.—[Gives it.]
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt King Henry and Train; Gloster,
Exeter, and Ambassadors.

Win. Stay, my lord legate: you shall first receive

1 most bloody: in f. e. 2 hath obtained: in f. e. 3 These two words are not in f. e. 4 The old name of Wexford. 5 that I may bear them hence: in f. e. 6 our: in f. e. 7 knit: in f. e. 8 Not in f. e. 9
The sum of money, which I promised,
Should be deliver'd to his holiness.
For clothing me in these grave ornaments.
Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure. [Exit]
Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, [Now,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey, of Glover, thou shalt well perceive,
That, neither in birth, nor in authority,
The hag shall not overborne by thee.
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. - France. Plains in Anjou.

Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALBONPON, LA PUCELLE,
And Force, marching.

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping spirits.
'Tis said the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.
Aren. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be among 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 accomplishments!
Char. What tidings send our scouts? I pray thee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoid in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there:
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear me as accurs'd.
Command the conquest, Charles, shall it be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. - The Same. Before Angiers.

Enter Charles. Excursions. Enter La Pucelle.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly. -
Now help, ye charming spells, and periaps; And ye, choice spirits, that admonish me, And give me signs of future accidents: You speedy helpers, that are substitutes 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 us,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[They walk, and speak not.

O! hold me not with silence over-long.
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a farther benefit,
So you do descend to help me now.

[They hang their heads.

No hope to have redress? - My body shall Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
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 vail 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 droppeth to the dust. [Exit.

[Alarums. Enter English and French, fighting; La Pucelle and York fight hand to hand. La Pucelle is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel 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 Cresse, she would change my shape.

Puc. 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 my empty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee! And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd.
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning Hag! enchantresses, hold thy tongue.

Puc. I pray thee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.

[Exeunt.

Alarums. Enter Suffolk, leading in Lady Margaret.
Suf. 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 reverent hands:
I kiss thee, and kiss thee [Kissing her hand] for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whose' er thou art.

Suf. 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:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
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 mine 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! disable not thyself;
Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?
Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?
Aye; 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?

Suf. 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?
Suf. She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore to be won.  

[Aside.  
Mar. Will thou accept of ransom, yes, or no?  

[Aside.  
Suf. Yes, man! remember that thou hast a wife;  
Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?  

[Aside.  
Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.  
Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.  
Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.  
Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.  
Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.  
Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?  
Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.  
Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.  
Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,  
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 much:  
[ Aside.  
Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.  
Maddan, I have a secret to reveal.  
Mar. What though I be enthralld? he seems a knight,  
And will not any way dishonour me.  

[Aside.  
Suf. Lady, vouesafie to listen what I say.  
Mar. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French,  
And then I need not crave his courtesy.  
Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—  
Mar. Tush! women have been captivate ere now.  

[Aside.  
Suf. Lady, pray tell me, wherefore talk you so?  
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but quid for quo.  
Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not then ween  
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?  
Mar. A queen in bondage is more vile to me  
Than is a slave in base servility,  
For princes should be free.  
Suf. And so shall you,  
If happy England's royal king be true.  
Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?  
Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;  
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,  
And set a precious crown upon thy head,  
If they will condescend to me—  
Mar. What?  
Suf. His love.  
Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.  
Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am  
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,  
And have no portion in the choice myself.  
How say you, madam; are you so content?  
Mar. An if my father please, I give consent.  
Suf. Then, call our captains, and our colours forth!  
And, madam, at your father's castle walls  
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.  

[Troops come forward.  
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:  
Consent, and for thy honour give consent,  
Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king,  
Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,  
And this her easy-held imprisonment  
Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.  
Reign. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?  
Suf. That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or reign.  
Reign. Upon thy princely warrant I descend  
To give thee answer of thy just demand.  

[Exit, from the Walls.  
Suf. And here I will expect thy coming down.  
Trumpets sounded. Enter Reignier, below.  
Reign. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:  
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.  
Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,  
Fit to be made companion with a king:  
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?  
Reign. Since thou dost deign 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 kindly thanks,  
Because this is in traffic of a king:  
And yet, methinks I could be well content  
To be mine own attorney in this cause;  
I'll go 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. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes, praise, and prayers,  
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret.  
[Going.  
Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark you, Mar- 
garet;  
No princely commendations to my king.  
Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,  
A virgin, and his servant, say to them.  
Suf. Words, sweetly pled, and modestly directed.  
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—  
No loving token to his Majesty?  
Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unsotted heart,  
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.  
Suf. And this withal.  
[ Kisses her.  
Mar. That for thyself: I will not so presume,  
To send such peevish tokens to a king.  

[Exeunt Reignier and Margaret.  
Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;  
Thou mayst not wander in that labyrinth:  
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.  
Solicit Henry with her wond'rous praise:  
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,  
Mid natural graces that extinguish art;  
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,  
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 soreness, condemn'd to burn.
Enter La Pucelle, guarded; and a Shepherd.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father’s heart out-right.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy senseless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I’ll die with thee.

Puc. Decrepit mis’r! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentle blood:
Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you, ’tis not so;
I did beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify,
She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?
York. This argues what her kind of life hath been;
Wicked and vile, and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstinate!
God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pray thee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avanta!—You have suborn’d this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. ’Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.—
Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee when thou suck’st her breast,
Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake;
Or else, when thou didst keep my lamps 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. Take her away; for she hath lived too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn’d;
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu’d from the progeny of kings:
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But justice, that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain’d with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices.
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No; misconceived Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maidens blood, thus rigorously effus’d,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution!
War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be snow:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?
Then, Joan, discover thine iniquity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides;
Murder not, then, the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hate me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forebode! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e’er ye wrought!
Is all your strict precision come to this?
York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling;
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv’d; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy’d my love.
York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O! give me leave; I have defied you,
’Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam’d,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail’d.

War. A married man: that’s most intolerable.
York. Why, here ’s a girl! I think she knows not
well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse,
War. It’s sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence:—with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make exode;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

York. Break thou in pieces; and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!
[Exit 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 implor’d a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn’d to this effect?
After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country’s benefit,
Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace?
Have we not lost more part of all the towns,
By true war, 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 by yourselves
What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester; for boiling cholers choke
The truth; our passage of my private voice,
By sight of these, our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus:—
That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegeman to his crown.

1 Miserable person. 2 Often put in the mouths of uneducated persons, for ostinate, by writers of the time. 3 poison’d: in f. o.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,
Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?
Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd, and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known, already that I am possess'd
With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reversion'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucer of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Used intercession to obtain a league,
And now the matter grows to compounding,
Stain'd but ill with proceedings upon comparisons?
Either accept the title thou marv'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy
[Aside to Charles.]
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And, therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand?

Char. It shall; only reserve'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be 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 1 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. Thy wondrous rare description, noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour 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. Thus! my good lord, this supernal tale
Is but a medium of thy 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,

1 entertain: in f.s.
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.
For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company
I may revolve and ruminate my grief.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.
[Exit Gloster and Exeter.
Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece,
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosperous 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.
SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hauyboys. Enter, on one side, King Henry, Duke of Gloster, Salisbury, Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort; on the other, Queen Margaret, led in by Suffolk; York, Somerset, Buckingham, and others following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty I had in charge at my depart for France, as procurator to your excellence, to marry princess Margaret for your grace; so, in the famous ancient city Tours, in presence of the kings of France and Sicil, the dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, and Alenpou, seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty reverend bishops, 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 receive'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret! I can express no kinder sign of love, than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me life, lend me a heart replete with thankfulness; for thou hast given me, in this beauteous face, a world of earthly blessings to my soul, if sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

SECOND PART
OF
KING HENRY VI.

DRA\MATIS PERSONÆ.


Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, in various Parts of England.

ACT I.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious lord, the mutual conference that my mind hath had By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams, in courtly company, or at my beads, With you mine alderlievest sovereign, Makes me the bolder to salute my king With ruder terms, such as my wit affords, And over-joy of heart doth minister. K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech, Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty, Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys: Such is the fulness of my heart's content. Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love. All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness! Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish. Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace, Here are the articles of contracted peace, Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles For eighteen months, concluded by consent. Glo. [Reads.] "Imprimis: It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of England,—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king her father."—[Pausing.]

1 A compound Saxon word, found in Chaucer, my all dearest. 2 Not in i. e.
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 farther agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.  
K. Ken. They please us well.—Lord marques, kneel thee down:  
We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,  
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,  
We here discharge your 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 favour done,  
In entertainment to my princely queen.  
Come, let us in; and with all speed provide  
To see her coronation be perform'd.  

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,  
To you duke Humphrey must unload his grief,  
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.  
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,  
His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?  
Did he so often lodge in open field,  
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,  
To conquer France, his true inheritance?  
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,  
To keep by policy what Henry got?  
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,  
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,  
Received'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 and to and fro  
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?  
And hath his highness in his infancy  
Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes?  
And shall these labours, and these honours die?  
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,  
Your despair, all your counsellors, die?  
O peers of England! shamefull is this league:  
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,  
Blotting your names from books of memory,  
Razing the characters of your renown,  
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,  
Undoing all, as all had never been.  
Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?  
This peroration with such circumstance?  
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.  
Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;  
But now it is impossible we should.  
Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,  
Hath given the duchies of Anjou, and Maine,  
Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style  
Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.  
Sali. Now, by the death of him that died for all,  
These counties were the keys of Normandy.—  
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?  
War. For grief, that they are past recovery;  
For, were there hope to conquer them again,  
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.  
Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;  

Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:  
And are the cities that I got with wounds,  
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words?  
Mort Dieu!  
York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be suffocated  
That dims the honour of this warlike isle!  
France should have torn and rent my very heart,  
Before I would have yielded to this league.  
I never read but England's kings have had  
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;  
And our king Henry gives away his own,  
To match with her that brings no vantages.  
Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,  
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,  
For costs and charges in transporting her!  
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd in France,  
Before.  
Car. My lord of Gloucester, now you grow too hot.  
It was the pleasure of my lord the king.  
Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind:  
'T is not my speeches that you do mislike,  
But 't is my presence that doth trouble you.  
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face  
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,  
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—  
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.  
'T is known to you he is mine enemy;  
Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,  
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.  
Consider, lords, ho is the next of blood,  
And heir apparent to the English crown:  
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,  
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,  
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.  
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words  
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.  
What though the common people favour him,  
Calling him "Humphrey the good Duke of Gloucester,"?  
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—  
"Jesus maintain your royal excellence!"  
With—"God preserve the good duke Humphrey!"  
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,  
He will be found a dangerous protector.  
Buck. Why should he, then, protect our sovereign,  
He being our uncle, and he of age to govern him?—  
Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,  
And all together, with the duke of Suffolk,  
We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.  
Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;  
I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently.  

[Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphry's pride,  
And greatness of his place be grief to us,  
Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.  
His insolence is more intolerable  
Than all the princes in the land beside:  
If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.  
Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,  
Despite duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.  

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him,  
While these do labour for their own pretentions,  
Behoves it us to labour for the realm.  
I never saw but Humphrey, duke of Gloster,  
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.  
Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,  
More like a soldier, than a man of 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 house-keeping, 
Have won the greatest favour of the commons, 
Excepting none but good duke Humphrey:—
And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland, 
In bringing them to civil discipline; 
Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France, 
When thou wert regent for our sovereign, 
Have made them fear'd, and honour'd of the people.
Join we together, for the public good, 
In what we can to bridle and suppress 
The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, 
With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition; 
And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds, 
While they do tend to profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land, 
And common profit of his country.
York. And so say York, for he hath greatest cause.
Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main? O father! Maine is lost; 
That Maine, which by main force did Warwick win, 
And would have kept him long as breath did last. 
Main chance, father, you mean; but I meant Maine, 
Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[Exit Warwick and Salisbury.
York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French; 
Paris is lost; the state of Normandy 
Stands on a tickle point now they are gone. 
Suffolk concluded on the articles, 
The peers agreed, and Henry was well pleas'd, 
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter. 
I cannot blame them all: what is 't to them? 
'T is thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their pillage, 
And purchase friends, and give to courtiers, 
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone; 
While 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 sherd, 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 Ireland, 
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood, 
As did the fatal brand Athela burn'd 
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.1 
Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French! 
Cold news for me, for I had hope of France, 
Even as I have of fertile England's soil. 
A day will come when York shall claim his own; 
And therefore I will take the Nevill's 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 humours fit not for a crown. 
Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve; 
Watch thou, and wake, when others be asleep, 
To pry into the secrets of the state, 
Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love, 
With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen, 
And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars: 
Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose, 
With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd, 
And in my standard bear the arms of York, 
To grapple with the house of Lancaster; 
And, force perfors, I'll make him yield the crown, 
Whose bookish rule hath pul'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-riven'd corn, 
Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load? 
Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows, 
As frowning at the favours of the world? 
Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth, 
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight? 
What seest thou there? king Henry's diadem, 
Enchas'd with all the honours of the world? 
If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face, 
Until thy head be circled with the same. 
Put forth thy hand; reach to the glorious gold.— 
What, is 't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine; 
And having both together heavy'd it up, 
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven, 
And never more abase our sight so low, 
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell! sweet Nell, 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 court, 
Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot, 
But, as I think, 'twas by the cardinal; 
And on the pieces of the broken wand 
Were plac'd the heads of Edmond duke of Somerset, 
And William de la Poole, first duke of Suffolk. 
This was my dream: what it doth bode God knows.

Duch. 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 list to me, my Humphrey! my sweet duke: 
Methought, I sat in seat of majesty, 
In the cathedral church of Westminster, 
And in that chair where kings and queens were crown'd; 
Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me, 
And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright. 
Presumptuous dame! ill-married, Eleanor! 
Art thou not second woman in the realm, 
And the protector's wife, belov'd of him? 
Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command, 
Above the reach or compass of thy thought? 
And wilt thou still be hammering treachery; 
To tumble down thy husband, and thyself, 
From top of honour to disgrace's feet? 
Away from me, and let me hear no more. 

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric 
With Eleanor, for telling but her dream? 
Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself 
And not be check'd.

Glo. Nøy, be not angry; I am pleas'd again.

1 hapless: in f. 6. 2 Meleager, prince of Calydon, died in great torments, when his mother, Althea, threw into the flames the firebrand upon the preservation of which his life depended.—Knight.
Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure, You do prepare to ride unto St. Albans, Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawke. Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us?
Duck. Yet, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
[Exeunt Gloster and Messenger.

Follow I must; I cannot go before, While Gloster bears this base and humble mind. Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood, I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks, And smooth my way upon their headless necks; And, being a woman, I will not be slack To play my part in fortune's pageant.— Where are you there? Sir John 1 may, fear not, man, We are alone; here's none but thou, and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty!
Duck. What say'st thou? majesty! I am but grace.
Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice, Your grace's title shall be multiplied.
Duck. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet confer'd With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer, And will they undertake to do me good?
Hume. This they have promised,—to show your grace A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground, [highness That shall make answer to such questions, As by your grace shall be propounded him.
Duck. It is enough: I'll think upon the questions. When from St. Albans we do make return, We'll see these things effected to the full. Here, Hume, take this bond: make merry, man, With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Duchess.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the duchess' gold, Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John Hume! Seal up your lips, and give no words but mum: The business asketh silent secrecy. Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch: Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil. Yet have I gold flies from another coast: I dare not say, from the rich cardinal, And from the great and new made duke of Suffolk; Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain, They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour, Have hired me to undermine the duchess, And buzz these conjurations in her brain. They say, a crafty knave does need no broker; Yet am I Suffolk's, and the cardinal's broker. Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near To call them both a pair of crafty knaves. Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last, Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wreck, And her attainit will be Humphrey's fall. So that 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 protector, for he's a good man. Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk and Queen Margaret.

1 Pet. Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. 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! wouldst any thing with me?
1 Pet. I pray my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. "To my lord protector?" are you supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 Pet. Mine is, an 't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too! that is some wrong indeed.— What's yours?— [Reads.] "Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Mellford."
—How now, sir knave?

2 Pet. Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [Presenting his petition.] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? No, forsooth; my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there? [Enter Servants.]—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[Exeunt Servants with Peter.

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him. [Tear the Petition. Away, base culsions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[Exeunt Petitioners.

Q. Mar. My lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England? Is this the government of Britain's isle, And this the royalty of Albion's king? What! shall 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 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love, And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France, I thought king Henry had resembled thee, In courage, courtship, and proportion; But all his mind is bent to holiness, To number Ave Maris on his beads: His champions are the prophets and apostles; His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ; His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints. I would, the college of the cardinals Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome, And set the triple crown upon his head: That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient: as I was cause Your highness came to England, so will I In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaumont, The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham, And grumblmg York: and not the least of these, But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all, Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
As that proud dame, the lord protector’s wife:
She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
More like an empress than 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 calls her as she is,
She vaunted ‘mongst her minions ’other day,
The vail of her eaves, her wearing gown
Was better worth than all my lands and 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 complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, get by early who will watch the realm; ¹
And you, madam, show your cheer the happyhelm.

Enter King Henry, York, and Somerset; Duke and
Duchess of Gloucester, Cardinal Beaufort, Bucking-
ham, 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 deny’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 better speak.
War. A cardinal’s not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.
War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.
Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason, Buckingham,
Why Somerset should be prefer’d in this.
Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.
Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his censure. These are no women’s matters.
Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
To be protector of his excellence?
Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.
Suf. Resign it, then, and leave thine insolence.
Since thou wert king, (as who is king but thou?)
The commonwealth hath daily run to wreck,
The Dauphin hath prevail’d beyond the seas,
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.
Car. The commons hast thou rack’d; the clergy’s bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.
Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife’s attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.
Buck. Thy cruelty, in execution
Upon offenders hath exceed’d law,
And left them to the mercy of the law.
Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in France;
If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[Exit Gloster. The Queen drops her Fan.
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?
[Giving the Duchess a box on the ear.

I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?
Duch. Was ’t I? yea, I was, proud French-woman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I’d set my ten commandments in your face.
K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: ’t was against her will.
Duch. Against her will. Good king, look to’t in time;
She’ll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby.
Though in this place most murther wear no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng’d.

[Aside. You see, good king; I have done my part.

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I will follow Eleanor;
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She’s tickled now; her fume can need no spurrs,
She’ll gallop fast ² enough to her destruction.

[Exit Buckingham.

Re-enter Gloster.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my kind and country.
But to the matter that now haps to hand—
I say, if you resign, 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.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me there,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin’s hands.
Last time I danc’d attendance on his will,
Till Paris was besieg’d, famish’d, and lost.
War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.
Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick!
War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?
Enter Servants of Suffolk, bringing in Horner and
Peter.

Suf. Because here is a man accus’d of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!
York. Dost any one accuse York for a traitor?
K. Hen. What mean’st thou, Suffolk? tell me, what
are these?
Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.
K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words?
Hor. An’t shall please your majesty, I never said
nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I
am falsely accused by the villain.
Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, [Holding up his
hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one
night, as we were scouring my lord of York’s armur.
York. Base dung-hill villain, and mechanical,
I’ll have thy head for this thy traitor’s speech—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.
Hor. Alas! my lord, hang me, if ever I 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,

¹ common abusive epithet applied to women. ² we’ll weed them all at last: in f. c. ³ Denier. ⁴ sat: in f. c. Pope also reads fast.
do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Gló. This doom, my gracious lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,

Because in York this breed suspects;

And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place,

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas! my lord, I cannot fight: for God's sake, pity my case! the spite of this man prevails against me. O, Lord have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart!

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison; and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we shall see them 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 exercises?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloof, while we be busy below; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [Exit Hume.] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work.

—[Exit Duchess above.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this geer: the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times, and the highland night and silence of the night.

The time of night when Troy was set on fire;

The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
And spirits walk, and ghosts break ope' their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.

Madam, sit you, and fear not: whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hollow'd verge.

[Here they perform the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle: Bolingbroke, reads, Conjuro, te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Amenath!

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest 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!

Boling. First of the King: what shall of him become?

Spir. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose,
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spir. Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains
Than where castles 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. Let's see your trinkets here are all forth-coming;

All.—Away! [Exit Guards, with Southwell, Bolingbroke, &c.

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon! [well: 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, Ecclesia, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest:

"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?—
By water shall he die, and take his end.—"

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—

Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint Albans;
With him the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there? —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, Cardinal, 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 made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest.

Q. Mar.
To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

'Sef. No marvel, an it like your majesty,

My lord protector’s hawks do tower so well:

They know their master loves to be aloft,

And bears them in his glove at his falcon’s pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a beast of base and servile mind,

That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much: he’d be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart:

Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,

That smooths’t it so with kingdom and commonweal?

—Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so peremptory?

Tantum animis est? —

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;

And with such holiness you well can do it. ¹

Suf. No malice, sir; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

—Suf. Why, as you, my lord?

An’t like your lordly lord-protectorship.


Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. ¹ I pray thee, 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 ’t were come to that!

[Aside to the Cardinal.

Car. Marry, when thou dar’st.

[Aside.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the matter;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

[Aside.

Car. Ay, where thou dar’st not peep: an if thou dar’st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

[Aside.

K. Hen. How now, my lords!

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,

Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand

sword.

[Aside to Glo.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis’d, the east side of the grove.

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you.²

[Aside.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster!

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.

Now, by God’s mother, priest, I’ll shrow your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

[Aside.

Car. Medice teipsum:

Protector, see to’t well, protect yourself.

[Aside.

K. Hen. The winds grow high; so do your stomachs,

lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

—Enter one, crying, “A Miracle!”

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle! a miracle!

Suf. Come to the king: tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at Saint Albans’s shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv’d his sight;

A man that ne’er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be praise’d, that believing souls

1 With such holiness can you do it: in f. e. ² In the folio, this and the two preceding speeches are given to Gloster. Theobald made the correction. ³ Not in f. e.
KING HENRY VI.


Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick, our simple supper ended, give me leave,
To-day, in this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is inaffable, 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,
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster;
The fifth was Edmund 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;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as all you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the very truth:
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.
[Right; YORK. Which now they hold by force, and not by
For Richard, the first son's heir being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.
Sal. 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 Edmund Mortimer, earl of March;
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:
Roger had issue—Edmond, Anne, and Eleanor.
Sal. 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,

Hearing confusion on their own heads thereby,
Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
And look thyself be faultless, thou best.
Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.
Sorry I am to hear what I have heard;
Noble she is, but if she have forgot
Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such
As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
I banish her, my bed, and company,
And give her, as a prey to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.
K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
To-morrow, toward London, back again,
To 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 prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt.

Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was
To Edmond Langley, Edward the third's fifth son, son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmond Mortimer; who married Philippa,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of the elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claims it from the third.
Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee.
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.—
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.
With honour 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 king,
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,
Wink 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 drank the shepherd of the flock;
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey.
'T is that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophecy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
One day shall 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 Salisbury;
the Duchess of Gloster, Margery Jourdain, Southwell, Hume, and Bolingbroke, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glos-

ter's wife.

In sight of God and us, your guilt is great:
Receive the sentence of the law, for sin
Such as by God's book is adjudg'd 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 burn'd to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—
You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome is banishment; welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee:
I cannot justify whom the law condemns—
[Exeunt the Duchess, and the other Prisoners, guarded.

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.—
I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster. Ere thou
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
[go,
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 wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of years
Should be protected like a child by peers?
God and king Henry govern England's helm;
Give up thy staff, sit, and the king his realm.

Glo. My lord, I have here, noble Henry, is my staff;
To think I faint 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 honourable 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 maim: two pulls at once,—
His lady banish'd, and a limp lop'd off;
This staff of honour rauted where let it stand,
Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her proudest days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man to enter lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely, therefore
Left I the court to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and all things
Here let them end it, and God defend the right! [fit:
York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servitor of this armourer, my lords.

Ester, on one side, Hornen, and his Neighbours, drink-
ing to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters
bearing his staff with a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum
before him: at the other side, Peter, with a drum and a similar staff; accompanied by Prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a
cup of sack. And fear not, neighbour, you shall do
down well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a cup of

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double beer,
neighbour: drink, and fear not your man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge you all,
and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not

afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master:
fight for credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I
pray you, for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron; and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I am not able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much hence already.

1 Spot. The words "by peers," are not in f. e. 2 realm: in folio; Johnson made the change. 3 This line is not in f. e. 4 Taken away. 5 youngest: in f. e. 6 A wine made at a place of that name near Lisbon.
Sal. Come, leave your drinking both, and fall to
blows.—
Sirrah, what's thy name?
Peter. Peter, tossooth.
Sal. Peter! what more?
Peter. Thump.
Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.
Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon
my master's instigation, to prove him a knave and myself
an honest man: and touching the duke of York, I will
take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the
king, nor the queen. And therefore, Peter, have at
thee with a downright blow.'
York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.
[Alarum. They fight, and PETER strikes down his
Master.
Hor. Hold, Peter, hold, I confess, I confess treason.
[Dies.
York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God,
and the good wine in thy master's way.
Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in
this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.
K. Hen. Go, and take hence that traitor from our
sight;
For by his death we do perceive his guilt:
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Whom he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully.—
Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward.
[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The same. A Street.

Enter Gloster and Servants, in mourning Cloaks.
Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;
And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So, cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?
Serv. Ten, my lord.
Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me
To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Unearth she may ensnare the stints secrets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, all can the stately mind abroach
The abject people, gazing on thy face.
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
But, soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her misery.
Enter the Duchess of Gloster, in a white sheet, with
verses written upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper
burning in her hand: Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff, and
Officers.
Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the
sheriff.
Glo. No, sir, not for your lives: let her pass by.
Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?
Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:
Sce, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah, Gloster! hide thee from their hateful looks;
And in thy closet pent up rue my shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.
Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.
Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;
For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mai'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoices
To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans.
The ruthless fiend doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.
Ah, Humphrey! can I hear this shameful yoke?
'Twasst thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?
No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say I am duke Humphrey's wife,
And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he ruled, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.
But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame:
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will;
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all
With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beauffort, that false priest,
Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.
But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.
Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear a few more tears all awry:
I must offend before I be attainted;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any seath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
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 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 parlia-
mament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.
Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.

[Exit Herald.
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.
Sker. 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?
Skrn. 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 here: and so, sir John, farewell.
Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?
Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[Exeunt Gloster and Servants.

Duch. Art thou gone so? All comfort go with thee,
For none abides with me: my joy is death;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afeard,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I pray thee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

1 Some mod. eds. add: "as Beris, of Southampton, fell upon Armagh," from the old play of the "First Part of the Contention," on which the present drama was founded. 2 Scarcely, not easily. 3 Malignous.
SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Senet. 1 Enter to the Parliament, King Henry,
Queen Margaret, Cardinal Beaufort, Suffolk,
York, Buckingham, and others.

K. Hen. I muse, my lord of Gloucester is not come:
T is 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 unbow'd 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, thou, 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' counsel.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'T is to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted;
Suffer them now, and 'll o'ergrow the garden,
And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverend care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, 2 call it a woman's fear;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.
My lords of Suffolk, Buckingham, and York,
Reprove my allegations if you can,
Or else conclude my words effectual.
Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess by her subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices;
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by repute of his high descent,
As next the king he was successive heir,

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharg'd.
Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,
And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.

[Exeunt.

III.

And such high vaunts of his nobility,
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess,
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep,
And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb:
No, no, my sovereign; Glower is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done?
York. And did he not, in his protectorate,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
By means whereasof the towns each day revealed.

Buck. Tuts! these are petty faults to faults unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth duchy Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once: the care you have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
Is worthy praise; but shall I speak my conscience?
Our kinsman Glower is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person,
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. Ah! what's more dangerous than this fond alliance?
Seems he a dove? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb? his skin is surely bent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf; 2
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit?
Take heed, my lord; the welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraughtful 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 be done.
York. Cold news for me; for I had hope of France.

[Aside.

As firmly as I hope for fertile England,
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away;
But I will remedy this gear 4 ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king!
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art come too soon,
Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.

1 Sounding of trumpets. 2 Foolish. 3 Folio: are—wolves. 4 A fair.
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE I.

I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet 'tis thou shalt not see me blush,
Nor change my countenance for this arrest:
A heart unsotted is not easily daunted.
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldier's pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they that think it?
I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had, one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for England.
That doth that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any great 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 disbursed to the garrisons,
And need not be accused for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all, the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I torture'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easily, quickly answer'd;
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in your highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your farther time of trial.

K. Hen. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspect:
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are dangerous:
Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chok'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subtlety 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 hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburies with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose outstretched arm I have plac'd back,
By false assurance doth lie at my life.—
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causes have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stir'd up
My liegest lie to be mine enemy.—
Ay, all of you have laid your heads together:
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
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 effected,
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable,
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitor's rage,
Be thus upbraided, child, 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 clerdy couch'd,
As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to o'erthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoken, than meant: 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 day.—

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, 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 gnarling who shall gnaw 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 best,
Do, or undo, as if 'ourselves were here.

[Rising.]

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliment?

K. Hen. Ay; Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,
Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,
For what's more miserable than discontent?
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, 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.
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 no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good,
So mighty are his vowed enemies.
His fortunes I will weep; and 'twixt each groan,
Say—'Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none.' [Exit.

Q. Mar. 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

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1 From the second folio. 2 suspense: in f. e. 3 Dearest. 4 Not in f. e.
Beguil'd him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;
Or as the make, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining chequer'd slough, both sinner and that,
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. Th' should we employ more wisely, policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'T is meet he be condemn'd by course of law.
Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy,
The king will labour 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. 'T is York that hath most reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, lord Suffolk,
Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,
Wert't not all one, freely and readily set
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, 't is true: and wer 't not madness, then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly post'd 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 quillets how to slay him:
Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty
Sleeping, or wak't, 't is no matter how,
So he be dead: for that is good deceit
Which matches him first, that first intends deceit.
Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 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 foes,—
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.
Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
Ere you can take due order for a priest.
Say, you consent, and ensure 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 skills 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 succour, 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 expedient stop.
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?
York. That Somerset be sent as regent thither.
'T is meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.
Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.
York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done.
I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's deeds look'd so white that do seldom win.
Q. Mar. Nay then, this flash will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed with it.
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be still:
Thy fortune, York, hast thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.
York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame take all.
Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame.
Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected generally, from several counties,
And try your hap against the Irishmen?
York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.
Suf. Why our authority is his consent,
And what we do establish, he confirms:
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.
York. I am content. Provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.
Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.
Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth, he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.
York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers,
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.
Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.
[Exeunt all but York.
York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution.
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers comes thought on thought,
And not a thought but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 't is politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assured,
You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland march'd a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or hell;
And this foul tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the whole bird seiz'd 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 sequ'd a headstrong Kentishman,
John Cade of Ashford,
To make commotion, 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 kernés;
And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being res't, I have seen
Him caper upright, like a wild Morriso',
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a tag-hair'd crafty kerne,
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 John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commonds' mind,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
I know, no pain that can inflict upon him.
Will make him say I mov'd him to these arms.
Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd;
For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
And Henry put apart, then next for me.  

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 dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.
2 Mur. O, that it were to do!—What have we done?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent?

1 Mur. Here comes my lord.  

[Enter Suffolk.  

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing?
1 Mur. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my house;
I will reward you for this venturous deed.
The king and all the peers are here at hand.
Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1 Mur. 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away! be gone.  

[Exeunt Murderers.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Mar-

garet, 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 it is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord.  

[Exit.

K. Hen. Lords, take your places; and, I pray you all,
Proceed no strainer 'gainst our uncle Gloucester,
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 lookst thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what's the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloucester is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment!—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the
king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go; help, help!—O, Henry, ope thine
eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
fort!

K. Hen. What! doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say:
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thine eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding.—
Yet do not go away:—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight;
For in the shade of death I shall find joy,
In life, but double death, now Gloucester's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself, 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 primrose 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 get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy,
To be a queen, and crown'd with infancy!

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloucester, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What! dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper! look on me.
What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
Be poisons too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in Gloucester's tomb?
Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy;
Erect his statue, then, and worship it,
And make my image but an alehouse sign.
Was I for this nigh wreck'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-forwarding 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' ungentle* gus'ts,
And he that lease'd them from their brazen caves;
And bade them blow towards England's blessed shore,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.
Yet 'Elius would not be a murderer,
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore,
With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
SECOND PART OF

And would not dash me with their ragged sides,  
Because thy flitty 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  
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land’s 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 hate mine eyes be packing with my heart,  
And call’d them blind and dusky spectacles,  
For losing ken of Albion’s wished court.  
How often have I tempted Suffolk’s tongue  
(The agent of the foul incostancy)  
To sit and witch‘ me, as Ascanius did,  
When he to madding Dido would unfold.  
His father’s acts, commene’d in burning Troy?  
Am I not witch’d like her, or thou not false like him?  
Ah me! I can no more.  —Die, Margaret,  
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.  

**Noise within. Enter Warwick and Salisbury.**  
The Commons press to the door.  

**War.** It is reported, mighty sovereign,  
That good duke Humphrey traitorously is murder’d  
By Suffolk and the cardinal Beaufort’s means.  
The commons, like an angry hive of bees  
That want their leader, scatter up and down,  
And care not who they sting in his revenge.  
Myself have cal’d their spleenful mutiny,  
Until they hear the order of his death.  

**K. Hen.** That he is dead, good Warwick, ’t is too true;  
But how he died, God knows, not Henry,  
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,  
And comment then upon his sudden death.  

**War.** That I shall do, my liege.—Stay, Salisbury,  
With the rude multitude, till I return.  

[**Warwick goes into an inner Room, and Salisbury retires.**

**K. Hen.** O thou that judgest all things, stay my thoughts!  
My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,  
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey’s life.  
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,  
For judgment only doth belong to thee.  
Rain would I go to chase his paltry 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 unsleeping;  
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,  
And to survey his dead and earthy image,  
What mit not but to make my sorrow greater?  

**The Doors of an inner Room are thrown open, and Gloster is discovered dead in his Bed; Warwick and others standing by it.**  

**War.** Come luther, gracious sovereign; view this body.  

**K. Hen.** That is to see how deep my grave is made;  
For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,  
And, seeing him, I see my life in death.  

**War.** As surely as my soul intends to live  
With that dread King, that took our state upon him  
To free us from his Father’s wrathful curse,  
I do believe that violent hands were laid  
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.
And say, it was thy mother that thou meantst;
That thou thyselfe wasst born in bastardye:
And, after all this fearless 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 dar'st go with me.

War. A way even now, or I will drag thee hence.
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to humprey's ghost.

[Exeunt Suffolk and Warwick.

K. Hen. What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?
Thrice in my land, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel, with
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. [A noise
Q. Mar. What noise is this?
Re-enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their Weapons
drawn.

K. Hen. Why, now, lords! your wrathful weap-
ons drawn
Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?
Suf. The traitorful Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Re-enter Salisbury.

Suf. Sirs, stand apart; [Speaking to those within.
'Tis strange that a king shall know your mind.
Dread lord, your commands send you from me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
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 more instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
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 disability, or end your 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 wake'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal:
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, whe're you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is;
With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
Your loving uncle, twenty times his 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 minds,
Could send such message to their sovereign;
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To show how quaint an orator you are:
But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
Is, that he was the lord ambassador,
Sent from a 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 unto my state by Suffolk's means:
And therefore, by his majesty I swear,
Whose faire unworthy deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death. [Exit Sal.

Q. Mar. O Henry! let me pleade for gentle Suffolk.
K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.
No more, I say: if thou dost pleade 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,
Bo playfellow to keep you company.
There's two of you; the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!
Suf. Can but gentle grace these excorations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted
wretch!
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?
Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,²
I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curt, 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 in a wild quiver should stand erect:
Not any 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 sharp² as lizard's stings!
Their music, frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding serceow-owls make the concert full!
All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk: thou torment'st
thyself;
And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
Or like an over-played gunt, 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,
Welfare could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O! let me entreat thee, cease. Give me
thy hand,

---
¹ Company. ² "They do affy me that this herbe cometh of the seed of some convicted dead men, and also without the death of some living things, it cannot be drawn out of the earth to man's use. Therefore, they did yse some dogge of other living beasts unto the roote thereof with a cord, and digged the earth in compass round about, and in the meatayme stopped their own ears for feare of the terrifi-
ble shriek and cry of this Mandrake. In which cry it doth not only die itselfe, but the feares thereof killeth the dogge or beast which pulleth it out of the earth."—Bullen's "Bulwarke of Defence against Sickness": folio, 1579; quoted by Reed. ² smart : in f. o.
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woeful monuments.
O! could this kiss be painted in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal;
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.
I will repeal thee, or, be well assured,
Adventure to be banished myself;
And banished I am, if 'but from thee.
Go; speak not to me: even now be gone.—
O! go not yet.—Even thus two friends condemn'd
Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
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, wert thou thence:
A wildness is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company;
For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,
And where thou art not, desolation.
I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life;
Myself to joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? what news, I pray thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at point of death;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; 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, toll this heavy message to the king.
[Exit Vaux.

Ah me! what is this world? what news are these?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears?
There's 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 dag 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 shouldst 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, becalm what may becalm,

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
For whereas'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'st 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.


Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign is it 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, whe'r 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.—
Comb down 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 grin.

Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if 'tis 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 bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation.
ACT IV.

Bare-headed plodding by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth.
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.
What? Speak, captain, shall I stab the foul-long'd slave? 34

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.
Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long boat's side
Strike off his head.
Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.
Cap. Yes, Poole. 6

Cap. Poole, Sir Poole, lord?
Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
Now, will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
This lip, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'st at good duke Humphrey's death,
Against the senseless winds shall drift in vain,
Who in contempt shall kiss at thee again:
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With goblets 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, surprise'd our forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain,
As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,
By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty, proud, encroaching tyranny,—
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine, 6
Under which the writ—Invitus nubibus
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms;
And to conclude, reproach, andbeggary,
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, abject drudges!
Small things make base men proud: this villain, here,
Being captain of a pinace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate,
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:

1 Embrose. 2 The: in f. e. 3 This line, not in the folio, is from the old play of the "Contestation." 4 These words and the following Poole, are from the "Contentation." 5 The device of Edward III., the rays of the sun dispensing themselves out of a cloud.—Camden. 6 Bargulus, Illyricus latro.—Cicero...
I go of message from the queen to France;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter!—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Fene gellidus 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 stop?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
Far be it we should honour 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 uncovered 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.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye can,
That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile beconians:—
A Roman swordsman and banditoe slave
Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus', bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Caesar; savage islanders
Pompey the great, and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[Exit Suff., 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.

[Exit all but the first Gentleman.

Re-enter Whittmore, with Suffolk's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lie,
Until the queen, his mistress, bury it.

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 latin: 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,—labour in thy voca- tion: which is as much as to say,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magis- trates.

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 cade's of herrings.

Cade. — For our enemies shall fall before us; inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.

—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,—

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. I knew her well; she was a midwife. [Aside.]

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies.—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Cade. Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home. [Aside.]

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [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.

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burn'd the hand for stealing of sheep. [Aside.

Cade. Be brave the while; 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 thank 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 lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, it is 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 and read, and can accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. H's as 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.

1 A term of contempt. 2 with infeinite numbers: in folio. 3 Latin, cadus, a cask. * Not in f. e.
Scene IV.

**KING HENRY VI.**

*Cade.* I am sorry for 't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

*Clerk.* Emmanuell.

*Dick.* They use to write it on the top of letters. — 'T will go hard with you.

*Cade.* Let me alone. —Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

*Clerk.* Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up that I can write my name.

*All.* He hath confessed: away with him! he's a villain, and a traitor.

*Cade.* Away with him, I say! hang him with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[Execut 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 Richard hath the king's forces.

*Cade.* Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down.

*He shall be encountered with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is 'a?

*Mich.* No.

*Cade.* To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently. [Kneels.] — Rise up sir John Mortimer. [Rises.] Now have at him.

*Enter Sir Humphrey Stafford, and William his Brother, with Drum and Forces.*

**Staf.** Rebellious hinds, the scut and scum of Kent, Mark'd for the gallowes, lay your weapons down:

Home to your cottages, forsake this gromn.

The king is merciful, if you return.

*W. Staff.* But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood.

*Staff.* If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

*Cade.* As for these silken-coated slaves, I pass not; it is to you, good people, that I speak; O'yer whom in time to come I hope to reign;

For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

**Staff.** Villain! thy father was a plasterer; and thou thyself a shearmann, art thou not?

*Cade.* And Adam was a gardener.

*W. Staff.* And what of that?

*Cade.* Marry, this; — Edmund Mortimer, earl of March,

Married the duke of Clarence's daughter, did he not?

*Staff.* Ay, sir.

*Cade.* By her he had two children at one birth.

*W. Staff.* That 's false.

*Cade.* Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 't is true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;

And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer when he came to age.

*His son am I: deny it, if you can.

**Dick.** Nay, 't is too true; therefore, he shall be king.

**Smith.** Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it: therefore, deny it not.

**Staff.** And will you credit this base drudge's words, That spake he knows not what?

*All.* Ay, marry, will we; therefore, get ye gone.

*W. Staff.* Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

*Cade.* He lies, for I invented it myself. [Aside.] — Go to, sirrah: tell the king from me, that for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns, I am content he shall reign: but I'll be protector over him.

**Dick.** And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

**Cade.** And good reason; for thereby is England maimed, and fail to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you that that lord Say hath gelded the commonwealth, and made it an enunuch; and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

**Staff.** O, gross and miserable ignorance!

*Cade.* Nay, answer, if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to, then, I ask but this; can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or no?

*All.* No, no; and therefore we'll have his head.

*W. Staff.* Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assault them with the army of the king.

**Staff.** Herald, away; and, throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade;

That those which fly before the battle ends, May, even in their wives' and children's sight, Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—

All you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[Execut the two Staffords and Forces.]

*Cade.* And you, that love the commons, follow me.

Now show yourselves men; 't is for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

**Dick.** They are all in order, and march toward us.

*Cade.* But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come: march! forward! [Execut.]

Scene III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Enter Two Parties, and fight; and both the Staffords are slain.

*Cade.* Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

**Dick.** Here, sir.

*Cade.* They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavest thyself as if thou hast been in thy own slaughter-house: therefore, thus will I reward thee.—The Lenet shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred years, lacking one.

**Dick.** I desire no more.

*Cade.* And, to speak the truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear; [Putting on Stafford's armour,] and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horses' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

**Dick.** If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the jails, and let out the prisoners.

*Cade.* Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come; let's march towards London. [Execut.

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,

[Aside.]

And makes it fearful and degenerate;

Think, therefore, on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast;

But where 's the body that I should embrace?
Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication?
K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade and general. —
But stay, I'll read it over once again.
Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?
K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.
Say, Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.
K. Hen. How now, madam! Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.
Q. Mar. No, my love; I should not mourn, but die
For thee.

Enter a Messenger.
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 kings and peasants, rude and merciless:
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
Hath given the rebels 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-bride: the Fly and forsake their houses. [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 succour us.
Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.
K. Hen. Farewell, my lord [To Lord Say]: trust
not the Kentish rebels.
Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.
Say. The trust I have is in mine 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 honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.
Seales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command,
But I am troubled here with them myself:
The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And hither I will send you Matthew Gough.
Fight for your king, your country, and your lives;
And so farewell: rebellion never thrives. [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,
setting upon London-stone, I charge and command,
that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but clarat 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, 't will be sore law, then; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.
[Aside.
Smith. Nay, John; it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.
[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 bitter statutes,
unless his teeth be pulled out.
[Aside.
Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.
Mass. 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 Beyis, with the Lord Say.
Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—
Ah, thou say, thou sarge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.
What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up

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1 Not in f. e. 2 Folio: Killingworth; the old pronunciation of the name. 3 Farewell, for I must hence again: in f. e. 4 A tax of one-fifteenth.
of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and, a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer: moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not? Say, What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is bona terra, mala gens.

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.

Kent, in the commentaries Caesar writ, Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle: Sweet is the country, because full of riches; The people liberal, valiant, active, worthy, Which makes me hope you are not void of pity. I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy; Yet, to recover them, would lose my life. Justico with favour have I always done; Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never. When have I sought exacted at your hands, Kent, to maintain the king, the realm, and you? Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks, Because my book prefer'd me to the king; And, seeing ignorance is the curse of God, Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven, Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits, You cannot but forbear to murder me. This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings For your behoof.—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These checks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Remembering, to determine poor men's causes, Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle, then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provoketh me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most? Have I affronted wealth, or honour; speak? Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold? Is my apparel sumptuous to behold? Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death? These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding, This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts. O, let me live.

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it; he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life.—Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers, God shall be so obdurate as yourselves, How would it fare with your departed souls? And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt some with Lord Say.]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me in capite; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

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. [Jost 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 mace, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss. Away!—[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter Cade, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down Saint Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[A Parley sounded, then a Retreat.] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee;

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye repent?

And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offered 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 hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake,
Shake 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 reivengers, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs and take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For me,—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse! light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade: we'll follow Cade.

Cliff. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
That thus you do excalm, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us.
Wer't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,
The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
Should make a sign of your ears, and vanquish you?
Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—Villagcios! unto all they meet.
Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
To France, to France! and get what you have lost:
Spare England, for it is your native coast.
Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:
God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king,
and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth makes them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together, to surprise me: my sword, make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers' base and ignominious treasons, makes me betake me to my heels.

[Exit.]

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and follow him;
And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.
[Exeunt some of them.]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and Somerset, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor, Cade,
surpris'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?
Enter, below, a number of Cade's Followers, with Halter's about their Necks.

Cliff. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their necks,
Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shou'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertis'd,
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 proclameth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and York distrest.
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd, and boarded with a pirate.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd,
And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, then go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these arms?
Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the tower;—
And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in terms,
For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will: my lord; and doubts not so to deal,
As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern better:
For yet may England curse my wretched reign.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE X.—Kent. Iden's Garden.

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself: that have a sword,
and yet am ready to famish! These five days have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for all the country is laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore, or a brick-wall have I climbed into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word sallet was born to do me good: for, many a time, but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and, many a time, when I have been dry and bravely marching, it hath served me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden, with Servants.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and 'is worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave.
A villain! thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand
crowns of the king by carrying my head to him; but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, squire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-grazing eyes to mine;
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon:
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech forbears.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Fields between Dartford
and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side: on the other, enter York
attended, with Drum and Colours; his Irish Forces
at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, sancta majestas! who would not buy thee dear?
Let them obey, that know not how to rule;
This hand was made to handle nought but gold:
I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me?
The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why, thou—being a subject as I am,—

1 f. e.: warning; the correction was made by Pope.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion
that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut
not out the burly-boned clown in chines of beef ere
thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees,
thou mayest be turned to hobnails. [They fight. Cade
falls.] O! I am slain. Famine, and no other, hath
slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me,
and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd
defy them all. Wither, garden; and be henceforth
a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house,
because the unconquered soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous
traitor?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell; and be proud of thy victory.
Tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man,
And exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never
feared any, am vanquished by famine, not by valour.

[Dies.

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for cows to feed upon.

[Exit, dragging out the Body.

Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Should'st raise so great a power without his leave,
Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. 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 honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:
Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field.

You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;
I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, arms, or any thing I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I command this kind submission:
We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King Henry attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
To us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?
York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.
K. Hen. Then what intend these forces then dost bring?
York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter Iden, with Cade's Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just
art thou!—
O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?
Iden. I was, an 't like your majesty.
K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?
Iden. Alexander Iden, that 'tis my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss,
He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down: [He kneels.] rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend upon us.
Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty, [Rising;]
And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.
York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king, why last thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round enthrall these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles' spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him whom heaven created for thy ruler,

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.
York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man?
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[Exit an Attendant.

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come amain,
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.
York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy better in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard Plantagenet, with
Forces, at one side; at the other, with Forces also,
old Clifford and his Son.

See where they come: I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Cliff. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[Kneels.

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?
Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford: kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

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 humour
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?

Edw. 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-heart traitor.—
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with their mighty shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-looking 2 eurs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me.

Drems. Enter Warwick and Salisbury, with Forces.

Cliff. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And massacre the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweaving cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, having suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do?
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Cliff. Hear, hear, hear, hear, to the word Warwick.
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 spectacles?  
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?  
If it be banish’d from the frosty head,  
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—  
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,  
And shame thine honourable 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.  
K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such  
an oath?  
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 spotted 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,  
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.  
York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,  
I am resolv’d for death, or dignity.  
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 will write upon thy burgonet,  
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 burgonet,  
(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 this burgonet I’ll rend thy bear,  
And tread it underfoot with all contempt,  
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.  
Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,  
To quell the rebels, and their ‘compliques  
Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not in spite,  
For you shall sail with Jesu Christ to-night.  
Y. Clif. Fool stigmatic, that’s more than thou canst tell.  
Rich. If not in heaven, you’ll surely sup in hell.  
[Exit severally.  

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 encountered him,  
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows  
Even of the bonny beast he lov’d so well.  
[Enter Clifford.  

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.  
York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some other chace,  
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.  
War. Then, nobly, York; ’tis for a crown thou  
As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,  
[fight‘st.—  
It grieveth my soul to leave thee unassail’d.  
[Exit Warwick.  

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou pause?  
York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,  
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.  
Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,  
But that ‘t is 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 couronne les œuvres.  
[They fight, and Clifford falls and dies.  
York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art still.  
Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will!  
[Exit.  

Enter young Clifford.  

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the 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 dedicated to war,  
Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,  
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,  
The name of valour.—O! let the vile world end,  
[Seeing his Father’s body.  
And the premised flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together!  
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,  
Particularities and petty sounds  
To cease!—Wast thou ordain’d, dear 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 ruffian 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 spare;  
No more will I their babes: tears virginal  
Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;  
And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaimes,  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flux.  
Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:  
Meet I an infant 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 Aeneas old Anchises bear,  
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders;  
But then, Aeneas 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;—

[1] and : in folio.
For, underneath an alehouse' paltry sign,
The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset.
Hath made the wizard famous in his death.
Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others, flying.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord! you are slow: for shame, away!

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you 'll nor fight, nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,
To give the enemy way; and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We shall to London get; where you are lov'd,
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopp'd.

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Cliff. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: unceurable discomfit
Regins in the hearts of all our present friends.1
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

Alarum: Retreat. Flourish; then enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Old Salisbury, who can report of him?

That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions and all bruises2 of time,
And, like a gallant in the bloom3 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 bestridd him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any farther act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And like rich hangings in a homely house,
So was his will in his old feeble body,
But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

[Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to
day;
By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
God knows how long it is I have to live,
And it hath 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:
'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
To call a present court of parliament;
Let us pursue him, ere the 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,'t was a glorious day:
Saint Albans' battle won by famous York,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London all;
And more such days as these to us befall!

[Exeunt.
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.
Edward, Earl of March, afterwards King Edward IV.
Edmund, Earl of Rutland, his Sons.
George, afterwards Duke of Clarence.
Richard, afterwards Duke of Gloucester.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Montague.
Earl of Warwick, of the Duke of York's party.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.

Sir John Mortimer, } Uncles to the Duke of
Sir Hugh Mortimer, } York.
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.


War. I wonder how the king escap'd our hands.
York. While we pursued the horsemen of the north, He slyly stole away, and left his men: Whereat the great lord of Northumberland, Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat, Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself, Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all abreast, Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking in, Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham, Is either slain, or wounded dangerously: I left his beaver with a downright blow; That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody Sword.
Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's blood. [To York, showing his.
Whom I encounter'd as the battles joined.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did. [Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.
York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.— But, is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset?

1 Dangerous: in l. 6.
THIRD PART OF

ACT I.

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,

Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake 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: you have vow'd revenge

On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down!

My heart, for anger burns: I cannot brook it.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:

He durst not sit there had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us assail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.

K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours 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,

Shall be the war that Henry means to use.

[They advance to the Duke.

Thou factious 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 of York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the earldom was.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown

In following this usurping Henry,

Clif. 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 chas'd you from the field,

And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

York. 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.

Clif. Urge it no more: least instead of words

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,

As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;

Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the fifth,

Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, 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 lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Educ. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, [To York] as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

[fly.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give king Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too.

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire, and my father, sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. I know not what to say: my title's weak.

[Aside.]

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;

For Richard, in the view of many lords,

Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrai ned,

And him, you think, set crown to his crown.

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

York. Depose'd he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceived: 't is not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,

Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,

Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence:

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1 An allusion to the falcon. 2 The "True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York," the old play on which this drama was founded, has the kingdom. 3 Not in f. a.
May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father!
K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart!
York. Henry of Lancaster, resign my crown.—
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, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.
[He stamps, and the Soldiers show themselves.
K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word.
Let me for this my life-time reign as king.
York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou livest.
K. Hen. I am content:—Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.
Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son?
War. What good is this to England, and himself?
West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!
Clif. How hast thou 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 honour 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 Warwick.
War. Tura this way, Henry, and regard them not.
Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.
K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!
War. Why should you sigh, my lord?
K. Hen. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.
But be it as it may, I here 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 honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason nor hostility,
To seek to put me down and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.
[Coming from the Throne.
War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace him.
K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons!
York. New York and Lancaster are reconcile'd.
Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!
[Scene. 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.
Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.
[K. Hen, and his Sons; Warwick, Norfolk, Montague, Soldiers, and Attendants.
K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to the court.
Enter Queen Margaret and the Prince of Wales.
Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger;
I'll steal away.
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 extremities?
Ah, wretched man! would I had died a maid,
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?
Hadst 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 wouldst 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?
K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon me, sweet son.
Q. Mar. Enfow'd thee! art thou king, and wilt be fore'd?
I shalme 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.
'Te entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas;
The duke is made protector of the realm;
And yet shalt thou be safe? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that act;
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour:
And seeing thou dost, I hate divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited.
The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
Will follow mine, if, once they see them spread;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.
Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away;
Our army is ready: come, we'll after them.
K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret; and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already: get thee gone.
K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me?
Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.
Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
I'll see your grace; till then, I'll follow her.
Q. Mar. Come, son; away! we may not longer thus.
[Exeunt Queen Margaret, and the Prince.
K. Hen. Poor queen! how love to me, and to her son,
Hath made her break out into terms of rage.
Revenge'd 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.
Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter Edward, Richard, and Montague.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.
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?

Educ. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us; the crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy; not till king Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Educ. 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.

Educ. 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 forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

Thou canst not, son: it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate.

That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, but did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.

Therefore, to arms! And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And what on Warwick to this enterprise.—

Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.

You, Edward, shalt unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise:
In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay,—What news? Why com'st thou in such post?
Mess. The queen, with all the northern earls and lords,
Intends here to besiege you in your castle.
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou,
That we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London.
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not:

And thus most humbly I do take my leave. [Exit.

Enter Sir John and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir John, and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles,
You are come to SANDAL in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A March after off.

Educ. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great,
I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one:
Why should I not now have the like success?

[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.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.

Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean, a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speakest, poor boy: my father's
Blood hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me.

No: if I dig'd up thy forefathers' graves,
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 raper's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But it was ere I was born.
Their chief, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, 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.

Rut. Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua! [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.

Alarum. Enter York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:
My uncle's 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 pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
My sons—God knows, what hath bechanc'd them,
But this I know,—they have demaned themselves
Like men born to renown by life or death.
Three times did Richard make a lane to me,
And thrice cried,—"Courage, father! fight it out!"* 
And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple falchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—"Charge! and give no foot of
ground!"
And cried,—"A crown, or else a glorious tomb!
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!!
With this, we charg'd again; but, out alas!
We bodg'd again; as I have seen a swan
With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[Shout from the Field]

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue,
And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;
And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen Margaret, Clifford, Northumberland,

and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—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 downright payment show'd unto my father.
Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all;
And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,
Scorning whatsoever ye can inflict on me.
Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?
Clif. So coward fight when they can fly no farther;
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breath out invectives against the officers.

York. O, Clifford! but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushling, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slander's him with cowardice,
Whose brow hath made thee faint and fly ere this.
Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blow, twice two for one.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life.—
Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart:
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[They lay hands on York who struggles.]

Clif. Ay, ay; so strivs the woodcock with the gin,

1 Reached. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Impale, encircle.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
That rauft* at mountains with outstretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you, that would be England's king!
Was't you that revolv'd in our parliament,
And made a preaching of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,
Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
Look, York! I stain'd this napkin with the blood
That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy;
And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy checks withal. [Throwing it,]

Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.
I pray thee, grieve to make me merry, York:
What, hath thy fery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou shouldest be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
Thou wouldst be feed, I see, to make me sport:
York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—
A crown for York!—and, lords, bow low to him.
Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.
Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair:
And this is he was his adopted heir.—
But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
And will you pale* your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath?
0! 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable.—
Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head!
And whilst we breathe take time to do him dead.

Clif. 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-beseeming is it in thy sex;
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their wees 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 whereon thou canst't, of whom deriv'd;
Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not
shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicis, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?

Kay is taken prisoner.
It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen; 
Unless the adage must be verified,
That beggars mounted run their horse to death. 
'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud; 
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.
'T is virtue that doth make them most admir'd; 
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at. 
'T is government that makes them seem divin';
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 couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
Did'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy wish:
Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast thy will;
For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweeter Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his death,
'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false French-woman.
North. Besaw 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 the rose's hues 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 thus 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;
[Throwing it back to her.
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—"Alas! it was a pitious deed."—
There, take the crown, and with the crown my curse;
And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world:
My soul to heaven, my 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 inly sorrow grips his soul.
Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.
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 gates:
So York may overlook the town of York.
[Flourish. Exeunt.

ACT II.

Not separated with the raking clouds, 
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun!
In this the heavens figure some event.
Edw. 'T is wondrous strange; the like yet never heard of.
I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
Each one already blazing by our 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 suns.
Rich. Nay, bear three daughters: by your leave I speak it:
You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger in haste.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?
Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.
Edw. O! speak no more, for I have heard too much.
Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it all.
Mess. Environed he was with many foes;
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,

1 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with: in i. e. "blowing": is the direction in the "True Tragedy."
2 True Tragedy": pride. 3 in haste: not in i. e. "Enter one.
Hew down, and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdued;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scars, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York! our prop to lean upon,
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
O Clifford! 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.
Now, my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah! would she break from hence, that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest,
For never henceforth shall I joy again;
Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart;
Nor can my tongue unfold my heart's great burden,
For self-same wind, that I should speak wistfully,
Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief.
Teers, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me! —
Richard, I hear thy name; I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His ducedom and his chair with me are left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Show thy descent by gazning '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 fare? what news
abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O, valiant lord! the duke of York is slain.

Edw. O, Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet,
Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
And now; to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield field,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
1. then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends, 1
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 last decree in parliament,
Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans met;
Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought;
But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
or whether 't was report of her success,
or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and death,
I cannot judge; but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and went:
Our soldiers', like the night-owl's lazy flight,
or like a lazy thrasher with a 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.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle War-
wick?
And when came George from Burgundy to England?
War. Some six miles off the duke is with the soldiers;
And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear;
For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick; blame me not:
'T is love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
But in this troublous time what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?
Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out,
And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haughty Northumberland,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
Ho swore consent to your succession,
His oath enrolled in the parliament;
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of Lancaster:
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.
Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March,
Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
Why, Fiercely to London will we march amain; 2
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

1 Some mod. eds. insert the line:
And very well appointed, as I thought,
from the "True Tragedy." 2 From the "True Tragedy."
And once again cry—Charge! upon our foes;
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick
speak.
Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,
That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
And when thou fall'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Mist Edward fall, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York:
The next degree is, England's royal throne;
For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
In every borough as we pass along;
And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King Edward,—valiant Richard,—Montague,—
Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums!—God, and Saint
George, for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news now: what news?

Mess. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host,
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then, it sorts: brave warriors, let's away.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales, Clifford, and Northumberland,
with Drums and Trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.

Yonder 's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your crown:
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck:
To see this sight, it irks my very soul.—
Withhold revenge, dear God! 'tis not my fault;
Not wittingly have I infringing'd my vow.

Cliff. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lack?
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.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown;
Thou smiling, while he knelt his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though many be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones
Who hath not seen them, even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight,
Make war with him that climb'd upon their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege! make them your precedent.
Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's fault,
And long hereafter say unto his child,—

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away."

Ah! what a shame were this. Look on the boy;
And let his manly face, which promises
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force.
But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son,
Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate,
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
Ah, cousin Clifford! would thou 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 promis'd knighthood to our forward son:
Unsheath your sword, and draw 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 kindly 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 of the duke of York;
And, in the townis, as they do march along,
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.

Darraign 4 your battle, for they are at hand.

Cliff. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, my good lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll
stay.

North. 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, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee:
I was adopted heir by his consent.
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown,
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

1 The old play: faint'st. Malone and most eds.: fall'st. 2 Foolishly. 3 courage: in L. 4 The old play: Prepare; the modern meaning of the word in the text.
KING HENRY VI.

SCENE III.

Clif. And reason too: —
Who should succeed the father, but the son?
Rich. Are you there, butcher?—O! I cannot speak.
Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand, to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy sort.
Rich. 'T was you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?
Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfied.
Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.
War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?
Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd Warwick! dare you speak?
When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.
War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.
Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.
War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.
North. No, nor your manhood that durst make you stay.
Break off the parsley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.
Clif. I slew thy father: call'st thou him a child? —
Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set I'll make thee curse the deed.
K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.
Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.
K. Hen. I pray thee, give no limits to my tongue:
I am a king, and prig--led'st to speak.
Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.
Rich. Then, executioner, unseath thy sword.
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.
Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.
War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head;
For York in justice puts his armour on.
Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.
Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.
Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire, nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English gilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king,
(As if a channel) should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art artought,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?
Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Melencius;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wroth
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'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'd thy poor sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sunshine brev'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?
Hast thou been meek, our title still had slept,
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.
Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made thy spring,
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 wewn thee down,
Or hush'd thy growing with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee;
Not willing any longer conference,
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak —
Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave,
And either victory, or a welcome grave.
Edw. No, wrangling 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. Forspent with toil, as runners win a race,
I lay me down a little while to breathe;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repair'd,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter Edward, running.
Edw. Smile, gentle heaven, or strike, ungentle death;
For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is clouded.
War. How now, my lord! what hap? what hope of good?

Enter George.
Geo. Our hap is 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 we weak are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.
Rich. Ah, Warwick! why hast thou withdrawn thyself?
Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
And, in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clanger heard from far,
"Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!"
So, underneath the bellies of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whilsts the foe doth rage,
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above.
[Kneeling.
"I'll never pause again, never stand still,
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.
Edw. O Warwick! I do bend my knee with thine;
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 setter up and plucker down of kings; Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands, That to my face this body must be prey,— Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may ope. And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.— Rising! Now, lords, take leave until we meet again, Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand:—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe, The spring-time 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.— Foreslow* no longer; make we hence again. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Excursions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone, Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York, And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge, Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Cliff. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone. This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York, And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland; And here's the heart that triumphs in their death, And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire and brother, To execute the life upon thyself: And so, have at thee.

[They fight. Warwick enters; Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chase; For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King Henry.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morning's war, When dying clouds contend with growing light; What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails, Can neither call it perfect day nor night. Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea Forced by the tide to combat with the wind: Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea Forced to retire by fury of the wind: Sometimes, the flood prevails; and then, the wind; Now, one the better; then, another best; Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast; Yet neither conqueror, nor conquer'd: So is the equal noise of this fell war. Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down; To whom God will, there be the victory; For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too, Have chid me from the battle, swearing both, They prosper best of all when I am thence. Would I were dead! if God's good will were so; For what is in this world but grief and woe? O God! methinks, it was a happy life, To be no better than a homely swain; To sit upon a hill, as I do now, To carve out dials quaintly, point by point, Thereby to see the minutes how they run:

How many make the hour full complete; How many hours bring about the day; How many days will finish up the year, How many years a mortal man may live, When this is known, then to divide the times: So many hours must I tend my flock; So many hours must I take my rest; So many hours must I contemplate; So many hours must I sport myself; So many days my eyes have been with young; So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean; So many months ere I shall shear the fleece; So minutes, hours, days, months and years, Pass'd over and the dead the dead were fed, Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely! Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade To shepherds looking on their silly sheep, Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy To kings that fear their subjects' treachery? O! yes it doth; a thousand fold it doth. And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds, His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle, His wond'ring 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 clad in a crape of beauty. When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead Body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits no body, This man whom hand to hand I slew in sight, May be possessed with some store of crowns; And, I that happily take them from him now, May yet ere night yield both my life and them To some man else, as this dead man to me.— Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face, Whom in this conflict I unwares have kill'd. O heavy times, begetting such events! From London by the king was I press'd forth; My father, being the earl of Warwick's man, Came on the part of York, press'd by his master; And, I who at his hands receiv'd my life, Have by my hands of life bereaved him,— Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;— And pardon, father, for I knew not thee. My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks, And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times! Whiles lions war and battle for their dens, Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity. Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, fear for fear; 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 killed his Son, bearing the Body.

Foth. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me, Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold, For I have bought it with an hundred blows. But let me see:—is this a feeman's face? Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!— Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee, Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers arise, Blown with the windy tempest of my heart Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!— O, pity, God, this miserable age!— What stratagem, how tell, how butchery; Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural, 1 Not in f. e. 2 Delay. 3 Two similar lines are found in the Second part of Henry VI, Act iv, Sc. ii.
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hast bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common
Grief, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!—
O, pity, pity! gentle heaven, pity!—
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our strivings houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles,
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.
Son. How will my mother, for a father’s death,
Take on with me, and ne’er be satisfied?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne’er be satisfied?

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Misthink the king, and not be satisfied?
Son. Was ever son so rul’d a father’s death?
Fath. Was ever father so bejoum’d a son?
K. Hen. Was ever king so griev’d for subjects’ woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.
Son. I’ll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[Exit with the Body.

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy windingsheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
From for my heart thine image ne’er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
E’er for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I’ll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will.
For I have murder’d where I should not kill.

[Exit with the Body.

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.


Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp’d in their treaful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed,
Or else come after: I’ll come before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter:
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward! away!

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O, Lancaster! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body’s parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to thee;
And now I fall thy tough conni mishixts 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 shives now but Henry’s enemies?
O Phoebus! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaeton should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had searching’d the earth;
And, Henry, hast thou swayed’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 weeds but gentle air?
And what makes robbers bold but too much leynity?
Booless 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 deserve’d no pity.
The air hath get 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 bides 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 sail, 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 ever 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 topp’d the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, duke of York.
War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
Your father’s head, which Clifford placed there;
Instead whereof, let this supply the room;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[Soldiers bring the Body forward.

War. I think his understanding is bereft—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death overshades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us, what we say.
Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth:
’Tis but his policy to counterfeit.
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gave our father.
Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.
Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.
[They pull him to and fro.]
Edw. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.
War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.
Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.
Edw. Thou pitiedst Rutland; I will pity thee.
Geo. Where's a captain Margaret to fence you now?
War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.
Rich. What! not an oath? may then, the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might reign at him, [blood
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing
Stile the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.
War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—

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 Bona for thy queen.
So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;
And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
Yet look to have them buzz, and offend thine ears.
But, will I see the coronation,
And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.
Edw. Even as thou wilt, 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 Glositer;
And George, of Clarence:—Warwick, as ourself,
Shall do, and undo, as he pleaseth best.
Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence, George of Glositer,
For Glositer's dukedom is too ominous.
War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be duke of Glositer. Now to London,
To see these honours in possession.

[Exeunt.

ACT III.


Enter two Keepers, with Cross-bows in their Hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this lawn anon the deer will come,
And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place, where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man; let's stay till he be past.

Enter King Henry, disguised as a churchman;* with a
Prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,
To get mine own land with my wishful sight.
No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,
Thy balmy wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee Caesar now,
No humble suitors press to speak for right,
Nor, not a man comes for redress of thee,
For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee.
This is the quondam king: let's seize upon him.
K. Hen. Let me embrace these sour adversities;* for
Wise men say, this is the wisest course.

2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.
1 Keep. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.
K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to Genera for aid;
And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick
Is thither gone, to crave the English king's sister
To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost;
For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth morn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.
Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick, to give:
She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is deposed;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is installed;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more,
Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty strength;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and aught else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret! thus 't will be; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou wentest forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou talkest of kings and
queens?  [Coming forward.]
K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was
born to:
A man at least, for less I should not be;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I?

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, if 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, content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us; for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath deposed;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,

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1 Sour, sharpe.  2 Not in F.  3 The words, as a churchman: not in F.  4 adversaries: in folio.  Pope changed the word.  5 Not in F.
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 dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yes; is it so?

K. Edw. Silence!

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
And come some other time to know your mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now,
And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all your lands,
An if what pleases him shall pleasure you,
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.


Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her. [Aside.

K. Edw. And you shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be ruled by him.

K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave: I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.


K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then, get your husband's lands to do them good.

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them thee?

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! nay then, her wax must melt.

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.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made: she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee; 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

L. Grey. My love till death; my humble thanks, my prayers:

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why then, you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I am a wit.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell thee plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why then, thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why then, mine honesty shall be my dowry.

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

* The words, in state, crowned: not in text.
L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them
and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness\(^1\) of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.
K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay, to my request;
No, if thou dost say no, to my demand.
L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.
Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[Aside.]

Clar. He is the bluest weaver in Christendom.

[Aside.]
K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with mo-
desty;
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 lord:
I am a subject fit to jost whileth,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.
K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends;
And that, to enjoy thee for my love.
L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.
I know, I am too mean to be your queen,
And yet too good to be your concubine.
K. Edw. You cavil, widow; I did mean, my queen.
L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should
call you father.
K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call
thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,
Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing
To be the father unto many sons.
Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shift.

[Aside.]

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

[Aside.]
K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what we two have had.
[GLOSTER and CLARENCE come forward.]
Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
Clar. To whom, my lord? K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself? Glo. That would be ten days\(^2\) wonder, at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.
K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,
her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.
K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the Tower:
—And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—
Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.
[Exeunt King Edward, Lady Grey, Claren-
c and Lord.]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, narrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for!
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,

The lustful Edward's title buried,
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlock'd-for issue of their bodies,
To take their rooms, can I can place myself:
A cold premeditation for my prince,
Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that Sunder's him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so I say 'I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweaves too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom, then, for Richard,
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And with sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns,
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every place,
Like to a chaos, or an unlik'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I, then, a man to be lovd?\(^3\)
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;
And, whiles I live, t' account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, like one lost in a thorny wood,
That reads the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears.
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,
And like a Simon take another Troy.
I can add colours to the camelon,
Change shapes, with Proteus, for advantages,
And send the murderous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?
Tut! I were it further off, I'd pluck it down.

[Exit.]
SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace. 

Flourish. Enter Lewis the French King, and Lady Bona, attended; the King takes his State. Then, enter Queen MARGARET, Prince Edward, and the Earl of Oxford.

K. Lev. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret, 
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state, 
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve, 
Where kings command. I was, I must confess, 
Great Albion’s queen in former golden days; 
But now mishance hath trowed my title down, 
And with dishonour laid me on the ground, 
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune, 
And to my humble seat conform myself. 

K. Lev. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this deep despair? 

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears, 
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown’d in cares. 
K. Lev. What’er it be, be thou still like thyself, 
And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.]

To fortune’s yoke, but let thy dauntless mind 
Still ride in triumph over all mischance. 
Be peace to Bona, and tell thy grief; 
It shall be eas’d, if France can yield relief.

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts, 
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to speak. 
Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis, That Henry, sole possessor of my love, 
Is of a king become a banish’d man, 
And forc’d to live in Scotland all forlorn; 
While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York, 
Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England’s true-anointed lawful king.

This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret, 
With this my son, prince Edward, Henry’s heir, 
Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid; 
And if thou fail us all our hope is done. 
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help; 
Our people and our peers are both misled, 
Our treasure seiz’d, our soldiers put to flight, 
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lev. Renowned queen, with patience calm the storm, 
While we bethink a means to break it off. 

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lev. The more I stay, the more I’ll succour thee. 

Q. Mar. O! but impatience waiteth on true sorrow: 
And see where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter Warwick, attended.

K. Lev. What’s he, approacheth boldly to our presence?

Q. Mar. The earl of Warwick, Edward’s greatest friend.

K. Lev. 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 vowed friend, 
I come in kindness, and unfeigned 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 favour, 
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue 
To tell the passion of my sovereign’s heart; 
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears, 
Hath plac’d thy beauty’s image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and lady Bona, hear me speak, 
Before you answer Warwick. His demand 
Springs not from Edward’s well-meant honest love, 
But from deceit, bred by necessity; 
For how can tyrants safely govern home, 
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance? 
To prove him tyrant this reason may suffice,— 
That Henry liveth still: but were he dead, 
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry’s son. 
Look therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage 
Thou draw not on thee danger and dishonour; 
For though usurpers away 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 haps it, in this smooth discourse, 
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost 
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten? 
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that. 
But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree 
Of three score and two years; a silly time 
To make prescription for a kingdom’s worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy liege, 
Whom thou obeyest thirty and six years, 
And not bewray thy treason with a blush? 

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right, 
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree? 
For shame! leave Henry, and call Edward king. 

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 uplifts this arm,
This arm uplifts the house of Lancaster. 

War. And I the house of York. 

K. Lev. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford, 
Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside, 
While I use farther conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar Heaven grant, that Warwick’s words bewitch him not! 

[They stand apart.]

K. Lev. 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 honour.

K. Lew. But is it gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was 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 beseeem 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.—
Yet I confess, [To War.] that often ere this day,
When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus:—our sister shall be
Edward's;
And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall counterpoise'd.

— Draw near, queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit:
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret:
But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand;
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you, our quondam queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than France.

Q. Mar. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick!
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings,
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

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.]

Ozf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as he were nettled:
I hope all 's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and yours,
fair queen?—

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with unhoped joy.
War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the lady Grey,
And now, to soothe your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?

Is this the 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 am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass th's abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the royal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right,
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour;
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry.
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servant.
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd my fate
To love;
And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much my friend, as his unwieldy friend,
That if king Lewis vouchsafes 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 succour 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 honour,
Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reyciy'd,
But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, for lady Bona joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.
Therefore, at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in pest;
And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it 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 shortly,
I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,
And from ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere it 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,
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To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.
Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion—
Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;
And with thy hand thy 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 face.

I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance, For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[Exit all but WARWICK.

War. I came from Edward as ambassador, But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stake1 but me? Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that raised him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again;
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[Exit.

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 mind to tell him plainly what I think.
K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,
That you stand passive, as half melancholy?
Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;
Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.
K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.
Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?
Glo. Not I.
No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.
K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your dislike aside,
Tell me some reason why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen—
And you too, Somerset, and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.
Clar. Then this is mine opinion—that king Lewis
Becomes your enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.
Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.
K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd
By such invention as I can devise?
Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth;
Glo. Most foreign storms than any home-bred marriage.
Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?
Mont. But the safer, when 'tis back'd with France.

Host. '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,
And with their helps only defend ourselves;
In them and in ourselves our safety lies.
Clar. For this one speech lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord Hungerford.
K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;
And for this once my will shall stand for law.
Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well.
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.
Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.
K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,
That thou art melancholy? 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 marry, Edward will be king,
And not be tied unto his brother's will.
Q. Eliz. My lords, before it please'd 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 honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, 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 news, From France?

1 Stalking-horse. 2 Added by Rowe.
Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I, without your special pardon, Dare not relate.

K. Edu. Go to, we pardon thee; therefore, in brief, Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words:— "Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king, That Lewis of France is sending over maskers, To reveil it with him and his new bride."

K. Edu. Is Lewis so brave? belike, he thinks me

Henry,

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

"Tell him, in hope he 'll prove a widower shortly, I 'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

K. Edu. I blame not her, she could say little less; She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen? For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. "Tell him," quoth she, "my mourning weeds are done, And I am ready to put armour on."

K. Edu. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon. But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Mess. He, more incensed 'gainst your majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:— "Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong; And therefore I 'll uncrown him ere 't be long."

K. Edu. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign: they are so link'd in friendship,

That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder; Clarence will have the younger. [Aside.]

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast, For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter; That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage I may not prove inferior to yourself. You, that love me and Warwick, follow me. [Exit Clarence, and Somerset follow.]

[Aside.]

Glo. Not I. My thoughts aim at a farther matter: I Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown. K. Edu. 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 quick'll be landed: Myself in person will straight follow you. [Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague, Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest, Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance: Tell me if you love Warwick more than me? If it be so, then both depart to him: I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends; But, if you mind to hold your true obedience, Give me assurance with some friendly vow, That I may never have you in suspect. Mont. So God help Montague as he proves true! Hast. And Hastings as he favours Edward's cause! K. Edu. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter Warwick and Oxford with French and English Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all this hithergoes well: The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But, see, where Somerset and Clarence come! Speak suddenly, my lords; are we all friends? Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick: And welcome, Somerset,—I hold it cowardice, To rest mistrustful where a noble heart Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love; Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother, Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:

But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daugther shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture, Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd, His soldiers lurking in the towns about, And but attended by a simple guard, We may surprise and take him at our pleasure? Our scouts have found the adventure very easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede, With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents, And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds; So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle, At unawares may beat down Edward's guard, And seize himself; I say not slaughter him, For I intend but only to surprise him.— You, that will follow me to this attempt, Applaud the name of Henry with your leader. [They all cry, HENRY!]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:

For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint George! [Exeunt.]

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. But say, I pray, what nobleman is that, That with the king here resteth in his tent? 1 Watch. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest friend.

3 Watch. O! is it so? But why commands the king, That his chief followers lodge in towns about him, While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 Watch. 'T is the more honour, because more dangerous.

3 Watch. Ay, but give me worship and quietness; I like it better than a dangerous honour. If Warwick knew in what estate he stands, 'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 Watch. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.
2 Watch. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent, but to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset, and Forces.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guards.

Courage, my masters! honour 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 Hastings fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings: let them go; here’s the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call’dst me king?

War. Ay, but the case is alter’d:

When you disgraced me in my embassade,
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?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?

Nay then, I see that Edward needs must drown.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mishance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complies,
Edward will always bear himself as king:
Though fortune’s malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds 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.
When 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 abide:

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King Edward, led out forcibly; Somerset with him.

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, 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.

Riv. 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?

Riv. What! loss of some pitch’d battle against Warwick?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then, is my sovereign slain?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray’d by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris’d at unawares.
And, as I farther have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick’s brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief;
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may:
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder life’s decay;
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward’s offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bide 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,
But with my eyes or tears I blast or drown
King Edward’s fruit, true heir to th’ English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Q. Eliz. I am informed that he comes towards London,
To set the crown once more on Henry’s head.

Guess thou the rest; king Edward’s friends must down:
But to prevent the tyrant’s violence,
(For trust not him that hath once broken faith)
I’ll henceforth 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.
Thus stands the case. You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty,
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertised him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man: see, where the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop’s deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste:
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess’d, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But therefore stay we? ’tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say’st thou? wilt thou go along?

1 The rest of this direction is not in f. e.
Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.
Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more ado.
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown,
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset, young Henry of Richmond, Oxford, Montague, Lieutenant of the Tower, and Attendants.

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,
And turn'd my captivis state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?
Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sovereigns;
But if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.
K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that I made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as meaged 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 chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars,
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous,
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spring, and avoiding, fortune's malice;
For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For choosing me when Clarence is in place.
Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens in thy nativity
Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.
War. And I choose Clarence only for protector.
K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands.
Now join your hands, and with your hands your hearts,
That no dissension hinder government;
I make you both protectors of this land,
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.
War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?
Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.
War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and singly his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his case.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor,
And all his lands and goods confiscated.¹

¹ Malone reads: be confiscate. ² This word is not in f. e.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.
War. 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.
Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.
K. Hen. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?
Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.
K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope: if secret powers
[Leys his Hand on his Head.
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.
Enter a Messenger.
War. What news, my friend?
Mess. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.
War. Unsavoury news! but how made he escape?
Mess. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloucester,
And the lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescued him,
For hunting was his daily exercise.
War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.
[Exit 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 presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young Richard,
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What maybefal him, to his harm and ours:
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil c乃至.
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 Brittany.
Come therefore; let's about it speedily.

[Exit.

SCENE VII.—Before York.

Enter King Edward, Gloster, Hastings, and foreign Forces.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amend,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My wani'd state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we past, and now pass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy:
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravensburg haven before the gates of York,
But that we enter as into our dukedom?
Glo. The gates made fast.—Brother, I like not this;
SCENE VIII.---London. A Room in the Palace.


War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia, with hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders, hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas, and with his troops doth march amain to London; and many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let a levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out, which being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends, not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war; those will I muster up: and thou, son Clarence, shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent, the knights and gentlemen to come with thee: thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham, Northampton, and in Leicester-shire, shalt find Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st: and thou, brave Oxford, wonder'st well belov'd. In Oxfordshire shalt muster up thy friends.

My sovereign, with the loving citizens, like to his island girt in with the ocean; or modest Diana circled with her nymphs, Shall rest in London, till we come to him: Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply: Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true help.

Clar. In sign of truth I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord: and so I take my leave.

Orf. And thus [Kissing Henry's hand] I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague, and all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[Exeunt War. Clar. Oxf. and Mont.]
K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest a while. 
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? 
Methinks, the power that Edward hath in field, 
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest. 
K. Hen. That's not my fear; my mind hath got me 
I have now told him what I did demand, [fame.] 
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays; 
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds, 
My mildness hath alway'd their swelling griefs, 
My mercy dry'd their bitter-flowing tears: 
I have not been desirous of their wealth, 
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies, 
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd 
Then, why should they love Edward more than me? 
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace; 
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb, 
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[Shout within. A Lancaster! A Lancaster!]

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? 
How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow? 
1 Mess. By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.
War. How far off is our brother Montague?— 
Where is the post that came from Montague? 
2 Mess. By this at Dunstry, with a puissant troop. 
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: 
The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.
War. Who should that be? belieke, unlook'd-for friends.
Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.
March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Forces. [parle.
K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall. 
War. 0, unbid spite! is sportful Edward come? 
Where slope our scouts, or how are they setdoe'd, 
That we could 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 pluck'd thee down? 
Call Warwick patron, and be penitent, 
And thou shalt still remain— the duke of York.
Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the king; 
Or did he make the jest against his will? 
War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift? 
Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor carl to give: 
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.
War. 'T was I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother. 
K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.
War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

1 meed: in f. e. 2 water-flowing: in f. e. 3 Pack of cards.

Eze. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these? 
Enter King Edward, Gloster, and Soldiers.
K. Edw. Seize on the shame-face'd Henry! bear him hence, 
And once again proclaim us king of England.— 
You are the fouls that makes small brooks to flow: 
Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry, 
And so well much the higher by their ebb. 
Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.
[Exeunt some with King Henry.
And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course, 
Where peremptory Warwick now remains.
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay, 
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for lay.
Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join, 
And take the great-grown traitor unawares. 
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry. 
[Exeunt.
SCENE III.

KING HENRY VI.

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Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset, Have sold their lives unto the house of York; And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold. 

Enter Clarence, with Drum and Colours. 

War. And lo! where George of Clarence sweeps along, Of force enough to bid his brother battle; With whom an upright zeal to right prevails, More than the nature of a brother's love. —

[Gloster and Clarence whisper.
Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means? [Taking the red Rose out of his Hat.

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee: I will not ruinate my father's house, Who gave his blood to lime the stones together, And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick, That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural, To bend the fatal instruments of war Against his brother, and his lawful king? Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath: To keep that oath, were more impious Than Jephtha's, when he sacrificed his daughter. I am so sorry for my trespass made, That to deserve well at my brother's hands, I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe: With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee, (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad) To plague thee for thy foul misleading me. And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee, And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.— Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends; And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults, For I will henceforth be no more unconstant. 

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belov'd, Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate. 

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is brother-like. 

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and unjust! 

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave the town and fight, Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears? 

War. Alas! I am not cooped here for defence: I will away towards Barnet presently, And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st. 

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the way,— Lords, to the field! Saint George, and victory! [March. Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet. 

Alarums, and Excursions. 

Enter King Edward, bringing in Warwick wounded. 

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear, For Warwick was a bug, I that fear'd us all.— Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee, That Warwick's bones may keep thine company. [Exit. 

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe, And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick? Why ask I that? my mangled body shows, My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows, That I must yield my body to the earth, And by my fall the conquest to my foe. Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge, Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle, Under whose shade the ramping lion slept; Whose top-branch overpeep'd Jove's spreading tree, And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind. These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil, Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun, To search the secret treasons of the world: The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with blood, Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres. For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave? And who durst smile when Warwick bent his bow? Lo, now my glory smeared in dust and blood! My parks, my walks, my manors that I had, Even now, forsake me; and, of all my lands, Is nothing left me, but my body's length. Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust? And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 

Enter Oxford and Somerset. 

Som. Ah, Warwick! Warwick! wert thou as we, We might recover all our loss again. The queen from France hath brought a puissant power; Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst thou fly! War. Why, then would not thy flight.—Ah, Montague! If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand, And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile, Thou love' st me not; for, brother, if thou dist, Thy tears would wash this cold concealed blood, That glues my lips, and will not let me speak. Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead. 

Som. Ah, Warwick! Montague hath breath'd his last; And to the latest gap, cri'd out for Warwick, And said— "Command me to thy valiant brother," And more he would have said; and more he spoke, Which sounded like a cannon in a vault, That might not be distinguish'd: but, at last, I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,— "Oh, farewell Warwick!"— War. Sweet rest his soul!—Fly, lords, and save yourselves; For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet in heaven. [Dies. 

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power! [Exeunt, bearing off Warwick's Body.

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field. 

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph; with Clarence, Gloster, and the rest. 

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course, And we are graec'd with wreaths of victory. But in the midst of this bright shining day, I spy a black, suspicius, threat'ning cloud, That will encounter with our glorious sun, Ere he attain his easy western bed; I mean, my lords, those powers, that the queen Hath rais'd in Gallia, have 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 vapours up, For every cloud engenders not a storm. 

Glo. The queen is val'd 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. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends, That they do hold their course toward Tewksbury. We, having now the best at Barnet field, Will strike them straight, for willingness rides way; And, as we march, our strength will be augmented In every county as we go along.— Strike up the drum! cry—Courage! and away. [Flourish. Exeunt.
SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewkesbury.

March. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince Edward, Somerset, Oxford, and Soldiers.

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wait their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast 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;
Whiles 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 Moniague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaught'rd 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?
And, though unskillful, 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,
From shelves 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:
Trend on the sand; why, there was quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
If case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
And make him, naked, foil 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,
Lost in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like spirit to himself.
If any such be here, as God forbid!
Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage,
And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual shame,—
O, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou live,
To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, a mock'd and wonder'd at.


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.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will not budge.

Flourish and March. Enter King Edward, Clarence, Gloster, and Forces.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny wood.
Which, by the heavens' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I 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 gainsey; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye.
Therefore, no more but this.—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughterhouse, his subjects slain,
His statutes cancel'd, and his treasure 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, Gloster, and Forces: with Queen Margaret, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with Oxford to Hammes' castle straight;
For Somerset, off with his guilty head;
Go, bear them hence: I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[Exeunt Oxford and Somerset, guarded.

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward
Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is: and, lo! where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers, with Prince Edward.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant: let us hear him speak.

[Exeunt Edward sits.

What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticote,
And ne'er have stoil the brench from Lancaster.

Prince. Let E'sop fable in a winter's night;
His current tiddles sport not with the 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-back,
rather.

K. Edw. Peace! willful boy, or I will charm your tongue.
SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.  

King Henry is discovered reading.  

Enter Gloster and the Lieutenant.  

Glo. Good day, my lord. What, at your book so hard?  
K. Hen. Ay, my good lord: my lord, I should say rather:  

’T is sin to flatter; good was little better:  
Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,  
And both preposterous; therefore, not good lord.  

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves: we must confer.  

[Exit Lieutenant.  

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf:  
So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,  
And next his throat unto the butcher’s knife.—  

What scene of death hath 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,  
Where my poor young was lim’d, was caught, and kill’d.  

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,  
That taught his son the office of a fowl?  
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown’d.  

K. Hen. I, Deedalus; my poor boy, Icarus;  
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;  
The sun, that scar’d the wings of my sweet boy,  
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,  
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.  
Ah! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.  
My breast can better brook thy dagger’s point,  
Than can my ears that tragic history.  
But wherefore dost thou come? is’t for my life?  
Glo. Think’st thou I am an executioner?  
K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:  
If murdering innocents be executing,  
Why, then thou art an executioner.  

Glo. Thy son I kill’d for his presumption.  
K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill’d, when first thou didst presume,  
Thou hadst not liv’d to kill a son of mine.  
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,  
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,  
And many, old man’s sighs and many a widow’s,  
And many an orphan’s water-standing eye,—  
Men for their sons’, wives for their husbands’,  
Orphans for their parents’ timeless death,  
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.  
The owl shriek’d at thy birth, an evil sign:  
The night-crow cried, a boding luckless tune;  
Dogs howl’d, and hideous tempest shook down trees:  
The raven rock’d her on the chimney’s top,  
And chattering pies in dismal discord sung.  
Thy mother felt more than a mother’s pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother’s hope;  
To wit,—an indigist deformed lump,  
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.  
Teeth hadst thou in 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.  

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain’d.  

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.  
O! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee.  

[Dies.  

Clar. Untutor’d lad, thou art too malapert.  

Prince. I know my duty: you are all unfruitful.  
Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjur’d George,  
And thou mis-shapen Dick,—I tell ye all,  
I am ye better, traitors as ye are:  
And thou usurp’st my father’s right and mine.  

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railler here.  

[Glo. Stabs him.  

Clar. And there’s for twitting me with perjury.  

[Clari. stabs him.  

Q. Mor. O, kill me too!  

Glo. Marry, and shall.  

[Offers to kill her.  

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold! for we have done  

too much.  

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?  

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for  

her recovery  

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.  

I’ll hence to London on a serious matter:  
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.  

Clar. What? what?  

Glo. The Tower! the Tower!  

[Exit.  

Q. Mor. O, Ned! sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,  

boy;  

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—  

They, that stabb’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 burn, as I can speak;  

And I will speak, that so my heart may burn.—  

Butchers and villains! bloody cannibals!  

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp’d!  

You have no children, butchers! if you had,  

The thought of them would have stirr’d up remorse:  

But, if you ever chance to have a child,  

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 perforce.  

Q. Mor. Nay, never bear her hence, despatch me here;  

Here saeth 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. Mor. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou  

do it.  

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?  

Q. Mor. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:  

’T is sin before, but now ’t is charity.  

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil’s butcher,  

Hard-favour’d Richard? Richard, where art thou?  

Thou art not here: murder is thy alms-deed;  

Petitioners for blood thou ne’er put’st back.  


Q. Mor. 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 fares:  

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me.  

[Exeunt.  

1 equal: in f. e.  
2 The scene in the folio, is “on the walls of the Tower”; that of the text from the “True Tragedy.”  
3 In f. e. the rest of this stage direction is: the Lieutenant attending.  

Enter Glosters.  

4 Silly.  

5 abiding unlucky time: in f. e.  

6 Roost.
THIRD PART OF KING HENRY VI.

ACT V.

Glo. What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted. See, how my sword weeps for the poor king’s death! O, may such purple tears be always shed From those that wish the downfall of our house!— If any spark of life be yet remaining, Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither, [Stabs him again.

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of; For I have often heard my mother say, I came into the world with my legs forward. 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 snarl, and bite, and play the dog. Then, since the heavens have shap’d my body so, Let hell make crook’d my mind to answer it. I have no brother, I am like no brother; And this word love, which greybeards call divine, Be resident in men like one another, And not in me: I am myself alone.— Clarence, beware: thou keep’st me from the light; But I will sort a pitchy day for thee: For I will buzz abroad such prophecies, That Edward shall be fearful of his life; And then, to purge his fear, I’ll be thy death. King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone; Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest; Counting myself but bad, till I be best.— I’ll throw thy body in another room, And triumph, Henry in thy day of doom. [Exit with the Body.

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the Palace. King Edward is discovered sitting on his Throne. Queen Elizabeth; a Nurse with the Infant Prince, Clarence, Hastings, and others.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England’s royal throne. Re-purchas’d with the blood of enemies. What valiant foe-men, like to autumn’s corn, Have we mow’d down, in tops of all their pride? Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown’d For hardy and redeemed 2 captives:

Two Cliffsords, as the father and the son; And two Northumberlands; two braver men Ne’er spurr’d their courser at the trumpet’s sound: With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague, That in their chains fetter’d the kingly lion, And made the forest tremble when they rost’d. Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat, And made our footstool of security.—

Enter Gloster behind.

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.— Young Ned, for thee, thin uncle, and myself. Have in our armours watch’d the winter’s night; Went all a-foot in summer’s scalding heat; That thou mightst repossess the crown in peace; And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain. Glo. I’ll blast his harvest, if your head were laid; [Aside.

For yet I am not look’d on in the world. This shoulder was ordain’d so thick, to heave; And heave it shall some weight, or break my back,— Work thou the way, and that shall execute. K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my lovely queen; And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty, I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe. [Kissing it. K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brothers. Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou spring’st, [Kissing the infant

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.— [Aside. To say the truth, so Judas kiss’d his master, And cried—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights, Having my country’s peace, and brothers’ loves. Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret? Reignier, her father, to the king of France Hath pawn’d the Sicils and Jerusalem, And hither have they sent it for her ransom. K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.— And now what rests, but that we spend the time With stately triumphs, martiall comic shows, Such as befit the pleasure of the court? Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoys; For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy. [Exeunt.
GLOSTER AND LADY ANNE.

Richard III., Act I. Scene 2.
LIFE AND DEATH
OF
KING RICHARD III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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<td>Earl Rivers, Brother to King Edward's Queen: Marquess of Dorset, and Lord Grey, her Sons.</td>
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Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, ServiVener, 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 sun1 of York; And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house, In the deep bosom of the ocean buried. Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths; Our bruised arms hung up for monuments; Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front; And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds, To fright the souls of fearful adversaries, He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber, To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.2 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks, Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass; I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's Majesty, To strut before a wanton ambling nymph; I, that am curtail'd thus of fair proportion, Cheated of feature by dissembling nature, Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time Into this breathing world, scarce half made up, And that so lamely and unashionable, That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them; Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,

1 The cognizance of Edward IV. consisted of three suns. 2 Caprisoned. 3 love: in quarto. 4 curtail'd of this: in f. e. 5 spy: in quarto.
O! belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new christened in the Tower.
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?
    Clar. Ye, Richard, when I know; but I protest,
As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
And from the cross-rod plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.
    Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women,
'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower:
My lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this hard' extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her same1 brother there,
That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.
    Clar. By heaven, I think, there is no man secure,
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and mistresse Shore.
Heard you not, what an humble supplian
Lord Hastings was to her for delivery?2
    Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'er-worn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.
    Brak. I beseech your grace both to pardon me:
His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
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 any thing 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 Shere's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
How say you, sir? can you deny all this?
    Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.
    Glo. Nought to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,
He that doth nought with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone.
    Brak. What one, my lord?
    Glo. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou betray me?
    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 subjects, and must obey.—
Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Tounces me deeper than you can imagine.
    Clar. I know it, it pleatheth neither of us well.

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1 tempests him to this extremity: in quarto.
2 Not in f. e. 3 So the quarto; folio: Hastings was for her. 4 Lie in prison in your stead.
5 Not in f. e. 6 play: in folio. 7 John, in folio. 8 quarto: What! is he in his bed? 9 posthorse: in f. e.
10 lord: in quarto.
SCENE II.

KING RICHARD III.

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Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these 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! 1
More direful hap betide that hated wretch, That makes us wretched by the death of thee, Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads, Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! If ever in more 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 2
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, whilsts I lament King Henry's corse.

[Glo. The Bearers take up the Corse 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?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul, I'll make a corse of him that doth obey.

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 spurn 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.—
Avault, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hast but power over his mortal body, His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curt.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell, Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclamations. If thou delight to view thy leinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen! see, see!—dead Henry's wounds Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity, For 'tis thy presence that exhausts this blood From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, Provokes this deluge 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 stroke the murderer dead, Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him 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, diffuse'd infection of a man, For these known evils but to give me leave By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have Some patient leisure to excurse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excused 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. 4
But dead they are, and, devilsish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous' falshion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast, But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue, That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind, That never dreamt on aught but butcheries. Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog? then, God grant me too,
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to send him thither; For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unbit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But, gentle lady Anne,—To leave this keen encounter of our wits, And fall something into a slower method, Is not the cause of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward.

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accrues'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect; Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep, To undertake the death of all the world, So I might live 8 one hour in your sweet bosome.

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 10 beauty's wrench;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by: As all the world is cheered by the sun, So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life!
Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou art both.
Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.
Glo. He that 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 dost thou spit at me?
Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!
Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.
Anne. Never hung poison on a fooler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.
Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;
No, when my father York, and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,
When black-face'd Clifford shook his sword at him;
Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn a humble tear:
And what these sorrows could not thenthence, thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping. I never sued to friend, nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word;
But now thy beauty is prop'd my foe.
My proud heart sweats, and prays my tongue to speak.
[She looks scornfully at him.]
Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;
Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.
[He lays his Breast open: she offers at it with his Sword.
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill king Henry:—
But 'tis a beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now despatch; 'tis I that stabbed young Edward:—
But 'tis that heavenly face that set me on.
[She lets fall the Sword.
Take up the sword again, or take up me.
Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.
[Taking up the Sword.]
Anne. I have already.
Glo. That was in thy rage:
Speak it again, and even with the word.
This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
Shall for thy love kill a far truer love:
To both their deaths shalt thou be necessary.
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
Anne. I bear me, both are false.
Glo. Then, never man was true.
Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.
Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.
Anne. That shall thou know hereafter.
Glo. But shall I live in hope? [Sheathing his Sword.
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.
Anne. To take, is not to give. [He puts on the Ring.
Glo. Look, how my ring capasseth thy finger,
Even so thy breast enсуseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy proud devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.
Anne. What is it?
Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place.
Where (after I have solemnly inter'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wect his grave with my repentant tears)
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you.
Grant me this boon.
Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
Anne. 'T is more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.
[Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkley.
Glo. No, to White-Friars; there attend my coming.
Exeunt the rest, with the Corne.
Was ever woman in this humours, too?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her, but I will not keep her long,
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my12 hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And no friends to back my suit withal;4
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Towalbury?
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 abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that hath, and am mis-shapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
1 skew: in quartos. 2 This and the eleven preceding lines, are 3 it was I that kill'd your husband: in quartos. 4 kill'd: in quartos. 6 ex- 5 peditions. 10 The quartos insert: "Glos. Take up the cross, sir."). 11 Eich 6 debas: in quartos.
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 apt in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn you; fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That may be seen by us 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 accustomed 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. 1

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would beside 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 son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gleser,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
But so it must be, if the king misreason.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley. 2

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,
To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for your proud arrogancy.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanderers of false accusers;
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now, the duke of Buckingham, and I,
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What? likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence. [Be:

Q. Eliz. Would all be well?—But that will never
I fear, our happiness is at the height. 4

Enter Gloster, stamping angrily, with Hastings, and Dorset.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.
Who are they, that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly,
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and asplish courtesy,
I must be in a rancor, and envenom,
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty, nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
(Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)—
Cannot be quiet secres a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.
The king, on his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your inferior hatred,
That in your outward action shows itself,
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell:—the world is grown so bad,
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:
You envy my advancement, and my friends.
God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that I have need of you:
Our brother is imprison'd by your means;
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt; while many great promotions
Are daily given, to enoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By him that raised me to this careful height
From that contented hap 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 suspects.

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 so?
She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honour's on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a king,
A bachelor, and a handsome striping too.

I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs:
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty,
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endure'd,
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at; 11
Small joy have I in being England's queen.

1 eyes: in folio. 2 Deny'is: in old copies. 3 With: in quartos. 4 Wicked. 5 The rest of the line is not in the folio. 6 The quartos of 1602, and later: may. 7 fair: in quartos. 8 causes: in quartos. 9 highest: in quartos. 10 The words "stamping angrily": not in e. 11 So all the quartos; folio: so baited, scorn'd and termed at.
Enter Queen Margaret, behind.

Q. Mar. And lesson’d be that small, God, I beseech him! [Aside.]

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat’st 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 forgot.


Thou kill’st my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward, my poor son, at Towksbury.
Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood, I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his, or thine. [Aside.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your husband Grey,
Were factious for the house of Lancaster:—
And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
In Margaret’s battle at Saint Alban’s slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere this; and what you are;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jean pardon!—


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 flint 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 cæcidenon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,
Which had you among the enemies,
We follow’d then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should you we, 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.—[Coming forward. They all start.

Hear me, you wrangles, you pitfalls that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill’d from me!
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?
If not, that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos’d, you quake like rebels?—
Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away. [sight?

Glo. Feul wrinkled witch, what mak’st thou in my

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr’d;
That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished, on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but, I do find more pain in banishment,
Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband, and a son, thou ow’st to me,—
And then a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew’st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav’st the duke a clout
Stee’d in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounce’d against thee; are all fallen upon thee,
And God, not we, hath plaguid’ thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O! the sourest of th’ inimical being, was the fairest
And the most merciful that ever was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dors. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did York’s dread curse prevail so much with heaven,
That Henry’s death, my lovely Edward’s death,
Their kingdom’s loss, my 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, but by thy person, thou king,
As ours by murder, that ere was heard of,
Edward, thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
For Edward, our son, that was prince of Wales,
Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long mayst thou live, to wail thy children’s death;—
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck’d in thy rights, as thou art staid 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 friends suspect, 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 unlook’d accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither’d hag.

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 troubler of the poor world’s peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul.
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv’st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affright thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elivish-mank’d, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal’d 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 lains!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

SCENE III.

KING RICHARD III.

Glo. Ha?

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call’d me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look’d for no reply.

O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. ‘Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath’d your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my fortune;
Why strew’dst thou sugar on that bottle1 spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whcst’s a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back’d toad.

Hast. False-bodied woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you; you have all mov’d mine.

Riv. Were you well serv’d, you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,
Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess! you are mala-
pert: Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge,
What ’t were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry—learn it, learn it, mar-
quess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our eyry buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dailles with the wind, and scorches 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 cloudly wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your eyry buildeth in our eyry’s nest.—

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me—
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher’d.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow’s rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I’ll kiss thy hand,
In sign of league and amity with thee;
Now, fair befal 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 think2 but they ascend the sky,
And there take God’s gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will raffle3 to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,
And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?

O! but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God’s!  
[Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse, why she’s at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God’s holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong.

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank’d4 up to fathining 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 saeth to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis’d;

For had I ears’d now, I had ears’d myself.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,—

And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[Exeunt all but GLOSTER.

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischief that I set abroad,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,
I do beweep to many simple gulls;

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;

And tell them, ‘tis the queen and her allies,
That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now, they believe it; and withal whet me
To be reveng’d on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of scripture,

Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil; and
Thus I clothe my naked villainy

With odd old ends, stolen 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.

[Given the Warrant.

When you have done, repair to Crosby-place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution.

Withal obdurate: do not hear him plead;
For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps,

May move my heart to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tis, but! my lord; we will not stand to grade;

Talkers are no good doers: be assur’d,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.
KING RICHARD III.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes fall; tears:
I like you, jadis;—about your business' straight;
Go, go, despatch. 1

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.


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 cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pact'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels;
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea;
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were creeps
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
That would do ruin to the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the deep's own whoring face by face.

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
Stop'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;
But smoother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belech in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With its sour streams which poete write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who crois'd aloud,—* What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarch aqueat 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, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewsbury;—
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 marvel, lord, though it affrighted 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 requites me!—
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be wrong'd on my misdeeds,
I execute thy wrath on one 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.

[Brak.] I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.—

[CLARENCE sleeps.]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours,
Makes the night lengthen, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories;
An outward honour for an inward toil;
And for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares
So that, between their titles and low name,
There's nothing suffers but the outward name.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here? 1

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow? and how canst thou hither?

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 commission; and talk no more.

[A Paper delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands.
I will not reason what is meant hereby.
Because I will be guiltless from the meaning:
There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.
I'll to the king, and signify to him,
That thus I have resign'd to your charge.
1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom:
Fare you well. [Erit Brakenbury.

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. 20

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* humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

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* A common proverb. 2 Square: in quarto. 3 Here the scene ends, in the quartern. 4 ugly sights, of ghastly dreams: in quarte, stumbling: in quarto. 5 This line is not in the quarto. 6 The line from "had," not in the quarto. 7 A man: in quarto. 8 Seek: in first quarto. 9 With: in quarto. 10 Grieve: in quarto. 11 Pike: in folio. 12 The quarto. 13 Not in f. e. 14 This and the next line, not in the quarto. 15 Passionate: in f. e.
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.

2 Murd. What will you 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 fulfill a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.
2 Murd. And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.
For false forswearing, and for murder too,
Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster,

1 Murd. And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and, with thy treacherous blade,
Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.
2 Murd. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 Murd. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O! know you yet, he doth it publicly.
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect or lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,
Provok'es us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for me, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life,
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 Murd. You are deceiv'd: your brother Gloucester
hates you.

Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.
Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloucester think on this, and he will weep.

1 Murd. Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 Murd. Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you
deceive yourself;
'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bequeath my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 Murd. Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thraldom to the joys of heaven.

1 "It is a dangerous thing," is not in the folio. * This line is not in the quartos. # for any goodness; in folio. * This line is only in the folio. * the devil: in quartos. * Have brought: in quartos. * This line is not in the folio.
2 Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls, To counsel me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your own souls so blind, That you will war with God by murdering me?— O! sirs, consider, they that set you on To do this deed, will hate you for the deed. 2 Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

Which of you, if you were a prince's son, Being pent from liberty, as I am now, If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, Would not entreat for life? As you would beg Were you in my distress, so pity me. 1 Murd. Relent? no: 'tis cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks; O! if thine eye be not a flatterer, Come thou on my side, and entreat for me. A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

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ACT II.


Enter King Edward, led in sick, Queen Elizabeth, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Buckingham, Grey, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work:—

You peers, continue this united league: I every day expect an embassage From my Redeemer to redeem me hence; And more at peace my soul shall part to heaven, Since I have made my friends at peace on earth, Rivers, and Hastings, take each other's hand; Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate; And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like.

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your king; Lost he, that is the supreme king of kings, Confound your hidden falsehood, and award Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. 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 him, he factions one against the other. Wife, love lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand; And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I will never more remember Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine.


Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest, Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, prince Buckingham, seal thou this league With thy embracements to my wife's allies.

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1 Murd. Take that, and that: if all this will not do, [Stabs him.

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Exit with the Body.

2 Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd! How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands Of this most grievous guilty murder done. 3 Re-enter first Murderer.

1 Murd. How now! what mean'st thou, that thou help'st me not? By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 Murd. I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother. Take thou the seer and tell him what I say, For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit. 1 Murd. So do not I: I go, coward, as thou art. — Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole, Till that the duke give order for his burial: And when I have my meed, I will away; For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate Upon your grace, [To the Queen.] but with all duteous love Doth cherish you, and yours, God punish me With hate in those where I expect most love. When I have most need to employ a friend, And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me. This do I beg of heaven, When I am cold in love to you, or yours.

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham, Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart. There wanteth now our brother Gloster here, To make the blessed period of this peace. Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Good-morrow to my sovereign king, and queen. And, princely peers, a happy time of day! K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.— Gloster, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, Between these swelling wrong-encensed peers. Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord. Among this princely heap, if any here, By false intelligence, or wrong surmise, Hold me a foe; If I unwittingly, or in my rage, Have aught committed that is hardly borne To any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his friendly peace: 'T is death to me, to be at enmity; I hate it, and desire all good men's love.— First, madam, I entreat true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my duteous service; Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; Of you, and you, lord Rivers, and of Dorset, That all without desert have frown'd on me; Of you, lord Woodville, and lord Scales, of you;

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1 The words "so pity me," are not in f. e. This and the four previous lines, are not in the quarto. 2 now in: in quarto. 3 zeal: in quarto. 4 perfect: in quarto.

2 The folio has: Of this most griev-ous murder.
SCENE II.  

KING RICHARD III.

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all.  
I do not know that Englishman alive,  
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,  
More than the infant that is born to-night.  
I thank my God for my humility.  

[Aside.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—  
I would to God, all strife was 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 foiled in this royal presence?  
Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?  
[They all start.  

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.  
K. Edu. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows  
he is?  
Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!  
Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest?  
Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the pre-  
sence,  
But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.  
K. Edu. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers’d.  
Glo. But he, poor man, 2 by your first order died,  
And that a winged Mercury did bear;  
Some tardy crysle 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!  

[Kneels.

K. Edu. I pr’ythee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.  
Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.  
K. Edu. 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 Norfolk.  
K. Edu. Have I a tongue to doom my brother’s death,  
And shall that tongue 4 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 resum’d me,  
And said, “Dear brother, live, and be a king”?  
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,  
From almost to death, how he did lap me  
Even in his garments; and did give himself,  
All thin and naked, 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 carers, or your waiting-vassals,  
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac’d  
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,  
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;  
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.  
But for my brother not a man would speak;  
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself.  
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all  

Have been beholding to him in his life,  
Yet none of you would once beg 4 for his life.—  
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold  
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.—  
Come, Hastings, prithee 4 help me to my closet.  
Ah, poor Clarence!  

[Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers, Dorset,  
and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark’d you not,  
How that the guilty-kindred of the queen  
Look’d pale, when they did hear of Clarence’ 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.

Daugh. Why do you weep so? and oft beat your  
breast?  
And ery: O Clarence, my unhappy son!  
Why do you look on us, and shake your head,  
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,  
If that our noble father were alive?  
Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both,  
I do lament the sickness of the king,  
As loath to lose him, not your father’s death,  
It were lost sorrow to wail 4 one that’s lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead.  
The king mine uncle is to blame for it:  
God will revenge it; whom I will importune  
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love  
you well.

Ineapable and shallow innocents,  
You cannot guess who caus’d your father’s death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster  
Told me, the king, provok’d to it by the queen,  
Devil’s impeachments to imprison him:  
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,  
And 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.

Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,  
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!  
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,  
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, grandam?  
Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it.—Hark! what noise is this!  
Enter Queen Elizabeth, distractedly: RIVERS and  
DORSET, following her.

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep,  
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?  
I’ll join with black despair against my soul,  
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impertinence?  
Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—  
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone? 21  
Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap? 22  
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;  
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king’s;  

1 Not in f.e.  
2 soul: in quartos.  
3 Not in f.e.  
4 the same: in quartos.  
5 pledg’d: in quartos.  
6 This word is not in f.e.  
7 wring your hands: in quartos.  
8 much: in quartos.  
9 lost labour to weep for: in quartos.  
10 guile: in quartos.  
11 how the root is wither’d: in quartos.  
12 the sap being gone: in quartos.
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing light.  

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;  
I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Thou. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,  
That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,  
Now cheer each other in each other's love:  
Though we have spent our harvest of this king,  
We are to reap the harvest of his son.  
The broken rancour of your high-swollen hates,  
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,  
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept:  
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,  
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet  
Hither to London; to be crown'd our king.

Why with some little train, my lord of Bucking- 

ham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,  
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;  
Which would be so much the more dangerous,  
By how much the estate is green, and yet un govern'd;  
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,  
And may direct his course as please himself,  
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,  
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us:  
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:  
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put  
To no apparent likelihood of breach,  
Which, haply, by 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 censure in this business?

[Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,  
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;  
For by the way I'll sort occasion,  
As index to the story we late talk'd of,  
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self; my counsel's consistory;  
My oracle, to my father; to my dear cousin,  
1, as a child, will go by thy direction.  
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 Citi. Good morrow, neighbour: whither away so fast?  
2 Citi. I promise you, I scarcely know myself.  

Hear you the news abroad?  
1 Citi. Yes; that the king is dead.  
2 Citi. Ill news, by'r lady: seldom comes the better:  
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.  

Enter another Citizen.

3 Citi. Neighbours, God speed!  
1 Citi. Give you good morrow, sir.  
2 Citi. Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?  
3 Citi. Ay, sir; it is too true; God help, the while!  
3 Citi. Then, masters, look to see a troublesome world.

1 Citi. No, no; by God's good grace, his son shall reign.  
3 Citi. Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child!
SCENE IV.  

KING RICHARD III.  

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of government,  
With, in his notion, counsel under him;  
And, in his full and ripe'd days, himself,  
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.  
1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the Sixth  
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.  
3 Cit. Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God  
wor;  
For then this land was famously enrich'd,  
With politic grave counsel: then the king  
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.  
1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father and  
mother.  
3 Cit. Better it were they all came by his father,  
Or by his father there were none at all;  
'For emulation, who shall now be nearest,  
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.  
O! full of danger is the duke of Gloster;  
And the queen's sons, and brothers, brought and proud:  
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,  
This sickly land might solace as before.  
1 Cit. Come, come; we fear the worst: all will be  
well.  
3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put on their  
clouts;  
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand:  
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?  
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.  
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,  
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.  
2 Cit. Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:  
You cannot reason almost with a man  
That looks not heavily, and full of dread.  
3 Cit. Before the days of change, still is it so.  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Pursuing danger; as by proof we see  
The winter swell before a boisterous storm,  
But leave it all to God. Whither away?  
2 Cit. Marrv, we were sent for to the justices.  
3 Cit. And so was I: I'll bear you company.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.  

Enter the Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,  
Queen Elizabeth, and the Duchess of York.  

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony-Stratford,  
And at Northampton they do rest to-night;  
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.  

Duch. I 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 over'than him in his growth.  

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.  

Duch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.  

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,  
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow  
More than my brother; "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,  
"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace:"  
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast.  
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.  

Duch. 'Good faith,' 'good faith, the saying did not  
hold  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretchedest thing when he was young,  

So long a growing, and so leisurely,  
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.  

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.  

Duch. I hope, he is; but yet let mothers doubt.  

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,  
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,  
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.  

Duch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.  

York. Marrv, they say, my uncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old:  
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.  

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.  

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?  
York. Grandam, his nurse.  

Duch. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast  
born.  

York. If't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.  

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.  

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.  

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.  

Enter a Messenger.  

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news with you?  

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.  

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince?  

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.  

Duch. What is thy news?  

Mess. Lord Rivers and lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,  
And with them sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.  

Duch. Who hath committed them?  

Mess. The mighty dukes,  
Gloster and Buckingham.  

Arch. For what offence?  

Mess. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd:  
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,  
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.  

Q. Eliz. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house.  

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;  
Insulting tyranny begins to jet!  
Upon the innocent and awless? throne:—  
Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre!  
I see, as in a map, the end of all.  

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,  
How many of you have mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crown;  
Too often up and down my sons were lost,  
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, end thy damned spleen;  
Or let me die, to look on death no more.  

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy; we will to sanctu- 
ary.  

Madam, farewell.  

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.  

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.  

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.  

1 That, which: in f.  2 Encroach.  3 lawless: in quarter.
ACT III.

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it; Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it: Then, taking him from thence, that is not there, You break no privilege nor charter there. Oft have I heard of sanctuary men, But sanctuary children, ne'er till now. Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once — Come on, lord Hastings; will you go with me? Hast. I go, my lord. Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may. — [Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings. Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come, Where shall we sojourn till our coronation? Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self. If I may counsel you, some day, or two, Your highness shall repose you at the Tower Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit For your best health and recreation. Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place. Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord? Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place, Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified. Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it? Buck. It is upon record, my gracious lord. Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd, Methinks, the truth should live from age to age, As 't were retail'd to all posterity, Even to the general all-ending day. Glo. So wise so young, they say; do ne'er live long. [Aside. Prince. What say you, uncle? Glo. I say without characters fame lives long. Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity, I moralize two meanings in one word. Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man: With what his valour did enrich his wit, His wit set down to make his valour live: Death makes no conquest of his conqueror, For now he lives in fame, though not in life. — I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham. buck. What, my gracious lord? Prince. An if I live until I be a man, I'II win our ancient right in France again, Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king. Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [Aside. Enter York, Hastings, and the Cardinal. Buck. Now, in good time here comes the duke of York. Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother? York. Well, my dear lord; so must I call you now. Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is yours. Too late he died that might have kept that title, Which by his death hath lost much majesty. Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York? York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord, You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth: The prince my brother hath outgrown me far. Glo. He hath, my lord! York. And therefore is he idle? Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so. York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.
SCENE II.

KING RICHARD III.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign, But you have power o'er me as a kinsman. York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give; And, being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin. York. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.

Glo. As a gentle cousin it was light enough.

York. O! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts: In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk.—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—

Uncle, his brother mocks both you and me: Because that I am little, like an ape

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 prettily and aptly taunts 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? 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's angry ghost:

My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles 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 unto the Tower.

[Exeunt.]

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 lord Stanley sleep these tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that this night He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm: Besides, he says, there are two counsellors kept; And that may be determin'd at the one, Which may make you and him to rue at th' other. Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,— If you will presently take horse with him, And with all speed post with him toward the north, To shun the danger that his soul divides. Hast. Go, follow, go; return unto thy lord. Bid him not fear the separated council: His honour and myself are at the one, And at the other is my good friend Catesby; Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us, Whereof I shall not have intelligence. Tell him, his fears are shallow, without instance: And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple* To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers. To fly the boar, before the boar pursues, Were to incense the boar to follow us; And make pursuit, where he did most chase.  

1 sharp provided: in f. e. 2 This and the previous line, are not in the quartos. 3 Private. 4 willingness: in quartos. 5 So it should seem: in quartos.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me; And we will both together to the Tower, Where, shall see, the boar will use us kindly. 

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.  

[Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Host. Good morrow, Catesby: you are early stirring, What news, what news, in this our tottering state? 

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord; And, I believe, will never stand upright, Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 

Host. How? wear the garland! dost thou mean the crown? 

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Host. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders, Before I'll see the crown so foul misplace'd. But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it? 

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward Upon his party for the gain thereof; And thereupon he sends you this good news,— That this same very day your enemies, The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 

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 bar my master's heirs in trite descent, God knows, I will not do it, to the death. 

Host. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind. 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 unprepared, 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 deserved it. 

[Exit Catesby.

Enter Stanly.

Stan. My lord, good morrow: — good morrow, Catesby.— You may jest on, but, by the holy rood, I do not like these several councils, I. 

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? 

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London, Were jeocund, and supposed 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 rancour I misdoubt: Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward! What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent. 

Host. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what, my lord? To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded. Stan. They for their truth might better wear their heads Than some that have ascends'd them wear their hats. But come, my lord, let's away. 

[Exit a Pursuivant.

Host. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow. [Exit Stanly 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 hold it to your honour's good content. 

Host. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me. [Throwing his Purse. 

Purs. I thank your honour. [Exit Pursuivant. 

Enter a Priest.

Pr. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour. 

Host. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart, 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 chamberlain! Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest: Your honour hath no shriving 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. [Aside.

Come, will you go? 

Host. I'll wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle. 

Enter Ratcliff, with a Guard, conducting Rivers, Grey, and Vaughan, to execution. 

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:— To-day shalt thou behold a subject die For truth, for duty, and for loyalty. 

Grey. 'God bless the prince from all the pack of you! A knot you are of dammed blood-suckers. 

Vagh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-after. 

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 soul! We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink. 

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads. When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and me: For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son. 

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buck- ingham, Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God, To hear her prayer for them, as now for us! 

My gracious lord, I'll: in quarto. 2 Upon my life, my lord: in quarto. 3 mine enemies: in quarto. 4 What, my lord: in quarto. 5 you do yours: in quarto. 6 more precious to me than: in quarto. 7 This and the previous lines, are not in the quarto. 8 soul: in quarto.
And for my sister, and her princely sons,
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

**Rat.** Make haste, the hour of death is expiate.

**Riv.** Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

*Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.*  

[**Exeunt.**

**SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.**

**Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, the Bishop of Ely,**

**Catesby, Love, and others, sitting at a Table:**

Officers of the Council attending.

**Hast.** Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is this royal day?

**Buck.** Are all things ready for the royal time?

**Stan.** They are; and want but nomination.

**Ely.** To-morrow, then, I judge* a happy day.

**Buck.** Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward* with the noble duke?

**Ely.** Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

**Buck.** We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

**Hast.** I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my honourable* lords, may name the time;
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

[**Enter Gloster.**

**Ely.** In happy time here comes the duke himself.

**Glo.** My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but I trust,

My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

**Buck.** Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounced your part,

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

**Glo.** Than my lord Hastings, no man might be bolder.

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;

I do beseech you, send for some of them.

**Ely.** Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[**Exit Ely.**

**Glo.** Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[Taking him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head, ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,

Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

**Buck.** Withdraw yourself awhile: I'll go with you.

[**Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.**

**Stan.** We have not yet set down this day of triumph,

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided,

As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

[**Re-enter Bishop of Ely.**

**Ely.** Where is my lord, the duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries.

**Hast.** His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's never a man in Christendom

Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

**Stan.** What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any livelihood* he show'd to-day?

**Hast.** Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

[**Re-enter Gloster and Buckingham.**

**Glo.** I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots

Of damned witchcraft? and that have prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

**Hast.** The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom th' offenders: whoseo'er they be,

I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

**Glo.** Then, be your eyes the witness of their evil.—

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm

Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,

 Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

**Hast.** If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

**Glo.** If I, true protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st then to me of it?—Thou art a traitor:—

Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—

**Love, and Ratelifl, look that it be done:

The rest, that love me, rise, and follow me.

[**Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.**

**Hast.** Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;

And I did seern it, and disdained to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,

And started when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O! now I need the priest that spake to me;

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies,

To-day at Pomfret bloodily was butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O, Margaret, Margaret! how thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

**Rat.** Come, come; despatch, the duke would be at dinner:

Make a short shift: he longs to see your head.

**Hast.** O, momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

**Lov.** Come, come, despatch: he is bootless to exclaim.

**Hast.** O, bloody Richard! miserable England!

I prophesy the fearfulst 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 rusty armour, marvellous ill-favoured, and in haste.**

**Glo.** Come, cousin, canst thou quave, and change thy colour,

Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

**Buck.** Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and prey on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw;
Intending deep suspicion: glastly 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 innocence defend and guard us!

**Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings’ Head, on a Spear.**

**Glo.** Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff, and Lovel:
Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

**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 attainer of suspects.

**Buck.** Well, well, he was the covert’s shelter’d traitor
That ever liv’d.—
Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were’t not that 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 should it be, that again 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,
Enforced us to this execution?

**May.** Now, fair befal you! he deserv’d his death;
And your good graces both 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 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 wail his death.

**May.** But, my good lord, your grace’s words shall serve,
As well as I had seen, and heard him speak:
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,

But I’ll acquaint our duteous 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 earing 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.

**Exit Lord Mayor.**

**Glo.** Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall lieth him in all post:
There, at your meetest vantage 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 termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust;
Which stretch’d unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control lust to make a prey.

Nay, for 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 had wars in France;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was past his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments:
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as ’t were far off;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

**Buck.** Doubt not, my lord, I’ll play the orator,
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself: and so, my lord, adieu.

**Glo.** If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard’s castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied,
With reverend fathers, and well-learned bishops.

**Buck.** I go: and, towards three or four o’clock,
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

**Exit Buckingham.**

**Glo.** Go, Lovel, with all speed to doctor Shaw—
Go thou [To 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.

**SCENE VI.—A Street.**

**Enter a Scrivener**, with a writing.

**Scri.** Here is the indiciimt of the good lord Hastings;
Which in a set hand fairly is engross’d,
That it may be to-day read o’er in Paul’s;
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me,
The precedent was full as long a doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv’d,
Untainted, unexam’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 or thought.**[Exit.**
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.

Glo. Touch not the bastards of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy, And his contract by deputy in France.

Th' insatiate greediness of his desires, And his enforcement of the city wives: His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy, As being got, your father then in France; And dis-resemblance, being not like the duke.

Withal I did infer your lineaments, Being the right idea of your father, Both in your form and nobleness of mind: Laid open all your victories in Scotland, Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace, Your bounty, virtue, fair humility; Indeed, left nothing fit for your purpose Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse:

And, when my oratory drew toward end, I bade them that did love their country's good, Cry—"God save Richard, England's royal king!"

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word; But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones, Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale. Which when I saw, I reprehended them, And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence? His answer was, the people were not us'd To be spoke to, but by the recorder.

Then, he was urg'd to tell my tale again:— "Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inform'd;" But nothing spoken in warrant from himself. When he had done, some followers of mine own, At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps, And some ten voices cried, "God save king Richard!" And thus I took the vantage of those few,— "Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth I; "This general applause, and cheerful shout, Argues your wisdom, and your love to Richard;" And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they! would they not speak?

Will not the mayor, then, and his brethren, come? Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear; Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit: And look you get a prayer-book in your hand, And stand between two churchmen, good my lord; For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant: And be not easily won to our requests; Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go; and if you plead as well for them, As I can say nay to thee for myself, No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

[Knocking heard.]

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads! the lord mayor knocks. [Exit Gloster. Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord: I dance attendance here; I think the duke will not be spoke withal. — Enter from the Castle, Catesby.

Now, Catesby! what says your lord to my request?

Cate. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord, To visit him to-morrow, or next day. He is within, with two right reverend fathers, Divinely bent to meditation; And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd, To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke: Tell him, ourself, the mayor, and aldermen, In deep designs, in matter of great moment, No less importing than our general good, Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit. Buck. Ah, ha! my lord, this prince is not an Edward: He is not lulling on a lewd love-bed, But on his knees at meditation; Not dallying with a brace of courtezans, But meditating with two deep divines; Not sleeping to engross his idle body, But praying to enrich his watchful soul. Happy were England, would this virtuous prince Take on his grace! the sovereignty thereof; But sore I fear we shall not win him to it. May Marry, God forbid! no man should say us nay! Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes again.—[Re-enter Catesby.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace?

Cate. He wonders to what end you have assembled Such troops of citizens to come to him: His grace not being warn'd thereof before, He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should Suspect me, that I mean no good to him: By heaven, we come to him in perfect love; And so once more return, and tell his grace. [Exit Catesby.

When holy and devout religious men Are at their heads, 'tis much to draw them thence; So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, with a book, in a Gallery above, between two Bishops. CATESBY returns.

May, Sir, where his grace stands 'twixt two clergy-men! Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince, To stay him from the fall of vanity; And, see, a book of prayer in his hand; True ornament to know a holy man. Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, Lead favourable ear to our requests, And pardon us the interruption

Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology; I do beseech your grace to pardon me, Who, earnest in the service of my God, Deferr'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 ungodly isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence, That seems disgraceful in the city's eye; And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please your grace,

On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land? Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign The supreme seat, the throne majestic, The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

spoke not: in quartos. * This and the previous line, and also the next but one after, are not in the quartos. * his resemblance: id f. e. * This line is not in the quartos. * star'd: in quartos. ** star'd: in quartos. 13 day-bed: in quartos. 11 himself: in quartos. 12 sure: in f. e. 14 The words, "with a book," are not in f. e. 15 This and the previous line, are not in the quartos.
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth, 1
The lineal glory of your royal house,
To the corruption of a blemish’d stock; 2
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our country’s good,
This noble issue doth want her proper limbs;
Her face defaul’d with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder’d in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion.
Which to reverse, we heartily beg.

Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kindly 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, consort’d 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 fitted for my degree, or your condition:
If, not to advance, you might half think.
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded,
To hear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me:
If to reprieve 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,
Definitively thus I answer you. 4

Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns 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,
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother’d.
But, God be thank’d, there is no need of me;
And much I need to help you, were there need:
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow’d by the heating 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 defend that I should wring from him.

Buck. My lord, this argueth 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 we say 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 brother’d
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz’d mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distress’d widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days.

Made prize and purchase’ of his wanton eye,
Seduc’d the pitch and height of his degree 5
To base declension and loath’d bigames.
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 of the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you,
Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer’d love. 6
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 10
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 despise the child, your brother’s son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle spirit, to forecast your course.
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher you accept our suit or no,
Your brother’s son shall never reign our king.
But we will plant some other in your throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
And, in this resolution, here we leave you.—
Zounds, 11 citizens! we will entreat no more.

Glo. O! do not swear, my cousin Buckingham. 12

[Exit Buckingham. 13

Cate. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit:
If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call him again; I am not made of stone.
But penetrable to your kind entreaties, [Exit Catesby.
Albeit against my conscience, and my soul.—

Re-enter Buckingham. 14

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will bucklie fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher’ I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or soul-fac’d reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blot and taint thereof;
For God doth know, 15 and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.
May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live king Richard, England’s worthy king!

All. Amen.
Buck. To-morrow may it 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 holy work 16 again.

[To the Bishops.

Farwell, my cousin,—farewell, gentle friends.

[Exeunt.
ACT IV.

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-dispersing wind of misery!-
O, my accursed womb, the bed of death!
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unaverted eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.
Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.-
O! would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish myself no harm. [now.
Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which, then, I weeping follow'd;
O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish,—"Be thou," quoth I, "accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wert lest, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!"
Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which hitherto I held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.
Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that take'st thy leave of it.
Duch. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—
[To Dorset. Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—
[To Anne. Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—
[To Queen Elizabeth. I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wreck'd'd with a week of teem!—
Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back, with me, unto the Tower.—
Pity, you 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!

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice.

[Trumpets sound.

And thy assistance, is king Richard seated?

But shall we bear these glories 3 for a day,

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now do I play the
touch,

To try if thou be current gold, indeed.—

Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king:

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'T is so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That Edward still should live,—true, noble prince.—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:

Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness
freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you 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 unrespective boys: none are for me,

That look into me with considerate eyes.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!—

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting
gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,

Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.


[Exit Page.

The deep-revolving, witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untird,

And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter Stanley.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news with you?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

1 Not in f. e. 2 honours: in quartos. 3 Immediately. 4 lines: in quartos. 5 Would: in quartos. 6 mean-born: in quartos. 7 Not in f. e. 8 f. e. have only "Whispers," 9 thee, too: in quartos. 10 demand: in quartos. 11 The lines from this to "the giving vein to-day," are not in the quartos.

Inquire me out some mean poor 4 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 upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her?

Uncertain way of gain! But I am in

So far in blood, that sin will pluck out sin.

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with Tyrrell.

Is thy name Tyrrell?

Tyr. James Tyrrell, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrell, 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,

Tyrrell:—

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

[TYRRELL rises, and RICHARD Whispers. 8

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

Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look
unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,

For which your honour and your faith are pawn'd;

Th' earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,

Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request? 10

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the sixth

Did prophecy that Richmond should be king,

When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that

time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy shew'd me the castle,

And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,

I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord.

K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me.'
SCENE IV.

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, I keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in the giving vein to-day.
Buck. Why then resolve me whether you will or no?
K. Rich. Thou troubltest me: I am not in the vein.
Exeunt King Richard angrily, and his Train.
Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?
O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on. [Exit.}

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter Tyrell.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, blooded dogs,
Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
"O! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes —  
"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay; [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 replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd;"—
Hence both are gone; with conscience and remorse,
They could not speak; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King Richard.
And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!  
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.
K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?
Tyr. I did, my lord.
K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrell?  
Tyr. The chaplains of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.
K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrell, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death,
Mean time but think how I may thee do good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I sent up close;
His daughter mealy have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good-night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richard aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on' the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby, in haste.

Cate. My lord! —

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly?
Cate. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond:
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
K. Rich. Evil with Richmond troubles me more near,
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.
Come; I have learn'd, that fearful commotion
Is leaden servant to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pae'd beggary:
Then, fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.—

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield:
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field.

[Exeunt.]
Thou hast an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him; 
Thou hast a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him. 

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him: I had a Rutland too; thou holp'st to kill him. 


From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death: 
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes, 
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood: 
That foul defacer of God's handy-work, 
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls, 
That excellent grand tyrant of the earth:
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.—
O! upright, just, and true-disposing God, 
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur 
Preys on the issue of his mother's body, 
And makes her pew-fellow\(^1\) with others' moan! 

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my woes: 
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge, 
And now I cloy me with beholding it. 
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward; 
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward; 
Young York he is but boot, because both they 
Match not the high perfection of my loss. 
Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward; 
And the beholders of this frantic\(^2\) play, 
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey, 
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligence, 
Only reserv'd 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.\(^3\) 
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray, 
That I may live and say, the dog is dead. 

Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy; the time would come, 
That I should wish for thee to help me curse 
That bottle spider, that foul lunch-back'd toad. 

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then, vain flourish of my fortune; 
I call'd thee then, poor shadow, painted queen; 
The presentation of but what I was, 
The flattering index of a direful pageant, 
One head\(^4\) o' high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only meek'd with two fair babes; 
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag, 
To be the aim of every dangerous shot; 
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble; 
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene. 
Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers? 
Where be thy two sons?\(^5\) wherein dost thou joy? 
Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen? 
Where be the bending peers that flatt'rd thee? 
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee? 
Decline all this, and see what now thou art. 
For happy wife, a most distressed widow; 
For joyful mother, one that waifs the name; 
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues; 
For queen, a very caiff'd crown'd with care: 
For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd 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 whirl'd about, 
And left thee but a very prey to time; 
Having no more but thought of what thou wast 
To torture thee the more, being what thou art. 
Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not 
Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow? 
Now, thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke; 
From which, even here, I slip my wearied head, 
And leave the burden of it all on thee. 

Farwell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance: 
These English woes shall make me smile in France. 

Q. Eliz. O! thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while, 
And teach me how to curse mine end. 

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day, 
Compare dead happiness with living woe; 
Think that thy babes were fairer\(^6\) than they were, 
And he that slew them fouler then he is: 
Bettering thy loss makes the bad-causer worse: 
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse. 

Q. Eliz. My words are dull; O! quicken them with thine. 

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, 
Airey successors of intestine joys, 
Poor breed! how should we amuse them! 
Let them have scope: though what they do impair 
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart. 

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me, 
And in the breadth of bitter words let's smoother 
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd. 

[As Trumpet heard. 

The trumpet sounds;\(^7\) be copious in exclaims. 

Enter King Richard, and his Train, marching. 

K. Rich. Who interceips me in my expedition? 

Duch. O! she, that might have interceiped thee, 
By strangling thee in her accused womb, 
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done. 

Q. Eliz. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown, 
Where 't should be branded, if that right were right, 
For slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown, 
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers? 
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children? 

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother 
Clarence. 

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son? 

Q. Eliz. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey? 

Duch. Where is kind Hastings? 

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums! 
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women 
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say! — 

[Flourish. Alarms. 

Either be patient, and entreat me fair, 
Or with the clamorous report of war 
Thus will I drown your exclamations. 

Duch. Art thou my son? 

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself. 

Duch. Then patiently hear\(^8\) my impatience. 

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition, 
That cannot brook the accent of reproof. 

Duch. O! let me speak. 

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear. 

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my words. 

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste. 

Duch. Art thou so hasty? I once\(^9\) slay'd for thee, 
God knows, in torment and in agony! 

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you? 

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\(^1\) This line is not in the quartos. 
\(^2\) Companion. 
\(^3\) tragic in quartos. 
\(^4\) away in quartos. 
\(^5\) Where are thy children in quartos. 
\(^6\) wheel'd in quartos. 
\(^7\) sweeter in folio. 
\(^8\) intestines in folio. 
\(^9\) ill in folio. 
\(^10\) I hear his drum in quartos. 
\(^11\) hear in f. e. 
\(^12\) This and the preceding speech, are not in the quartos. 
\(^13\) have in f. e. 
\(^14\) in anguish, pain and agony in quartos.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
 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 harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd that can do me good?
K. Rich. Thy advancement of your children gentle
lady.
Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads
K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of honour. The high imperial type of this earth's glory.
Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?
K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.
Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.
Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.
K. Rich. What do you think?
Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from thy soul.
So, from thy soul's love diest thou love her brothers;
And from my heart's love do I thank thee for it.
K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning.
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.
Q. Eliz. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?
K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen: who else should be?
Q. Eliz. What! thou?
K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?
Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?
K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her honour.
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 engraft
Edward and York; then, haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this indiction move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.
K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.
Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.
K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.
Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot choose but hate thee.

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.
K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now amended.

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love,
Than is the doting title of a mother:
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth;
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is our queen:
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore, accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
Treads dissatisfied steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity:
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What! we have many goodly days to see:
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:
Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
Prepare her cars to hear a wooer's tale;
Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess
With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:
And when this arm of mine hath estalished
The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;
To whom I will retain my conquest won,
And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her father's brother
Would be her lord? Or shall I say, her uncle?
Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
Under what title shall I woo for thee,
That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?
K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.
Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.
K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may command, entreats.
Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the king's King
for this shall hold.
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 everlasting.
Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?
K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthen it.
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, loaths such sovereignty.
K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.
Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
K. Rich. Then, plainly to her 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.
Q. Eliz. O! no, my reasons are too deep and dead;
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.
K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.
Q. Eliz. Harp it on still I, till heart-string's break.
K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'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 honour;
Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;
Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.
If something thou wouldest swear to be believe'd,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.
K. Rich. Now by the world,—
Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.
K. Rich. My father's death,—
Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'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 brother 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 wronged in the time o'er-past:
For I myself have many tears to wash
Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
Un governed youth, to wait it with their age;
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wait 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'd!
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,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts.
I tender not thy beauteous princes' daughter!
In her estates my happiness and thing:
Without her, follows to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:

leads: in f. e. The preceding fifty-five lines are only in the folio. Then, in plain terms, tell her: in quartos. holy: in quartos. So the quartos: the folio: he swears first by himself, next by the world, and then by his father's death. This line is not in the quartos.
It cannot be avoided, but by this;
It will not be avoided, but by this.
Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so)
Be the attorney of my love to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I have been;
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve:
Urge the necessity of state and times.

And be not peevish! fond in great designs.
Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?
K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.
Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself, to be myself?
K. Rich. Ay, if your self’s remembrance were wrong
yourself.

K. Rich. But in your daughter’s womb I’ll bury them:
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomfort.
Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?
K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.
Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me Richard, very shortly;
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love’s kis, and so farewell.

[Kissing her.] Exit Q. Elizabeth.

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman!—
How now! what news?

Enter Ratcliff in haste; Catesby following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy: to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm’d, and unresolv’d to beat them back.
’Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral:
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
Norfolk:—

Ratcliff, my self,—or Catesby; where is he?

Cate. Here, my good lord.


Cate. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury:
When thou com’st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,

[To Catesby.
Why stay’st thou here, and go’st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness’ pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cate. I go. [Exit.]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salis-
bury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter Stanley.

K. Rich. My mind is chang’d.—Stanley, what news
with you?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;
Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad?
What need’st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may’st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?
Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord Marquess Dorset, ’T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms;
But this good comfort bring 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 him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
Hoist’s sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.
K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.
[Enter Caterby.

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.
K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

Scene I.—Salisbury. An open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with Buckingham led to Execution.

Buck. Will not king Richard let me speak with him?
Sher. No, my good lord; therefore, be patient.
Buck. Hastings, and Edward’s children, Grey, and Rivers,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your Moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!—
This is All-Souls’ day, fellow, is it not?
Sher. It is,
Buck. Why, then All-Souls’ day is my body’s doomsday.
This is the day, which, in king Edward’s time,
I wish’d might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife’s allies:
This is the day, wherein I wish’d to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls’ day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs.
That high All-See, which I dallied with,
Hath turn’d my feign’d prayer on my head,
And given in earnest what I begg’d in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points in their masters’ bosoms.
Thus Margaret’s curse falls heavy on my neck:—
“ When he,” quoth she, “ shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.”—
Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
[Exeunt Buckingham and Officers.

Scene II.—A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Richmond, Oxford, Sir James Blunt, Sir Walter Herbert, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis’d undernath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march’d on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
[Showing a Paper.

Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The reckless, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoil’d your summer fields, and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell’d bosoms, this sole swine
Is now even in the centre of this isle,
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither, is but one day’s march.
In God’s name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.
Of. Every man’s conscience is a thousand men,
To fight against this guilty homicide.
Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for
Which in his dearest need will fly* from him. [Fear,
Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God’s name march.
True hope is swift, and flies with swallow’s wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
[Exeunt.

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?
Syr. 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 knockes; 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 for that.—
Who hath descried the number of the traitors?
Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.
K. Rich. Why, our battle trothes 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.

Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's Tent.
Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set, And by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives on 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,
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.¹
The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the earl to see me in my tent—
Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me:
Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Unless I have mislaid his colours much,
(Which, well I am assure'd, I have not done)
His regiment lies half a mile, at least,
South from the mighty power of the king.
Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.
Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night.²
Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. —Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent, the dew's is raw and cold.

Enter, to his Tent, King Richard, Norfolk, Ratcliff, and Catesby.

K. Rich. What is 't o'clock.
Cate. It's supper time, my lord; it's nine o'clock.
K. Rich. I will not sup to-night. —
Give me some ink and paper —
What, is my beaver easier than it was,
And all my armour laid into my tent?
Cate. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.
K. Rich. Good Norfolk, be thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.
Nor. I go, my lord.
K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow; gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.]

K. Rich. Ratcliff! Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch:
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff.—
Rat. My lord?
K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Northumber-land?
Rat. Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.
K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—

Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?
Rat. It is, my lord.
K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me,
Ratcliff, about the mind of night, come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.
[King Richard retires into his Tent. Exeunt Ratcliff and Catesby.

RICHMOND's Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!
Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me, I pray, how fares our loving mother?
Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good:
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning;
And put thy fortune to the arbitration
Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
Be executed in his father's sight.
Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these rites of love!
Once more, adieu—Be valiant, and speed well!
Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
Lest laden slumber pipes me down to-morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victory,
Once more, good night. kind lords, and gentlemen.
[Exeunt Lords, &c., with Stanley.
O! Thou, whose captain I account myself, [Kneeling,³
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory! —
To thee I do commend my watchful soul,

¹ These lines are not in the quarto. ² air: in quarto. ³ Not in f. e. ⁴ Earwigh. ⁵ Not in f. e.
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes: 
Sleeping, and waking, O, defend me still!

[Lines down and sleeps.]

The Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry the Sixth, 
rises between the two Tents.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

[To King Richard.]

Think how thou stabbedst me, in my prime of youth, 
At Tewskbury: despair, therefore, and die,—
Be cheerful, Richard; for the wrong'd 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 appointed body 
To King Richard.

By thee was punched full of deadly' holes. 
Think on the Tower, and me: despair, and die; 
Harry the sixth bids thee despair and die,—
Mirths 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 home wine, 
Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death! 
To-morrow in the battle think on me, 
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and die,—
Thou offspring 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.

Rev. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow.

Rivers, that died at Pompfret. 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,—
Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[To Richmond.]

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom 
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 'tis, 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 Princess rise.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower: 
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard, 
And weep 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 born's annoy! 
Live, and begat 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 wife, 
That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations.

To-morrow in the battle think on me, 
And fall 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 crown; 
To King Richard.

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.
O! in the battle think on Buckingham, 
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death: 
Painting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath.—
I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

[To Richmond.]

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd: 
God, and good angels fight on Richard'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 affliet me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dark midnight. 
Cold fearful drops do stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? myself? there's none else by: 
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I. 
Is there a murderer here? No yes: I am I.
Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason: why? 
Lest I revenge. What! Myself upon myself? 
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any good, 
That I myself have done unto myself? 
O! no: alas! I rather hate myself, 
For hateful deeds committed by myself.
I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well;—Fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues, 
And every tongue brings in a several tale, 
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, foul! perjury, in the highest degree; 
Murder, stern murder, in the dirt's 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.

K. Rich. What's there? 

Ratcliff, my lord; 'tis I. The early village cock 
Hath twice done salutation to the morn: 
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful dream.—

What think'st thou? will our friends prove all true? 

Rat. No doubt, my lord. 

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear—
Rat. Nay; good my lord; be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night 
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard, 
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers, 
Arm'd in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
KING RICHARD III.

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt King Richard and Ratcliff. Enter Oxford and others.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, [Waking.] and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy slumber here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord? Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams,
That ever entered in a drowsy head.

Have I since your departure had, my lords,
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard murdered,
Came to my tent, and cried—On! victory!
I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and give direction.

[He advances to the Troops. More than I have said, loving countrymen.
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-sounding bugwarks stand before our faces.
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foule stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;
One that hath ever been God's enemy.
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers:
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
God, and Saint George! Richmond, and victory!

[Exeunt Re-enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Attendants, and Forces.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.

[Clock strikes.
Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.

[Calendar brought.

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord.

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and leart upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me,
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.


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 foreward shall be drawn out in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our archers shall be placed in the midst,
John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow them.
In the main battle; whose puissance on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a Paper.

K. Rich. "Jockey of Norfolk be not too bold,

[Reads.

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.
David's 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 who you are to cope withal:—
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and run-aways,
A scum of Bretagne, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,
They would distract the one, distract the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost;
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretagnes; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd;
And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[Drum afar off.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen! Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head; Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood: Amaze the welkin with your broken staves.

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley? will he bring his power? 

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come. 

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head. 

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh: After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards! set upon our foes! Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George, Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons! Upon them! Victory sits on our helmets! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Another part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Norfolk, and Forces; to him Catesby.

Cate. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue! The king enchant's more wonders than a man, Daring an opposite to every danger. His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights, Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death. Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost! 

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! 

Cate. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse. 

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast, And I will stand the hazard of the die. I think there be six Richmonds in the field; Five have I slain to-day, instead of him,— A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter King Richard and Richmond; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquitted.

Lo! here, this usurped royalty. From the dead temples of this bloody wretch Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal: Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, amen, to all!— But, tell me, is young George Stanley living? 

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town; Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side? 


Richm. Inter their bodies as basely as their births, Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers dead, 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 enmity!— What traitor hears me, and says not, amen? England hath long been mad, and scatter'd herself; The brother blindly shed the brother's blood, The father rashly slaughter'd his own son, The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire; All this divided York and Lancaster, Divided in their dire divisions. O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth, The true successors of each royal house, By God's fair ordinance conjoin together: And let their heirs, (God, if thy will be so) Enrich the time to come with smooth-face'd 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. AND CARDINAL WOLSEY.

Henry VIII. Act III. Scene 2.
KING HENRY VIII.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GRIFFITH, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.
Three other Gentlemen. Garter, King at Arms.
Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
Brandon, and a Sergeant at Arms.
Door-keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man.
Page to Gardiner. A Crier.

QUEEN KATHARINE, Wife to King Henry.
Anne Boleyn, her Maid of Honour.
An old Lady, Friend to Anne Boleyn.
Patience, Woman to Queen Katharine.

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, guarded¹ 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
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living; think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the general throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery:
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding day.

ACT I.


Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door; at the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Abergavenny.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How have you done,
Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thank your grace,
Heathful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely age

Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory; those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of 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 thron'd ones could have
weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost

¹ Bordered.
The view of earthly glory: men might say,
Till this time, pomp was single; but now married
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day’s master, till the last
Made former wonders its: to-day the French
All clading, 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 gilt: the madams, too,
Not us’d to till, did almost sweat to bear
The pride upon them, that their very labour
Was to them as a painting: now this mask
Was cried incomparable; and the ensuing night
Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst;
As presence did present them; him in eye,
Still him in praise; and, being present both,
’T was said, they saw but one: and no discern
Durst wag his tongue in council. When these suns
(For so they praise ’em) by their heralds challenge’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 honour honesty, the tract of every thing
Would by a good discourse lessen some life,
Which action’s self was tongue to. All was royal:
To the disposing of it ought rebell’d;
Order gave each thing view.

Buck. The office did
Distinctly his full function. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?
Nor. One, certes, that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, my lord?
Nor. All this was order’d by the good discretion
Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man’s pie is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fereé 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 thieving.

Aber. I cannot tell
What heaven hath given him; let some graver eye
Pierce through each part of him: whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a naggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
(Without the privity o’ the king) t’ appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file

Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too,* whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch him in the papers.

Aber. I do know
Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken’d their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O! many
Have broke their backs, with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister the consummation of
A most poor issue?

Nor. Grievously I think,
The peace between the French and us not values
The cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
After the hideous storm that follow’d, was
A thing inspir’d; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy,—that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, abode
The sudden breach on’t.

Nor. Which is budded out;
For France hath flaw’d the league, and hath attach’d
Our merchants’ goods at Bordeaux.

Aber. It is therefore
Th’ ambassador is silence’d?

Nor. Marry, is’t.

Aber. A proper title of peace, and purchas’d
At a superfluous rate.

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety) that you read
The cardinal’s maleice 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 may be said,
It reaches far; and where ’t will not extend,
Neither does it darts. Bosh up my counsel;
You’ll find it wholesome. Lo! where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey (the purse borne before him),
certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with
Papers. The Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye
on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full
disdain.

Wol. The duke of Buckingham’s surveyor? ha!
Where’s his examination?

1 Ser. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

1 Ser. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buck-

ingham
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 him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar’s brood? 
Out-worths a noble’s blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf’d?
Ask God for temperance; that’s th’ appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

1 Of Southampton, the hero of an old romance. 2 This sentence is assigned to Norrox, in f. e. 3 A ball of fat, rolled up by butchers.
* O: in folio. Steevens made the change. * To: in folio; which Knight retains. 4 minister communication: in f. e. 7 book: in f. e.
I read in 's looks
Matter against me; and his eye revil'd
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick. He's gone t' the king:
I'll follow, and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your cholr question
What 't is you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you; be to yourself,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich fellow's insolence, or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foes so hot
That it do singe yourself: we may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by over-rushing. Know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor till 't run o'er,
In seeming to augment it wastes it? Be advis'd:
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself,
If' with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

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 fountains in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say 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
Infesting 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 swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break 't the rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning cardinal
The articles o' the combination drew,
As himself pleas'd; and they were ratified,
As he cried, "Thus let be," to as much end,
As give a crutch t' the dead. But our count-cardinal
Has done this, and 't is well: for worthy Wolsey,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To the old dam, treason) Charles the emperor,
Under pretence to see the queen, his aunt,
(For 't was, indeed, his colour, but he came
To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and France might, through their amity,
Breed him some prejudice; for from this league,
Peep'd harms that menace'd him. He privily
Deals with our cardinal, and, as I tow,
Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
Ere it was ask'd: but when the way was made,
And pav'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd:—
That he would please to alter the king's course,
And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know,
(As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, 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.

Bran. Your office, sergeant; execute it.

Serg. Sir,
My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo, you, my lord!
The net has fall'n upon me: I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you tak'en from liberty, to look on
The business present. 'T is his highness' pleasure,
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that die is on me,
Which makes my whist's part black. The will of
heaven
Be done in this and all things.—I obey—
O! my lord Abergavenny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company.—The king
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, till you know
How he determines farther.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the king's pleasure
By me obey'd.

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king t' attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Car,
And Gilbert Pock, his chancellor, —

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs o' the plot.—No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O! Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false: the o'er-great cardinal
Hath show'd him gold. My life is spann'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.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Council-Chamber.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder; Wolsey, the Lords of the Council, Sir Thomas Lovell, Officers, Secretary.

K. Hen. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care. I stood 't the level
Of a full charg'd condeleyency, and give thanks
To you that chok'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
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze. 
Alliance in them: their curses now Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass, Their tractable obedience is a slave.
To each incensed will. I would, your highness Would give it quick consideration, for There is no pruner 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't? I am ignorant of it; neither know My faculties, nor person, yet will be The chronicles of my doing, let me say, 'T is but the fate of place, and the rough brake That virtue must go through. We must not stint Our necessary actions, in the fear To cope malicious censurers; which ever, As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow That is new trim'm'd, but benefit no farther Than vainly longing. What we oft do best, By sick interpreters (ones weak ones) is Not ours, or not allow'd; what 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 carp'd at, We should take root here, where we sit, or sit State statues only.  

K. Hen. Things done well, And with a care, exempt themselves from fear: Things done without example, in their issue Are to be fear'd. Have you a 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, lob, bark, and part of the timber; And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd, The air will drink the sap. To every county Where this is question'd send our letters, with Free pardon to each man that has denied The force of this commission. Pray, look to't; I put it to your care.  

Wol. A word with you. [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.  

Q. Kath. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham Is much in your displeasure.  

K. Hen. It grieves many: The gentleman is learn'd, and a most rare speaker; To nature none more bound; his training such, That he may furnish and instruct great teachers, And never seek for aid out of himself: yet see, When these so noble benefits shall prove Not well disposed, 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 'mongst wonders, and when we, Almost with ravish'd listing, could not find His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady, Hath into monstrous habits put the grace. That once were his, and is become as black.
As if beasm'ed in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear (This was his gentleman in trust) of him Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount The fore-recited practices, whereof We cannot feel too little, hear too much. Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you, Most like a careful subject, have collected. Out of the duke of Buckingham. K. Hen. Speak freely. Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day It would infect his speech, that if the king Should without issue die, he'd carry it so To make the sceptre his. These very words I've heard him utter to his son-in-law, Lord Abergany, to whom by oath he menace'd Revenge upon the cardinal. Wol. Please your highness, note This dangerous conception in this point. Not friended by his wish, to your high person His will is most malignant; and it stretches Beyond you, to your friends. Q. Kath. My learn'd lord cardinal, Deliver all with charity. K. Hen. Speak on. How grounded he his title to the crown, Upon our fail? To this point hast thou heard him At any time speak aught? Surv. He was brought to this By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins. K. Hen. What was that Hopkins? Surv. Sir, a Chartres 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 Poultney, did of me demand What was the speech among the Londoners Concerning the French journey? I replied, Men fear'd the French would prove peridious, To the king's danger. Presently the duke Said, it was the fear, indeed; and that he doubted, 'T would prove the verity of certain words Spoke by a holy monk; "that oh," says he, "Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour To hear from him a matter of some moment: Whom after, under the 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 pausingly ensued.—Neither the king, nor his heir, (Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive To gain the love of the commonalty: the duke Shall govern England. Q. Kath. If I know you well, You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office On the complaint of the tenants. Take good heed, You charge not in your spleen a noble person, And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed; Yes, heartily beseech you. K. Hen. Let him on.— Go forward. Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth. I told my lord the duke, by the devil's illusions The monk might be deceiv'd; and that 'twas dangerous From this to ruminate on it so far, until It for'd him some design, which, being believ'd, It was much like to do; He answered, "Tush! It can do me no damage?" adding farther, That had the king in his last sickness fail'd, The cardinal's and sir Thomas Lovell's heads Should have gone off. K. Hen. Ha! what, so rank? Ah, ha! There's mischief in this man.—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 Blommer,— K. Hen. I remember, Of such a time: being my sworn servant, The duke retain'd him his.—But on: what hence? Surv. "If," quoth he, "I for this had been committed, As, to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd The part my father meant to act upon Th' usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury, Made 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 freedom, And this man out of prison? Q. Kath. God mend all! K. Hen. There's something more would out of thee: what say'st? Surv. After "the duke his father," with "the knife," He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger, Another spread on'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 irreligious 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 juggle Men into such strange mysteries? Sands. New customs, Though they be never so ridiculous, Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd. Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English Have got by the late voyage is but merely A fit or two of the face; but they be shrewd ones, For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly, Their very noses had been counsellors To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so. Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones: one would take it That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin, Or springhalt reign'd among them. Cham. Death! my lord, Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too, That, sure, they've worn out Christendom.—How now! What news, Sir Thomas Lovell? Enter Sir Thomas Lovell. 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?
KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.
Cham. I am glad 'tis there: now, I would pray our
monsieurs
To think an English courtier may be wise,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) leave those remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fireworks;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom; renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short bluster'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old playfellows; there, I take it
They may, cum privilegio, wear away
The lag end of their lowness, and be laug'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 sly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French song and a fiddle have no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle them! I am glad they're going,
For, sure, there's no converting them now:
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing, and by'r-lady,
Hold current music too.
Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.
Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither were you a going?
Lov. To the cardinal's.
Cham. Your lordship is a guest too.
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many lords and ladies: there will be
The beauty of this kingdom: I'll assure you.
Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us:
His dews fall every where.
Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black month that said other of him.
Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal: in him
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his sway ¹ should be most liberal;
They are sent here for examples.
Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays;
Your lordship shall along.—Come, good sir Thomas,
We shall be late else; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with sir Henry Guildford,
This night to be comptrollers.
Sands. I am your lordship's. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.
Hautboys. A small Table under a State for the Cardinal,
a longer Table for the Guests; then enter Anne Bul-
len, and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, as
Guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry
Guildford.

Guild. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace

Salutes ye all: this night he dedicates
To fair content, and you. None here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad; he would have all as merry
As, first, good company, good wine, good welcome
Can make good people.—O, my lord! y'are tardy;
Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas
Lovell.
The very thought of this fair company
Clapp'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, sir Harry Guildford.
Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.
Lov. O! that your lordship were but now confessor
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, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this.
His grace is entering.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather:
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies;
[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 penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, attended, and
takes his State.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.
Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholding to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry.—gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine 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. You cannot show me.
Sands. I told your grace how they would talk anon.
[Drum and Trumpets within; Chambers' discharged.
Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [Exit a Servant.
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 labour, sir: All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner.

2 Gent. Were you there?
1 Gent. Yes, indeed, was I.
2 Gent. Pray, speak what has happened.
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 it.
1 Gent. So are a number more.
2 Gent. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gent. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations
He pleaded still not guilty, and alleg'd
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.

The king's attorney, on the contrary,
Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
Of divers witnesses, which the duke desir'd
To have brought, cried to, to his face:
At which appeared against him, his surveyor;
Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Car,
Confessor to him; with that devil-monk,
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gent. That was he,
That fed him with his prophecies?
1 Gent. The same.

All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
Would have flung from himself, but, indeed, he could not:
And so his peers, upon this evidence,
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much

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1 This word is not in f. e.
2 Not in f. e.
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 knell rung out, his judgment, he was stirred
With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
And something spoke in choicer, ill, and hasty:
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.
2 Gent. I do not think, he fears death.
3 Gent. Sure, he does not;
He was never so womanish: the cause
He may a little grieve at.
2 Gent. Certainly.
The cardinal is the end of this.
1 Gent. 'Tis likely
By all conjectures: first, Kildare's attainer,
Then deputy of Ireland: who remov'd,
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.
2 Gent. That trick of state
Was a deep envious one.
1 Gent. At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
And generally—whether the king favours,
The cardinal instantly will find employment.
And far enough from court too.
2 Gent. All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and dote on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy—
1 Gent. Stay there, sir;
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.
Enter Buckingham from his Arrangement; Tiptop
before him; the Axe with the edge towards him;
Halberds on each side: accompanied with Sir Thomas
Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands,
and common People.
2 Gent. Let's stand close, and behold him.
Buck. Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all:
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I cannot take peace with: no black
envy
Shall make my grave. Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven. My vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, till my soul forsake,
Shall cry for blessings on him; may he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years.
Ever below me, loving, base accusers:
And when old time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!
Lou. To the water side I must conduct your grace;
Then, give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there!
Buck. Nay, sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I can hold, rather than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it;
And with that blood will one day make them groan for't,
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fall: God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,
Restor'd me to my honours, and out of ruins
Made my name once more noble. Now, his son
Buckingham, his noble son, Henry the eighth,
Life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy; at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one: which makes me
A little happier than my wretched father;
Yet thus far we are one in fortunes,—both
Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most:
A most unnatural and faithless service.
Heaven has an end in all; yet, you that hear me,
This from a dying man receive as certain:
Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
Be sure, you be not loose; for those you make friends,
And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye; never found again
But when they mean to sink ye. All good people,
Pray for me. I must now forsake ye: the last hour
Of my long weary life is come upon me.
Farewell: and when you would say something that is sad,
Speak how I fell.—I have done, and God forgive me!
1 Gent. O! this is full of pity.—Sir, it calls,
I fear, too many curses on their heads
That were the authors.
2 Gent. If the duke be guiltless,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can give you inpling
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
Greater than this.
1 Gent. Good angels keep it from us!
What may it be? — You do not doubt my faith, sir?
2 Gent. This secret is so weighty, 't will require
SCENE II.

KING HENRY VIII. 549

A strong faith to conceal it. Let me have it:
1 Gent. I do not talk much.
2 Gent. I am confident:
You shall, sir. Did you not of late days hear
A buzzing of a separation
Between the king and Katharine?
1 Gent. Yes, but it held not;
For when the king once heard it, out of anger
He sent command to the lord mayor straight
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
That durst disperse it.
2 Gent. But that slander, sir,
Is found a truth now; for it grows again
Fresher than ever 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 merely to revenge him on the emperor,
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
The archbishopric of Toledo, this purpose'd.
2 Gent. I think, you have hit the mark: but 'tis not cruel,
That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
Will have his will, and she must fall.
1 Gent. 'T is woful.
We are too open here to argue this;
Let's think in private more.  [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—An Ante-chamber in the Palace.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

Cham. "My lord,—The horses your lordship sent
for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden,
and furnished. They were young, and handsome, and
of the best breed in the north. When they were
ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's,
by 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 graces.
Suff. How is the king employ'd?
Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?
Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.
Suff. No; his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.
Nor. This is the cardinal's doing: the king-cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he list. The king will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God, he do: he'll never know himself else.

2 Gent. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal; for, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul: and there scatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and 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,
These news are everywhere; every tongue speaks them,
And every true heart weeps for 't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see this main end,—
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that have so long slept upon
This bold bad man.

Suff. And free us from his slavery.
Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliverance,
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages. All men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suff. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my cred.
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?

Cham. Excuse me;
The king hath sent me other-where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.  [Exeunt

Curtain drawn: the King is discovered sitting, and
reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he looks: sure, he is much afflicted.
K. Hen. Who is there? ha!
Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.
K. Hen. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust
yourselves
Into my private meditations?
Who am I? ha!
Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty this way
Is business of estate, in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.
K. Hen. Ye are too bold. Go to: I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—
[raising his book.]

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal?—O! my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a king. —You're welcome,
[To Campeius
Most learned reverend sir, into our kingdom:
Use us, and it.—My good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot.
I would, your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.
K. Hen. We are busy; go.
[To Norfolk and Suffolk.
Nor. This priest has no pride in him.
Suf. Not to speak of; I would not be so sick though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Nor. If it do, I'll venture one heave at him.

[Aside.]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom.
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, tied by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble.
All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in Christian kingdoms
Have their free voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, Cardinal Campeius;
Whom once more I present unto your highness.
K. Hen. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,
And thank the holy conclave for their loves:
They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.
Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble. To your highness' hand
[Kneeling and rising again.]
I tender my commission; by whose virtue,
(The court of Rome commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the unpartial judging of this business.
K. Hen. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you came.—Where's Gardiner?
Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.
K. Hen. Ay, and the best, she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best: God forbid else.
Cardinal, Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary:
I find him a fit fellow.
[Exit Wolsey.

Re-enter Wolsey, with Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand has rae'd me.
K. Hen. Come hither, Gardiner.
[They walk and whisper.

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
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 a foreign man still; which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and died.
Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's Christian care enough: for living murmurers
There's places of rebnike. 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 grip'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 Bollen, 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 dishonour of her: by my life,
She never knew harm-doing.—O! my lord!
So many courses of the sun enthrone'd
Still growing in a majesty and pomp, the which
To leave 'a thousand-fold more bitter than
Sweet at first 't acquire.—after this process,
To give her the avault! it is a pity
Would move a monster.
Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better,
She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
Yet, if that cruel fortune do divorce
It from the bearer, 't is a sufferance 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, 't is better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening 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. Beseech me, I would,
And venture maidenhead for 't; and so would you,
For all this space 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 mining) the capacity
Of your soft cheveril 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. No, not for all the riches under heaven.
Old L. 'Tis strange: a three-pence bowered might 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 troth.
Old L. Then you are weakly made. Puck off a
little:

[1 Not in f. e. 2 If that quarrel, fortune, do divorse, &c. : in f. e. 3 Kid-skin. 4 Descend.]
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to. If your back  
Cannot vouc Safes this burden, 't is too weak  
Ever to get a boy.  
Anne.  
How you do talk!  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.  
Old L.  
In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an embalming? I myself  
Would for Carnarvishire, although there 'long'd  
No more to the crown but that. Lo! who comes here?  
Enter the Lord Chamberlain.  
Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to  
know The secret of your conference?  
Anne.  
My good lord,  
Not your demand: it values not your asking.  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.  
Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women: there is hope  
All will be well.  
Anne.  
Now, I pray God, amen!  
Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly bless-  
ings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high notes  
Take'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty  
Commends his good opinion of you to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing  
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title  
A thousand pound a year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.  
Anne.  
I do not know,  
What kind of my obedience I should tender:  
More than my all is nothing; nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes.  
More worth than empty vanities: yet prayers, and  
wishes,  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship,  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;  
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.  
Cham.  
Lad'y,  
I shall not fail t' improve* the fair conceit.  
The king hath of you,—I have perus'd her well: [Aside.  
Beauty and honour 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 honour'd lord. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.  
Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!  
I have been begg'g sixteen years in court,  
(And yet a courier beggarly) nor could  
Come pat betwixt too early and too late  
For any suit of pounds; and you, O fate!  
A very fresh-fish here, (tie, tie, tie 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, (it is an old story)  
That would not be a queen, that would she not,  
For all the mud in Egypt;—have you heard it?  
Anne. Come, you are pleasant.  
Old L.  
With your theme I could  
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!  
A thousand pounds a year for pure respect;  

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1 Referring to the ball, one of the royal insignia.  
2 approve: in f. e.  
3 salute: in f. e.
I ever contradicted your desire,
Or made it not mine too? or which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I 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 desir'd. Sir, call to mind
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
With many children by you: if in the course,
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty;
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away; and let the foulst contemp
Shut door upon me, and so give me up.
To the sharpest knife of justice. Please you, sir,
The king, your father, was reputed for
A prince most prudent, of an excellent
An unmatch'd wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
My father, king of Spain, was reckond one
The wisest prince, that there had reign'd by many
A year before: it is not to be question'd
That they had gather'd a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd, whose counsel
I will implore: if not, I, the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd! Wol.
You have here, lady,
(And of your choice) these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court, as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.
Com.
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 produc'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 coal betwixt my lord and me,
Which God's due quench.—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul,
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.
Wol.
I do profess,
You speak not like yourself: who ever yet
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er topping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong:
I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far farther shall, is warrant'd
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 gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood; yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong: therefore, in him
It lies to cure me; and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: the which, before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say no more.
Q. Kath.
My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
To oppose your cunning. Y'are meek and humble-mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cram'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.
You have, by fortune and his highness' favours,
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 tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual; that again
I do refuse you for my judge, and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judged by him.
[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.
Cam.
The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and
Disdainful to be tried by 't: 'tis not well.
She's going away.
K. Hen.
Call her again.
Crier.
Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.
Gent. Wol.
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,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts.
[Exeunt Queen, and her Attendants.
K. Hen.
Go thy ways, Kate:
That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweetness, meekness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like, government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The queen of earthly queens.—She's nobly born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.
Wol.
Most gracious sir,
In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears, (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd, although not there)
At once, and fully satisfied) whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness, or

1 kind: in f. e
2 desire: in f. e
3 In some mod. eds. this speech is given, without warrant, to Griffith.
Laid any scruple in your way, which might
Induce you to the question on 't? or ever
Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady, spake 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 honour,
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 culls,
Bark when their fellows do: by some of these
The queen is put in anger. You are excused;
But will you be more justified? You ever
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business; never
Desir'd it to be stirr'd; but oft have hinder'd, oft,
The passages made toward it.—On my honour,
I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to 't,
I will be bold with time, and your attention:
Then, mark th' inducement. Thus it came;—give
heed to 't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
Scruple, and pricking, on certain speeches utter'd
By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador,
Who had been either sent on the debating
A marriage 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
Our daughter Mary. 'T was the progress of this business,
Ere a determinate resolution, he
(IMean, 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,
Sometime 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 forc'd such way,
That many maz'd considerations did throng,
And press in with this caution. First, methought,
I stood not in the smile of heaven; who had
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 air'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'd in 't 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 groaning throe. Thus, hulling in
The wild sea of my conscience, I did siever
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 reel,
When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

K. Hen. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
How far you satisfied me.

Lin. So please your highness,
The question did at first so stagger me,—
Bearing a state of mighty moment in 't,
And consequence of dread,—that I committed
The daring'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 got your leave
To make this present summons.—Unsolicited
I left no reverend person in this court;
But by particular consent proceeded,
Under your hands and seals: therefore, go on;
For no dislike 't 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 kindly dignity, we are contented
To wear our mortal state to come with her,
Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
That's paragon'd o' the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
The queen being absent, 't is a needful fitness
That we adjourn this court till farther day:
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
Made to the queen, to call back her appeal
She intends unto his holiness.

K. Hen. I may perceive, [Aside.
These cardinals trible with me: I labor
This dilatory sloth, and tricks of Rome.
My learn'd and well-below'd servant, Cranmer,
Prythee, return! with thy approach. I know,
My comfort comes along. [Aloud.]—Break up the court:
I say, set on. [Exeunt, in manner as they entered.

ACT III.

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, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst. Leave working.

Song:
Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow 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
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Q. Kath. How now!

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business
With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
I do not like their coming; now I think on’t.
They should be good men, their affairs as righteous;
But all hoods make not monkeys.

EATER WOLSEY AND CAMPEHRS.

Wol. Peace to your highness.

Q. Kath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Q. Kath. Speak it here.

There’s nothing I have done yet, o’ my conscience,
Deserves a corner: would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do! My
lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw them,
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 truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv’d in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, sus-
picious!

Pray, speak in English. Here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress’ sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord cardinal,
The willingest sin I ever yet committed
May be absolv’d in English.

Wol. Noble lady;
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady; but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you, and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour’d madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.

Q. Kath. To betray me. [Aside]

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men. (pray God, ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, for I feel
The last fit of my greatness, good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause.
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king’s love with these fears:
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Q. Kath. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, ‘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 affections,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Q. Kath. How, sir? Cam. Put your main cause into the king’s pro-
tection;
He’s loving, and most gracious: it will be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For if the trial of the law o’ertake you,
You’ll part away disgrac’d.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

Q. Kath. Ye tell me what ye wish for both,—my ruin.
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!

Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

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-
fort?

The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh’d at, scorn’d?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity; but say, I warn’d ye:
Take heed, for heaven’s sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Q. Kath. Ye turn me into nothing. Woe upon ye,
And all such false preachers! Would ye have me
(If ye have any justice, any pity,
If ye be any thing but churchmen’s habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish’d me his bed already;
His love, too long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.

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
Still met the king? lov’d him next heaven? obey’d
him?

Been, out of fondness, superstitions to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? ’tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne’er dream’d a joy beyond his pleasure,
And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
KING HENRY VIII.

Q. Kath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty, To give up willingly that noble title To your master wed me: nothing but death Shall e'er divide my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Q. Kath. Would I had never trod this English earth, Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it! Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts. What will become of me now, wretched lady? I am the most unhappy woman living— Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes!

[To her Women.]

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity, No friends, no hope, no kindred weep for me, Almost no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily, That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd, I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your grace Could but be brought to know our ends are honest, You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady, Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places, The way of our profession is against it: We are to cure such sorenesse, not to sow them: For goodness' sake, consider what you do: How may you hurt yourself, ay, utterly Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage. The hearts of princes kiss obedience, So much they love it; but to stubborn spirits, They swell, and grow as terrible as storms. I know, you have a gentle, noble temper, A soul as even as a calm: pray, think us Those who profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Com. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues With these weak women's fears: a noble spirit, As yours was put into you, ever casis Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you; Beware, you lose it not: for us, if you please To trust us in your business, we are ready To use our utmost study in your service.

Q. Kath. Do what ye will, my lords: and, pray, forgive me, If I have us'd myself unnamnerly: 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, revered fathers, Bestow your counsel on me: she now begs, That little thought, when she set footing here, She should have bought her dignities so dear. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Suffolk, the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints, And force them with a constaney, 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 uncomendg done by him, or at least Strangely neglected? when did he regard The stamp of nobleness in any person;

Out of himself?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures. What he deserves of you and me. I know; What we can do to him, (though now the time Gives way to us) I much fear. If you cannot Bar his access to the king, never attempt Any thing on him, for he hath a witchcraft Over the king in's tongue.

Nor. O! fear him not; His spell in that is out: the king hath found Matter against him, that for ever mars The honesty of his language. No, he's settled, Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir, I should be glad to hear such news as this Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true. In the divorces his contrary proceedings Are all unfolded; wherein he appears, As I could wish mine enemy.

Suf. How came His practices to light?

Nor. Most strangely.

Sur. O! how? how?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried, And came to the eye o' the king; wherein was read, How that the cardinal did treat his holiness To stay the judgment o' the divorce; for if It did take place, "I do," quoth he, "perceive, My king is tangle'd 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.

Suf. Would he had! May you be happy in your wish, my lord; For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now, may all joy*

Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My amen to.'t

Nor. All men's.

Suf. Sir. There's order given for her coronation: Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left To some ears unaccounted.—But, my lords, She is a gallant creature, and complete In mind and feature; I persuade me, from her Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But, will the king Digest this letter of the cardinal's?

Nor. Marry, amen!

Sur. The lord forbid!

Nor. No, no:

There be more wasps than buzz about his nose, Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave; Has left the cause o' the king unhandled, and Is posted as the agent of our cardinal, To second all his plot; I do assure you The king cried, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him, And let him cry ha! louder.

Nor. But, my lord, When returns Cranmer?
Springs out into fast gait; then, stops again,
Strikes his breast hard; and anon he casts
His eye against the moon. In most strange postures
We have seen him set himself.

K. Hen. 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, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?
Forsooth an inventory, thus importing,—
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. 'Tis heaven's will:
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

K. Hen. If we did think
His contemplation were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thoughts are below the moon, not worth
His serious considering.

[He takes his seat, and whispers Lovell, who goes to Wolsey.

Wol. Heaven forgive me! [Amaz'dly.

K. Hen. Ever God bless your highness.

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,
To be her mistress' mistress! the queen's queen!—
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must stuff it;
Then, out it goes.—What though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving, yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard-ruled king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle. [Retires, mus'ng.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Wol. I would, 't were something that would fret the string.

The master-chord on 's heart.

Enter the King, reading a Schedule; and Lovell.

K. Hen. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated,
To his own portion! and what expense by the hour
Seem to flow from him! How, 'tis the name of thrift,
Does he make this together?—Now, my lords;
Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have [Coming forward.

Stood here observing him. Some strange commotion
Is in his brain: he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then, lays his finger on his temple; straight,
To the good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state. For your great graces
Heape[d] upon me, poor undeserver, I
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks;
My prayers to heaven for mine, my loyalty,
Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
Till death, that winter, kill it.

K. Hen. Fairly answer'd:
A loyal and obedient subject is
Therein illustrated. The honour of it
Does pay the act of it; as, 'tis 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 honour, more
On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular; be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be—
(Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul: though perils did
Abound, as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid) yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'Tis nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast.
For you have seen him open't.—Read o'er this:
[Giving him Papers.
And, after this; and then to breakfast,
What appetite you have.
[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey: the Nobles thro' after him, smiling, and whispering.

Wol. What should this mean?
What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him,
Then, makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so.

This paper has undone me!—'Tis the 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. 0 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 writ 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.  [Sinks in a chair.]  

Ret-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's house, my lord of Winchester's,
Till you hear farther from his highness.

Suf. Stay: [Rising.]
Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
Authority so weighty.

Suf. Who dare cross them,
Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly?
Wol. Till I find more than will, or words, to do it,
(I mean your malice) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now, I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are moulded,—envy;
How eagerly ye follow my disgraces,
As if it fed ye: and how sleek and wanton
Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice;
You have Christian warrant for them, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me;
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life, and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patent. Now, who 'l take it?

Suf. The king that gave it.
Wol. It must be himself, then.
Suf. 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.

Suf. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land:
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law:
The heads of all thy brother cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy
You sent me deputy for Ireland,
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Abolish'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 own soul,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour,
That in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare make a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follicles.

Suf. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you: thou shouldst feel
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else.—My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance?
And from this fellow? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.  

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Suf. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
The goodness of your intercepted packets,
You writ to the pope, against the king; your goodness,
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
My lord of Norfolk,—as you are truly noble,
As 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
Were than the sacred bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal!
But, that I am bound in charity against it.
Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand;
Bt, thus much, they are foul ones.
Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
When the king knows my truth.

Sir. This cannot save you.
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles; and out they shall.
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
You'll show a little honesty.
Wol. Speak on, sir; I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.
Sir. I had rather want those, than your head. Have
at you.—

First, that without the king's assent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legate; by which power
You main'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.

Suf. 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.
Sir. Then, 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.
Suf. That out of mere ambition you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp'd on the king's coin.
Suf. 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 mere' undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord! Press not a falling man too far; 't is 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.

Sir. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's farther pleasure is,—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legantine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *pramunire*,—
That therefore such a writ be sued against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection.—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations,
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So, fare you well, my little good lord cardinal.

*Exit all but Wolsey.*

Wol. So, farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honour thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root.
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O! how wretched
Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours,
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

*Enter Cromwell, amazed.*

Crom. Why, how now, Cromwell!

Wol. What! amaz'd
At my misfortunes? can thy spirit wonder,
A great man should decline? Nay, an you weep,
I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace?

Wol. Why, well:
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
I humbly thank his grace, and from these shoulders,
These ruind' pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy—too much honour.
O! 't is a burden, Cromwell, 't is a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right
Use of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel)
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the king.

Wol. God bless him!

Crom. The next is, that sir Thomas More is
chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden;
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake, and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em?
What more?

Crom. That Cranmer is returned with welcome,
Installed and Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed!

Crom. Last, that the lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in seeredom long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
KING HENRY VIII.

Wol. There was the weight that pulled me down.
O Cromwell!

The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever ne'er forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now.

To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
(That sun, I pray, may never set!) I have told him
What, and how true thou art: he will advance thee.
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O, my lord!
Must I then leave you? must I needs forgo
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bears witness all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers,
For ever and for ever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell:
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sound'd all the depths and honours, found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, sing away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by 't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee:
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's: then, if thou fail'st, O Cromwell!

Thou fall'st in a blessed martyr.
Serve the king; and,—Pr'ythee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's; my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all.
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have.—Farewell
The hopes of court: my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.

1 Gent. You're well met once again.
2 Gent. So are you.
1 Gent. You come to take your stand here, and
behold
The lady Anne pass from her coronation.
2 Gent. 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The duke of Buckingham came from his trial.
1 Gent. 'Tis very true; but that time offer'd sorrow,
This general joy.
2 Gent. 'Tis well! the citizens,
I am sure, have shown at full their royal minds;
As, let'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day with shows,
Pageants, and sights of honour.
1 Gent. Never greater;
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
2 Gent. May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?
1 Gent. Yes; 'tis the list

Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high steward: next, the duke of Norfolk,
He to be earl marshal. You may read the rest.
2 Gent. I thank you, sir; I had 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 too. 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 assent
Of all these learned men she was divore'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!—

THE TRUMPETS.

The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

SACRED.

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

A Lively flourish of Trumpets.

1. Then, two Judges.

2. Lord Chancellor, with purse and mace before him.

3. Choristers singing.

[Music.

4. Mayor of London bearing the mace. Then, Garter
in his coat of arms; and on his head he wore a
Gilt Copper crown.

5. Marquess Dorset, bearing a sceptre of gold; on his
head a demi-coron 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 Norfolk, with
the rod of marshalship; a coronet on his head.
Collars of SS.

7. A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports; under it,
The Queen in her robe; in her hair, richly adorned
with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.

8. The old Duchess of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, flowered 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 is 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. 'T is the same; high-steward.

2 Gent. And that my lord of Norfolk?

1 Gent. Yes.

2 Gent. Heaven bless thee! [Looking on the Queen. Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look’d on.—

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel:
Our king has all the Indies in his arms,
And more, and richer, when he strains that lady.
I cannot blame his conscience.

1 Gent. They, that bear

The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the cinque-ports.

2 Gent. These men are happy; and so are all, are near her.

I take it, she that carries up the train
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gent. It is; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gent. Their coronets say so. These are stars, indeed;

And sometimes falling ones.

1 Gent. 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 wagg’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 proper place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, such a noise arose
As the shrords make at sea in a stiff tempest
As loud, and to as many tunes: hats, cloaks, (Doubloons, I think) flew up; and had their faces
Been lose’d, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-bellied women,
That had not half a week to go, like rains
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make them reel before them. No man living
Could say, "This is my wife," there; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gent. But, what follow’d?

3 Gent. At length her grace arose, and with modest paces

— Came to the altar; where she kneel’d, and saint like
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray’d devoutly.
Then rose again, and bowed her to the people:
When by the archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a queen:
As holy oil, Edward Confessor’s crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform’d, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung Te Deum. So she parted,
And with the same full state passe’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:
’T is now the king’s, and call’d—Whitehall.

2 Gent. I know it;
But ’t is so lately alter’d, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gent. What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 Gent. Stokesley and Gardiner; the one of Wincheste.

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 o’ 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Kimbolton.

Enter Katherine. Dowager, sick; led between Griff
Fith and Patience.

Griff. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair.—

[Each down.

So,—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led’st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Griff. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer’d, gave no ear to’t.

Kath. Pr’ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died:
If well, he stepp’d before me, happily,
For my example.

Griff. Child. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
 Arrested him at York, and brought him forward,
As a man sorely tainted, to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester; Lodg’d in the abbey, where the reverend abbot, With all his convent, honourably receiv’d him; To whom he gave these words, — "O father abbot An old man, broken with the storms of state, Is come to lay his weary bones among ye: Give him a little earth for charity!" So went to bed, where canon’d his sickness Purs’d him still; and three nights after this, About the hour of eight, which he himself Foretold should be his last, full of repentence, Continental meditations, tears, and sorrows, He gave his honours to the world again, His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace. Kath. So may he rest: his faults lie light’ry on him: Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him, And yet with charity. — He was a man Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion Tied all the kingdom; simony was fair play; His own opinion was his law: i’ the presence He would say untruths, and be ever double, Both in his words and meaning. He was never, But where he meant to ruin, pitiful: His promises were, as he then was, mighty; But his performance, as he is now, nothing. Of his own body he was ill, and gave The clergy ill example. Grif. Noble madam, Men’s evil manners live in brass; their virtues We write in water. May it please your highness To hear me speak his good now? Kath. Yes, good Griffith; I were malicious else. Grif. This cardinal, Though from a humble stock, undoubtedly Was fashion’d to much honour from his cradle. He was a scholar, and a rie, and good one; Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading; Lofty and sour to them that lov’d him not; But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer; And though he were unsatisfied in getting, (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, madam, He was most princely. Ever witness for him Those twins of learning, that he rais’d in you, Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him, Unwilling to outlive the good man? did it; The other, though found, yet so famous, So excellent in art, and still so rising, That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue. His overthorow heap’d happiness upon him; For then, and not till then, he felt himself, And found the blessedness of being little: And, to add greater honours to his age Than man could give him, he died fearing God. Kath. After my death I wish no other herald, No other speaker of my living actions, To keep mine honour from corruption, But such an honest chronicler as Griffith. Whom I most hated living; thou hast made me, With thy religious truth and modesty, Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him! — Patience, be near me still; and set me lower: I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith, Cause the musicians play me that sad note I nam’d my knell, whilst I sit meditating On that celestial harmony I go to. [Sad and solemn music. Grif. She is asleep. Good wench, let’s sit down quiet, For fear we wake her: — softly, gentle Patience. The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden wands on their faces: branches of bays, or palm, in their hands. They first gongee unto her; then Maker; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtesies: then, the two that held the garland deliver the same, to the other 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 deep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven. And so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues. Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone, [Waking: And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye? Grif. Madam, we are here. Kath. It is not you I call for. Saw ye none enter, since I slept? Grif. None, madam. Kath. No! saw you not, even now, a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis’d me eternal happiness, And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall, assuredly. Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy. Kath. Bid the music leave, They are harsh and heavy to me. [Music ceases. Pat. But how much her grace is alter’d on the sudden? How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks, And of an earthy coldness? 2 Mark her eyes! Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray. Pat. Heaven comfort her! [Enter a Messenger. Mess. An’t like your grace,— Kath. You are a saucy fellow: Deserve we no more reverence? Grif. You are to blame, Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness, To use so rude behaviour: go to; kneel. Mess. I humbly do entreat your highness’ pardon: [Kneeling. My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying A gentleman, sent from the king to see you. Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith: but this fellow Let me ne’er see again. [Exeunt Griffith and Messenger. Re-enter Griffith, with Capuecius. Cap. If my sight fail not, You should be lord ambassador from the emperor, My royal nephew, and your name Capuecian. Kath. You are the man, then; and, 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 he shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom.—Patience, is that letter,  
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?  

Pet. No, madam. [Giving it to Katharine.  
Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to the lord the king.  

Cap. Most willing, madam.  
Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter:—  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her!  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding.  
She is young, and of a noble modest nature,  
I hope, she will deserve well; and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long,  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully:  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,  
(And now I should not lie) but will deserve,  
For virtue, and true beauty of the soul.  
For honesty, and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble;  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have them.  
The last is, for my men—they are the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw them from me:—  
That they may have their wages duly paid them,  
And something ever 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—am 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 my worship. With that one good wench,  
Let me be us'd with honour: 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.—[Exeunt, leading Katharine.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Gallery in the Palace.

Enter Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a  
Torch before him; met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gar. It's one o'clock, boy, is 't not?  

Boy. It hath struck.

Gar. These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights; times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste those times.—Good hour of night, sir Thomas:  
Whither so late?  

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?  

Gar. I did, sir Thomas; and left him at primrose  
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.  

Gar. Not yet, sir Thomas Lovell. What's thematter?  
It seems you are in haste: an if there be  
No great offence belongs to 't, give your friend  
Some touch of your late business, Affairs that walk  
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature, than the business  
That seeks despatch by day.  

Lov. My lord, I love you,  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour;  
They say, in great extremity, and fear'd,  
She 'll with the labour end.  

Gar. The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily; that it may find  
Good time, and live: but for the stock, sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could

1 is: in folio. Theobald made the change.  
2 Summoned.
KING HENRY VIII.

Scene I.  [Exeunt Gardiner and Page.

As Lovell is going out, enter the King, and the Duke of Suffolk.

K. Hen. Charles, I will play no more to-night:
My mind's not on't; you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before
K. Hen. But little, Charles;
Nor shall not when my fancy's on my play.—
Now, Lovell, from the queen what is the news?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me; but by her woman
I sent your message; who return'd her thanks
In the greatest hussiness, and deser'd your highness Most heartily to pray for her.

K. Hen. What say'st thou? ha!
To pray for her? what! is she crying out?

Lov. So said her woman; and that her sufferance made
Almost each pang a death.

K. Hen. Alas, good lady!
Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
With gentle travail, to the gladding of
Your highness with an heir!

K. Hen. 'Tis midnight, Charles: Prythee, 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. Charles, good night.— [Exit Suffolk.

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Well, sir, what follows?

Den. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded you.

K. Hen. Ha! Canterbury?

Den. Ay, my good lord.

K. Hen. 'Tis true: where is he, Denny?

Den. He attends your highness' pleasure.


Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake:

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!—[Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

Cran. I am fearful. Wherefore frowns he thus?

[Aside.]

'T is his aspect of terror: all's not well.

K. Hen. How now, my lord! You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty [Kneeling.]

K. Hen. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury;
Come, you and I must walk a turn together; I have news to tell you. Come, come, give me your hand.

Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which being consider'd
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall
This morning come before us: where, I know,
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, till farther trial in those charges
Which will require your answer, you must take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: to a brother of us,
It fits me thus proceed, or I'll do no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness,
And am right glad to catch this good occasion

[Exeunt.]

Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly saunder; for, I know,
There's none stands under more calamulous 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:

[Aside.

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 indulgence, farther.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The ground! I stand on, is my truth, and honesty:
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person, which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

K. Hen. Know you not
How your state stands in the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion: and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it. At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves, as corrupt,
To swear against you: such things have been done:
You are potently oppos'd, and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean in perjurd witness; than your Master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to:
You take a precipice for no leap of danger;
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

K. Hen. Be of good cheer;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to.
Keep comfort to you; and this morning, see
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,
In charging you with matters, to commit you,
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
The occasion shall instruct you: if entreaties
Will render you no remedy, this ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps:
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you.—[Exit Cranmer.] He has
strangled
His language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady, in haste.

Gent. [Within.] Come back: what mean you?

Lady. I'll not come back; the tidings that I bring
Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels
By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery.
Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;
We shall hear more anon.  [Exeunt.]

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. 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 culpable! Of our flesh: few are angels: out of which frailty, And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us, Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little, Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains, (For so we are inform'd) with new opinions, Divers, and dangerous; which are heresies, And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Ger. Which reformation must be sudden too, My noble lords; for those that tame wild horses Pace them not in their hands to make them gentle, But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur them;

Till they obey the manage. If we suffer, Out of our easiness and childish pity, To one man's honour, this is dangerous sickness, Farewell all physic: and what follows then? Commotions, uproars, with a general taint Of the whole state: as, of late days, our neighbours, The upper Germany, can dearly witness, Yet freshly pitted in our memories.

Chan. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress Both of my life and office, I have labour'd, And with no little study, that my teaching; And the strong course of my authority, Might go one way, and safely; and the end Was ever, to do well: nor is there living (I speak it with a single heart, my lords,) A man, that more detests, more strives, against Both in his private conscience and his place, Defacers of the public peace, than I do. Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart With less allegiance in it! Men, that make Envy and crooked malice nourishment, Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships, That in this case of justice, my accusers, Be what they will, may stand forth face to face, And freely urge against me.

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, We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure, And our consent, for better trial of you, From hence you be committed to the Tower: Where, being but a private man again, You shall know many dare accuse you boldly, More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah! my good lord of Winchester, I thank you; You are always my good friend: if your will pass, I shall both find your lordship judge and juror, You are so merciful. 'I see your end; 'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord, Become a churchman better than ambition: Win straying souls with modesty again, Cast none away. That I shall clear myself, Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience, I make as little doubt, as you do conscience In doing daily wrongs. I could say more, But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gar. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary: That's the plain truth: your painted gloss discover, To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little, By your good favour, too sharp: men so noble, However faulty, yet should find respect For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty, To load a falling man.

Gar. Good master secretary I cry your honour mercy: you may, worst Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gar. Do not I know you for a favourer Of this new sect? ye are not sound.

Crom. Not sound?

Gar. Not sound, I say.

Crom. Would you were half so honest;

Men's prayers, then, would seek you, not their fears.

Gar. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Remember your bold life too.

Chan. This is too much:

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gar. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Chan. Then thus for you, my lord.—It stands agreed, I take it, by all voices, that forthwith You be convey'd to the Tower a prisoner; There to remain, till the king's farther pleasure Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords? All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy, But I must needs to the Tower, my lords?

Gar. What other Would you expect? You are strangely troublesome. Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Crom. For me?

Must I go like a traitor thither?

Enter Guard.

Gar. Receive him, And see him safe i' the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords; I have a little yet to say.—Look there, my lords: By virtue of that ring I take my cause Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it To a most noble judge, the king my master. Chan. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'T is the right ring, by heaven! I told ye all, When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling, 'T would fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords, The king will suffer but the little finger Of this man to be vex'd?

Chan. 'T is now too certain, How much more is his life in value with him. Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me, In seeking tales, and informations, Against this man, whose honesty the devil 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 honour; and, to strengthen That holy duty, out of dear respect, His royal self in judgment comes to hear The cause betwixt her 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 spaniel, And think with wagging of your tongue to win me But, whatso'ever 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, (fow of you deserve that title) This honest man, that like a lousy footboy At chamber door? and one as great as you are? Why, what a shame was this! Did my commission Bid ye so far forget yourselves? I gave ye Power, as he was a counsellor to try him, Not as a grooms. There's some of ye, I see, More out of malice than integrity, Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean; Which ye shall never have the while I live. Chan.

Thus far, My most dread sovereign, may it like your grace To let my tongue excuse all. What was purposed Concerning his imprisonment, was rather (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial, And fair purgation to the world, than malice, I'm sure, in me.

K. Hen. Well, well, my lords, respect him: Take him, and use him well; he's worthy of it. It 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 Canterbury:
I have a suit which you must not deny me;
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism,
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you?

K. Hen. Come, come, my lord, you'ld spare your
spoons?

You shall have two noble partners with you;
The old duchess of Norfolk, and lady marquess Dorset:
Will these please you?

Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
Embrace and love this man.

Gar. With a true heart.

And brother's love, I do it. [Embrace again.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

K. Hen. Good man! those joyous tears show thy
The common voice, I see, is verified [true heart.
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 go stronger; you more honour 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 Paris-garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

[Within.] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hanged, you
rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen
crab-tree staves, and strong ones: these are but switches
to them.—I'll scratch your heads: you must be seeing
christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here.
you rude rascals? [Tumult within.]

Man. Pray, sir, be patient: 'tis as much impossible,
Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons,
To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep.
On May morning, when I will procure,
We may as well rush 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 Guy, nor Colbrond,
To mow 'em down before me; but if I spared any,
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or she, euckold or euckold-maker,
Let me ne'er hope to see a queen' again;
And that I was not, nor 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 muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? [Noise.] Bless me, what a fay of fornication is at 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 somewhat near the door, he should be a brazier
by his fame, for, as I saw, the twain of the dog-days
now reign in his nose: all that stand about him are
under the line; they need no other penance. That
fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three
times was his nose discharged against me: he stands
there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a
haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that railed
upon me till her pink'd porring'er 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,
cubs! when I might see from far some forty tran-
cheenors draw to her succour, which were the hope of
the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on:
I made my place at length they came to the broocstaff with me; I desist 'em still; when suddenly
a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, delivered such
a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour
in, and let 'em win the work. The devil was amongst
'em, I think, surely. [Shouts.]

Port. These are the yachts that thunder at a play-
house, and fight for bitter apples: that no audience,
but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the limbs of
Limousine, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I
have some of 'em in Limbo Patrum, and there they are
like to dance these three days, besides the running
banquet of two beadles, that is to come. [Tumult and Shouts.]

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Money o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still, too; from all parts they are coming,
As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters,
These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand,
fellows:
There's a trim rabble let in. Are all these
Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have
Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies,
When they pass back from the christening.

Port. An't please your honour
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn a pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the king blame me for 't, I'll lay ye all
By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect. 'Y are lazy knaves;
And here ye lie bating of bombards, when [Trumpets.
Ye should do service. Hark! the trumpets sound;
They're come already from the christening.
Go, break among the press, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly, or I'll find.
A Marshalsea shall hold ye play these two months.
Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, [Tumult and confusion.
Stand close up, or I'll make your head ache.
Port. You 't the emblab, get up o' the rail;
I'll peer you o'er the pole else. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—The Palace at Greenwich.

Enter Trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk, with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts:
then, four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the

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1 A custom is here referred to, of sponsors presenting spoons to a child at baptism. They were called Apostle spoons, from the figures carved at the top of their handles. 2 These words are not in f. e. 3 A bear-garden on the Bank-side; also used for dramatic performances. 4 These words are not in f. e. 5 A word in f. e. 6 Not in f. e. 7 A word, also, a kind of firewood. 8 Oape, or shaped 9 A kind of ale. 10 The usual cry of. 11 Not in f. e. 12 A reference to some Puritan set, or place of assembly. 13 Not in f. e. 14 Large leather 15 Tales; in f. e.
child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by
a Lady; then follows the Marchioness of Dorset,
the other godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass
once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven,

From thy endless goodness, send prosperous life,
Long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King, and Train.

Cran. And to your royal grace, and the good queen,

[Prostration.

My noble partners, and myself, thus pray:—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy;
May hourly fall upon ye!

K. Hen. Thank you, good lord archbishop.

K. Hen. What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

K. Hen. Stand up, lord. [Cran. rises.]

With this kiss take my blessing; God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life. [Kissing the child.

Cran. Amen!

K. Hen. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal.
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, sir.

For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattering, for they'll find them true.

This royal infant,—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her;
She shall be lovd, and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her.

In her days every man shall eat in safety
Under his own vine what he ploughs, and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
She ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one, [ness]
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of dark-
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
To stand and M. Peace, justice, love, truth, terror,
And all that were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him. Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

K. Hen.

Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more! but she must die:
She must; the saints must have yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

K. Hen. O, lord archbishop!

Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,
That when I am in heaven I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And you, my brethren, I am much beholding:
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful.—Lead the way, lords:
Ye must all bear 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.

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, 't will do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 't is ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

'1 is 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 frightened with our trumpets; so, 't is clear,
They'll say, 't is naught: others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry,—"that's witty,"
Which we have not done neither; that, I fear,

1 Not in f. e.
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Priam, King of Troy.
Hector.
Troilus, his Son.
Paris, Deiphobus, Helenus, Enneas, Antenor, Calchas, a Trojan Priest, taking part with the Greeks.
Pandarus, Uncle to Cressida.
Margarelon, a Bastard Son of Priam.
Agamemnon, the Grecian General.
Menelaus, his Brother.

Grecian Commanders.
Achilles, Ajax.
Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Patroclus.
Thersites, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.
Alexander, Servant to Cressida.
Servant to Troilus; Servant to Paris; Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, Wife to Menelaus.
Andromache, Wife to Hector.
Cassandra, Daughter to Priam; a Prophetess.
Cressida, Daughter to Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Troy, and the Grecian Camp before it.

THE PROLOGUE1 (in Armour²).

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece,
The princes orgulous, their high blood chat'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 the Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia; and their vow is made,
To ransack Troy, within whose strong immures
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedes 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, Ilias, Chetas, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperr² up the sons of Troy.
Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
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
Leaps o'er the vaunts³ and firstlings of those broils,
Beginning in the middle; starting thence away
To what may be digested in a play.
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures are;
Now, good or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

ACT I.


Enter Troilus armed, and Pandarus.

Tro. Call here my varlet⁴; I'll unarm again:
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find such cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan, that is master of his heart,
Let him to the field; Troilus, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this gear ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must³ tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boling.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

1 First printed in the folio. 2 The words in parenthesis are not in f. e. 3 Stir: in folio. Theobald made the change to sperr, or bar
4 Var. 5 Hiring, servant. 6 must needs: in folio.
HECTOR, Achillës, and Õnymidôn.

Troilus and Cressida. Act V Scene 9
Pan. Ay, the botting; but you must marry the leavening.

Tro. Still have I tarried.

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 needless care she be, doth lessen blame at sufferance than I do.

At Priam's royal table do I sit;
And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor! — when she comes! — When is she thence?

Pan. Well, she looked yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,
As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain,
Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,
I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)
Bury'd this sigh in wrinkle of a smile;
But sorrow, that is couched in seeming gladness,
Is like that 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 dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit, but—

Tro. O Pandarus! I tell thee, Pandarus,—
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lie indrench'd, — I tell thee, I am mad
In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;
Handiest in thy discourse, O! that her hand,
In whose comparison all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach: to whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
Hard as the palm of ploughman! — This thou tell'st me,
As true thou tell'st me, when I say,—I love her;
But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Tis faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; and she be not, she has the mends in her own hands.

Tro. Good Pandarus. How now, Pandarus! Pan. I have had my labour for my travail; ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me, Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore, she's not so fair as Helen: and she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday, as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not, an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Tro. Say I; she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind 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 of 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. [Exit PAN. An Alarum.

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clammers! 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 star'd a subject for my sword.
But Pandarus — O gods, how do you plague me!
I cannot come to Cressid, but by Pandar;
And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo;
And she is stubborn-chaste against all suit.
Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,
What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?
Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:
Between our Ilium, and where she resides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Ourself the merchant, and this sailing Pandar,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

Alarum. Enter Aneas.

Anea. How now, prince Troilus! wherefore not afield?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,
For womanish it is to be from thence.

What news, Aneas, from the field to-day?

Anea. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, Aneas?

Anea. Troilus, by Menelaus.

Tro. Let Paris bleed: 'tis but a scar to scorn;
Paris is gored with Menelaus' horn. [Alarum.

Anea. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "'t would I might," were
"may." —

But to the sport abroad — are you bound thither?

Anea. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come; go we, then, together. [Exeunt

SCENE II. —The Same. A Street.

Enter Cressida and Alexander.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba, and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to the eastern tower, whose height commands as subject all the vale,
To see the battle. Hector, whose patience
Is as a virtue fix'd, to-day was mov'd;
He chid Andromache, and struck his armourer;
And, like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the sun rose he was harness'd fight,
And to the field goes he; where every flower
Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, thus: there is among the Greeks
A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;
They call him, Ajax.

Cres. Good; and what of him?

Alex. They say he is a very man per se,
And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men; unless they are drunk, sick,
or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robbed many beasts of their particular additions: he is as valiant as the lion,
Churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour
Is crushed into folly; his folly sauced with discretion:
there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a
Glimpse of, nor any man an attain but he carries some
Stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and
Merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT I.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Cres. Hector is a gallant man.

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid. What do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Illium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? Was Hector armed, and gone, ere ye came to Illium? Helen was not, nor was he.

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en 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: 'tis 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 the two.

Cres. O, Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not-between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay: if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say, Troilus is Troilus.

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus, in some degrees.

Cres. 'T is just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself? Alas, poor Troilus! I would, he were,—

Cres. So he is.

Pan. —Condition, I had gone bare-foot to India.

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself. —Would 'a were himself! Well the gods are above; time must friend, or end. Well, Troilus, well—I would, my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to 't; you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to 't. Hector shall not have his wit this year.

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him; his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece. Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour, (for so '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 colour 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 colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming 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 arithmetick may soon bring his particulars 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 lifier?

Pan. But, to prove so to you that Helen loves him—she came, and puts me her white hand to his eleven chin.

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.

Pan. O! he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cres. O! yes, an't were a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then.—But to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it a little.

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 if 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. Alarm, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But, there was such, laughing: queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er.

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed.

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run o'er 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 it 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." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "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 chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed.

Cres. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on it, I pray.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I’ll be sworn, it’s true: he will weep you, an’t were a man born in April.

Cres. And I’ll spring up in his tears, an’t were a nottle against [A recent sounded.]

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field. Shall we stand up here, and see them, as they pass toward Ilum? 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. *Exeunt passes over the Stage.

Pan. That’s Eneres. Is not that a brave man? he’s one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you, but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

Cres. Who’s that?

Antenor passes over.

Pan. That’s Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he’s a man good enough: he’s one of the soundest judgment in Troy, whosever, and a proper man of his person.—When comes Troilus?—I’ll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Pan. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That’s Hector; that, that, look you, that; there’s a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector.—There’s a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks; there’s a countenance. Is’t not a brave man? Cres. O! a brave man.

Pan. Is’t a not? It does a man’s heart good.—Look you what hacks are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there. There’s no jesting: there’s jaying on, take’t off who will, as they say; there be hacks! Cres. Be those with swords?

*Enter Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords? any thing, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it’s all one: by god’s lid, it does one’s heart good.—Yonder comes Paris; yonder comes Paris; look ye yonder, niece; is’t not a gallant man too, is’t not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he’s not hurt: why, this will do Helen’s heart good now. Ha! would I could see Troilus now.—You shall see Troilus anon.

Cres. Who’s that?

*Enter Helenus passes over.

Pan. That’s Helenus.—I marvel, where Troilus is.

That’s Helenus.—I think he went not forth to-day.—That’s Helenus.

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus? no;—yes, he’ll fight indifferent well.—I marvel, where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry, Troilus?—Helenus is a priest.

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Pan. Where? yonder? that’s Deiphobus.—’Tis Troilus! there’s a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus, the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace! for shame; peace!

Pan. Mark him; note him.—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is blooded, and his helm more hack’d than Hector’s; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! he ne’er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way: had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot.

*Soldiers pass over the Stage.

Cres. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, doves, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meet. I could live and die i’ 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.

Pan. Well, well?—Why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Pan. Ay, a mince man; and then to be baked with no date in the pye—for then the man’s date’s out.

Pan. You are such a woman! one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; upon my mask, to defend my beauty; and upon you, to defend all these; and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Pan. 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 swel past hinding, and then it’s past watching.

Pan. You are such another!

*Enter Troilus’ Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [Exit Boy.

I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I’ll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle,—

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. By the same token, you are a bawd.—

*Exit Pandarus.
Therefore, this maxim out of love I teach,—
Achieved men still command; 
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp. Before Agamemnon’s Tent.

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Menelaus, and others.

Agam. Princes, What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks? The ample proposition, that hope makes In all designs begun on earth below, Fails in the promis’d largeness: checks and disasters Grow in the veins of actions highest rear’d; As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap, Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain Tortive and errant from his course of growth. Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, That we come short of our purpose so far, That after seven years’ siege yet Troy walls stand; Sith every action that hath gone before, Whereof we have record, trial did draw Bias and thwart, not answering the aim, And that unbounded figure of the thought That gave ’t surmise shape. Why then, you princes, Do you with cheeks abash’d behold our woes; And call? then shame, which are, indeed, nought else But the protractive trials of great Jove, To find persistent 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, astray fro’ Distinction, with a broad* and powerful fan, Puffing at all, winnows the light away; And what hath mass, or matter, by itself.* Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike seat, Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance Lies the true proof of men. ‘The sea being smooth, How many shallow bauble boats dare sail Upon her patient breast, making their way With those of nobler bulk: But let the rufian Boreas once enrage The gentle Thebias, and anon, behold, The strong-rib’d bark through liquid mountains cut, Bounding between the two moist elements, Like Perseus’ horse: where’s then the saucy boat, Whose weak untimber’d sides but even how Co-rival’d greatness? either to harbour fled, Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so Doth valour’s show, and valour’s worth, divide In storms of fortune: for, in her ray and brightness, The herd hath more annoyance by the briar* 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 tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up, hear what Ulysses speaks.
Besides the applause and approbation
The which,—most mighty for thy place and sway,—
[To Agamemnon,
And thou most reverend for thy stretch’d out life,—
[To Nestor.
I give to both your speeches, which were such,
As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece
Should hold up high in brass; and such again,
As Venerable Nestor, hatch’d in silver,
Should with a bond of air (strong as the axletree
On which heaven rides) knit all the Greekish ears
To his experience’d tongue,—yet let it please both.—
Thou great,—and wise,—to hear Ulysses speak.

Agam.* Speak, prince of Ithaca; and be’t of less expect
That matter needless, of importless burden,
Divide thy lips, than we are confident,
When rank Thersites ope’s his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been down, And the great Hector’s sword had lack’d a master, But for these instances.
The sanctity of rule hath been neglected: And look, how many Grecian tents do stand Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected? Degree being vizard, Th’ unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre, Observe degree, priority, and place,
Insinuate, course, proportion, season, form, Office, and mission, in a due order.
And therefore is the glorious planet, Sol, In noble eminence enthron’d and spher’d Amidst the other; whose med’cinable 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 deracinate
The unity and married calm of states.
Quite from their fixure; Of whom degree is shak’d,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprise is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogenitive and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels, But by degree stand in authentic place?
Take but degree away, untune that string,
And, hark, what discord follows! each thing meets*
In mere oppugnancy: the bounded waters
Should lift their bosome higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe:
Strength should be lord of imbecility,
And the rude son should strike the father dead:
Force should be right; or, rather, right and wrong,
(Between whose endless Jesse justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.
Then every thing includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,

\[^{1}\text{Achievement is command: in f. a. }^{2}\text{ works: in f. a. }^{3}\text{ think: in folio. }^{4}\text{ loud: in folio. }^{5}\text{ Goofy. }^{6}\text{ Returns: in f. a. A change by Pope, of }^{7}\text{ retire,s: in the old copies. }^{8}\text{ Ornamented. }^{9}\text{ This speech is not in the quarto. }^{10}\text{ mala: in quarto.}\]
TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

SCENE III.

Must make perfuse an universal prey, And last eat up himself. Great Agamemnon, This chaos, when degree is suffocate, Follows the choking: And this neglect of degree it is, That by apace goes backward, with a purpose It hath to climb. The general is disdain'd By him one step below; he, by the next; That next, by him beneath: so, every step, Exampled by the first pace that is sick. Of his offenders grows to an envious fever Of pale and bloodless emulation. And 'tis this fever that keeps Troy on foot, Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length, Troy in our weakness stands, not in her strength. 

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd The fever whereof all our power is sick. 

Agam. The nature of the sickness found, Ulysses, What is the remedy? 

Ulyss. The great Achilles, whom opinion crowns The sinew and the forefront of our host, Having his ear full of his airy fame, Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent Lies mock'd and humour'd 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 pageants us: sometime, great Agamemnon, Thy topless deputation he puts on; And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich To hear the wooden dialogue and sound 

'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,— Such to-be-pitted and o'er-wrested seeming He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks, 'tis like a chime a mending; with terms unsavour'd, Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon drop'd, Would seem hyperboles. At this flashy stuff The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling, From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause; Cries:—"Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon right.— Now play me Nestor;—hem, and stroke thy beard As he, being 'drest to some oration." That's done;—as near as the extremest ends Of parallels—as like as 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 palsy, bumbling on his gerget, Shake in and out the rivet,—and at this sport, Sir Valour dies; cries." O!—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, naturals, shapes, Severals and generals, 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 stuff for these two to make paradoxes. 

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain, (Whom, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns With an imperial voice) many are infect. With his own self-all'd; and bears his head In such a rein, in full as proud a place As bread Achilles: keeps his tent like him; Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war, Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites, A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint, To match us in comparisons with dirt; To weaken and discredit our exposure, How rank soever rounded in with danger. 

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice; Count wisdom as no member of the war; Forestall precipicence, and esteem no set But that of hands: the still and meek parts— That do contribute how many hands shall strike, 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, closet-war: So that the ram, that batters down the wall, For the great swing and rudeness of his poise, 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 ENEAS. 

Men. From Troy. 

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent. 

Ene. Is this Great Agamemnon's tent, I pray you? 

Agam. Even this. 

Ene. May one, that is a herald and a prince, Do a fair message to his kingly ears? 

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles' arm, Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one voice Call Agamemnon head and general. 

Ene. Fair leave, and large security. How may A stranger to those most imperial looks Know them from eyes of other mortals? 

Agam. How? 

Ene. Ay; I ask, that I might waken reverence, And bid the cheek be ready with a blush, Modest as morning when she coldly eyes The youthful Phorbas. 

Which is that god in office, guiding men? 

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon? 

Agam. This Trojan seorns us, or the men of Troy Are ceremonious courtiers. 

Ene. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unmard, 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 accord, Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Eneas! Peace, Trojan! lay thy finger on thy lips. The worthiness of praise distains his worth, If that the praise'd himself bring the praise forth; What's the repining enemy commends, That breath fame blows; that praise, soul-pure, transcends. 

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself Eneas? 

Ene. Ay, Greek, that is my name. 

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you? 

Ene. Sir, pardon: 'tis for Agamemnon's ears. 

Agam. He hears nought privately that comes from Troy. 

Ene. 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. 

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind. It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:

1 lives: in folio. 2 silly: in quarto. 3 just: in folio. 4 of grace exact: in f. e. 5 But what: in f. e. 6 sole pure: in f. e.
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself. 

_Ene._

Send thy brass voice through all these lazy tents;
And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[Trumpet sounds.

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy,
A prince call'd Hector, Priam is his father,
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rustily grown: he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak.—Kings, princes, lords,
If there be one among the fair'st of Greece,
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril;
That knows his valour, and knows not his fear;
That loves his mistress more than in confession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves;
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did couple in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Mid-way between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love.
If any come, Hector shall honour him;
If none, he'll say in Troy, when he retires,
The Grecian grooms are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. Even so much.

_Agam._ This shall be told our lovers, lord _Eneas._
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 mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

_Nest._ Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;
But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantage put this w ith'er'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world. His youth in flood;
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of blood.

_Ene._ Now heavens forbid such scarcity of youth!

_Ulyss._ Amen. 

_Agam._ Fair lord _Eneas_, 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_.

_Nest._ What says _Ulysses_?

_Ulyss._ I have a young conception in my brain;
Doth not nature mean to bring it to some shape.

_Nest._ What is't?

_Ulyss._ This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride,
That hath to this maturity grown up
In rank Achilles, must or now be crop'd;
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk us all.

_Nest._ Well, and how?

_Ulyss._ This challenge that the gallant Hector sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relate 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,
'T is dry enough) will, with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose
Pointing on him.

_Ulyss._ And wake him to the answer, think you?

_Nest._ Why, it is most meet: whom may you else oppose,
That can from Hector bring his honour off.
If not Achilles? Though 'tis to be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;
For here the Trojans taste our dear'st repute.
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me, _Ulysses_,
Our reputation shall be oddly pois'd
In this wild action; for the successes,
Although particular, shall give a scantling:
Of good or bad unto the general;
And in such indexes (although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes) there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
What heart receives from hence the conquering part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
In no less working, than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

_Ulyss._ Give pardon to my speech:—
Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think; perchance, they'll sell; if not,
The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By showing the worst first. Do not consent,
That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame, in this,
Are dogg'd with two strange following.

_Nest._ I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

_Ulyss._ What glory our Achilles shares from Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share' with him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun,
Than in the pride and salt scor'd of his eyes,
Should he 'scape Hector fair. If he were fob'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 breaks the earth's applause and make him fall
His crest, that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull, brainless Ajax come safe off,
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still,
That we have better men. But, hit or miss;

1. _feuds_; in quarto. 2. _compass_; in folio. 3. _I'll be_; in folio. 4. _mould_; in folio. 5. _pawn_; in folio. 6. _Yes_; in folio. 7. _yet to show_; in folio. 8. _Shall show the better_; in folio. 9. _wear_; in folio. 10. _As the words_;
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes.—Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.

Nest. Now I begin to relish thy advice; And I will give a taste of it forthwith

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**II.**

How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why do I so do.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him: for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what medicums of wit he utters! his orations have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What?

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

Achil. Nay, good Ajax. [Ajax offers to strike him.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he, look you there.

Ajax. O, thou damm'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's? Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile wog learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Even so—a great deal of your wit, too, lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: he were as good crack a sturdy nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses, and old Nestor,—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes,—yoke you like draught oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What? what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax! to—

Achil. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter; I shall speak as much as thou, afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach!

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1 Set on. 2 Most mouldy. 3 The rest of the speech is only in the quartus. 4 Pound. 5 A small ass. 6 Dog.
Troilus. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hanged, like clotted poes, ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.]

Patr. A good riddance.

Troilus. Marry, this, sir, is proclaimed through all our host:

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun,
Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy,
To-morrow morning call some knight to arms,
That hath a stomach: and such a one, that dare maintain— I know not what: 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Troilus. I know not: it is put to lottery; otherwise, he knew his man.

Ajax. O! meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—Troy. A Room in Priam's Palace.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris, and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,
Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:

'Deliver Helen, and all damage else—
As honour, loss of time, travail, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what else that is consum'd,
In hot digestion of this cormorant war,
Shall be struck off.'—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hec. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I,
As far as toucheth my particular,
Yet, dread Priam,
There is no lady of more softer bowels,
More spungy to suck in the sense of fear,
More ready to cry out—'Who knows what follows?'
Than Hector is. The wound of peace is surely,
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 diseases,
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,
Hades, and sure, he blew of one ten
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Tro. Fie, fie! my brother
Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,
So great as our dread father, in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a waist most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hec. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Tro. You are for dreams and clumbers, brother priest:
You far your gloves with reason. Here are your reasons:

You know, an enemy intends you harm,
You know, a sword employ'd is perilsious,
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-orb'd?—Nay, if we talk of reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have here hearts, would they but fat their thoughts.
With this cramm'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 sought, 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 doth, that is inclinable*
To what infectiously jolly affects.
Without some image of th' affected merit.

Tro. I take to-day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my will;
My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
Of will and judgment. How may I avoid,
Although my will distaste what it elected,
The wise I chose? there can be no evasion
To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
We turn not back the silks upon the merchant,
When we have sold them; nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in respective sieves,
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 't was wisdom Paris went,
''As you must need, for you all cry—'Go, go!'
If you'll confess he have the prize noble prise
As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your hands,
And cry'd—'Inestimable?' why do you now
The issue of your proper winnings rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggars the estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base,
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Tro. 'Tis our mad sister: I do know her voice.

Cas. [Within.] Cry, Trojans!

Hec. It is Cassandra.

Enter Cassandra, wailing.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hec. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans! cry! practise your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly Lion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.

Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe!
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do these high
Divination in our sister work
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?

Tro. Why, brother Hector,
We may not think the justness of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick raptures
Cannot dissuade the goodness of a quarrel,
Which hath our several honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons;
And Jove forbid, there should be done amongst us
Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
To fight for, and maintain.
Par. Else might the world convince of levity,
As well my undertakings, as your counsels;
But, I attest the gods, your full consent
Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
All fears attending on so dire a project:
For what, alas! can these my single arms?
What propagation is in one man's valour,
To stand the press 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 no more 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
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What treason were it to the ransack'd queen,
Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
Now to deliver her possession up,
On terms of base compulsion? Can it be,
That so degenerate a strain as this,
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
There's not the meanest 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 unam'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 glaz'd,—but superciliously; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Urn'd to hear moral philosophy.
The reasons you allege do more conduce
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,
Where nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? if this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their bent hours, will 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 Sparta's king,
As it is known she is, these moral laws
Of nature, and of nation, speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong externates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. Hector's opinion
Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spirited 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.

Tro. Why, there you touch'd the life of our design.
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She's a theme of honour and renown;
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes.
And fame in time to come canonize us:
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revenue.
Hect. I am yours,
You valiant offspring of great Priamus,—
I have a rising challenge sent amongst
The dule and factious nobles of the Greeks,
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits.
I was advertis'd, their great general slept,
Whilst emulation in the army erod:
This, I presume, will wake him.

Enter Thersites.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what! lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? Shall the elephant Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would, it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he railed at me. 'Sfoot, I'll learn to converse and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful excorciations.' 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.

[Knell's] O, thou great thunder-darter of Olympus! forget that thou art Jove the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose all the serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if ye take not that little, little, less-than-little wit from them that they have; which short-armed ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing their masy iron and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp; or, rather the Neapolitan bone-ache: for that, methinks, is the curse dependant on those that war for a backlet. [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 gift counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipped out of my contempla-

1 Convict. 2 pass: in f. c. 3 Not in f. e. 4 Dyce reads: short-aim'd. 5 * Not in f. e. 6 Not in f. e.
tion; 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! art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?
Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who’s there?
Patr. Theristes, my lord.
Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? Why, my cheere, 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, Theristes. Then, tell me, I pray thee, what’s thyself?
Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus. Then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?
Patr. Thou must tell, that knowest.
Achil. Of! 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 rascal!
Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done.
Achil. He is a privileged man.—Proceed, Theristes.
Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool.
Theristes is a fool; and, as advised, 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; Theristes 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, Theristes. [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 emulous factions, and bleed to death upon. Now, the dry serpent on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Agam. Where is Achilles?
Patr. Within his tent; but ill-disposed, my lord.

Ajax. Let it be known to him that we are here.

We sent four our messengers; and we lay by our appertainments 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. Ulysses. We saw him at the opening of his tent: he is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but by my head, ’tis pride: but why? why? let him show us a cause.—A word, my lord.

[Taking Agamemnon aside.

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?
Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him.}

Nest. Who? Theristes?
Ulyss. He.

Nest. This will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No; you see, he is his argument, that has his argument, Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish, than their faction: but it was a strong composition, a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily unite. Here comes Patroclus.
Nest. No Achilles with him.

Re-enter Patroclus.

Ulyss. The elephant hath but one; but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.
Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If any thing more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness, and this noble state, To call upon him: he hopes, it is no other. But, for your health and your digestion sake, An after-dinner’s breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus. We are too well acquainted with these answers; But his evasion, 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; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted. 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 Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, [himself Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite in an observing kind His humorous predominance: yea, watch His pettish lunes, his obbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide. Go, tell him this: and add, That, if he overhold his price so much, We’ll none of him; but let him, like an engine Not portable, lie under this report— Bring action lither, 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, doth yours the deed in the praise.
Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.
Nest. Yet he loves himself: is’t not strange? [Aside.

Rec-enter Ulysses.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-morrow.

Agam. What’s his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none; but carries 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, untent his person, and share the air with us? Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request’s sake only, 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 swoln and hot discourse, that, twixt his mental and his active parts, Kingdom’d Achilles in commotion ranges, and butters down himself. What should I say? He is so plagy proud, that the death 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 Agamemnon! let it not be so: We’ll concerrette the steps that Ajax makes when they go from Achilles. Shall the proud lord, that bastes his arrogance with his own seam, and never suffers matter of the world enter his thoughts,—save such as doth revolve and ruminate himself,—shall he be worshipp’d of that we hold an idol more than he? No, this three worthy and right valiant lord must not so stale his palm, nobly acquire’d; no, by my will, asubjugate his merit, as amply titled as Achilles is, by going to Achilles: that were to ennard 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.

Dio. 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’b’r proud with me, I’ll pheaze his pride. Let me go to him.


Nest. How he describes himself?

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulyss. The raven.

Chides blackness.

Ajax. I’ll let his humour blood.

Agam. He will be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o’ my mind,—

Ulyss. Wit would be out of fashion. [Aside.

Ajax. ‘A should not bear it so, ‘A should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An’t would, you’d carry 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.

Dio. 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?

If he is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us!
Would, he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice

Were it in Ajax now—

Ulyss. If he were proud?

Dio. Or covetous of praise?

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne?

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected?

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck:
Fam’d be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature.
Thrice-fam’d, beyond all erudition;
But he that disciplin’d thine arms to fight,
Let Mars divide eternity in twain,
And give him half; and for thy vigour,
Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield.

To sinewy Ajax. I will not praise thy wisdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines
Thy spacious and dilated parts: here’s Nestor,
Instructed by the antiquary times,
He must, he is; he cannot but be wise;
But pardon, father Nestor, were your days
As green as Ajax, and your brain so temper’d,
You should not have the eminence of him.

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul’d by him, lord Ajax.

Ulyss. 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 honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace. [Music within.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles.—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir; it is music in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. Azt whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir; and theirs that love music.


Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Serv. That’s to’t; indeed, sir. Marry, sir, at the request of Paris, my lord, who is there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love’s invisible soul—

Pan. Who? my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attire, sir?

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 complimentary assault upon him, for my business seethes.

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.

Par. You have broke it, cousin; and, by my life, you shall make it whole again: you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir!—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my lord. Well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we’ll hear you sing, certainly.

* These words are only in the quartos.  * disposer: in f. e.

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 himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy on your head.

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that’s a sweet queen,—'tis faith—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn: that shall it not, in truth, la! Nay, I care not for such words: no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit’s in hand? where sups he tonight?

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.

Par. 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.

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor dispraiser’s sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she’ll none of him; they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I’ll hear no more of this. I’ll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr’ythee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O, Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!


Par. Ay, good now; love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so:

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!

For, oh! love bow

Shoots back and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die!

Yet that which seem a wound to kill,

Doth turn ok! ok! to ha! ha! ha!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha—

Hey ho!
Helen. In love; 'tis faith, to the very tip of the nose.
Pan. Her eyes nothing but doves, love.
Pan. And that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.
Helen. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds?—Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?
Pan. Sweet lord, who's a field to-day?
Par. Hector. Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have armed to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance my brother Troilus went not?
Helen. He hangs the tip at something.—You know all, lord Pandarus.
Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?
Par. To a hair.
Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.
Helen. Commend me to your niece.
Pan. I will, sweet queen. [Exit.
Helen. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,
To greet the warriors.
Pan. Sweet Helen, I must woo you
To help unarm our Hector; his stubborn buckles,
With these your white enchancing fingers touch'd,
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,
Of force of Grecish sinews: you shall do more,
Than all the island kings, disarray great Hector.
Helen. T' will make us proud to be his servant,
Paris:
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have:
Yea, overshines ourself.
Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. Pandarus' Orchard.

Enter Pandarus and a Servant, meeting.
Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?
Serv. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.
Pan. O! here he comes.—How now, how now!
Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [Exit Servant.
Pan. 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 Charon,
And give me swift transortance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lily beds
Propos'd for the deserver. O, gentle Pandarus!
From Cupid's shoulder pike his painted wings,
And fly with me to Cressid.
Pan. Walk here i' the orchard: I'll bring her straight.

Enter Pandlus. 
Tro. I am giddy: expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet
That it enchants my sense; what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-reproved nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tur'd too sharp 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 fray'd with a
spite: I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she
fetches her breath so short as a new-ta'en sparrow.
[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 unawares encountering
The eye of majesty.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.
Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a
baby.—Here she is now: swear the oath now 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 in 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 daylight! an't were dark,
you'd close sooner. So; so rub on; and kiss the mistress.*
How now! a kiss in fee-farm? build there,
carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your
hearts out, ere I part you. The falcon as the terek,*
for all the ducks! the river go to, go to.
Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.
Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds; 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.
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 dregs 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; think-
ing it harder for our mistress to devise imposition
enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed.
This is the monstrosity 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 us
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 de-

tert, 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 Pandar/us.  

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'11 give him me. 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'11 give my word for her too. Our kin-
dred, though they be long ere they are wooed, they are
constant, being won: they are burs, I can tell you;
they'11 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 might master it.—In faith, I lie:
My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown
Too headstrong for their mother: see, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us,
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—
But, though I lov'd you well, I wo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak
The thing I shall repent. See, see! your silence,
Cunning in dullness, from my weakness draws
My very soul of counsel.  

Stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues hence.

Kissing her

Pan. Pretty, i' faith.

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss.
I am asham'd: —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 morn-

Cres. Pray you, content you.

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun

Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try.
I have a kind self* that resides with you;
But an unkind self, that itself will leave
To be another's fool. I would be gone.—

Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.  

Tro. Well know they what they speak, that speak
so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show more craft than love,
And fell so roundly to a large confession,
To angle for your thoughts; but you are wise,
Or else you love not, for to be wise, and love,
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.

Tro. O! that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will presume in you)
To feed for 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 apprized 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 compare,
Want similes, truth tir'd with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantation  to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states character'd are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
From false to false among false maid's in love,
Upbraid my falsehood. When they have said—as false
As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.  

Troilus kisses her.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made; seal it, seal it; I'll be
the witness.—Here I hold your hand; here, my con-
vin's:—if ever you prove false one to another, since I
have taken such pains to bring you together, let all
pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after
my name, call them all!—Pandar/us: let all constant men
be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all brokers-
between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you a cham-
ber; which bed, because it shall not speak of your
pretty encounters, press it to death: away!  
[Exeunt.

And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here,
Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!  
[Exit.

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1 Coming: in old copies. Pope made the change.  
2 My soul of counsel from me: in folio.  
3 Not in f. e.  
4 kind of self: in f. e.  
5 Where is my wit?

I would be gone. I speak I know not what.

6 The poor husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moons maketh plants fruitfull, so as in the full moons they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and vade. —Scott's Discovery of Witchcraft, 1504.  
7 Not in f. e.  
8 Ezekui: in f. e.  

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ACT III.
SCENE III.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

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SCENE III.—The Grecian Camp.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Ajax, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have done you, 'Tis advantage of the time prompts me, aloud To call for recompense. 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, To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made tame and most familiar to my nature; And here, to do you service, am become As new into the world, strange, unaccustomed: 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. Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan? Make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd Antenor, Yesterday took: Troy holds him very dear. Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore) Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange, Whom Troy hath still denied; but this Antenor, I know, is such a wrest* in their affairs, That their negotiations all must slake, 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: Calchis shall have What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, Furnish you fairly for this interchange: Withal, bring word, if Hector will to-morrow Be answer'd in his challenge. Ajax is ready. Dio. This shall I undertake: and 'tis a burden Which I am proud to bear.

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on A form of strangeness as we pass along; So do each lord: and either greet him not, Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way. Achil. What! comes the general to speak with me? You know my mind: I'll fight no more 'gainst Troy. Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught with us? Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the general? Achil. No. Nest. Nothing, my lord.

1 Appear: in f. e. 2 to Love: in f. e. 3 A tuner of musical instruments. Dowce. 4 Not in f. e. 5 Endowed. 6 This and the previous line are not in the folio. 7 married: in f. e.
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this;
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. Nature! what things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use:
What things, again, most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth. Now, shall we see to-morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw upon him,
Ajax renowned. O heavens! what some men do,
While some men leave to do.
How some men creep in skittish fortune's hall,
Whiles others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking!

_Achilles._ I do believe it; for they pass'd by me,
As misers do by beggars, neither gave to me.
Good word, nor look. What! are my deeds forgot?
_Ulysses._ Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion.
A great-sized monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or edge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost;
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 host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps-in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,—
That all, with one consent, praise new-born gawds,
Though they are made and moulded of things past,
And give to dust, that is a little gill,
More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.
The present eye praises the present object:
Then, marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax,
Since things in motion quicklier catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,
And case thy reputation in thy tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in the fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves,
And drave great Mars to faction.

_Achilles._ Of this my privacy
I have strong reasons.

_Ulysses._ But 'gainst your privacy
The reasons are more potent and heroic.
'T is known, Achilles, that you are in love
With one of Priam's daughters.

_Achilles._ Ha! known?

_Ulysses._ Is that a wonder?
The providence that's in a watchful state
Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold,
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deeps,
Keeps pace with thought, and almost, like the gods,
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb crudities.
There is a mystery (with whom relation
Durst never meddle) in the soul of state,
Which hath an operation more divine
Than breath, or pen, can give expressure to.
All the commerce that you have had with Troy
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord;
And better would it 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 Greekish girls shall tripping sing,—
"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."
Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak:
The soul eludes o'er the ice that you should break.

Exit.

_Patroclus._ To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd you.
A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loath'd, than an effeminate man
In time of action. I stand condemn'd for this:
They think, my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrains you thus.
_Swiftly_rouse yourself; and the weak wanton Cupid
Shall from your neck unloose his amorous fold,
And, like a dow-droop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air!

_Achilles._ Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

_Patroclus._ Ay; and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

_Achilles._ I see, my reputation is at stake;
My fame is shrewdly gird'd.

_Patroclus._ O! then beware:
Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves.
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then, when we sit idly in the sun.

_Achilles._ 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 unarmed. I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Even to my full of view.—A labour sav'd!

_Enter Thersites._

_Thersites._ A wonder!

_Achilles._ What?

_Thersites._ Ajax goes up and down the field asking for himself.

_Achilles._ How so?

_Thersites._ He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector;
And is so prophetically proud of his heroic endgalling,
that he raves in saying nothing.

_Achilles._ 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, 'tis there wit in this head, an 't would 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 in 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, Therites.

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 valorous 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-honoured, captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax.

Ther. Humph!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Troy. A Street.

Enter, at one side, Æneas, and Servant, with a Torch; at the other, Paris. Deiphobus, Antenor, Diomedes, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Par. Had so good occasion to lie long.

As you, prince Paris, nothing but heavenly business Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow, lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas, 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.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir, During all question of the gentle truce; But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance, As heart can think, or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces. Our bloods are now so warm, and so long health; But when contention and occasion meets By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life, With all my fierce pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will fly With his face backward.—In humane gentleness, Welcome to Troy: now, by Æneas' 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.

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 time, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out of 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 callings on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse, for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd; And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it. I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance.

[Exit.
Dio. Both alike:
He merits well to have her, that doth seek her
Not making any scruple of her solace,
With such a hell of pain, and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
Not palating the taste of her dishonour,
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
He, like a piling eucokid, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a leecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleased to bleed out your inheritors;
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more;
But he as he, each heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your countrywoman.
Dio. She's bitter to her country. Hear me, Paris:
For every false drop in her bawdy veins
A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Trojan hath been slain. Since she could speak,
She hath not given so many good words breath,
As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend not sell.
Here lies our way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Court before the House
of Pandarus.

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed; sleep kill these pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. Pr'ythee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you aware of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day,
Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Brishew the witch! with venomous wights she stays,
As tidiously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Pr'ythee, tarry.

You men will never tarry.
O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,
And, then, you would have had any.

Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [Within.] What! are all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life—

Pan. How now, how now! how go maidenheads?—
Here, you maid; where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!
You bring me to do,—and then you fliest me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:
—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come; brishew your heart! you'll ne'er be good,
Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor cupachio!
—hast 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 were knocked
off 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.

Pan. [Going to the door.] Who's there? what's the matter?
will you beat down the door?—How now?
what's the matter?—

[Opening it.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. 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?

Æne. Is not prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. 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?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do
him wrong ere ye are ware. You'll be so true to him,
to be false to him. Do not you know of him, but yet
go fetich him hither: go.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. How now! what's the matter?

Æne. 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?

Æne. By Priam, and the general state of Troy:
They are at hand, and ready 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.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secret of nature,
Have no more gift in taciturnity. [Exeunt Troil. & Æne.

Pan. Is it 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 here?

Pan. Ah! ah!

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!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in. Would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew, 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

\(^1\) the: in f. a. \(^2\) eyes: in folio. \(^3\) hideously: in folio. \(^4\) Dost. \(^5\) Not in f. a. \(^6\) the secrets of: in f. a.
thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 'will be his
death; 't will 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 Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,
If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,
Do to this body what extremes you can,
But the strong base and building of my love
Is as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all things to it.—I'll go in, and weep.
Pan. Do, do.
Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised
cheeks;
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding Troilus. I will not go from Troy.
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Pandaros' House.
Enter Paris, Troilus, Enclas, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes.
Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefix'd
Of her delivery to this valiant Greek
Comes fast upon.—Good my brother Troilus,
Tell you the lady what she is to do,
And haste her to the purpose.
Tro. Walk into her house,
I'll bring her to the Grecian presently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus
A priest, there offering to it his own heart. [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 Pandaros' House.
Enter Pandaros and Cressida.
Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.
Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violent[1] in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dress[2],
No more my grief, in such a precious loss.
[Exeunt Troilus.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes.—A sweet duck!
Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here! Let me embrace too.
O heart,—as the goody saying is,—
O heart, O heart. O heavy heart!
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?
where he answers again,
Because thou cast not ease thy smart,
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, lambus! Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd[1] a purity,
That the bliss'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?
Pan. From Troy, and Troilus.
Tro. Is it possible?
Cres. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justly angered
By all time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoinder, forebodings I I I I
Our lock'd embrasures, strange their dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time, now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievry up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into one loose adieu;
And scant's us with a single fanish'd kiss,
Dissolute with the salt of broken tears.
[Aside. Within.] My lord! is the lady ready?
Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say, the Genius so
Cres. Come! to him that instantly must die.—
Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind,
Or my heart will be blown up by the root! [Exit Pand. Cres. I must then to the Grecians?
Tro. No remedy.
Cres. A woeful Cressid mongst the merry Greeks!
When shall we see again?
Tro. Hear me, my love. Be thou but true of heart—
Cres. I true? how now! what wicked deem is this?
Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us. I speak not, "be thou true," as fearing thee;
For I will throw my glove to death himself;
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, "be thou true," say I, to fashion in
My sequent protestation. Be thou true,
And I will see thee.
Cres. O! you shall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite as imminent: but I'll be true.
Tro. And I'll 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 godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.
Cres. O heavens! you love me not.
Tro. Die I a villain, then! In this I do not call your faith in question,
So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,
Nor heel the high loyal[4], nor sweeten talk,
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the Grecians are most prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell, that in each grace of those

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1 And no less: in folio. The word is found in Fuller and Latimer. 2 cross: in folio. 3 friendships: in & c. 4 strange: in folio.
5 throat: in quarto. 6 A quick dance.
There lurks a still and dumb-discourse devil, That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Cres. Do you think, I will?

Tro. No;

But something may be done, that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [Within.] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part.

Par. [Within.] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;

And bring Æneas, and the Grecian, with you.

Cres. My lord, will you be true?

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault;

Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch more simplicity;

Whilst some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.

Fear not my truth: the moral of my wit
Is plain, and true,—there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, Deiphobus, and Diomedes.

Welcome, sir Diomed. Here is the lady, Which for Antenor we deliver you:

At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is. Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek, If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword, Name Cressida, and thy life shall be as safe, As Priam is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince expects: The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek; Plead your fair usage; and to Diomed You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously, To shame the zeal of my petition to thee, In praising her. I tell thee, lord of Greece, She is as far high-soaring 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 be thy guard, I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O! be not mov'd, prince Troilus.

Let me be privilieg'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'st so, I'll speak it in my spirit and honour,—no.

Tro. Come to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed, This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk, To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[Exeunt Tro. Cres. and Diom. Trumpet sounded.]

Par. Hawk! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!

The prince must think me tardy and remiss, That swore to ride before him to the field. [him.]

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault. Come, come, to field with

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. You, with a bottle deck'd from fresh alacrity,
Let us address to tend on Hector's heels, The glory of our Troy doth this day lie On his fair worth, and some chivalry. [Exeunt.


Enter Ajax, armed; Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulysses, Nestor, and others.

Agam. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair, Anticipating time. With startling courage Give with thy trumpet a hark to Troy, Thou dreadful Ajax; that the appalled air May pierce the head of the greater combatant, And hail him hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.

Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe: Blow, villain, till thy sphere'd bias cheek Out-swell the colic of puff'd Aquilon. Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout blood;

Thou blow'st for Hector. [Trumpet sounds.]

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'T is but early day. Agam. Is not yond Diomed with Galæas' daughter? Ulyss. 'T is he, I ken the manner of his gait; He rises on the horse: that spirit of his In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomed, with Cressida. Agam. Is this the lady Cressid?


Nest. Our general doth salute you with a kiss. [Kissing her.

Ulyss. Yet is the kindness but particular;

'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—

[Putting him back.]

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:

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,

And parted thus you and your argument. [Kissing her.

Ulyss. O! deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,

For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this mine:

Patroclus kisses you. [Kissing her again.]

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.

Cres. I'll make my match to live.

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot; I'll give you three for one.

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for, you know, 'tis true, That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against his horn.—

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire it.

Cres. Why, beg then.

Ulyss. Why then, for Venus' sake, give me a kiss, When Helen is a maid again, and his.

Cres. I am your debtor; claim it when 'tis due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.
SCENE V.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA. • 559

Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.

[Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.

Agam. They are in action.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own.

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st:

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there, Ajax!

Dio. You must no more.

[Trumpets cease.

Hec. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet: let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hec. Why then, will I no more.—Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son, A cousin-german to great Priam's seed; The obligation of our blood forbids A gory emulation 'twixt us twain. Were thy commixtion 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 Bounds in my father's?' by Jove multipotent, Thou shouldest not bear from me a Grecian member Wherein my sword had not impressure made Of our rank feud. But the just gods gainsay, That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother, My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword Be drain'd. Let me embrace thee, Ajax.—

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms. Hector would have them fall upon him thus: Cousin, all honour to thee! [They embrace.

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man. I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence A great addition earned in thy death.

Hec. Not Neoptolemus so mirable On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st Oyez Cries, 'This is he!' could promise to himself A thought of added honour torn from Hector. 

There is expectation here from both the sides, What farther you will do.

Hec. We'll answer it;
The issue is embrace.—Ajax, fare well. Ajax. If I might in entertainments find success, As said I have the chance, I would desire My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. Dio. 'T is Agamemnon's wish: and great Achilles Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector. Hec. Eneas, call my brother Troilus to me; And signify this loving interview To the expectors 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 worthieth of them tell me, name by name; But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes Shall find him by his large and portly size. Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one That would be rid of such an enemy. But that's no welcome: understand more clear. What's past, and what's to come, is screwed with husks And forfend not ruin of oblivion; But in this extant moment, faith and troth, Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing, Bids thee, with most divine integrity, From heart of very heart, great Hector, welcome. Hec. I thank thee, most imperious Agamemnon.

Agam. My well-fam'd lord of Troy, no less to you.

[To Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting:
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hec. Whom must we answer?

TROILUS

Aene.
The noble Mecenas.
Hec. O! you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath:
Your quomdam 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.

Nest. I have, thou gallant Trojan, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I have seen thee,
As hot as Perseus, spurn thy Phrygian steed,
Despising many forfoits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said unto my standers-by,
"Lo! Jupiter is yonder, dealing life."
And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wrestling: this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now. I know thy grandsire,
And once fought with him: he was a soldier good;
But, by great Mars the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Aene. '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 clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesy.
Hec. I would they could.

Nest. Ha! by this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome! I have seen the time.
Ulyss. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here her base and pillar by us.
Hec. I know your favour, lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir! there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In lion, 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 front your town,
Yond' towers, whose wanton tops do buss the clouds,
Must 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 beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.
Achil. I shall forestall thee, lord Ulysses, then.
Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee:
I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hec. Is this Achilles?
Achil. I am Achilles.
Hec. Stand fair, I pray thee; let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

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 'tis read me o'er;
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.

Nest. Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part of my body
Shall I destroy him, whether there, there, or there?
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, whereon
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heavens!
Hec. It would discredit the bless'd gods, proud man,
To answer such a question. Stand again;
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to predominate in 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 stithied Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee everywhere, yea, o'er and o'er.—

You, wise Grecians, pardon me this brag:
His insolence draws folly from my lips:
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin:—
And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident, or purpose, bring you to't;
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.
Hec. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelling wars, since you refuse'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil. Dost thou entreat me, Hector? To-morrow, do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.
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 bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat him.—
Beat loud the tumblin'es, 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 Callcas keep?
Ulyss. At Mecenas' tent, most princely Troilus:
There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven, nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressida.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you so much,
After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss. You shall command me, sir.
As gentle tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That wails her absence?

Tro. O, sir! to such as boasted 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.


Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. I’ll heat his blood with Grecian wine to-night; Which with my scimitar I’ll cool to-morrow. Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter Thersites.


Achil. 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, adversity! and what need these tricks? Ther. Prythee be silent, boy; I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be Achilles’ male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what’s that.

Ther. Why, his meagrelin where, Now the rotten diseases of the south, the gut-chapping, ruptures, cuisarrows, loads o’ gravel i’ the back, lethargies, cold palisies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, limb-kilms i’ the palm, incredible bone-ache, and the rivelled fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoulours!

Achil. Why, thou damned box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why no, you ruinous butt, you whoreson indistinguishable curt, no.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sneave silk, thou green scarlet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal’s purse, thou? Ah! how the poor world is pestered with such water-fowl, diminutives of nature?

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch eggs!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow’s battle. Here is a letter from queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing me, and ‘gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall Greeks, fall name, honour, or go, or stay, My major vow lies here; this I’ll obey.— Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, Patroclus. [Exit Achil. 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 quails; but he has not so much brain as car-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull,—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds, a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother’s leg,—to what form, but that he is, should wilt larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing: he is both ass and ox; to an ox were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog; a mule, a cat, a fly, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a putock, or a her-
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 eft; ’tis noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be
coupled with your words.
Tro. What should she remember?
Ulyss. List.
Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Queroy?
Dio. Nay, then,—
Cres. I'll tell you what—
Dio. Pho! pho! come tell, a pin; you are forsworn.—
Cres. In faith, I cannot. What would you have me do?
Ther. A juggling trick,—to be secretly open.
Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?
Cres. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but, that, sweet Greek.
Dio. Good night.
Tro. Hold, patience!
Ulyss. How now, Trojan?
Cres. Diomed!—
Dio. No, no; good night! I'll be your fool no more.
Tro. Thy better must.
Cres. O, plague and madness!
Ulyss. You are mov'd; prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enrage itself.
To wrathful terms. This place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.
Tro. Behold, I pray you! 1
Ulyss. Nay, my good lord, go off;
You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.
Tro. I pr'ythee, stay.
Ulyss. You have not patience; come.
Tro. I pray you, stay. By hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.
Dio. And so, good night.
Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.
Tro. Doth that grieve thee?
Dio. O, wither'd truth!
Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!
Tro. By Jove, I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Pho, pho! adieu; you palter.
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go?
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!
Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay: by Jove, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience.—Stay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury, with his fat rump and
potato finger, tickles these together! Fry; lechery, fry!
Dio. But will you then?
Cres. In faith, I will, lord: I never trust me else.
Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. 2
[Exit Ulyss.]
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve. 3
[Giving it.]
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give 't me again.
Dio. Whose was 't?
Cres. It is no matter, now I have 't 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.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cres. O, all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee, and me; and signs, 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 withal,
Dio. I had your heart before; this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.
Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith you shall not:
I'll give you something else. 4
[They strive.]
Dio. I will have this. Whose was it?
Cres. 'Tis no matter.
Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.
Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than you will.
But, now you have it, take it.
Dio. Whose was it?
Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women yond, 5
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.
Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And gripe his spirit that dares not challenge it.
Tro. Wert thou the devil, and worst it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd. 6
Cres. Well, well, 't is done, 't is past;—and yet it is not:
I will not keep my word.
Dio. Why then, farewell,
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.
Cres. 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, 7
pleases me best.
Dio. What! shall I come? the hour?
Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—
Do come:—I shall be plaguid.
Dio. Farewell till then.
Cres. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.— 8
[Exit Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see.
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The eye of our error directs our mind.
What error leads must err: O! then conclude,
Minds, sway'd by eyes, are full of turpitude.
[Exit Cressida.]
Ther. A proof of strength, she could not publish more,
Unless she said, "my mind is now turn'd where."
Ulyss. All's done, my lord.
Tro. It is.
Ulyss. Why stay we then?
Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;
As if those organs had desperatities,
Created only to delude.
Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure, she was.

Tro. Why, my negotiation hath no taste of madness,
Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was here but now.

Tro. Let it not be believed for womanhood!
Think we had mothers: do not give advantage
To stubborn critics—apt, without a theme,
For depravation,—to square the general sex
By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can soil
Our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 'eare own eyes?

Tro. This she? no; this is Diomed's Cressida.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:
If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimony,
If sanctimony be the gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity itself,
This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against itself!
Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolve!
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt: this is, and is not, Cressid.
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparable
Divides more wider than the sky and earth;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Arachne's broken web, to enter.

Instance? Or instance? strong as Pluto's gates,
Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:
Instance? Or 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, scraped, the bits, and greasy 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 doth express?

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 wind,
Shall dizzy with more amour Neptune's car
In his descent, than shall my promised sword
Falling on Diomed.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his coney.

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;

Ther. To be sure; such airs serve not.

Ulyss. Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Aeneas.

Aene. I have been seeking this hour, my lord.

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy:
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous lord, adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exit TROILUS, AENEAS, AND ULYSSES.

Ther. [Coming forward.] Would, I could meet that rogue Diomed. I would crook like a raven; I would bode. I would bode. Patroclus will give me any thing

For the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab.

Lechery, lechery; still, wars and lechery: nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [Exit.]


Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my lord so much ungently tempr'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:

For 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 blood to intent.

Consent with me in love 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.

Hect. Begone, I say: the gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish* vows:
They are polluted offerings, more abhor'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be persuaded: do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful
For us to give much count to violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold.

Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say,

Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:

Life every man holds dear; but the dear man

Holds honour far more precious—dear than life.—

Enter 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 harness, youth;

I am to-day the vein of chivalry.

Let slow thy shews till their knots be strong,

And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.

Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,

I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy,

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians fall,

Even in the fan and wind of your fair-sword,

* The folio: "For we would count give much
No to as violent thefts." The line has been variously arranged by modern editors. "For we would give much, to so count violent thefts," is one of the best.
You bid them rise, and live.
Hect. O! it is 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 venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords;
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, savage, fie!
Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.
Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight to-day.
Tro. Who should withhold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Becoming with fiery trocnechon my retire;
Not Priamms and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with remorse of tears
Nor you, my brother, with thy 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 euloch; now, if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come; go back.
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath 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. wences is a field;
And I do stand engag'd to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.
Hect. I must not break my faith.
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shamo respect, but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.
Cas. O Priam! yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thine eye turns pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolour forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry—Hector! Hector's dead! O Hector!

Tro. Away!—Away!—
Cas. Farewell.—Yet, soft!—Hector, I take thy leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclain.
Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth, and fight;
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand about thee!

[Exeunt severely Priam and Hector. Alarums.

Tro. They are at it; hark!—Proud Priam, believe,
SCENE V.—The Same. 

Enter DIONYSES and a Servant. 

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse; Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid. Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan, And am her knight by proof. 

Serv. I go, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Enter AGAMEMNON. 

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamus Hath heat down Menon: bastard Margarelon Hath Doreus prisoner, And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam, Upon the passed corseds of the kings Epistrophus and Cælius: Polichenes is slain; Amphimachus, and Thon, deadly hurt; Patroclus ta'en, or slain; and Palamedes Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary Appals our numbers. Haste we, Dionysus, To reinforcement, or we perish all. 

Enter NESTOR. 

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles, And bid the snail-pae'd Ajax arm for shame. — There is a thousand Hectors in the field: Now, here he fights on Galathe his horse, And there lacks work; anon, he's there afoot, And there they fly, or die, like seamed souls Before the beleeding whale: then, is he yonder, And there the stragy Greeks, ripe for his edge, Fall down before him, like the mower's swath. Here, there, and every where, he leaves, and takes; Dexterity so obeying appetite, 

That what he will, he does: and does so much, That proof is call'd impossibility. 

Enter ULYSSES. 

Ulys. 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, That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd, come to him, Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend, And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it, Roaring for Troilus: who hath done to-day A mad and fantastic execution. 

Engaging and redeeming of himself, With such a careless force, and forceless care, As if that lack, in very spight of cunning, Bade him win all. 

Enter AJAX. 


Dio. Ay, there, there. 

Nest. So, so, we draw together. 

Enter ACHILLES. 

Achil. Where is this Hector? Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face; Know what it is to meet Achilles angry. Hector I where's Hector? I will none but Hector. [Exeunt. 

SCENE VI.—Another Part of the Field. 

Enter AJAX. 

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus, show thy head! 

Enter DIOMEDES. 

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus? 

Ajax. What wouldst thou? 

Dio. I would correct him. 

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldest have my office,
SCENE IX.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Hector.

Hec. Most putrified core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour 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!

[Plucks off his Helmet, and lays down his Sword.

Enter Achilles and Myrmidons.

Achill. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail1 and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.
Hec. I am unarm'd: forego this vantage, Greek.
Achill. Strike, fellows, strike! this is the man I seek.

[Hector is slain.

So, llion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink down;
Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry ye all aaim.
Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.

[Retreat sounded.

Hark! a retreat2 upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like, my lord.
Achill. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler3 like, the armies separates.
My half-suppd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit,4 thus goes to bed.—

[Sheathes his Sword.

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail;
Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Same.

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes, and others, marching. Shouts within.

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?
Nest. Peace, drums! Achilles!

[Achilles' voice.

Achilles! Hector's slain! Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles.4

Ajet. If it be so, yet bragless let it be:
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along.—Let one be sent
To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—
If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Agamemnon and Trojan Forces.

Aene. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field.
Never go home: here starve we out the night.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XI.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Troilus.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector?—The gods forbid!
Troy. He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort drag'd through the shamefull field.

Frown on, you 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 discomfit 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 aye be call'd,
Go in to Troy, and say there—Hector's dead:
There is a word will Priam turn to stone,
Make wells and Nieces of the maids and wives,
Cold! statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away:
Hector is dead; there is no more to say.
Stay yet.—You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pligt6 upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you!—And, thou great-siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall surder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy's thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort go:
Hope of retenge shall hide our inward woe.

[Exeunt Aeneas and Trojan forces.

As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side,

Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, brothel-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live alive with thy name!

[Exit Troilus.

Pan. A goodly medicine for mine aching bones—
[Left alone, let him say this by way of Epilogue.]
O word! world! world! thus is the poor agent desipd. O, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved46, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see.—

"Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey, and his stig;
And being once subdued in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail."

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.11

As many as be here of Panda'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 Winchester12 would hiss. Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for cuses; And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

1 Lowering. 2 Not in folio. 3 retreat: in folio. 4 One who stands by in a contest, to part the combatants when victory could be determined without bloodshed. He carried a stick for this purpose. 5 bed: in folio. 6 Cool: in folio. 7 Pitch'd. 8 broker, lackey: in m. 9 This direction is not in m. 10 desired: in folio. 11 Used like tapestry, to cover the walls of rooms. They often had "wise saws" inscribed upon them. 12 The neighborhood of the Bishop of Winchester's palace was in bad repute.
CORIOLANUS.

DRAMATIS

Caius Marcius Coriolanus, a noble Roman.
Titus Lartius, Generals against the Volscians.
Cominius.
Menenius Agrippa, Friend to Coriolanus.
Sicinius Velutus, Tribunes of the People.
Junius Brutus.
Young Marcius, Son to Coriolanus.
A Roman Herald.

Tullus Aufidius, General of the Volscians.
Lieutenant to Aufidius.

PERSONÆ.

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.
Roman 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 Antiates.

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 't; let it be done. Away, away! 2 Cit. One word, good citizens.—
1 Cit. We are accounted poor citizens; the patriots good. What authority surfeits on, will relieve us: if they would yield us but the superfluity, while it was wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely; but they think, we are too dear: the leanness that afflicts us, the abjectness of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them.—Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: for the gods know, I speak this in hunger for bread, not in thirst for revenge.
2 Cit. Would you proceed especially against Caius Marcius?
All. Against him first: he's a very dog to the commonwealth.
2 Cit. Consider you what services he has done for his country?
1 Cit. Very well; and could be content to give him good report for't, but that he pays himself with being proud.
2 Cit. Nay, but speak not maliciously.
1 Cit. I say unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end: though soft-conscienced men can be content to say it was for his country, he did it to please his mother, and partly to be proud; which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

1 object: in f. o. 2 All: in folio.
ACT I.  

2 Cit. Care for us?—True, indeed!—They ne'er cared for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed with grain; make edicts for usury, to support usurers; repeal daily every 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 accus'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 scale 't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'll hear it, sir; yet you must not think
To fob off our disgraces with a tale;
But, an't please you, deliver

Men. There was a time, when all the body's members Rebeld against the belly; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
P the midst o' the body, idle and unactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour 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,
Where'er came from the lungs, but even thus,
(For, look you, I may make the belly smile,
As awell as speak) it tauntingly replied
To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
That envied his receipt; even so most fitly
As you malign our senators, for that
They are not such as you.

2 Cit. Your belly's answer? What?
The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter,
With other muniments and petty helps
In this our fabric, if that they—

Men. What then?

For once, this fellow speaks!—what then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be 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?

Men. I will tell you,
If you 'lt bestow a small (of what you have little)
Patience a while, you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. Ye' 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 incorporative friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
Because I am the store-house, and the shop
Of the whole body: but if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, the senate, brain;:
And through the ranks and officers of man:
The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends," this says the belly, mark me.—

1 Theobald reads: stale. 2 to the seat o' the brain: in f. e. 3 cranks: in f. e. 4 Evil. 5 Heap of dead game. 6 Throw. 7 almost: in f. e.
What says the other troop?

Mar. They are dissolved. Hang 'em! They said, they were an-hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs,—

That hunger broke stone walls; that dogs must eat; That meat was made for months; that the gods sent not Corn for the rich men only.—With these shreds They vented their complainings; which being answer'd, And a petition granted them, a strange one, (To break the heart of generosity, And make bold power look pale) they throw'd their capes As they would hang them on the horns of the moon, Shouting their exultation.

Men. What is granted them?

Mar. Five tribunes, to defend their vulgar wisdoms, Of their own choice: one's Junius Brutus, Sicinius Velutus, and I know not—Sleath! 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 arising.

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 Volscæ are in arms.

Mar. I am glad 'tis: then, we shall have means to vent Our musty superfluity.—See, our best elders. Enter Cominius, Titus Lartius, and other Senators; Junius Brutus, and Sicinius Velutus.

1 Sen. Marcius, 'tis true that you have lately told us; The Volscæ 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, 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 revolt, 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 Tullus' 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.

Mar. To the Citizens. Nay, let them follow.

The Volscæ have much corn: take these rats thither, To gnaw their garners.—Worshipful mutineers, Your valour puts well forth: pray, follow, [Exeunt Senators, Com. Mar. Tit. and Menen. 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,—

Br. Mark'd you his lip, and eyes?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts

Br. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the gods.

Sic. Bemock the modest moon.

Br. The present wars devour him: he is grown Too proud to be so vauntful.

Sic. Such a nature, Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow Which he treads on at noon. But I do wonder, His insolence can brook to be commanded Under Cominius.

Br. Fame, at the which he aims, In whom already he is well grace'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.

Bru. Come: Half all Cominius' honours are to Marcius, Though Marcius earn'd them not; and all his faults To Marcius shall be honours, though, indeed, In aught he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear How the despatch is made; and in what fashion, More than his singularity, he goes Upon his present action.

Bru. Let's along. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Coriol. The Senate-House.

Enter Tullus Aufidius, and Senators.

1 Sen. So, your opinion is, Aufidius,
That they of Rome are enter'd in our counsels, And know how we proceed.

Aux. Is it not yours? What ever have been thought on in this state, That could be brought to bodily act ere Rome Had circumvention? 'T is not four days gone, Since I heard hence; 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 rumour'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 Rome was ready To answer us.

Aux. Nor did you think it folly, To keep your great pretences veil'd, till when [ing], They must needs show themselves; which in the hatch- It seem'd, appear'd to Rome. By the discovery, We shall be shorten'd in our aim; which was, To take in many towns, ere, almost, Rome Should know we were afoot.

2 Sen. Noble Aufidius, Take your commission; be he to your bands. [Giving it.]
Let us alone to guard Coriolanus:
If they set down before 'em, for the remove
Bring up your army; but, I think, you'll find
They've not prepared for us.

AUS. O! doubt not that; I speak from certainties. Nay, more;
Some parcels of their power are forth already,
And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
When we and Caesars Marcius chance to meet,
'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
Till one can do no more.

All. The gods assist you! AUS. And keep your honours safe!
1 Sen. Farewell. 2 Sen. Farewell. All. Farewell. [Exeunt.]


Enter Volumnia, and Virgilia. They sit down on two low Stools, and seethe.

Vol. I pray you, daughter, sing; or express yourself in a more comfortable sort. If my son were my husband, I should feeler rejoice in that absence wherein he won honour, than in the embraces of his bed, where he would show most love. When yet he was but tender-bodied, and the only son of my womb; when youth with comeliness plucked all gale his way; when, for a day of King's entreaties, a mother should not sell an hour from her beholding; I,—considering how honour would become such a person; that it was no better than picture-like to hang by the wall, if renown made it not stir,—was pleased to let him seek danger where he was like to find fame. To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned, his brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child, than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, madam? how then?

Vol. Then, his good report should have been my son: I therein would have found issue. Hear me profess sincerely,—had I a dozen sons,—each in my love alike, and none less dear than thine and my good Marcius,—I had rather had eleven die nobly for their country, than one voluntarily surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady Valeria is come to visit you. Vir. Beseech you, give me leave to retire myself.

Vol. Indeed, you shall not.

Methinks, I hear hither your husband's drum, See him pluck Aufidius down by the hair; As children from a bear the Volscians 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 mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes, Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow? O, Jupiter! no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man, Than gilt his trophy: the breasts of Hecuba, When she did muck Hector, look'd not lovelier 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. Heavens-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 housekeepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith.—How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship; well, good madam.

Vol. He had rather see swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his school-master.

Val. O' my word, the father's son: I'll swear, 'tis a very pretty boy. O' my troth, I looked upon him o' Wednesday half an hour together: he has such a confirmed countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly; and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again; caught it again: or whether his fall enraged him, or how 't was, he did so set his teeth, and tear it; O! I warrant, how he mummocked it!

Vol. One of his father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your stitches; I must have you play the idle huswife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good madam; I will not out of doors.

Vol. Not out of doors?

Vir. She shall, she shall.

Val. Indeed, no, by your patience: I will not ever 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.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another Penelope; yet, they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths. Come: I would, your cambrians were sensible as your finger, that you might leave prickity for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good madam, pardon me; indeed, I will not forth.

Val. In truth, la, go with me; and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. O! good madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily, I do not jest with you, there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, madam?

Val. In earnest, it's true: I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is:—The Volscians 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 honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good madam; I will obey you in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady: as she is now, she will but disease our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think, she would.—Fare you well then.—Come, good sweet lady.—Pr'ythee, Virgilia, turn thy solemnness out of door, and go along with us.

Vir. No, at a word, madam; indeed, I must not.

I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well then, farewell. [Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—Before Coriolanus.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Marcius, Titus Labinius, Officers, and Soldiers.

Mar. Yonder comes news:—a wager, they have met. Lart. My horse to yours, no. Mar. 'Tis done. Agreed.

Enter a Messenger.

Mar. Say, has our general met the enemy? Mess. They lie in view, but have not spoken as yet. Lart. So, the good horse is mine. Mar. I'll buy him of you. Lart. No, I'll nor 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 l'arum, and they ours. Now, Mars, I'prythee, make us quick in work, That we with smoking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends!—Come, blow thy blast. A Parley sounded. Enter, on the Walls, two Senators, and others.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your walls? 1 Sen. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little. Hark, our drums

[Drums afar off. Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls, Rather than they shall pound us up. Our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes; They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off;

[Alarum afar off. There is Aufidius: list, what work he makes Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. O! they are at it. Lart. Their noise be our instruction.—Ladders, ho! The Volsces enter, and pass over the Stage. Mar.' They fear us not, but issue forth their city. Now put your shields before your horses, and fight With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave Titus: They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts, Which makes me sweat with wrath.—Come on, my He that retires, I'll take him for a Volsc, fellows: And he shall feel mine edge.

Alarum, and extant Romans and Volscs, fighting. The Romans are beaten back to their Trenches. Re-enter Marcius enraged.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you, You shames of Rome! 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 geese, That bear the shapes of men, how have you run From slaves that apes would beat! Plato and hell! All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale With flight and agued 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'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives, As they us to our trenches follow. Another Alarum. The Volscs and Romans re-enter, and the Fight is renewed. The Volscs retire into Corioli, and Marcius follows them to the Gates. So, now the gates are ope:—now prove good seconds. 'Tis for the followers fortune widens them, Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like. [He enters the Gates, and is shut in.

1 Sol. Fool-hardiness! not I. 2 Sol. Nor I. 3 Sol. See, they have shut him in. [Alarum continues. All. To the port! I warrant him. Enter Titus Labinius.

Lart. What is become of Marcius? All. Slain, sir, doublets.

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels, With them he enters; who, upon the sudden, Clapp'd to their gates: he is himself alone, To answer all the city. Lart. — O noble fellow! Who sensibly outdares his senseless sword, And, when it-bows, stands up. Thou art left, Marcius: A carbuncle entire, as big as thou art, Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier Even to Cato's wish, not fierce and terrible Only in strokes; but, with thy grim looks, and The thunder-like percussion of thy sounds, Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world Were feverous, and did tremble.

The Gates open. Re-enter Marcius, bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, sir! 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 murrain on 't! I took this for silver. [Alarum continues still afar off. Enter Marcius, and Titus Labinius, with a Trumpet. Mar. See here these mowers, that do prize their hours At a crack'd dreahum! Cushions, leaden spoons, Irons of a doft, doublets that hungmen would Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves, Ere yet the fight be done, pack up.—Down with them!— And hark, what noise the general makes.—To him! There is the man of my soul's hate, Aufidius, Piercing our Romans: then, valiant Titus, take Convenient numbers to make good the city, Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste To help Cominius.

Lart. Worthy sir, thou bleed'st; Thy exercise hath been too violent For a second course of fight. Mar. Sir, praise me not: My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well. The blood I drop is rather physical Than dangerous to me. To Aufidius thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair goddess, Fortune, Fall deep in love with thee; and her great charms Misguide thy opposers' swords! Bold gentleman, 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 thither all the officers of the town, Where they shall know our mind. Away! [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Near the Camp of Cominius. Enter Cominius and Forces, as in retreat. Com. Breathe you, my friends. Well sought: we are come off

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1 f. e. add: "to them a Messenger," and omit the stage direction below. 2 You heed of—Boils and plagues: in f. e. 3 pot: in f. e.
Like Romans, neither foolish in our stands,
Nor cowardly in retire: believe me, sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. While we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts we have heard
The charges of our friends:—ye, Roman gods,
Lead their successes as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering
May you give thankfull sacrifice—

Enter a Messenger.

Thy news?

Mess. The citizens of Corioli have issued,
And given to Lartius and to Marcius battle:
I saw their party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Though thou speak'st truth,
Methinks, thou speak'st not well. How long is 't since?

Mess. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'T is not a mile; briefly we heard their drums:
How couldst thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring thy news so late?

Mess. Spies of the Volscians
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel.
Three or four miles about; else had I, sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter MARCIUS.

Com. Who 's yonder,
That does appear as he were flay'd? O gods!
He has the stamp of Marcius, and I have
Before-time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of Marcius' tongue
From every meane man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. O! let me clip you
In arms as sound, as when I woe'd; in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burn'd to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriers,
How is 't with Titus Lartius?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees:
Condemning some to death, and some to exile;
Ransoming him, or pitying, threatening the other;
Holding Corioli, in the name of Rome,
Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave,
Which told me they had beat you to your trenches?

Where is he!—Call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (A plague!—Tribunes for them?)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think it.
Where is the enemy? Are you lords of the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. Marcius, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purposes.

Mar. How lies their battle? Know you on which side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, Marcius,
Those bands if the wayward are the Aniataes,
of their best trust: o'er them Aulidius,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,

By all the battles wherein we have fought,
By the blood we have shed together, by the vows
We have made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against Aulidius, and his Antiiates;
And that you not delay the present, but,
Filling the air with swords advance'd and darts,
We prove this very hour.

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath.
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking. Take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing.—If any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Lesser his person than an ill report;
If any think brave death outweighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself;
Let him, alone, or so many so minded,
Wave thus, to express his disposition,
And follow Marcius.

[They all shout, and wave their Swords; take them up in their arms, and cast up their Caps.
O me, alone! Make you a sword of me?
If these shows be not outward, which of you
But is four Volscians? None of you, but is
Able to bear against the great Aulidius
A shield as hard as his. A certain number,
Though thanks to all, must I select from all: the rest
Shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd. Please you, march before,
And I'll quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—The Gates of Corioli.

TITUS LARTIUS, having set a Guard upon Corioli, going
with Drum and Trumpet toward COMBINUS and CAIUS.
MARCIUS, enters with a Lieutenant, a party of Soldiers,
and a Scout.

Lart. So; let the ports be guarded: keep your duties,
As I have set them down. If I do send, despatch
Those centuries to our aid; the rest will serve
For a short holding: if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Liu. Fear not our care, sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon us.—
Our guider, come; to the Roman camp conduct us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Field of Battle between the Roman
and the Volscian Camps.

Alarum. Enter MARCIUS and AULIDIUS.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee; for I do hate thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Aul. We hate alike:
Not Afric owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame I envy. Fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budge die the other's slave,
And the gods doom him after!

Aul. If I fly, Marcius,
Hallow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, Tullius,
Alone I fought in your Corioli walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'T is not my blood,
Wherein thou seest me mask'd: for thy revenge,
Wrench up thy power to the highest.

_Auf._ Were thou the Hector,

That was the whip of thy bragg'd progeny,

Thou should'st not scape me here.—

[They fight, and certain Volesces come to the aid of

AUFIDUS.

Oofficious, and not valiant—you have sham'd me

In your contended seconds.

[Ereunt 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 't not believe thy deeds; but I 'll report it,
Where senators shall mingle tears with smiles,
Where great patricians shall attend, and shrug.
I' the end, admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And, gladly quak'd, hear more; where the dull Tribunes,
That with the lusty plebeians hate thine honours,
Shall say, against their hearts—
"We thank the gods our Rome hath such a soldier!"
Yet cam'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully dined before.

Enter TITUS LARTIUS with his Power, from the pursuit.

Lart. O general,
Here is the steed, we the caparison.

Hast thou beheld—

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to exiol 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 effect'd his good will
Hast over'tain mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving: Rome must know
The value of her own: 't were a concealment
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
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 hear themselves remember'd.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they foster 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death. Of all the horses,
(Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store of all)
The treasure, in this field achiev'd and city,
We render you the tenth: to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice.

Mar. I thank you, general;
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe to pay my sword: I do refuse it;
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[A long flourish. They all cry, MARCIUS! MARCIUS!
cast up their Corps and Lances: COMINIUS and LARTIUS stand bare.

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never sound more: when drums and trumpets shall
In 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 cover'ture for the wars.

No more, I say. For that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shott me forth
In acclamations hyperbolical;
As if I loved my little should be dieted
In praises sauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you:
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us that give you truly. By your patience,
It 'gainst yourself you be incensed, 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 Marius
Wears this war's garland: in token of the which
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging: and, from this time,
For what he did before Coriol; call him,
With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS—
Bear the addition nobly ever!—

[Flourish. Trumpets sound, and Drums.

All. Caius Marius Coriolanus!

Cor. I will go wash;
And when my face is fair, you shall perceive
Whether I blush, or no: howbeit, I thank you.—
I mean to stride your steed; and, at all times,
To underest your good addition
To the fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent;
Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
To Rome of our success.—You, Titus Lartius,
Must to Corioi back: send us to Rome
The best, with whom we may articulate,
For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.
Cor. The gods begin to mock me. 'T, 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 Corioi,
At a poor man's house; he us'd me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Auffidius was within my view,
And wrath o'erwhelm'd my pity. I request you
to give my poor host freedom.

Com. O, well-begg'd! Were he the butcher of my son, he should
Be free as is the wind. Deliver him, Titus.

Lart. Marius, his name?
Cor. By Jupiter, forget:—
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; 't is time
It should be look'd to. Come.

[Exeunt.

SCENE X.—The Camp of the Volesces.

A Flourish. Cornets. Enter TULLUS AUFIDUS, bloody, with two or three Soldiers.

_Auf._ The town is ta'en.

1 Sold. 'Tis will be deliver'd back on good condition.

_Auf._ Condition!—

I would I were a Roman; for I cannot,
Being a Volesce, be that I am.—Condition!
What good condition can a treaty find
P' the part that is at mercy?—Five times, Marius,
I have fought with thee: so often hast thou beat me;
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Menenius, Sicinius, and Brutus.

Men. The augurer tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good, or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not Marcus.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him; as the hungry plebeians would the noble Marcus.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men: tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both Trib. Well, sir.

Men. In what enormity is Marcus poor in, that you two have not in abundance?

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boasting.

Men. You are not the worst.

Do you two know how you are censured here in the city, I mean of us o' 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, is there no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience; give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures; at the least, if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so. You blame Marcus for being proud?

Bru. We do it not alone, sir.

Men. I know, you can do very little alone; for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single: your abilities are too infant-like for doing much alone. You talk of pride; O! that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves! O, that you could!

Bru. What then, sir?

Men. Why, then you should discover a brace of unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, (alias, fools) as any in Rome.

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough, too.

Men. I am known to be a humorous master, and one that loves a cup of hot wine, without a drop of

Embracements all of fury, shall lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to Marcus. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there,
Against the hospitable canon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in 't heart.—Go you to the city:
Learn, how 'tis held; and what they are, that must
Be hostages for Rome.

1 Sold. Will not you go?

Men. I am attended at the cypress grove: I pray you,
('T is south the city mills) bring me word thinner
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may steer on my journey.

1 Sold. I shall, sir. [Exeunt.]
were she earthy, no nobler) whither do you follow your eyes so fast?


Men. Ha! Marcius coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy Menenius, and with most prosperous approbation.


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 empirical 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 brow: Menenius, he comes the third time home with the oak'd garland.

Men. Has he disciplined Aufidius soundly?

Vol. Titus Lartius writes, they fought together, but Aufidius got off.

Men. And 'tis was time for him too; I'll warrant him that: an he had stay'd by him, I would not have been so solaced for all the chests in Corioli, and the gold that's in them. Is the senate possessed of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go.—Yes, yes, yes: the senate has 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 come forward] Marcius is coming home: he has more cause to be proud.—Where is he wounded?

Vol. 'Tis the shoulder, and 'tis the left arm; there will be large cicatrizes 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 Shout and Flourish] Hark! the trumpets.

Vol. These are the ushers of Marcius: before him he carries noise; and behind him he leaves tears.

Death, that dark spirit, in 's nervy arm doth lie, Which, being advanced, declines, and then men die.

A Sennet. Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius and Titus Lartius: between them, Coriolanus, crowned with an oak'd Garland; with Captains, Soldiers, and a Herald.

Her. Know, Rome, that all alone Marcius did fight

Within Corioli's gates: where he hath won, With fame, a name to Caius Marcius; these In honour follows, Coriolanus:—

Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus! [Flourish.]

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!

Cor. No more of this; it does offend my heart:

Pray now, no more.

Com. Look, sir, your mother.—

Cor. O!

You have, I know, petition'd all the gods

For my prosperity. [Kneels]

Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up; My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and By deed achieving honour newly nam'd, What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee? But O! thy wife—

Cor. My gracious silence, hail! [Rising.]

Wouldst thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home, That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah! my dear, Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear, And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now, the gods crown thee!

Cor. And live you yet?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[To Valeria]

Vol. I know not where to turn:—O! welcome home, And welcome, general;—and you are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes: I could weep, And I could laugh; I am light, and heavy. Welcome! A curse begin at very root on 's heart, That is not glad to see thee!—You are three, That Rome should dote on; yet, by the faith of men, We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not Be graft'd to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors! We call a nettle, but a nettle; and The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. Menenius, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on!

Cor. Your hand,—and yours. [To his Wife and Mother]

Ere in our own house I do shade my head, The good patriots must be visited; From whom I have receiv'd, not only greetings, But with them charge of honours.

Vol. I have lived To see inherited my very wishes, And the buildings of my fancy: Only there's one thing wanting, which I doubt not, But our Rome will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I had rather be their servant in my way, Than sway with them in theirs.


Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights Are spectacled to see him: your prattling nurse Into a rapture let's her baby cry While she cheers' him: the kitchen malkin' pens Her richest lockram' 'bout her reechy' neck, Clambering the walls to eye him: stalls, bulks, windows, Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hord'd With variable complexions, all agreeing In earnestness to see him: sold-shown flamens Do press among the popular throngs, and puff To win a vulgar station: our veil'd dames Commit the war of white and damask, in Their nicely-gaude'd cheeks, to the wanton spoil

1 Not in f. e. 2 is but empiricist: in f. e.; emperiecoutique: in folio. 3 Not in f. e. 4 Fitz. 5 chates: in f. e. 6 The diminutive of Mall or Mary—used as "wrench." It also means a mop, a clot. 7 A kind of cheap linen. 8 Smoky, dirty.
Of Phoebus' burning kisses: such a mother,
As if that whosoever god, who leads him,
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden
I warrant him consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temperately transport his honours
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 honours;
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 napless gesture of humility;
Nor, showing (as the manner is) his wounds
To the people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'T is 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,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like, he will.

Sic. It shall be to him, then, 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 power he would
Have made them mutes, silen'd their pleaders, and
Dispropertied their freedoms; holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul, nor fitness for the world,
Than camels in the war; who have their provand
Only for bearing burdens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall touch 1 the people, (which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't; 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
To hear him speak: matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scurfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
As to 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 ears and eyes for the time,
But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you. [Exeunt.

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1 teach: in f. e. 2 treaty: in f. e. 3 blest: in f. e.
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.

[Cominius rises, and offers to go away.

1 Sen. Sit, Coriolanus: never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honours' pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say how I got them.

Bru. Sir, I hope,
My words dis-bench'd you not.

Cor. No, sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.
You sooth'd not, therefore hurt not. But, your people,
I love them as they weigh.

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monstrous.

[Exit.]

Men. Masters of the people,
You multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
(That's thousand to one good one) when you now see,
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,
Than one on 's ears to hear it?—Proceeded, Cominius.

Com. I shall lack voice: the deeds of Coriolanus
Should not be uttered feebly.—It is held,
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver: if it be,
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counterpois'd. At sixteen years,
When Tarquin made a head for Rome, he fought
Beyond the mark of others: our then dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his Amazonian chin he drove
The bristled lips before him. He bestrode
An over-pressed Roman, and, if the consul's view
Slew three oppressors: Tarquin's self he met,
And struck him on his knee. In that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i' the field; and for his heed
Was brow-bound with the oak. His pupil age
Man-enter'd thus, he waxed like a sea;
And in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He lurch'd all swords of the garland. For this last,
Before and in Corioli, let me say,
I cannot speak him home: he stopp'd the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As weeds before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stem; his sword, death's stamp,
Where it did mark, it took: from face to foot
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was tuned with dying cries. Alone he enter'd
The mortal gate of the city, which he painted
With shunless destiny, aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-inforcement struck
Corioli like a planet. Now all's his
When by and by the din of war gan pierce
His ready sense: then, straight his doubled spirit
Re-quick'en'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battle came he; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'T were a perpetual spoil; and till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood
To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man! 1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at; And look'd up on things precious, as they were
The common muck 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'er-look that custom: for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage: please you,
That I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people
Must have their voices; neither will they bate
One jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't.
Pray you, go fit you to the custom, and
Take to you, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that? [To Sicinius.]

Cor. To brag unto them,—thus I did, and thus:—
Show them th' unaching tears which I should hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't.—
We recommend to you, tribunes of the people,
Our purpose,—to them, and to our noble consul,
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sen. To Coriolanus come all joy and honour!

[Flourish. Exeunt Senators.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent! He will require them,
As if he did commen what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come; we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here: on the market-place,
I know they do attend us.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter several Citizens.

1 Cit. Once, if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 Cit. We may; sir, if we will.

3 Cit. We have power in ourselves to do it, but it is
a power that we have no power to do: for if he show
us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to put our
tongues into those wounds, and speak for them; so,
if he tell us his noble deeds, we must also tell him our
noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude is monstrous,
and for the multitude to be ingrateful were to make a

1 Gained by an easy victory. 2 timed: in f. a. 3 Not in L. 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 auburn, some bald, but that our wits are so diversely coloured: 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 blockhead; 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 melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return, for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 Cit. You are never without your tricks:—you may be you may.

3 Cit. Are you all resolved to give your voices? But that’s no matter: the greater part carries it. I say, if he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus and Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility: mark his behaviour. We are not to stay altogether, but to come by him, where he stands, by ones, by twos, and by threes. He’s to make his requests by particulars; wherein every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore, follow me, and I’ll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content. [Exeunt.

Men. O sir! you are not right: have you not known The worthiest men have done ’t?

Cor. What must I say?—

I pray, sir,—Plague upon ’t! I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace.—Look, sir;—my wounds;—

I got them in my country’s service, when Some certain of your brethren roar’d, and ran From the noise of our own drums.

Men. O me, the gods! You must not speak of that: you must desire Think you upon it.

Cor. Think upon me? Hang ’em! I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by ’em.

Men. You’ll mar all: I’ll leave you. Pray you, speak to them, I pray you, In wholesome manner. [Exit.

Enter two Citizens.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces, And keep their teeth clean.—So, here comes a brace.— You know the cause, sir, of my standing here.

1 Cit. We do, sir; tell us what hath brought you to ’t.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 Cit. Your own desert? Ay, not

Mine own desire.

1 Cit. How! not your own desire? Cor. No, sir: ’t was never my desire yet, To trouble the poor with begging.

1 Cit. You must think, if we give you any thing, we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray, your price o’ the consulship?

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, sir; What say you?

2 Cit. You shall ha’ t, worthy sir.

Cor. A match, sir.—

There is in all two worthy voices begg’d.—

I have your alms: adieu.

1 Cit. But this is something odd.

2 Cit. An ’twere to give again,—but ’t is no matter.

Enter the two Citizens. [Exeunt.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune of your voices that I may be consul, I have here the customary gown.

3 Cit. You have deserved nobly of your country, and you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your enigma?

3 Cit. You have been a scourge to her enemies, you have been a rod to her friends: you have not, indeed, loved the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous, that I have not been common in my love. I will not, sir, flatter my sworn brothers, the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them: ’tis a condition they account gentle; and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeith:— that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desire. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.

4 Cit. We hope to find you my friend, and therefore give you our voices heartily.

3 Cit. You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not stale your knowledge with showing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no farther.

Both Cit. The gods give you joy, sir, heartily. [Exeunt.

Cor. Most sweet voices!—

Better it is to die, better to starve, Than crave the hire which first we do deserve. Why in this woollen1 toge should I stand here, To beg of Hob and Dick, that do appear, Their needless vouches? Custom calls me to ’t:—

What custom wills, in all things should we do? The dust on antique time would lie unswept, And mountainous error be too highly heap’d For truth to o’er-peer.—Rather than feel it so, Let the high office and the honour go To one that would do thus,—I am half through: The one part suffer’d, the other will I do.

Enter three other Citizens.

Here come more voices.—

Your voices: for your voices I have fought; Watch’d for your voices; for your voices bear Of wounds two dozen odd; battles thrice six I have seen, and heard of: for your voices, Have done many things, some less, some more. Your voices; for indeed, I would be consul.

5 Cit. He has done nobly, and cannot go without any honest man’s voice.

6 Cit. Therefore, let him be consul. The gods give him joy, and make him good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen—

God save thee, noble consul! [Exeunt Citizens.

Cor. Worthy voices!
CORIOLANUS.

Re-enter Menenius, with Brutus, and Sicinius.

Men. You have stood your limitation; and the tribunes
Endue you with the people's voice: remains
That, in the official marks invested, you
Anon do meet the senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have dischag'd:
The people to admit you; and are summon'd
To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, Coriolanus.

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do; and, knowing myself again,
Repair to the senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company.—Will you along?

Brutus. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well.—[Exeunt Coriol. and Menenius.

He has it now; and by his looks, methinks,
'T is warm at 's heart.

Brutus. With a proud heart he wore
His humble weeds. Will you dismiss the people?

Re-enter Citizens.

Sicinius. How now, my masters! have you chose this man?

1 Coriolanus. He has our voices, sir.

Brutus. We pray the gods he may deserve your loves.

2 Coriolanus. Amen, sir. To my poor unworthy notice,
He mock'd us when he begg'd our voices.

3 Coriolanus. Certainly.

He flouted us down-right.

1 Coriolanus. No, 'tis his kind of speech: he did not mock us.

2 Coriolanus. 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 's country.

Sicinius. Why, so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no; no man saw 'em.

3 Coriolanus. 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 most sweet voices—now you have left your voices,
I have no farther with you."—Was not this mockery?

Sicinius. Why, either, were you ignorant to see't,
Or, seeing it, of such childish friendliness
To yield your voices?

Brutus. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd, when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy; ever spake against
Your liberties, and the charters that you bear
I the body of the weal: and now, arriving
A place of potency, and sway 't the state,
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe 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.

Sicinius. Thus to have said,
As you were fore-advise'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 gull'd his surly nature,

1 On. 2 This line was added by Pope.

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.

Brutus. Did you perceive,
He did sollicit 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?

Sicinius. Have you,
Ere now, denied the asker; and, now again,
Of him, that did not ask; but mock, bestow
Your sued-for tongues?

3 Coriolanus. He's not confirmed; we may deny him yet.

2 Coriolanus. And will deny him:
I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 Coriolanus. Ay, twice five hundred; and their friends to piece 'em.

Brutus. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
They have chose a consul that will from them take
Their liberties: make them of no more voice
Than dogs, that are as often beat for barking,
As therefore kept to do so.

Sicinius. Let them assemble;
And, on a safer judgment, all revoke
Your ignorant election. Enforce his pride,
And his old hate unto you: besides; forget not
With what contempt he wore the humble 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 glibly, ungraciously, he did fashion
After the inveterate hate he bears you.

Brutus. Lay
A fault on us, your tribunes; that we labour'd
[No impediment between] but that you must
Cast your election on him.

Sicinius. 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.

Brutus. Ay, spare us not. Say, we read lectures to you,
How youngly he began to serve his country.
How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
The noble house o' the Marcians: 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.

Sicinius. One thus descended,
That had beside well in his person wrought
To be set high in place, we did commend
To your remembrances; but you have found,
Sealing his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
Your sudden approbation.

Brutus. Say, you ne'er had done't;
(Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
And presently, when we have draw'n your number,
Repair to the Capitol.

All. We will so: almost all
Repet in their election.

[Exeunt Citizens.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Street.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus Lartius, Senators, and Patricians.

Cor. Tullius Aufidius, then, had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord: and that it was, which cause'd

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then, the Volscyes stand but as at first;

Ready, when time shall prompt them, to make road

Upon us again.

Com. They are worn, lord consul, so,

That we shall hardly in our ages see

Their banners wave again.

Cor. 1 Saw you Aufidius?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me; and did curse

Against the Volscyes, 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 might he

Be call'd your vaquier.

Cor. At Antium lives he?

Lart. At Antium.

Cor. I wish. I had a cause to seek him there,

To oppose his hatred fully.—Welcome home.  

[To Lartius.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold! these are the tribunes of the people,

The tongues of the common mouth. I do despise them,

For they do prank them in authority,

Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no farther.

Cor. Ha! what is that?

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on: no farther.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way: he shall to the market-place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop;

Or all will fall in broil.

Cor. Are these your herd?—

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,

And straight disclaim their tongues?—What are your offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpose'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 rule'd.

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 goaded onward.  

[Exeunt.

Bru. Call't not 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.

Cor. Why, then, should I be consul? By yond' clouds,

Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me

Your fellow tribune.

Sic. You show too much of that,

For which the people stir. If you will pass

To where you are bound, you must inquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit;

Or never be so noble as a consul,

Nor yoke him with your tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd; set on.—This paltering

Becomes not Rome; nor has Coriolanus

Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely

'Gainst 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.

Sen. Not in this heat, sir, now.

Cor. Now, as I live, I will.—My nobler friends, I

Crate 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 cooke of rebellion, insolence, sedition,

Which we ourselves have plough'd for, sow'd, and
cast'rd;

By mingling them with us, the honour'd number;

Who lack not virtue, no, nor power, but that

Which they have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more.

Sen. No more words, we beseech you.

Cor. How! no more?

As for my country I have shed my blood,

Not fearing outward force, so shall my lungs

Coin words till they decay against those meazels,

Which we disdain shouldetter us, yet sought

The very way to catch them.

Bru. You speak o' the people,

As if you were a god to punish, not

A man of their infirmity.

Sic. How? were well,

We let the people know it.

Men. What, what? his choler?

Cor. Choler!

Were I as patient as the midnight sleep,

As patient as the midnight sleep.

1 Lepers.
By Jove, 't would be my mind.

Sic. It is a mind.

That shall remain a poison where it is,
Not poison any farther.

Cor. Shall remain I—

Hear you this Trion of the minnows? mark you
His absolute [shall]?

Com. 'T was from the canon. "Shall!"

O, good but most unwise patricians! why,
You give not but reckless senators, have you thus
Given Hydra leave't to choose an officer.
That with his peremptory [shall], being but
The horn and noise o' the monster 2, wants not spirit
To say, he'll turn your current in a ditch,
And make your channel his? If he have power,
Then will your impotence: if none, revolve
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 [shall]," his
mortal [shall] 3, against a graver bench
Than ever frown'd in Greece. By Jove himself,
It makes the consul base; and my soul aches
To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supreme, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by the other.

Com. Well—on to the market-place.

Cor. Whoever gave that counsel, to give forth
The corn o' the store-house gratis, as 't was used
Sometime in Greece,—

Men. Well, well; no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute
power,
I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why, shall the people give
One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my reasons,
More worthier than their voices. They know the corn
Was not their 4 recompence, resting well assur'd
They never'd 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 5 the war,
Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they show'd
Most valor, spoke not for them. They accusation
Which they have often made against the senate,
All cause unborn, could never be the motive 6
Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
How shall this bison 7 multitude 8 digest
The senate's courtesy? Let deeds express
What's like to be their words:— "We did request it;
We are the greater poll, and in true fear
They gave us our demands."—Thus we debase
The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
Call our cares; fears; which will in time break open
The locks o' the senate, and bring in the crows
To peck the eagles.—

Men. Come, enough.

Bru. Enough, with over-measure.

Cor. No, take more
What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal!—This double worship,—

Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude, but by the yea and no
Of general ignorance,—it must onit
Real necessities, and give way the while.

To unstable sightness. Purpose so hard'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose: therefore, beseech you,
You that will be less fearful than discreet,
That love the fundamental part of state,
More than you doubt the change on't; that prefer
A noble life before a long, and wish
To jump 9 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 diabolical
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.

Bru. 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 bold 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 if the dust.

Bru. Manifest treason.

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The Ediles, ho!—Let him be apprehended.

Enter an Edile.

Sic. Go, call the people; [Exit Edile.] 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!

Sen. We'll surely him.

Com. Aged sir, hands off.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing; or I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help, ye citizens!

Re-enter the Edile, with others, and a Rabble of Citizens.

Men. On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he, that would
Take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ediles.

Cit. Down with him! down with him! [Several speak.

2 Sen. Weapons! weapons! weapons! [They all butle about Coriolanus.

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

Cit. Peace, peace, peace! stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be?—I am out of breath;
Confusion's near: I cannot speak. You, tribunes
To the people.—Coriolanus, patience:

Speak, good Sicinius.

Sic. Hear me! people, peace!

Cit. Let's hear our tribune.—Peace! Speak, speak, speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties:
Marcius would have all from you; Marcius,
Whom hate, you have nam'd for consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie! This is the way to kindle, not to quench.
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are used to bear?

-Men. Pray you, 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 colour.

Com. Nay, come away.

[Exit Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.]

1 Pat. This man has mar'd his fortune.

-Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for 'tis power to thunder. His heart's 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 vengeance,
Could he not speak them fair?

Re-enter BrUTUS and SIMON, with the Rabble.

-Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

-Men. You worthy tribunes.

-Sic. He shall be thrown down the Tarpeian rock
With rigorous hands: he hath resisted law
And therefore law shall scorn him farther trial
Than the severity of the public power,
Which he so sets at nought.

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!

-Men. Do not cry havoc, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

-Sic. Sir, how comes 't, that you
Have holt to make this rescue?

-Men. Why, as I know the consul's worthiness,
So can I name his faults.—

-Sic. Consult!—what consult?

-Men. The consul Coriolanus.

-Bru. He a consul!

-Cit. No, no, no, no, no.

-Men. If, by the tribunes' leave, and yours, good people,
I may 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 viperous 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 his enemies? The blood he hath lost,
(Which, I dare vouch, is more than he hath,
By many an ounce: he dropp'd it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Wore to us all, that do 't and suffer it,
A brand to th' end of the world.
   Sic. This is clean kerm.  
   Brunt. Merely awry. When he did love his country, It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot, Being once gangren'd, is not then respected For what before it was.

Brunt. 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 unscam'd swiftness, will, too late, Tie leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by process; Lest parties (as he is belov'd) break out, And great sack Rome with Romans.

Brunt. If it were so,—
   Sic. What do ye talk?
Have we not had a taste of his obedience? Our Eulises smote? ourselves resisted?—Come!—

Men. Consider this:—he has been bred i' the wars Since he could draw a sword, and is ill'schoold In boculated 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.

1 Sen. 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.

Brunt. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the market-place.—We'll attend you there.

Where, if you bring not Marcius, we'll proceed In our first way. I'll bring him to you. —

Men. 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 pite ten hills on the Tarpeian rock, That the precipitation might down stretch Both the beam of sight, yet will I still Be thus to them.  

1 Pat. You do the noblest.

Cor. I curse my mother

Does not approve me farther, who was wont To call them woollen vessels; things created To buy and sell with groats: to show bare heads In congregations, to yawm, be still, and wonder, When one but of my ordinance stand up To speak of peace, or war.

Enter Volumnia.  

I talk of you: Why did you wish me milder? Would you have me False to my nature? Rather say, I play The man I am.  

Vol. O, son, son, son!  

I would have had you put your power well on, Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are, With striving less to be so: lessor had been The thwartings of your dispositions, if You had not show'd them how you were dispos'd, Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius, and Senators.

Men. Come, come; you have been too rough, some- thing too rough: You must return, and mend it.

1 Sen. There's no remedy; Unless, by not so doing, our good city Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. I have a heart as little apt as yours To brook control without the use of anger; But yet a brain, that leads mine use of anger To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman! Before he should thus stop the heart, but that The violent fit o' the time craves it as physic For the whole state, I would put mine armour on, Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to the tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? what then then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them?—I cannot do it to the gods; Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute; Though therein you can never be too noble, But when extremities speak: I have heard you say, Honour and policy, like unsever'd 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 honour in your wars to seem The same you are not, (which for your best ends You adopt your policy) how is it less, or worse, That it shall hold companionship in peace With honour, as in war, since that to both It stands in like request?

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 promits you, But with such words that are like voted in Your tongue, though but hastiards, and syllables Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.

Now, this no more dishonours you at all, Than to take in a town with gentle words, Which else would put you to your fortune, and The hazard of much blood:—

I would dissemble with my nature, where, My fortunes and my friends at stake, requir'd I should do so in honour: I am in this, Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles; And you will rather show our general love How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men.  Noble lady!—
Come, go with us; speak fair; you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol.  Pr’ythee now, my son,
Go in 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,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart,
Now’s humble as the ripest 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 thou will frame
Thyself, forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
As thou hast power, and person.

Men.  This but done,
Even as she speaks, why, their hearts were yours;
For they have pardons, being ask’d, as free
As words to little purpose.

Vol.  Pr’ythee now,
Go, and be rul’d; although, I know, thou hadst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf;
Than flatter him in a bower. Here is Corninius.
Enter Corninius.

Com.  I have been at the market-place; and, sir, ’s it fit
You make strong party, or defend yourself
By calmness, or by absence; all’s in anger.

Men.  Only fair speech.

Com.  I think, ’t will serve; 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 unbarbed sconce?
Must I with my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear? Well, I will do ’t;
Yet were there but this single plot to lose,
This mould of Marcus, they to dust should grind it,
And throw t against the wind.—To the market-place!
You have put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to the life.

Com.  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 throat 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 knives
Tent in my cheeks; and school-boys’ tears take up
The glasses of my sight! A beggar’s tongue
Make motion through my lips; and my arm’d knees,
Who bow’d but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv’d an alms!—I will not do ’t,
Least I come to love my own truth,
And by my body’s action teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol.  At thy choice, then:
To beg of thee it is my more honour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin: let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear

1 owes: in fe.  2 Hatred.  3 worth: in f e.
Cor. Ay, as an ostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by the volume. — The honour'd gods
Keep Item in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplier with worthy men! plant love among us!
Throw our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!
1 Sen. A noble wish.
Men. Re-enter Edile, with Citizens.
Sic. Draw near, ye people.
Ed. List to your tribunes. Audience: peace! I say.
Cor. First, hear me speak.
Both Tri. Well, say.— Peace, ho!
Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?
Sic. I do demand,
If you submit 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 't' 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 dishonour'd. That the very hour
You take it off again?
Sic. Answer to us.
Cor. Say then: 't is true, I ought so.
Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From Rome all season'd office, and to wind
Yourself into a power tyrannical:
For which you are a traitor to the people.
Cor. How! Traitor?
Men. Nay, temperately; your promise!
Cor. The fires? the lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor? — Then injurious tribune,
Within thine eyes sat twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutched'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?
Ct. To the rock! to the rock with him!
Sic. Peace!
We did 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.
Bru. But since he hath
Serv'd well for Rome,—
Cor. What do you prate of service?
Bru. I talk of that, that know it.
Cor. You?
Men. Is this
1 courage: in f. e. 2 but: in folio. Capell made the change.

The promise that you made your mother?

Know,
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 they 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. 
' The people's name, I say, it shall be so.
Ct. 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 upon me. I do love
My country's good, with a respect more tender,
More holy and profound, than mine own life,
My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins; then, if I would
Speak that—
Sic. We know your drift. Speak what?
Bru. There's no more to be said; but he is banish'd,
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.
Ct. It shall be so: it shall be so.
Cor. You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reck of the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air, I banish you:
And here remain with your uncertainty.
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts!
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair! Have the power still
To banish your defenders; till, at length,
Your ignorance, (which finds not, till it feels)
Making no' 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!
Ct. Our enemy is banish'd! he is gone! Hoo! hoo!
[The People short, 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 desert'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city,
Ct. Come, let us see him out at gates: come.—
The gods preserve our noble tribunes!—Come. [Exeunt.
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before a Gate of the City.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, 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, when the sea was calm, all boats alike Shou'd master'ship in floating: fortune's blows, When most struck home, being gentle minded' craves A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me With precepts, that would make invincible The heart that cou'd them.

Cor. "O heavens! O heavens!"

Vol. Now, the red pestilence strike all trades in Rome, And occupations perish!

Cor. What, what, what! I shall be lov'd when I am lack'd. Nay, mother, Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say, If you had been the wife of Hercules, Six of his labours you'd have done, and say'd Your husband 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, 'Tis fond to wall inevitable strokes, As 'tis to laugh at 'em.—My mother, you tot well, My hazards still have been your solace; and Believe'rt not lightly, though I go alone, Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen, your son Will or exceed the common, or be caught With cautionable 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 exposure' to each chance, That starts' the way before thee.

Cor. O the gods! 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 neader.

Cor. Fare ye well: Thou hast years upon thee; and thou art too full Of the wars' surfeits to go rove with one That's yet untried: 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 never of me aught

Men. That's worthy As any ear can hear.—Come; let's not weep.

Cor. 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,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,

Enter a Citizen.

In puny battle slay me.—Save you, sir.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will,
Where great Aufidius lies. Is he in Antium?
Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state
At his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, beseych you?

Cit. This, here before you.

Cor. Thank you, sir. Farewell. [Exit Citizen.

O world, thy slippery turns! Friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose house, whose bed, whose meal, and exercise,
Are still together, who twin, as 't were, in love
Unseparable, shall within this hour;
On a dissension of a doit, break out
To bitter enmity: so, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broken their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance.
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues. So with me:—
My birth-place hate1 I, and my love's upon
This enemy town. I'll enter: if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he give me way,
I'll do his country service.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—The Same. A Hall in Aufidius's House.

Music within. Enter a Servant.

1 Serv. Wine, wine, wine! What service is here?
I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.

Enter a second Servant.

2 Serv. Where's Cotsus? My master calls for him.—

Cotsus!

[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 deserve'd no better entertainment,
In being Coriolanus.

Re-enter second Servant.

2 Serv. Whence are you, sir? Has the porter hit 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 talked with anon.

Enter a third Servant; the first meets him.

3 Serv. What fellow's this?

1 Serv. A strange one as ever I looked on: I cannot get him out o' the house. Pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Serv. What have you to do here, fellow? Pray you, avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand; I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Serv. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.
COEIOLANUS.

3 Serv. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True, so I am.

3 Serv. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other station; here's no place for you. Pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function; go,

And batten on cold bits. \[Pushes him away.\]

3 Serv. What, will you not? Pr'ythee, tell my master what a strange guest he has here.

2 Serv. And I shall. \[Exit.\]

Cor. Follow your function; go,

And batten on cold bits. \[Pushes him away.\]

3 Serv. Where's that?\[Exeunt.\]

Cor. I' the city of kites and crows.

3 Serv. I' the city of kites and crows?—What an ass it is!—Then, thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No: I serve not thy master.

3 Serv. How, sir! Do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay; "tis an honest service than to meddle with thy mistress.

Thou pratt'st, and pratt'st: serve with thy trencher.

Hence! \[Beats him.\]

Enter AVIDINE and the second Servant.

Auff. Where is this fellow?

2 Serv. Here, sir. I'd have beaten him like a dog, but for disturbing the lords within.

Auff. Whence com'st thou? what wouldst thou?

Thy name?

Why speak'st not? Speak, man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, Tullus, \[Unraveling: No, thou know'st me, and seeing me, dost not Think me for the man I am, necessity Commands me name myself.\]

Auff. What is thy name? \[Servants retire.\]

Cor. A name unmusical to the Volscians' ears, And harsh in sound to thine.

Auff. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face Bears a command in 't: though thy tackle's torn, Bears'vt a noble vessel. What's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown. Know'st thou me yet?

Auff. I know thee not.—Thy name?

Cor. My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done To thee particularly, and to all the Volscians Great hurt and mischief; thereto witness may My surname, Coriolanus. The painful service, The extreme dangers, and the drops of blood Shed for thy thankless country, are required But with that surname; a good memory, And witness of the malice and displeasure Which thou shouldst bear me. Only that name remains:
The cruelty and envy of the people, Permitted by our dastard nobles, who Havé all forsaken me, hath devoured the rest; And suffered me by the voice of slaves to be Whoo'd out of Rome. Now, this extremity hath brought me to thy hearth: not out of hope, Mistake me not, to save my life; for if I had four deaths, of all the men in the world, I would have 'voided thee; but in mere spite, To be full quit of those my banishers, Stand I before thee here. Then, if thou hast A heart of wreek 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 canker'd country with the spleen Of all the under fiends. But if so be Thou dost not love this, and hast to prove more fortunes Thou art tird; then, in a word, I also am Longer to live most weary, and present My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice; Which not to cut would show thee but a fool, Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate, Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast, And cannot live but to thy shame, unless It be to do thee service.

Auff. O Marcius, Marcius! Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart A root of ancient envy. If Jupiter Should from yond' cloud speak divine things, And say, "'Tis true,? I'd not believe them more Than thee, all noble Marcius.—Let me thrive 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 valour. Know thou first, I lov'd the maid I married: never man Sighed truer breath; but that I see thee here, Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart, Than when I first my wedded mistress saw Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars, I tell thee, We have a power on foot; and I had purpose Once more to hoist thy target from thy brawn, Or lose mine arm for't. Thou hast beat me outTwelve several times, and I have nightly since Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me: We have been down together in my sleep, Unbuckling helms, fasting each other's throat, And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy Marcius, Had we no other quarrel else to Rome, but that Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all From twelve to seventy: and, pouring war Into the bowels of ungrateful Rome, Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O! o' come, go in, And take our friendly senators by the hands, Who now are here, taking their leaves of me, Who am prepar'd against thy territories, Though not for Rome itself.

Cor. You bless me, gods! Auff. Therefore, most absolute sir, if thou wilt have The leading of thine own revenge, take Th' one half of my commission; and set down,— As best thou art experience'd, since thou know'st Thy country's strength and weakness,—thine own ways: Whether to knock against the gates of Rome, Or rudely visit them in parts remote, To fright them, ere destroy. But come in: Let me commend thee first to those, that shall Say, "'tis thine. A thousand welcome! And more a friend than e'er an enemy; Yet, Marcius, that was much. Young man, most well— worthies, \[Exit.\]

1 Serv. \[Advancing.\] Here's a strange alteration!

2 Serv. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken him with a cudgel; and yet my mind gave me, his clothes made a false report of him.

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 some—

1 scar'd: in folio. 2 Embrace. 3 Out and out; completely. 4 beat: in folio.
thing in him: he had, sir, a kind of face, methought,—I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Serv. He had so; looking as it were.—Would I had been 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 rancour of the world.

1 Serv. I think, he is; but a greater soldier than he, you wot on.

2 Serv. Who? my master?

1 Serv. Nay, it’s no matter for that.

2 Serv. Worth six on him.

1 Serv. Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 Serv. Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that: for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 Serv. Ay, and for an assault too.

Re-enter third Servant.

3 Serv. O, slaves! I can tell you news; news, you rascals.


3 Serv. I would not be a Roman, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemned man.

1. 2. Serv. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 Serv. Why, here’s he that was wont to thwack our general.—Caio Caius Marcius.

1 Serv. Why do you say thwack our general?

3 Serv. I do not say, thwack our general; but he was always good enough for him.

2 Serv. Come, we are fellows, and friends: he was ever too hard for him; I have heard him say so himself.

1 Serv. He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on’t; before Corioli, he scotched him and notched him like a carbonado.

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 o’ the table; no question asked him by any of the senators, but they stand bald before him. Our general himself makes a mistress of him; sanctifies himself with his hand, and turns up the white o’ the eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our general is cut i’ the middle, and but one half of what he was yester-day, for the other has half, by the entreaty and grant of the whole table. He’ll go, he says, and *sowle† the porter of Rome gates by the ears. He will sow all down all before him, and leave his passage polished.

2 Serv. And he’s as like to do’t, as any man I can imagine.

3 Serv. Do’t! he will do’t; for, (look you, sir,) he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir, (as it were,) durst not (look you, sir) now themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he’s in dejectitude*.

1 Serv. Dejectitude! what’s that?

3 Serv. But when they shall see, sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burrows, like comies after rain, and revel all with him.

1 Serv. But when does this forward?

3 Serv. To-morrow; to-day, presently. You shall have the drum-trumpet up this morning. ’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.

1 Serv. Let me have war, say I: it exceeds peace, as far as day does night; it’s sprightly, walking, audible, and full of vaunt.* Peace is a very apoplectic, lethargy; muddled, deaf, sleepy, insensitive; a getter of more bastard children, than wars a destroyer of men.

2 Serv. ’T is 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, in. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Public Place.

Enter Scipio and Brutus.

Scipio. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him:
His remedies are tamed by* the present peace
And quietness of the people, which before
Were in wild hurry. Here do we make his friends
Blush that the world goes well; who rather had,
Though they themselves did suffer by’t, behold
Discontentious numbers pestering streets, than see
Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going
About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Brut. We stood to’t in good time. Is this Menenius?
Scip. ’Tis he, ’tis he. O! he is grown most kind
Of late. —Hail, sir!

Men. Hail to you both!

Scip. 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 better.
He could have temper’d.

Scip. Where is he, hear you?
Men. Nay, I hear nothing: his mother and his wife
Hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

Cit. The gods preserve you both!

Scip. Good-den, our neighbours.

Brut. Good-den to you all, good-den to you all.

1 Cit. Ourselves, our wives, and children, on our knees,
Are bound to pray for you both.

Scip. Live, and thrive.

Brut. Farewell, kind neighbours. We wish’d Corio-
Had you to us as we did.

[Exeunt Citizens.

1 Cit. Now the gods keep you all.

Both Tri. Farewell, farewell. [Exeunt Citizens.

Scip. This is a happier and more comely time,
Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Brut. Caius Marcius was
A worthy officer i’ the war; but insolent,
O’ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving,—

Scip. And affecting one sole throne,
Without assistance.

Men. I think not so.

Scip. We should by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had not forth compiled, found it so.

Brut. The gods have well prevented it; and Rome
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter an Edile.

Ed. Worthy tribunes,
There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports, the Volscians with two several powers
Are enter’d in the Roman territories;

1 A piece of meat cut and hacked for broiling.  2 boiled: in folio.  3 tame i’; in f. e.

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 horrid arms again into the world;
Which were inshelled when Marcius stood for Rome,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic.

Come, what talk you
Of Marcius?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipp'd.—It cannot be,
The Volscians dare break with us.

Men.

We have record that very well it can;
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the follow,
Before you punish him, where he heard this,|
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic.

I know, this cannot be.

Bru. 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 second; 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 spacious, 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.

Men. This is unlikely:
He and Aufidius can no more atone,
Than violentest contrariness.

Enter another Messenger.

Mess. You are sent for to the senate.
A fearful army, led by Gaius Marcius,
Associated with Aufidius, rages
Upon our territories; and have already
O'erborne their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter COMINIUS.

Com. O! you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates:—

To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses:—

Men. What's the news? what's the news?

Com. Your temples burn'd in their cement; and
You franchises, wherein you stood, confin'd
Into a stranger's bore.

Men. Pray now, your news?—
You have made fair work, I fear me.—Pray, your news?
If Marcius should be join'd with Volscians,—

Com. He is their god; he leads them like a thing
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence
Than boys pursuing summer butterflies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You have made good work,
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 smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools. Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies, and his, find something in him.

Men. We are all undone unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: for his best friends, if they
Should say, 'Be good to Rome,' they charg' d him, even
As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein show'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true:
If he were putting to my house the brand
That should consume it, I have not the face
To say, 'Beseech you, cease.'—You have made fair
You, and your handy' crafts have crafted fair.

Hands.

Men. You have brought
A trembling upon Rome, such as was never
So inceaseable of help.

Tri. Say not, we brought it.

Men. How! Was it we? We lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowardly nobles, gave way unto your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o' the city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. Tullius 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 caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus' exile. Now he's coming;
And not a hair upon a soldier's head,
Which will not prove a whip: as many 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 deserved it.

Cit. Faith, we bear fearful news.

1 Cit. For mine own part,
When I said, banish him, I said, 't was pity.

2 Cit. And so did I:
3 Cit. And so did I; and, to say the truth, so did
very many of us. That we did, we did for the best;
and though we willingly consented to his banishment,
yet it was against our will.

Com. Y' are goodly things, you voices!

Men. You have made
Good work, you and your cry!—Shall 's to the Capitol?
Com. O! say, what else? [Exeunt Com. and Men.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home; be not dismay'd: These are a side that would be glad to have This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home, And show no sign of fear.

1 Cit. The gods be good to us! Come, masters, let's home. I ever said, we were 't the wrong, when we banished him.

2 Cit. So did we all. But come, let's home. [Exeunt Citizens.]

Bru. I do not like this news.

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?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him, but Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat, Their talk at table, and their thanks at end; And you are darken'd in this action, sir, Even in your own name.

Auf. I cannot help it now, Unless, by using means, I lame the foot Of our design. He bears himself more proudlier, Even to my person, than I thought he would When first I did embrace him; yet his nature In that's no changeling, and I must excuse What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, sir, (I mean, for your particular) you had not Join'd in commission with him; but either Had borne the action of yourself, or else To him had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well; and be thou sure, When he shall come to his account, he knows not What I can urge against him. Though it seems, And so he thinks, and is no less apparent To the vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly, And shows good husbandry for the Volscian state, Fights dragou-like, and does achieve as soon As draw his sword; yet he hath left undone That, which shall break his neck, or hazard mine, Whene'er we come to our account.

Lieu. Sir, I beseech you, think you he'll carry Rome?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down; And the nobility of Rome are his; The senators and patricians love him too, The tribunes are no soldiers; and their people Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty To expel him thence. I think, he'll be to Rome, As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it By sovereignty of nature. First he was A noble servant to them, but he could not Carry his honours even; whether 't was pride, Which out of daily fortune ever taints The happy man; whether defect of judgment, To 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 peace, Even with the same austerity and garb 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'st of all; then, shortly art thou mine. [Exeunt.]
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground,
I have tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have almost stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow, I
must have leave to pass.

1 G. 'Tis faith, sir, if you had told as many lies in his
behalf, as you have uttered words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous
to lie, as to live chaste. Therefore, go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow; remember my name is Men- 
enus, always factionary on the party of your general.

2 G. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you say
you have, I am one that, telling true under him, must
say, you cannot pass. Therefore, go back.

Men. Has he dined, canst thou tell? for I would
not speak with him till after dinner.

1 G. You are a Roman, are you?

Men. I am, as thy general is.

1 G. Then you should hate Rome, as he does. Can
you, when you have pushed out your gates the very
defender of them, and, in a violent popular ignorance,
given your enemy your shield, think to front his re-
venges with the queenly groans of old women, the virginal
laments of old daughters, and the

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him, Speed how it will. You shall ere long have knowledge
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 't would burn Rome, and his injury
The gadder to his pity. I kneel'd before him;
'T was very faintly he said, "Rise?" dismissed me
Thus, with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after me; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain,
Unless his noble mother, and his wife;
Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country. Therefore, let's hence,
And with our fair entreaties haste them on. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Volscian Camp before Rome. The
Guards at their Sations. 

Enter to them, Menenius.

1 G. Stay! Whence are you?

2 G. Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men: it is well; but, by your
leave,
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with Coriolanus.

1 G. From whence?

Men. From Rome.

2 G. You may not pass; you must return: our general
Will no more hear from thence.

2 G. You'll see your Rome embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

Men. Good my friends,
If you have heard your general talk of Rome,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears: it is Menenius.

1 G. Be it so; go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy general is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparallel'd, haply, amplifi'd;
For I have ever magnifi'd my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that variety

---

1 This word was often used for friend.
2 verified; in f. s.
3 Falsehood.
Take this along: I write it for thy sake. [Gives a Paper. And would have sent it. Another word, Menenius, I will not hear thee speak.—This man, Aufidius, was my belov'd in Rome; yet thou behold'st—

AUF. You keep a constant temper.

[Exit 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 shent1 for keeping your greatness back?

2 G. What cause, 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 'tis any, you are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another. Let your general do his worst. For you, be that you are, long; and your misery increase with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, away! [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. [Exit.

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.

AUF. Only their ends
You have respected; stopp'd your ears against
The general suit of Rome; never admitted
A private whisper, no, not with such friends
That thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man,
Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to Rome,
Loved me above the measure of a father:
Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge
Was to send him; for whose old love, I have
(Though I show'd sourly 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 snits,
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this? [Shout
Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow [within,
In the same time 'tis made? I will not.—

Enter, in mourning Habits, VIRGILIA, VOLUMNIA,
leading young MARESCH, VALERIA, and Attendants.

My wife comes foremost; then, the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, afflication! All bond and privilege of nature, break! Let it be virtuous, to be obtinate.—

What is that curt'sy 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; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, "Deny not."—Let the Volscians
Plead Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a恭敬 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 vProg'd it e'er since. You gods! I pray,2 And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted. Sink, my knee, 'tis the earth; [Kneels.
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O, stand up bless'd! Whilst, with no softer cushion than the flint,
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Show duty, as mistaking3 all this while
Between the child and parent. [Kneels.

Cor. What is this?
Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then, let the pebbles on the hungry beach
Fillip the stars; then, let the mutinous winds
Strike the good cedars in the fiery sun, Murd'ring impossibility, to make
What cannot be slight work. [Rising and raising her.

Vol. Thou art my warrior; I hop4 to frame thee. Do you know this lady?

Cor. The noble sister of Publico.

The moon of Rome; chaste as the idol,
That's curdled by the frost from purest 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
My thoughts with nobleness; that thou may'st prove
To shame unvulnerable, and stick i' the wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee!

Vol. Your knee, sirrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy?

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and myself,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things I have forsworn to grant may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: desire not
To allay my rages and revenges with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O! no more, no more! You have said, you will not grant us any thing;
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already; yet we will ask;
That, if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness. Therefore, hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volscians, mark; for we'll
Hear nought from Rome in private. [Takes his seat.

—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment, And state of bodies, would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women

Footnotes:
1 Rebutted. 2 pray: in folio. Theobald made the change. 3 mistaken: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 hope: in folio. Corrected by Pope.
And to poor we,

Thine enmity's most capital.

When she, (poor hen !) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honour. Say, my request's unjust,
And spur me back; but, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest, and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
To a mother's part belongs,—He turns away:
Down, ladies; let us shame him with our knees.

**All kneel.**

To his surname, Coriolanus. Longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers. Down: an end;
This is the last:—so we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny it.—Come, let us go.
This fellow had a Volscian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioi, and his child
Like him by chance.—Yet give us our despatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little. **[struggling.]**

**[He holds Volumnia by the hand, long, and self.]**

Cor. O mother, mother! What have you done?
Behold! the heavens do ope, The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother! mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome;
But, for your son,—believe it, O! believe it,—
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come.—
Aaufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less, or granted less, Aufidius?

Auf. I was mov'd withal.

Cor. I dare be sworn, you were:
And, sir, it is no little thing to make
Mino eyes to sweat compassion. But, good sir,
What peace you 'll make, advise me. For my part,
I'll not to Rome, I'll back with you; and pray you,
Stand to me in this case.—O mother! wife!

Auf. **[Aside.]** I am glad, thou hast set thy mercy
And thy honour
At difference in thee: out of that I'll work:
Myself a firmer fortune.

**[The Ladies make signs to Coriolanus.]**

Cor. **[Ay, by and by.]**

**[To Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.]**

But we will drink together; and you shall bear
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us. Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. **[Exeunt.]**

SCENE IV.—Rome. A Public Place.

**Enter Menenius and Sicinius.**

Men. See you yond! coign o' the Capitol; yond
corner-stone?

Sir. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with
your little finger; there is some hope the ladies of
Rome, especially his mother, may prevail with him:
but I say, there is no hope in't. Our throats are
sentenced, and stay upon execution.
SCENE V. —Antium. A Public Place.

Enter Tullius Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. 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 [Attendants]
To purge himself with words. Despachet. [Exeunt
Enter Conspirators of Aufidius' Faction.

Most welcome!
1 Con. How is it with our general?
Auf. Even so,
As with a man by his own alms empoison'd,
And with his charity slain.
2 Con. Most noble sir,
If you do hold the same intent, wherein
You wish'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.
Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We must proceed, as we do find the people.
3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twixt you there 's a difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to strike at him admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: who being so height'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 counsel, which he lost
By a lattice of stooping,—

Auf. That I would have spoke of.
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my heart;
Presented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; may, let him choose
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help 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 wagg'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, 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,—

Auf. There was it;
For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him.
At a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action: therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[Drums and Trumpets sound, with great Shouts of the People.]
' 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,
Ere he express himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounced shall bury
His reasons with his body.
Auf. Say no more.
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

Lords. You are most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1 Lord. And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think,
Might have found easy lines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
The helps of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty there
There was a yielding; this admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches: you shall hear him.

Enter Coriolanus, with Drums and Colours; a crowd
of Citizens with him.

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier;
No more 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 honour to the Antonates,
Than shame to the Romans; and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the consuls and patricians,
Together with the seal o' the senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor in the highest degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—how now!—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius!

Cor. Ay, Marcius! Coriolanus!

Auf. Doest thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stol'n 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 whinn'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'st thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears. Ha!

Cor. Auf. No more

1 The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e.

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 scold. 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 hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volscians in Corioli:

3 Lord. The nobles. The Volscians. To you.
Cor. I alone did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Tfore 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,
Mareius:—he killed my father.—

2 Lord. Peace, he!—No rage:—peace!
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 Aufidiuses, or more, his tribe,
To use my lawful sword!

Auf. Insolent villain!

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him!

[Aufidius and the Conspirator draw, and kill Coriolanus, who falls: Aufidius stands on him.

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold!

Auf. My noble masters, hear me speak.

1 Lord. O Tullius!—
2 Lord. Thou hast done a deed whereat valour will weep.

3 Lord. Tread not upon him.—Masters all, be quiet.—

Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage,
Provok'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 honours
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 you 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.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow.—Take him up:—
Help, three o' the chiefest 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 unchilded 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.
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 Capitol. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other; with Drum and Colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right, Defend the justice of my cause with arms; And, countrymen, my loving followers, Plead my successive title with your swords. I am the first-born son, of him the last That wore the imperial diadem of Rome: Then, let my father’s honours live in me, Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my right, If ever Bassianus, Caesar’s son, Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome, Keep then this passage to the Capitol; And suffer not dishonour 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 empire, Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand A special party, have by common voice In election for the Roman empery, Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius, For many good and great deserts to Rome: A noble man, a braver warrior, Lives not this day within the city walls. He by the senate is accited home, From weary wars against the barbarous Goths; That, with his sons, a terror to our 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 chastised with arms Our enemies’ pride: five times he hath return’d Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons In collins from the field; And now at last, laden with honour’s spoils, Returns the good Andronicus to Rome, Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms. Let us entreat,—by honour of his name, Whom worthily you would have now succeed, And in the Capitol and senate’s right, Whom you pretend to honour and adore,— That you withdraw you, and abate your strength: Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should, Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts. Bas. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affly? In thy uprightness and integrity, And so I love and honour thee and thine, Thy noble brother Titus, and his sons, And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all, Gracious Lavinia, Rome’s rich ornament, That I will here dismiss my loving friends; And to my fortunes, and the people’s favour, Commit my cause in balance to be weigh’d.

[Exeunt the Followers of Bassianus.

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right, I thank you all and here dismiss you all; And to the love and favour of my country Commit myself, my person, and my cause.

[Exeunt the Followers of Saturninus.

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, As I am confident and kind to thee.— Open the brazen gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[Exeunt, and Bas. go into the Capitol; and exeunt with Senators, Marcus, &c.
SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans! make way! The good Andronicus, Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion, Successful in the battles that he fights, With honour, and with fortune, is return'd, From where he 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.

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning woods! 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 Prisam 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 shear my sword, Titus, unused, and careless of thine own, Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet, To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?— Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[The Tomb is opened.

There gree in silence, as the dead are wont, And sleep in peace, stain 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? Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths, That with their limbs he may have his, and on a pile Ad manes fratrum sacrificium offer. Before this earthy prison of their bones; That so their shadows be not unappeas'd, Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth. Tit. I give him you; the noblest that survives, The eldest son of this distrest queen.

Tum. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious conqueror, Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed, A mother's tears in passion for her son; And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee, O! think my son to be as dear to me. Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome, To beautify thy triumphs, and return, Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke; But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets, For valiant doings in their country's cause? O! if to fight for king and common weal Were pitied 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.

There are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld Alive, and dead; and for their brethren slain, Religious they ask a sacrifice:
To this your sons is marked; and die he must, To 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 Mutius, with Alarbus.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety! 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 of sharp revenge Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent, May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths, (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen) To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Re-enter Lucius, Quintus, Martius, and Mutius, with their Swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd, And enthralls feed the sacrificing fire, Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky. Remainest nought, but to inter our brethren, And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome. Tit. Make this his latest farewell to their souls. [Trumpets sounded; and the Coffins laid in the tomb. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons; [Kneeling. Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest, Secure from worldly chances and mishaps! Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells, Here grow no damned grudges; here no storms, No noise, but silence and eternal sleep. In peace and honour rest you here, my sons! [Rising.

Enter Lavinia.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long; My noble lord and father, live in fame. Lo! at this tomb my tributary tears I rend, for my dear brows alas! gone! and At that fair knee 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 resolv'd The cordial of mine age to glad my heart!— Lavinia, live; outlive thy father's days, And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise! Enter Marcus Andronicus, Saturninus, Bassianus, and others.


Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus. Let it be a wish, my sons, 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 aspir'd to Solon's happiness, And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.— Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome, Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been, Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust, This palliament of white and spotless hue;
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late-deceased emperor's sons.
Be candidates 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 don this robe, and trouble you?
Be chose! with acclamations to-day;
To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all—

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty variant sons,
Knighthed in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world:
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

_Mar._ Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery.

_Sat._ Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

_Tit._ Patience, prince Saturninus.

_Sat._ Romans, do me right.

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.—
Andronicus, would thouwert ship'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

_Luc._ Proud Saturnine, in triumph 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.

_Bas._ Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankfully be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable 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 Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-wealth:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—'Long live our emperor!'

_Mar._ With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor,
And say,—'Long live our Emperor Saturnine!'

_Along Flourish._

_Sat._ Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee?

_Tit._ It doth, my worthy lord; and in this match
I hold me highly honour'd of thy grace:
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our common-wealth,
The wide world's emperor, do I condescend
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;  

Present well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them, then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

_Sat._ Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and, when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget thy fealty to me.

_Tit._ Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor?

_To TAMORA._

To him, that for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

_Sat._ A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
_Aside._ That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—

_To her._ Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.
Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Gods.—

_Lavinia._ You are not displeas'd with this?

_Luc._ Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

_Sat._ Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go.

Re-enter LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

_Mar._ Our duty, Lucius, to convey her away.

_Luc._ And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

_Tit._ Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?

_Luc._ My lord, Lavinia is surpris'd.

_Sat._ Surpris'd! By whom?

_Bas._ By him that justly may
Bear his bethroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit MARCUS AND BASSIANUS with LAVINIA.

_Mut._ Brothers, help to convey her hence away,
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[Exit LUCIUS, QUINTUS, AND MARTIUS.

_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!'

_Along Flourish._

_Tit._ What, villain boy!

_Bas._ Barrit'st me way in Rome? [Titus kills MUTIUS.

_Mut._ Help, Lucius, help! [Re-enter LUCIUS.

_Luc._ My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,
In wrongful quarrel you have stain your son.

_Tit._ Not thou, nor he, nor any sons of mine:
My sons would never so dishonour me.

_Tit._ Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

_Luc._ Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,
That is another's lawful promis'd love.

_Exeunt._

_Sat._ No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,
Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:
I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once;
Thou never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.

_Was there none else in Rome to make a stale?_ But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus.

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,
That said'st, I beg'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 Gothis,
That, like the stately Phebus 'mongst her nymphs,
Dost overshine the gallant'st dames 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 Gothis, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—
Sith priest and holy water are so near
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for Hymenaeus stand,—
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,
If Saturnine advance the queen of Gothis,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pauline.—Lords, accompany
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; Aaron and Gothis.]

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.
Titus, whenwert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter Marcus, Lucius, Quintus, and Martius.

Mar. O, Titus, see, O, see what thou hast done!
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these, confesses in the deed
That hath dishonour'd all our family:
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. Shall we not use him burial, as becomes
Give Mutius burial with our lost Valens?

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 servants,
Repose in fame; none basely slain in bravals,
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My lord, this is impiety in you.
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:
He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint. Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall I! What villain was it spoke that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What I would us, 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 honour thou hast wounded:
My foes I do repute you every one;
So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mar. He is not1 himself; let us withdraw awhile.

Quin. Not I, till Mutius' bones 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,—

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

Mar. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.

Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks upon advice did bury Ajax,
That slew himself, and wise Laertes' son.

Did graciously plead for his funerals.

Let not young Mutius, then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise,—

The dismal'st day is this, that e'er I say,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome!—

Well, bury him, and bury me the text.
[Mutius is put into the Tomb.]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

All. No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—
How comes it that the subtle queen of Gothis
Is of a sudden thus advance'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus, but I know it is;
Whether by device or no, the heavens can tell.

Is she not, then, beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so far?
Yes, and will nobly him reward to the last.

Flourish. Re-enter, at one side, Saturninus, attended;

Tamora, Demetrius, Chiron, and Aaron: at the other side. Bassianus, Lavinia, and others.

Sat. So Bassianus, you have play'd your prize?

God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

Bas. And you of yours, my lord. I say no more,
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?

But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Mean while, I am possess'd of that is mine.

Luc. Sat. Thou, sir; but Sir, doth hold with you;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life;
Only thus much I give you grace to know.

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;
That in the rescue of Lavinia
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
To be control'd in that he frankly gave.

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,
That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds:
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.

Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
Then hear me speak indifferently for all;
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,
And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord: the gods of Rome foretend,
I should be author to dishonour you!

1 not: in f. e.
2 viose: sullen; a dump was originally a strain of music, or a poem.
3 This line is not in the quartos.
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs.
Then, at my suit look graciously on him;
Low not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.
My lord, be rul'd by me, be wise at last; [Aside to Sat.
Dissemble all your griefs and discontent:
You are but newly planted in your throne;
Lest, then, the people, and patricians too,
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,
And so supplant you for ingratitude,
Which Rome reposites to be a heinous sin,
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone.
I'll find a day to massacre them all,
And raze their faction, and their family,
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
To whom I sued for my dear son's life;
And make them know what 'tis to let a queen
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus;—

Aloud.
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.
Sat. Rise, Titus, rise; my 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 honour, good my lord,
That I have reconcile'd your friends and you.—
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
My word and promise to the emperor,
That you will be more mild and tractable.—
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia.—
By my advice, all his gallows on my knees,
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.
Lec. We do: and vow to heaven, and to his highness,
That what we did was mildly, as we might, [They kneel.]
Tending our sister's honour, and our own.
Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.
Sat. Away, and talk not: trouble us no more.
Tom. 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 entreaties,
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

[They stand up.]

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,
I found a friend; and sure as death I swore,
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
Come; if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends.—
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.
Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty,
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
With horn and hound we'll give your grace bonjour.
Sat. Be it so, Titus, and grace me too.

[Trumpets. Exeunt.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before the Palace.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning flash,
Advance'd above pale envy's threatening reach.
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And having girt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistering coach,
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;
So Tamora.—
Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress;
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,
Than was Prometheus tied to 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,
And see his shipwreck, and his commonwealth's
Holla! what a 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 gracie'd,
And may, for aught thou know'st, affect be.
Chri. Demetrius, thou dost over-wean in all,

5 6 Not in f. a. 7 The usual London cry, in time of tumult.
Aar. Away, I say!

Now by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all.—
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet 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 controlment, justice, or revenge?
Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know
This discard's ground, the music would not please.
Chi. I care not; I, know she and all the world:
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:
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, therefore may be won;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy 'tis
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,
Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair, that knows to
court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd;
Aar. Would you had hit it too;
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.
Why, harke ye, harke ye,—and are you such fools,
To square for this? Would it offend you then,
That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame! be friends, and join for that you jar
'Tis policy and, stratagem must do
That you affect; and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would achieve,
You must, perforce, accomplish as you may.
Take this of me; Lucerce was not more chaste
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.
A speciord 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 unfrequented plots there are,
Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.
Single you thither, then, this dainty doe,
And strike her home by force, if not by words:
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
And she shall file our engines with advice,
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, and ears:
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, 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. They counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Dem. Sit fes and nefis, till I find the stream
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per manes vehor.

[Exeunt.]


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.
Unequal here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and sing a hunter's round,
That all the court may echo with the sound.

Sons, let it be your charge, and so will I
To attend the emperor's person carefully:
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day brought comfort and delight.

[Horns wind.  * * they sing:  "The hunt is up."

Enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Demetrius, Chiron, and Attendants.

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty:—
Madam, to you as many and as good.
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.
Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.
Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Chi. 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 ye see
Our Roman hunting.

[To Tamora.

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 Aegon, with a Bag of Gold.

Aar. 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 stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy:
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.

[Hides the Gold.

That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aarow, wherefore look'st thou sad,
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies coiled in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd chorus,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:
And—after conflict, such as was supposed
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd.
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtained with a counsel-keeping cave.—
We may, each wretched 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.

Aur. Madam, though Venus govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine.
What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silences, and my cloudy melancholy?
My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll.
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,
This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than life!

Aur. No more, great empress. Bassianus comes:
Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons.
To back thy quarrels, whatsoever it may be. 

[Exit. Enter Bassianus, and LAVINIA.

Bas. Whom have we here? Rome's royal empress,
Unfurnished of her well-beseeming troop?
Or is it Dian, libited 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 power, that, some say, Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was Actaeon's; and the hounds
Should dine upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

La. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a godly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you
Are single forth to try experiments.
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'T is pity, they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, destitute, and abominable.
Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,

If foul desire had not conducted you?

La. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my my noble lord be rated
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-coloured love:
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

La. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long,
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd.

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious mother!

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?

These two have 'tied me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss, and baleful mistletoe.
Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven,
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many uchins, 8
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal barely hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me, they would bind me here
Unto the body of a diemal yew,
And leave me to this miserable death:
And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,
Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect;
And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,
This vengeance on me had they executed.
Revive 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.

La. Ay, come, Semiramis!—nay, barbarous Ta-

[Exeunt Bassianus, and LAVINIA.

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy peniard; you shall know, my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to her:
First, thrust 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 brav's your might:
And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce, we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

La. O Tamora! thou hast a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak: away with her!

La. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam: let it be your glory
To see her tears; but be your heart to them,
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

La. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?
I o! do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble;
Even at her teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breedeth 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 it now!
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely claws pard 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 thee,
Be not obdurate. Open thy deaf ears.
TAM. Hadst thou in person ever offended me,
Even for his sake am I pitiless.
Remember, boys, I pour'dst forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent.
Therefore, away, and use her as you will:
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.
Lav. O Tamora! 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 slain when Bassianus died.
[go.
TAM. What begg'st thou then? fond' woman, let me
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.
DOM. Away! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature,
The blot and enem'y to our general name!
Confusion fall—
CHI. Nay, then, I'll stop your mouth.—Bring thou
Her husband: [Dragging off LATINIA.
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [Exeunt.
TAM. Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.
Now will I hence to see my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trufl deffour. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

AAR. Come on, my lords, the better foot before:
Straight will I bring you to the lonesome pit,
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.
QUIN. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.
MART. And mine, I promise you; 'tis not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.
MARTIUS falls into the Pit.
QUIN. What! art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growning brars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me.—
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

MART. [Under the stage.] O, brother! with the dismal'st object hurst.
That ever eye with sight made heart lament.
AAR. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find
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 unhallowed and blood-stained hole?
QUIN. I am surprised with an uncoth 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 wher'eat it trembles by surprise.
O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.
MART. Lavinia, poor Lavinia lie embow'ed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.
QUIN. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?
MART. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Dost shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the rag'd entrails of the pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother! help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Coeus' misty mouth.
QUIN. Reach me thy hand that I may help thee out;
Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be plung'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.
MART. Nor can I no strength to climb without thy help.
QUIN. Thy hand once more: I will not loose again,
Till thou art here aloft, or I below.—
THOU canst not come to me; I come to thee. [Falls in.

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

SAT. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou, that lately did descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?
MART. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.
SAT. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:
He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.
MART. We know not where you left him all alive,
But, out alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with ATTENDANTS; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

TAM. Where is my lord, the king?
SAT. Here, Tamora; though as one end with killing grief.
MART. Who 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 compleat of this timelesse 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-
somely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean.—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meanings, look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades 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.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[Showing it.]

Sat. Two of thy wheals, [To Titus] fell ears 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 devise'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit? O wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered.

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
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.
'Tis I did, my lord; yet let me be their bail;
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will
To answer this suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.
Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:
Let them not speak a word, their guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executd.

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 Livinia, ravished; her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,
Who 'tis 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 scroll.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands,
Dem. She hath no tongue to call for, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang myself.
Dem. If thou hast hands to help thee knit the cord,
[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 hew'd, and made thy body bare
Of her two branches; those sweet ornaments,
Which circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in,
And might not gain so great a happiness.
As have thy love? Why dost not speak to me?—
Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy roseate lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflour'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldn't detect him, cut thy tongue.
Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for shame;
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—
Yet do thy cheeks look red, as Titan's face
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?
O! that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,
That I might rail at him to ease my mind.
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,
Dost 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 cratur Tereus, cousin, hast thou met,
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
O! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a fute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
He would not then have touch'd them for his life;
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,
Which that sweet tongue hath made in minstrelsy;
He would have drop'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thraesian poets feet.
Come; let us go, and make thy father blind;
For such a sight will blind a father's eye.
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
Dost not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
O, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with Marcus 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 securely slept;

For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted as 'tis thought.
For two and twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed;

1 scroll: in folio. 2 them: in old copies. Rowe made the change. 3 their: in old copies; Hanmer's correction. 4 Not in folio; which adds "withall" to the end of the line. 5 These two words are not in f.e.
For these, these, tribunes, in the dust I write

[Throwing himself on the ground.
My heart's deep anguish in my soul's sad tears.
Let my tears stand on the earth's dry apple;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush.

[Exeunt Senators, Tribunes, &c., with the Prisoners.

O earth! I will befriend thee 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 thy face.
So thou refuse to drink my dear son's blood,

Enter Lucius, with his sword drawn.

O, reverend tribunes! gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
And let me say, that never yet before,
My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O, noble father! you lament in vain:
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius! for thy brothers let me plead.—
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,
Their pity could not make them pity more;
or if they did mark,
They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
And bootless 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. [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 stones;
A stone is silent, and offencoeth not,
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death,
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

Luc. To resuscitate two brothers from their death;
For which attempt the judges have pronounced
My everlastin' 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?

Marcus and Lavinia.

Mar. Titus, prepare thy aged feet to weep;
O! if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to this age.

Tit. Will it consume me? let me see it, then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handleless in thy father's sight?
What foolish had water to the sea,
Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilius, it disdaineth bounds.—
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain,
And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use:
Now, all the service I require of them
Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—

T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,
For hands to do Rome service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath marty'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 stone, she was kept hid, it sung
Rich varying notes, enchanting old and young.

Luc. O! say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. O! thus I found her straying in the park,
Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,
That hath receiv'd some unrecurring 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 washing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowls swallow him.
This way to death my wretched sons are gone,
Here stand I not many; or if they did mark,
And here my brother, weeping at my woes;
But that which gives my soul the greatest spur,
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Tit. Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
It would have maddened me; what shall I do
Now I behold thy living body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:
Thy husband is dead; and for his death,
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look, Marcus; ah! son Lucius, look on her:
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost withered.

Mar. Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;
Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,
Looking all downwards, to behold our checks
How they are stain'd, as meadows yet not dry,
With mire that's 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.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at your grief,
See, how my wretched sister sobes and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus, dry thine eyes.

1 ruins: in old copies. Hamner made the change.
2 So the quarto, 1600; the folio:
Oh! if they did hear,
They would not pity me.
3 noble: in quarto, 1611, and folio.
4 This phrase is also found in Venus and Adonis.
5 like: in f. e.
Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.
Luc. Ah, my Lavinia! I will wipe thy cheeks.
Tit. [Mark! 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 limbo is from bliss.

Enter Aaron.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor
Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,
Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron!
Did ever ravens sing so like a lark?
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
With all my heart, I'll send my hand to him.
Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father! for that noble hand of thine,
That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?
O! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death,
Then, have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more: such wither'd herbs as these
Are meet for plunging 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 not 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 becall'd deceit, I will be honest. [Aside.
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:—
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[He cuts off Titus's Hand with his Sword.

Re-enter Lucius with an Axe, and Marcus.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be done,
Is dispatch'd.—

Good Aaron, now in my majesty my hand:
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers. Bid him bury it:
More hath it merited; let it have it.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchase'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.—

[Aside. Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

Doth fain me with the very thought of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black as his face. [Exit.

Tit. O! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble man to the earth:
If any power pities 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 woe.
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 wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, 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 good hand thou sent'st to 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 Etna cool in Sicely,
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 wound,
And yet between life and death to shew it
That ever death should let life bear his name.

[Exit. Where life hath no more interest, but to breathe!

[LaVinia kisses him.

Mar. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. 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
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy 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?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Mar. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,

1 Fr. casquelet, a close helmet. 2 the words, "with an Axe," are not in f. e.
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And thrust me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all the mischiefs be retailed again.
Even in their throats that have committed them.
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—
You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.—
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take one head;
And in this hand the other will I bear:—
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things;
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight:
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay.
Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
And, if you love me, as I think 'tis true,]
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[Exit Titus, Marcus, and Lavinia.

Luc. Farewell, 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 were as thou 'st once been hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,
But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.
If Lucius live, he will require your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine, and his empress,
Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[Exit.


Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and young Lucius, a Boy.

Tit. So, so, now sit: and look, you eat no more
Than will preserve but so much strength in us
As will revenge these just so 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 brother's vein,
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then, thus I thump it down.—
Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs.

[To Lavinia.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still,
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with 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 eyes let fall,
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marcus. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Titus. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?
Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.

What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah! wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid Eneas tell the tale twice o'er,
How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
Of handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
Let us remember still, that we have none.
Fie, fie! how franticly I square my talk!
As come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.—
Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she says;
I can interpret all her martyr'd signs:
She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
Brew'd with her sorrow, mesh'd upon her cheeks.—
Speechless complainor, I will learn thy thought;
In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,
As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
Thus shall not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,
Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
But I of these will wrest an alphabet,
And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:
Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Marcus. Alas! the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Titus. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,
And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[Marcus strikes the Dish with a Knife.

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marcus. At that that I have kill'd, my lord—a fly.

Titus. Out on that, Marcus; thou kill'st at my heart;
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
A deed of death, done on the innocent,
Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone;
I see, thou art not for my company.

Marcus. Alas! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Titus. But how, if that fly had a father and mother,
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buzz lamenting doings in the air?
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

Marcus. Pardon me, sir: it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore, I kill'd him.

Boy. Come, boy, take away.

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.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora. Ah, sirrah!—
Yet I think we are not brought so low,
But that between us we can kill a fly,
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marcus. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,
He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
Sad stories chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me: thy sight is young,
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[Exeunt.
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.—

Also! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, Lucius: do not fear thine aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy; too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have thee go with her. Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she ples 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 how men mad 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, Causeth, perhaps.—But pardon me, sweet aunt; And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

Mar. Lucius, I will.

[Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius had let fall.

Tit. How now, Lavinia!—Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see,— Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.— But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;

Come, and take choice of all my library, And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—

What book?—Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think, she means, that there was more than one Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was; Or else to heaven she leaves them to revenge.

Tit. Lucius, what book is that she tosteth so?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphosis:

My mother gave't me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone, Perhaps, she could it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! see how basely she turns the leaves! Help her: what would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read This is the tragic tale of Philomel, And treats of Teres' treason, and his rape; And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

—Mar. See, brother, see! note, how she quotes the leaves,

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd, sweet girl, Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was, For'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!)  

1 Not in the quarto.  2 Not in f. a.  3 Companion.  4 Not in f. a.
Lucius, I'll fit thee: and withal, my boy
Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
Present, 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, grandisire.
Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach another course.
Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:
Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;
Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[Execute Titus, Lavinia, and Boy.

Mar. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus, attend him in his ecastye,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
Than foes-men's marks upon his batter'd shield;
But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—
Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus!  [Exeit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Aaron, Demetrius, and Chiron, at one Door; at
another door, young Lucius, and an Attendant,
with a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grand-father.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,
I greet your honours from Andronicus:—
[Aside.] And pray the Roman gods, confound you both.

Dem. Grameery, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [Aside.] That you are both decipher'd, that's
the news!
For villains mark'd with rape. [To them.] May it please you,
My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
To gratify your honourable youth,
The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,
And so I do, and with his gifts present.
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [Aside.] like bloody villains.
[Exeunt Boy and Attendant.

Dem. What's here? A scroll, and written round
Let's see; [about.

Integer vita, steterisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu,
Chi. O! 'T is a verse in Horace. I know it well:
I read it in the grammar long ago.
Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace:—right, you have it.

[Aside.] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here'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 were our witty empress well a-foot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—
[To them.] And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captive, 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 unnatured, and thus besmear'd.
Aar. Hath he not reason, lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would, we had a thousand Roman dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.
Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.
Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to say amen.
Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils; the gods have given us
[Trumpets sound.

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?
Chi. Belike to joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Some one who comes here.

Enter a Nurse, hiding a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me, did you see
Aaron the Moor.

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O, gentle Aaron, we are all undone!
Now help, or we betide thee evermore.
Aar. Why, what a eaterawling dost thou keep.
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace.—
She is deliver'd, lords; she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she 'touched to bed.

Aar. Well, God
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Aar. Why, then she's the devil's dam: a joyful issue,

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue.
Here is the babe, as boathsome as a toad [Showing it.]
Amongst the fairest brands* of our clime.
The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.
Aar. Zounds! ye whore, is black so base a hue?

Sweet browsse, you are a beauteseous blossom, sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?
Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.
Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.
Woe to her chance, and damned her slopeth choice!
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point.

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightingly 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 Eneasclus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's brood,
Nor great 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 seems to bear another hue.

For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swain's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

1 This line is not in the folio. 2 the: in quart, 1611, and folio.
copies. Steevens made the change.

3 Not in f. e. 4 breeders: in f. e. 5 Not in folio. 6 limb'd: in old
Tell the empress from me, I am a man [To the Nurse.]
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.
Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?
Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;
The vigour, and the picture of my youth;
This, before all the world, do I prefer;
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall make for that escape.
[Exit Publius.]
Dem. By this our mother you have ever shamed.
Chi. Rome will despire her for 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. 
Fie! treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing
The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another lea2.
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,
As who should say, "Old lad; I am thine own."3
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 surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.
Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?
Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.
Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your safety.
[They sit at a distance.
Dem. How many women saw this child of his?
Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we all join in league,
I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The child is born; the mountain lightened:
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms:—
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, prepared to the spit.
Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst
Aar. O lord! sir, 'tis a deed of policy. [thou this?
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours,
A long-tongued babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far hence Mutil lives,4 my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are;
Go pack5 with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all;
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court,
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; ye see, I have given her physic.
[Pointing to the Nurse.
And you must needs bestow her fortunes soon.
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms.
This done, see that you make no long delays,6
But send the midwife presently to me:
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,
Then, let the ladiesattle what they may.

Chi. Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air
With secrets.
Dem. For this ease of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.
[Exeunt 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 secretly to greet the empress' friends,—
Come on, thou 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 camp.
[Exit with the child.

SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.
Enter Titus, bearing Arrows, with Letters on the ends of them; with him Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.
Tit. Come, Marcus, come.—Kinsmen, this is the way.—
Sir boy, now let me see your archery:
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight.
Terra Astrae religuit:
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;
'T is you must dig with mattock, and with spade,
And pierce the inmost centre of the earth:
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition;
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd:
This wicked emperor may have shipp'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 distract?
Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,
By day and night 't attend him carefully;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.
Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy,
Join with the Goths; and with revengeful war,
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.
Tit. Publius, how now! how now, my masters! What!
Have you met with her?
Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall.
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,
He thinks with Jove in Heaven, or somewhere else,
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.
Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.
I'll drive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we;
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back;
Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our backs can bear:
And, sith no justice is in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[He gives them the Arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you:—here, ad Apollinem:
Ad Martem, that's for myself:
Here, boy, to Pallas:—here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Cains, not to Saturnine;
You are as good to shoot against the wind.—
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid.
Of my word, I have written to effect;
There's not a god left unsolicited.
Marcus, kiss them all, for shafts into the court:
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.] O well said! Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap: give it Pallas.

Mar. My lord, I aim'd a mile beyond the moon:
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?
See, see! thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,
The bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;
And who should find them but the empress' villain.
She laugh'd, and told the Moor: he should not choose
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give his lordship joy.

Enter the Clown, with a Basket and Two Pigeons.

News! news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clo. Ho! the gibbon-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 in heaven
in my young days. Why, I am going with my pigeons
to the tribunal plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt
my uncle and one of the emperal men.

Mar. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for
your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor
from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor
with a grace?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all
my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the emperor;
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold; mean while, here's money for thy charges.
Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when
you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel;
thens kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons,
and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see
you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an 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 ever
seen
An emperor of Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confounded thus: and, for the extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My lords, you know, the mightful gods no less,1
(However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears) there nought hath pass'd,
But even with law, against the willful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so over whel'm'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 scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this but libelling against the state,
And blazoning our injustice every where?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
But if I live, his feigned eustacies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
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 off the proud'st conspirator that lives. [Takes his seat.*

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,
And the mischance of sundry things that pierc'd
And scar'd his heart;
And rather comfort his distressed plight,
Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempts. [Aside.] Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all:
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! wouldst thou speak with us?

Clo. Yea, forsooth, an your mistresship be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder 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.

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 brought my neck to a fair end. [Exit. guarded.

Sat. Despightful 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

1 Well done. 2 your : in quarto, 1611, and folio. 3 as do the mightful gods: in f. c. 4 Not in f. e.
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:  
Nor age, nor honour, shall have privilege.—  
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantic wretch, that help'st to make my great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.  

Enter Emilius.  
What news with thee, Emilius?  
Emil. Arm, my lords! Rome never had more cause.  
The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.  
Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our soldiers to approach.  
'Tis he the common people love so much:  
Myself hath very often heard them say,  
When I have walked like a private man,  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.  
Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?  
Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,  
And will revolt from me to succour him.  
Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.  
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in 's flame?  
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby;  

Knowing that with the shadow of his wing,  
He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome,  
Then cheer thy spirit; for know, thou emperor,  
I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
With words so sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
Than baits to fish, or honey-sticks to sheep;  
When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
The other rotted with delicious food.  
Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.  
Tam. If Tamora treat him, then he will;  
For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
With golden promises, that were his heart  
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
Go thou before; be our ambassador: [To Emilius.  
Say that the emperor requests a parley  
Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.  
Sat. Emilius, do this message honourably:  
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.  
Emil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.  

[Exit Emilius.  
Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,  
And temper him with all the art I have,  
To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
And bury all thy fear in my devices.  
Sat. Then go successfully, and plead 'fore him.  
[Execut.  

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.  
Enter Lucius, and an Army of Goths, with Drum and Colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any seath,  
Let him make treble satisfaction.  

1 Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus.  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingratitude Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.  

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.  
Luc. I humbly thank him, and 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 stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.  
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard  
The crying babe contriv'd with this discourse:—  
"Peace, tawny slave; half me, and half thy dam!  

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,  
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,  
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:  
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
Peace, villain, peace?—even thus he rates the babe,—  
"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."  
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither;  
To use as you think needful of the man.  

Luc. O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil  
That robb'd 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 fliend-like face?  
Why dost not speak? What! deaf? no, not a word?  
A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,  
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.  

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.  
Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  

[Enter a ladder.  
Aar. Lucius, save the child;  
And bear it from me to the empress.  
If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,  
That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!  

1 In old copies this line is given to Aaron. Theobald made the change.
Luc. Say on: and if it please me which thou speak'st, 
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,
[Speaking on the Ladder.]
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;
For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
Ruthful to hear, dispiteously* perform'd:
And this shall all be buried in my death,
Unles thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that she shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Whom should I swear by? thou believest no god:
That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not, as, indeed, I do no not; 
Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that, I know,
An idiot holds his baulk 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 soe'er it be,
That I will not, and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to kill, and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus:
They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
Cut her hands off, and trimmed her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O, detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd;
And I was
Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.
That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
As sure a card as ever won the set:
That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,
As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.
I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay;
I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold, within the letter mentioned,
Confederate with the queen, and her two sons;
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?
I play'd the cheater for thy father's good,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.
I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beked his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

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:
As kill 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 oftimes break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench 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 the grave-stones were forgot:
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
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 Emilius.

Welcome, Emilius! what's the news from Rome?

Emil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves 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. Emilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come.—March! away! 

[Exeunt.


Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised as Revenge, Rapipe, 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.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so 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 a son of mine; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst talk with me.

1 Not in f. e. * yet piteously: in f. e. * The rest of this stage direction is not in f. e. * Not in f. e.
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 thine infernal kingdom, 
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind, 
By working wretched wakening 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 detested rape, 
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out; 
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name, 
Revenge, which makes the soul offender quake. 
Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me, 
To be a torment to mine enemies? 
Tam. I am; therefore come down, and welcome me. 
Tit. Do I see some servitors, ere I come to thee. 
Lo! by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stand; 
Now, give some assurance that thou art Revenge: 
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels, 
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner, 
And whirl along with thee about the globes. 
Provide two proper palfriees, black as jet, 
To hale thy veneful 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 Hyperion's rising in the east, 
Until his very downfall in the sea: 
And day by day I'll do this heavy task, 
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there. 
Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me. 
Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd? 
Tam. Rapine, and Murder; therefore called so, 
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men. 
Tit. Good lord! how like the empress' sons they are; 
And you, the empress: but we worldly men 
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes. 
O sweet Revenge! now do I come to thee; 
And, if one arm's embrace will content thee, 
I will embrace thee in it by and by. [Exit Titus above. 
Tit. This closing with him fits his lunacy. 
Whate'er I forge, 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 cunning practice out of hand, 
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths, 
Or, at the least, make them his enemies. 
See! here he comes; and I must ply my theme. [Enter Titus, below. 
Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee. 
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house. — 
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too. — 
How like you supper and adventures here! 
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,
Tit. Know you these two?  
Pub. The empress' sons  
I take them; Chiron, and Demetrius.  
Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceit'd;  
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name:  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;  
Caio, and Valentine, lay hands on them.  
Off have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it; therefore, bind them sure,  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.  

[Exit Titus.—Publius, &c. seize Chiron, and Demetrius.  
Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.  
Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.  
Caio. Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a word.  
Is he sure bound? look, that you bind them fast.  
Re-enter Titus Andronicus, with Lavinia; she  
holds 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,  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud:  
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death;  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,  
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyry you.  
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,  
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween 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 a paste;  
And of the paste a coffin I will rear,  
And make two pasties of your shamefull 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; & she catches the Blood.  
Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,  
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
And with this hateful liquor temper it.  
And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.—  
Come, come, be every one officious  
To make this banquet; which I wish may prove  
More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  

[Exeunt, bearing the dead Bodies.  

SCENE III.—The Same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.  
Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goth; with Aaron,  
Prisoner.  
Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.  
1 Goth. And ours, with thine, befall what fortune will.  

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.  
Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings.  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong;  
I fear the emperor means no good to us.  
Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!  
Luc. Away, infanum dog! unhallow'd slave!  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.  

[Exeunt Goth with Aaron. Trumpets sound.  
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.  
Enter Saturninus 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, break the pause;  
Their quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
To entertain his highness, and your empress.  
Please you, therefore, draw near, and take your places.  
Sat. Marcus, we will.  

[Trumpets sound. The Company sit down at table.  
Enter Titus, dressed like a Cook, Lavinia, veiled,  
young Lucius, and others. Titus places the dishes  
on the table.  
Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen:  
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; and welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,  
'Twill fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.  
Sat. Why art thou thus affli't, Andronicus?  
Tit. Because I would be sure to have it all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress.  
Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.  
Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.  
My lord the emperor, resolve me this:  
Was it well done of rash Virgininius,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and defou'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 hers sorrows.  
Tit. A reason mighty; strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched, to perform the like—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;  

[He kills Lavinia.  
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow flee.  
Sat. What hast thou done? unnatural and unkind!  
Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woful as Virgininius was,  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage:—and it is now done.  
Sat. What! was she ravish'd? tell who did the deed.  
Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?  
Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?  
Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron, and Demetrius:  
They ravish'd her, and cut away her hair,  
And they it was, 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 dauntily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.
'T is 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 Saturninus.]

A great Tamora. The People
in faction divided. Marcus, Lucius, and their
Partisans, ascend the Steps before Titus's House.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,
By uproot sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
O! let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body.^
Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself,
And she, who mighty kingdoms court'sy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and claps of age,
Graves of the dead are dusted with fresh tears
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend; as erst our ancestor,
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse,
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel,
Nor can I utter all 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.
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;
And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
Our father's tears despir'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave.
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity 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 preserv'd her welfare in my blood;
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just, and full of truth.
But, soft! methinks, I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For when no friends are by men praise themselves.
Now is my turn to speak. Behold this child;
Of this was Tamora delivered;
The issue of an irreconcilable 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 aught amiss? Show us wherein,
And from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronicus
Will, hand in hand, all head apace cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and, if you say, we shall,
Lo! hand in hand, Lueius and I will fall.

Æmil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,
And bring our 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,
To be adjudge'd some direful lingering death,
As punishment for his most execrable life.
Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor.

Luc. 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 style,—

Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this bier.—
O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[Kisses Titus.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son!

Mar. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:—
O! were they then of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine 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.
Did him farewell; commit him to the grave;
Do him that kindness, all that he can have.

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire! even with all my heart
Would I were dead, so 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 sad 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 pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom:
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aor. 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.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument.
As for that ravenous tiger, Tamora,
No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall wring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey.
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.  

[Exeunt]
ROMEO AND JULIET.
Romeo and Juliet, Act II Scene 2.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS

ESCALUS, Prince of Verona.
PARIS, a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.
MONTAGUE, Capulet,
Uncle to Capulet.
ROMEO, Son to Montague.
MERCUITO, 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.

PERSONÆ.

BALTHASAR, Servant to Romeo.
SAMSON.
GREGORY, Servants to Capulet.
PETER, Another Servant to Capulet.
ABRAM, Servant to Montague.
An Apothecary.
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.

PROLOGUE.

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.

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. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hast, thou hast been 'poor John.' Draw thy toil; here come 'twos 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?

1 This was regarded as a low, degrading office. 2 stand to it; therefore (of my word) if thou be mov'd, thou 'tis run away: in quarto, 1597. 3 civil: in f. e. 4 Only in quarto, 1597. 5 Salted and dried fish. 6 Only in the quarto, 1597.
Sam. Fear me not.
Gre. No marry: 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 be able to 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; but I bite my thumb, sir.
Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?
Abr. Quarrel, sir? 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.

[Enter TYBALT.]

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

[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.
Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.
Have at thee, coward.

[They fight.]

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his Gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho! La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, my say!—Old Montague is come, and flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.
La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir one foot to seek a foe.

Enter the Prince, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace, Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—

Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beasts, That quench the fire of your pernicious rage With purple fountains issuing from your veins?—On pain of torture, from those bloody hands Throw your mis-temper'd weapons to the ground, And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—

Three civil brows, bred of an angry word, By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, Have three thunders in the quiet of our streets; And made Verona's ancient citizens Cast by their grave beseeing ornaments, To wield old partisans, in hands as old, Clever'd with peace, to part your cannon's hate.

If ever you disturb our streets again, Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace:

For this time all the rest depart away.

You, Capulet, shall go along with me; And Montague, come you this afternoon, To know our further pleasure in this case, To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.

Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[Execut the Prince, and Attendants; CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and Servants.

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speaks, nephew, were you by when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your adversary, And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.

I drew to part them: in the instant came The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd; Which, as he breathe'd defiance to my ears, He swung about his head, and cut the winds, Who, nothing hurt withal, his head in scorn.

While we were interchanging threats and blows, Came more and more, and fought on part and part, Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the dawnipp'd sun Poor Fortner^ with the golden windows of the east, A troubled mind drive me to walk abroad; Where, underneath the grove of sycamore That westward rootheth from the city's side, So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me, And stole into the covert of the wood:

I, measuring his affections by my own, Which then most sought where most might not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,

Pursui'd my humour, not pursuing his,

And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. 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 is the bud with the envious 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 sorrows grow, 
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

Enter Romeo, at a distance. 

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside; 
I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy stay, 
To hear true shrift. —Come, madam, let's away. [Execut Montague and Lady.

Ben. Good morrow, cousin. 
Rom. Is the day so young? 
Ben. But new 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? 
Rom. Not having that, which, having, makes them short. 
Ben. In love? 
Rom. Out. 
Ben. Of love? 
Rom. Out of her favour where I am in love. 
Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view, 
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof! 
Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is muffled still, 
Should without eyes see pathways to his® will! 
Where shall we dine? —O me! —What fare 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, O brawling love! O loving hate! 
O any thing, of nothing first created! 
O heavy lightness! serious vanity! 
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeing 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, Benvolio, is love's transgression. — 
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breast; 
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd 
With more of thine: this love, that thou hast shown, 
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own. 
Love is a smoke, made with the fume of sighs; 
Being puffed, 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 sadness, who is 't that® you love. 
Rom. What! shall I groan, and tell thee? 
Ben. Groan! why, no; 
But sadly tell me, who. 

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his will!® 
A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill,— 
In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman. 

Ben. I aim'd so near,® when I suppose'd you lov'd. 
Rom. A right good mark-man! — and she 'fai love. 
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coze, is soonest hit. 

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss: she 'll not be hit 
With Cupid's arrow. She hath Dian's wit; 
And in strong proof of chastity well arm'd, 
From love's weak childish bow she lives uncharm'd.® 
She will not stay the siege of loving terms. 
Nor bide th' encounter of assailant 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? 
Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge wad; 
For beauty, starv'd with her severity, 
Cuts beauty off from all posterity. 
She is too fair, too wise; too wisely fair, 
To merit bliss by making me desir'd: 
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow 
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now. 
Ben. Be rul'd by me; forget to think of her. 
Rom. O! teach me how I should forget to think. 
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes: 
Examine other beauties. 

Rom. 'Tis the way 
To call hers, exquisite, in question more. 
These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows, 
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair: 
He, that is stricken blind, cannot forget 
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost. 
Show me a mistress that is passing fair; 
What doth her beauty serve, but as a note 
Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair? 
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget. 
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt. [Execut.

SCENE II.—A Street. 

Enter Capulet, Paris, and Servant. 

Cap. But Montague is bound as well as I, 
In penalty alike; and 't is not hard, I think, 
For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both; 
And pity 't is, 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 wise may think her ripe to be a bride. 
Par. Younger than mine are happy mothers made. 
Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so early married.®

Earth up!® hath swallowed all my hopes but she, 
She is the hopeful lady of my earth;® 
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart, 
My will to her consent is but a part; 
An she agree, within her scope of choice 
Lies my consent and fair according voice.® 
This night I hold an old accustom'd 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. 
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven light: 
Such comfort, as do lusty youth's men feel, 
When well-apparel'd April on the heel. 
Of limping winter treads, even such delight

1 name: in old copies. Theobald made the change. 2 hopes: in quarto, 1597. 3 laws give pathways to our: in quarto, 1597. 4 create: in quarto, 1597. but better in the text.® 5 soft: in quarto, 1597. but better in the text.® 6 love's: in quarto, 1597. but better in the text.® 7 me: in f. e.® 8 whom she is you: in quarto, 1597. 9 So the quarto, 1597. Other old copies omit: bid.® 10 right: in quarto, 1597. 11 unharmed: in f. e.® 12 against Cupid's childish bow she lives uncharm'd: in quarto, 1597.® 13 Not in quarto, 1597. 14 Not in quarto, 1597. The rest of this, and first speech of next scene, not in quarto, 1597.® 15 Not in folio.® 16 This and the preceding line, are not in the quarto, 1597.® 17 And this previous line, are not in quarto, 1597.®
Among fresh female buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house; here is all, all seen.
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view, of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about.
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

[Giving a Paper.]

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[Exeunt Capulet and Paris.

Serv. Find them out, whose names are written here?

It is written, that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher with his bend, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons, whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned:—in good time.

Enter Benvolio and Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lesse'd by another's auguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is:
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tornenified, and—Good-den, good fellow.
Serv. God gi' good den:—I pray, sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.
Serv. Perhaps you have learnt it without book; but,
I pray, can you read any thing you see?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.
Serv. Ye say honestly. Rest you merry. [Going?
Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [Reads.

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and daughters;
County Anselme, and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvius; Signior Placentio, and his lovely niece Mercuetio, and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my fair nieces Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valente, and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively Helena."

A fair assembly; whether should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither? to supper? 
Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?
Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.
Serv. Now, I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the house of Mercutio, and his brother Valentine, you may hang your head, and waddle all about, for even the day before she broke her brow; and then my husband—God be with his soul! 1

1 Such amongst view: in quarto, 1597.
2 Not in f. s. Such an expression often met with. 3 that: in old copies. 4 Dyes suggests: lady-love. 5 seems: in quarto, 1599-9. 6 Seren. 7 high loss: in quarto, 1597. 8 The rest of this, and half of the next line, not in quarto, 1597. 9 Stopped.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Put! you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself too'd with herself in either eye;
But in those crystal seals let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall seem show well, that now shows best.
Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shewn.
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter, call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maiden-head at twelve year old, I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls?

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here:

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter. Nurse, give leave awhile,
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again:
I have remember'd me, thou shalt hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, and yet to my teen' be it spoken I have but four, she is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the year, Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:
That shall she marry; I remember it well.
'T is since the earthquake now eleven years;
And should I have been in,_—I never shall forget it—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dog,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua,—
Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
Of my dog, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dog!
Shake, quoth the dove-house: 't was no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge.
And since that time it is eleven years;
For thou she could stand alone*; nay, by the rood,
And had the head to bear; and the head she had,
For even the day before she broke her brow;
And then my husband—God be with his soul! 1

1 A was a merry man—or took up the child:—
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Julie?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—"Ay." 2

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, Julie?" quoth he, and,
Pretty fool, it stinte'd, and said—"Ay." 3

-1 Such amongst view: in quarto, 1597. 2 Not in f. s. 3 An expression often met with. 4 that: in old copies. 5 Dyes suggests: lady-love. 6 seems: in quarto, 1599-9. 7 Seren. 8 high loss: in quarto, 1597. 9 The rest of this, and half of the next line, not in quarto, 1597. 10 Stopped.

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La. Cap. 1 Enough of this: I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose but laugh, To think it should Leave crying, and say—"Ay, 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.

"Yes," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face? Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to age; wilt thou not, Julie?" it stinted, and said—"Ay, ay!"

Jul. And since thou too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

Nurse. Peace! I have done. 2 God mark thee to his grace.

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to see thee married once, I have my wish.

La. Cap. 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 honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only nurse, I would say; thou hast suck'd wisdom from thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you.

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count, I was your mother, much upon these years That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief:—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man, As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentleman?

This night shall you behold him at our feast:—
Read e'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 within to 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? Jul. I'll look to like, if looking like move; But no more deep will I endear mine eye, Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the Nurse cursed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity, I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.

[Exit.]

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 excuse?

Or shall we go without apology?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity:— We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a servile Bear a Tartar's painted bow of lath, Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper!

Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke After the prompter, for our entrance.

But, let them measure us by what they will, We'll measure them a measure, and be gone

Rom. Give me a torch! I am not for this ambling: Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Rome, we must have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have dancing shoes, With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead, So stiakes to me the ground I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings, 9 And soor with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too soon eniperied 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.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; Pick 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—it 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 rushes 11 with their heels; For I am proverb'd with a grandairie phrase,— I'll be a candle-holder, and look on: The game was never so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut! dum's 14 th mouse, the constable's own word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire 15 Of this save-reverence 14 love, wherein thou stick'st Up to the ears. — Come, we burn day-light, ho! Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, 17 like lamps by day. Take our good meaning, for our judgment hits Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask, But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie. Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
Merc. O! then, I see, queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes in shape no bigger than an agate stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,1
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams:2
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat, Not half as big as a round little wagging pig.
Pick'd from the lazy finger of a milkmaid.4
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night:
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On couriers' knees, that dream on courtiers' seats:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweet-meats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a counsel's nose, And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometime with a tip of her pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then he dreams of another benefice.
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck;
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscades, Spanish blades; Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and wakes;
And, being thus frightened,5 swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plait the manes of horses in the night;
And makes8 the elf-locks in foul sluttish hair;
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.9
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This, she is—.14
Rom. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who wows Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence.13
Turning his tide4 to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourselves;
Summer is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind misgives,
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels: and expire the term
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breath,
By some vile forfeit of untimely14 death:

But he, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.15—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.
Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 Serv. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 Serv. When good manners shall lie all into one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too; 'tis a foul thing.

3 Serv. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard,28 look to the plate — Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane;29 and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone, and Nell, Antony! and Potpan!

4 Serv. Ay, boy; ready.

5 Serv. You are looked for, and called for, asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

6 Serv. We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all.

[They retire.

Enter22 CAPULET, &c. with the Guests, and the Maskers.
Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their losses Unplagued with corns, will have a bout? with you:—
Ah, he, my replenishment, which if we all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor, and could tell [To Romeo, &c.,32
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would please:—'t is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[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, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days:
How long is 't now, since last youse and I
Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By 't lady, thirty years.

1 Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much:
'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty,

1 Cap. Will you tell me that?27
His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady is that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight? [Pointing to Juliet.33

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she23 hangs upon the cheek of night.
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove14 trooping with crowns, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows. The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching here, how bless'd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
I never saw true beauty fill this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.
Fetch me my rapiers, boy.—[Exit Boy.]

What! dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

1 Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is tither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.

1 Cap. Young Romeo is it?

Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone,
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
Here, in my house, do him disparagement;
Therefore, be patient, take no notice on him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns,
An ill-beseeing semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.

1 Cap. He shall be endure'd:
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall; go to;
Go to: am I the master here, or you?
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—
You'll make a mutiny among 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 keat you;—I know what.
You must contrarily I marry, 'tis time
Well said, my hearts!—You are a prince; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—for shame!
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perform 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 unworshipp'd hand
The holy shrine, the gentle fine this, 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 mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.

Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O, trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book. [Kissing her again.]

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.

[Juliet retires.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Jul. Is she a Capulet?

Rom. O, dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, begone: the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.[Going]

1 Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
Is it e'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, sibbath, by my say, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[Exit.

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yound gentleman?

[The Guests retire severally.

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
[Going and returning.

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 loathed enemy. [Exeunt all Guests.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [One calls within, Juliet!

Nurse. Anon, anon.

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [Exeunt.

Enter Chorus. Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That fair, for which love grean'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 steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belov'd any where;
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Tempering extremities with extreme sweet. [Exit.
ACT II.

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!—
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 leaves her cheek upon her hand!
O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch* that cheek.

Jul. Ah me! She speaks
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-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-passing* cloaths,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Dost thou afflict, and refuse, thy name?
Or, if thou wilt not, but be aworne my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Jul. 'T is but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself, although* a Montague.
What's in a name? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other name* 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.

Jul. [Starting forwara.*]
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumbllest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's utterance,* yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee displeas.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore, thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death perjured, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore was washed with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face;
Else would a maiden blush 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 spoke: but farewell compliment.
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, love 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 woo; but, else, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my favour 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-heards't ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discovered.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—
Jul. O! swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all; or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love—
Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good night,
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, but, I fear, too meet.
Good night, good night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as within my breast!  

1. Hindrance. 2. gave: in quarto, 1597. 3. couring: in later quartos, and folio. 4. yonder moon I vow: in folio. 5. glorious: in quarto, 1597. 6. my true heart's love: in quarto, 1597. 7. The quarto, 1597, omits all to the Nurse's call. 8. true: in quarto, 1597. 9. The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Love goes," etc. 10. Make-bake. 11. In tongue: in later quartos, and folio; they also omit (19) "name." 12. This line is not in quarto, 1597. 13. So the undated quarto; that of 1597: Madam; first folio: My name; second folio: sweet.

42
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jol. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall sing about the same till it be morrow. [Exit]

Rom. Sleep dwells upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!—
Would I were asleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly fathers' cell;
His help to crave, and my good hap to tell. [Exit]

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence’s Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey’d morn smiles on the frowning night,
Cheequer ing the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day’s path and Titan’s fiery wheels.
Now, ev’ry course in heaven advances
The day to cheer, and night’s dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours.
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that’s nature’s mother, is her tomb:
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We suck on her natural bosom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
Oh! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities:
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give;
Nor ought so good, but strain’d from that fair use,
Revolt from true birth, stumbling on abuse;
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime’s by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower,
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that act cheers each part;
Being fasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.

Fri. Benedicite! What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distemper’d head,
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed;
Care keeps his watch in every old man’s eye
And where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But where unused youth, with unstaff’d brain,
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.
Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,
Thou art up-ros’d by some distemper:
Or if not so, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true; the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. What, wilt 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 fasting with mine enemy;
Where, on a sudden, one hath wounded me,
That’s by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foes.
Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confusion finds but riddling shift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart’s dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so 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 wou’d, and made exchange of vow,
I’ll tell thee as we pass: but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
Fri. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men’s love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesus Maria! a change in thy life.
Hath wash’d thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy check the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash’d off yet.
If e’er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang’d? pronounce this sentence, then—
Women may fall, when there’s no strength in men.
Rom. Thou child’st me oft for loving Rosaline.
Fri. For doing, not for loving, pupil mine.
Rom. And hast’st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom? I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. O! she knew well, Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I’ll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households’ ranour to pure love.
Rom. O! let us hence: I stand on sudden haste.
Fri. Wisely, and slow:* they stumble that run fast.

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter Benvolio and Mercutio.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo be?—
Came he not home to-night?
Ben. Not to his father’s: I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same paid hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father’s house.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will answer it.
Mer. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter’s master, how
he dares, being dared. 13

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already dead! stab-

1 friar’s close: in later quartos, and folio. 2 burning: in later quartos, and folio. 3 This and the five following lines, are not in quarto, 1597. 4 Revolts to vice, and stumbles on abuse: in quarto, 1597. 5 small: in quarto, 1597. 6 foes: in later quartos, and folio. 7 unbruised: in f. e. 8 rest: in folio. 9 be: in later quartos, and folio. 10 The rest of the line, not in quarto, 1597. 11 Why, what’s become of Romeo: in quarto, 1597. 12 if he be challenged: in quarto, 1597.
bed with a white wench’s black eye; run thorough the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy’s shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?

Mer. More than princes of cats, I can tell you. O! he is a courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing prick-song; keeps time, distance, and proportion; roasts me his minutest nose, one, two, and the third in your bosom: the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the punto riverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantastoses, these new tuners of accents!—By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good where?—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grand sire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these parbliuz-moits, who stand so much on the new form, that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bosh! their bosh! Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;—narry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Here, hildings, and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, bon jour! there’s a French salutation to your French slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip;* can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine, a man may strain courtesy.

Mer. That’s as much as to say—such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

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. I will say; 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, 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 it with you that for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast next with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting;* it is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O! here’s a wit of cheevrel,!* 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 drveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O! thou art deceived. I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Rom. Here’s goodly gear!

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail!

Ben. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter, pr’thy, give me my fan.

Mer. Pr’thy, 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 den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den?

Rom. Who’s no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you.

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said;—for himself to mar, quoth a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you sought him. I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea! is the worst well? very well took, if faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence* with you.

Ben. She will invite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar.[Singing.]

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father’s? we’ll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady;

Farewell, lady, lady, lady.[Singing.

[Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

1 The Jeg by which the target was attached. 2 The cat, in the old story of Reynard the Fox, is called, Tybertain. 3 Music by note. 4 So the undated quarto; the other old copies: pardon-meet. 5 A low person. 6 Often used for a fine, blue eye. 7 Loose breeches. 8 A counterfeit piece of money, was often so called. 9 This and the previous speech, are not in quarto, 1597. 10 The shoe-ribbons were cut like flowers. 11 True wit in later quartos, and folio. 12 Faint: in later quartos, and folio. 13 None of an apple. 14 Kilt-stay. 15 A broad goose: in quartos. 16 thyself: in quarto, 1597. 17 Later quartos, and folio, read: Nurse. My fan, Peter?* 18 Good Peter, to hide her face! 19 For her fan’s the fairer face. 20 Not in later quartos, and folio. 21 Conference: in quarto, 1597. 22 Not in f. e. 23 This was a favorite tune. 24 Not in f. e.
Nurse. Marry, farewell! —I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?  
Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk; and will speak more in a minute, than he will stand to in a month.

Nurse. An 'a speak any thing against me, I'll take him down, an 'a were lusterier than he is, and twenty such Jacks; and if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knife! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. —And thou must stand by, too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure?

Pet. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant ye. Most curs'd man as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side.

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed, that every part about me quivers. —Scurvy knife! —Pray you, sir, a word; and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out: what she bid me say, I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour, as they say, for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very wicked dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee, I do not mean heart! and, 'tis faith, I will tell her as much, Lord! lord! she will be a joyfull woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise some means to come to shrift this afternoon;  
And there she shall at friar Lawrence' cell  
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.  

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [Giving her money.  
Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:  
Within this 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! —Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now, God in heaven bless thee! —Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?  
Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,  
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?  

Rom. I warrant thee; my man is true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, lord! when 'tis a little prating thing,—O!  
There's a good man in town, on Paris street, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as 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 clown in the varsiworld.  

Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mucker! that's the dog's name. R. is for thee? no. I know it begins with one other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.  

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. —Peter!  
Pet. Anon?  
Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Capulet's Garden.

Enter Juliet.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;  
in half an hour she promis'd to return.

Nurse. Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.—  
O! she is lame? love's heralds should be thoughts,¹²  
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 dull as lead.  

Nurse. O God! she comes! —O honey nurse! what news?  
Hast thou met with him? ²¹  
Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O lord! why look'st thou sad?

Nurse. Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;  
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news  
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am weary, give me leave awhile. —  
Fie, how my bones ache! That a jaunt have I had!  
Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:  
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Moan, what haste! can you not stay awhile?  
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath  
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?  
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay  
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.  
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;  
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.  
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?  

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he;  
though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are 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 have I!  

¹ This word was often used as a contemptuous term, as distinguished from "gentleman."  
² The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "And stay."  
³ Not in i.e.  
⁴ The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Command me," &c.  
⁵ The quarto, 1597.  
⁶ The quarto, 1597, has in place of this speech: —  
To come to shrift at friar Laurence's cell;  
and omits all to, "And stay."  
⁷ Not in i.e.  
⁸ The quarto, 1597, omits all to, "Command me," &c.  
⁹ R. is the dog's letter and hiereth in the sound." —Ben Jonson's "Eng. Commen."  
¹⁰ Copies read: "It is for the dog," which Warburton changed to "thee." —Some mod. eds. read, with Tyrwhitt: "It is for the dog."  
¹¹ The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the next twelve lines:  
And run more swift than hasty powder foi;  
Both hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. My back! o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart for sending me about,

to catch my death with 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?¹

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then, hie you hence to friar Laurence's cell,

There stays a husband to make you a wife;

Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks;

They'll be in scarlet straightway² at my² 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. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Friar Laurence's Cell.

Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail 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,

Which as they kiss consume. The sweetest honey

Is lothsome in his own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamers

That idle in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both

Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,

Brags of his substance, not of ornament;

They are but beggars that can count their worth;

But my true love is grown to such excess,

I cannot sum the sum² of half my wealth.

Fri. Come, come, come with me, and we will make short work;

For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,

Till holy church incorporate two in one. [Exeunt.

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 blood stirring.²

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows that,

When he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword

upon the table, and says, "God send me no need of thee!"³ and, by the operation of the second cup, draws

him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack, in thy mood, as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody; and as soon moody to be moved.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts; having no other reason, but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye,

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 fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband; and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling!

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? 0 simple!

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Enter Tybalt, and others.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—

Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You will find me apt enough to that, sir, if you will give me occasion.

¹ In place of this question, the quarto, 1597, has:

Nay stay, sweet nurse; I do entreat thee, now,

What says my love, my lord, my Romeo?

² straight: in f. e. ² any: in f. e. ³ This scene was entirely re-formed in the quarto, 1599. It may be found as it appears in the quarto, 1597, in the notes to Verplanck's edition. ⁴ sum up some: in folio. Steevens made the change. ⁵ This and the previous line, are not in quarto, 1597. ⁶ This and the next speech, are not in the quarto, 1597.
Mer. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo.—

Mer. Consort! what! dost thou make minstrels' an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddlestick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds, consort! [Striking his hilt.]

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either within or without some private place,
And reason coldly of thy grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.²

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze:
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

Mer. But, I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worship, in that sense, may call him—man.

Tyb. Romeo, the hate I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this—thou art a villain.

Romeo. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee
Doth much exceed the appertaining rage
To such a greeting,—villain am I none;
Therefore farewell: I see, thou know'st me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore, turn and draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
A la stoccata carries it away. [Draws as Tybalt is going.]

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pitchfork by the cars? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [Drawing.] [They fight.]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado.

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; Beat down their weapons.—Gentlemen, for shame, Forbear this outrage.—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expressly hath forbid this bandying In Verona streets.—Hold, Tybalt!—good Mercutio! [Exit Tybalt and his Partisans.]

Mer. I am hurt:—[Romeo supports Merc.] A plague o' both the houses!—I am sped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What! art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 't is enough.—

Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a surgeo.

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, no, not so. So wide a wound as a church's door; but 't is enough, 't will serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am pepered, I warrant, for this world:—a plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds! a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio, Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! They have made worms' meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—your houses!

Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt:
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my cousin. O sweet Juliet!
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my tender solan'd valour's steel.

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead; That gallant spirit hath expir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth depend;
This but begins the woes others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-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.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that. [They fight; Tybalt falls.]

Ben. Romeo, away! begone! The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken. Hence!—be gone!—away!

Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.

Ben. Why dost thou stay? [Exit Romeo.]

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

Ben. There lies that Tybalt.

1 Cit. You, sir;—go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, attended; Montague, Capulet, their Wives, and others.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

Ben. O noble prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child! O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spil'd Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.

O cousin, cousin! O prince, cousin, cousin!

Prin. Who began this bloody fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink

¹ Not in f. c. ² This and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1597. ³ the love I bear thee do' th excuse the appertaining rage to such a word: in quarto, 1597. ⁴ scabbard: in quarto, 1597. ⁵ The passages from this to the exit of Tybalt, are not in quarto, 1597. ⁶ Not in f. c. ⁷ barn: in quarto. ⁸ So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: He gone in triumph. ⁹ and: in all old copies, but the quarto, 1597.
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 love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd.
So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse.

Enter Nurse, with a Ladder of Cords.
And she brings news; and ev'ry tongue, that speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

Nurse. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady; we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!
Jul. Can heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot.—O Romeo, Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!—
Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment me thus?
This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but I,
And that bare vowel, I, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such a shade;
Or those eyes shut, that make the answer, I.
If he be slain, say,—I; or if not—no:
Brief sounds determine or my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty:
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
At thou, and bare beauty, 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 dear-lov'd cousin, and my dearer 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.

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart,^11 how listeth with a flowered face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant; and angelical!—
Dove-feather'd raven! wolsvish-ravening lamb!—
Despised substance of divinest show!

SCENE II.—A Room in C. and J.'s House.

Enter J. and N.

J. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phæbus' mansion; such a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night,
That enemies' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited maision, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless uninvested hands:
Hood my unmann'd head, breathing in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love, grown bold,
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come night, come Romeo, come thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night

^1 Trifling. ^2 This word is not in f. e. ^3 This line is not in quarto, 1597. ^4 This line and the next speech, are not in quarto, 1597. ^5 So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: dwelling. ^6 The rest of the soliloquy, is not in quarto, 1597. ^7 Most f. s.: runaways. Dyce reads: roving.

^8 Terms of falconry—to murr a hawk, is to accustom her to the person who trains her; bring is beating the air with the wings, in striving to get away. ^9 The old spelling of e. ^10 So the quarto, 1597; other old copies: dearest. ^11 serpent's hate: in quarto, 1597.
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;  
A damned saint, an honourable villain!—  
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,  
When thou didst pour the spirit of a fiend  
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—  
Was ever book containing such vile matter,  
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell  
In such a gorgeous palace?  

Nurse. There's no trust,  
No faith, no honesty in men;  
Then Jerry'd,  
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—  
Ah! where's my man? give me some 
aqua vitae:—  
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.  
Shame come to Romeo!  

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue,  
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:  
Upon his bow shame is asham'd to sit;  
For 't is a throne where honour may be crown'd  
Sole monarch of the universal earth.  
O, what a beast was I to chide at him!  
Nurse. Will you speak well of him that kill'd your cousin?  

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?  
Ah, poor my lord! what tongue shall smooth thy name,  
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?—  
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?  
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband:  
Back, foolish tear, back to your native spring;  
Your tributary drops belong to woe,  
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.  
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have stain;  
And Tybalt's dead, that would have stain my husband:  
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?  
Some word there was, worse than Tybalt's death,  
That murder'd me. I would forget it pain;  
But, O! it presses to my memory,  
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds:  
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—banish'd!  
That—banish'd, that one word—banish'd,  
Hath stain ten thousand Tybalt's. Tybalt's death  
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;  
Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,  
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—  
Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's dead,  
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
Which modern lamentation might have mov'd?  
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,  
Romeo is banish'd!—to speak that word,  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet.  
All stain, all dead.—Romeo is banish'd!  
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,  
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.  
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?  
Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corpse:  
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.  

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall  
be spent,  
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.  
Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,  
Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd: [Taking them up.  
He made you for a highway to my bed,  
But I, a maid, die maiden-widow.  
Come, cords; come, nurse: I'll to my wedding bed;  
And from hence, nurse, take my maidenhead!  
Nurse. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo  
To comfort you:—I was loath where he is.  
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night:  
I'll go to him; he is hid at Laurence's cell.  

Jul. O, find him! give this ring to my true knight,  
And bid him come to take his last farewell. [Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—Friar Laurence's Cell.  
Enter Friar Laurence and Romeo.  

Fri. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful  
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parks,  
[man:  
And thou art wedded to calamity.  
Rom. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not?  

Fri. Too familiar  
Is my dear son with such sour company:  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.  

Rom. What less than dooms-day is the prince's doom?  

Fri. A gentle judgment parted from his lips,  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.  

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say—death;  
For exile hath more terror in his look.  
Much more than death: do not say—banishment.  

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banish'd:  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.  

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.  
Hence banish'd am banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death:—then, banish'd  
Is death mis-term'd: calling death banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And sni'tst upon the stroke that murders me.  

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!  
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath brush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment:  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.  

Rom. 'Tis is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,  
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,  
Live here in heaven, and may look on her;  
But Romeo, may not.—More validity,  
More honourable state, more courtship lives  
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize  
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,  
And steal immortal blessing from her lips;  
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,  
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin;  
This may flies do, when I from this must fly,  
And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death?  
But Romeo may not: he is banish'd.  
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:  
They are free men, but I am banish'd.  
Hast thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banish'd—to kill me—banish'd?  
O friar! the damned used that word in hell;  
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,  
Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,  
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd,  
To mangle me with that word—banish'd?  

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.  
Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.  

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;  
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,  
To comfort thee, I would thou art banish'd.  

Rom. Yet banish'd?—Hang up philosophy:  
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,  
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,  
It helps not, it prevails not. Talk no more.

1 So the undated quarto; others and folio: dim.  
2 So the undated quarto; other old copies: bower.  
3 Common  
4 Not in f. e.  
5 This and the previous line, are not in folio.
Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.
Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel.
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak; then mightst thou tear thy
hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. [Falling.
Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.
Rom. Not I: unless the breath of heart-sick groans.
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [Knocking.
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—who's there?—
Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—Stay a while.—Stand up;
[Falling.
Run to my study.—By and by.—God's will!
What willfulness 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
know my errand:
I come from lady Juliet.
Fri. Welcome, then.
[Enter Nurse.
Nurse. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made
drink.
Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case;
Just in her case.
Fri. O woful sympathy!
Pitious predicament!
Nurse. Even so lies she, Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? [Romeo groans.
Rom. Nurse. [Rising suddenly.
Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Death is the end of all.
Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name, Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me.
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion.
Fri. Hold thy desperate hand!
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast;
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming 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,
By doing dammed hate upon thyself? 44
Why rack'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And useth none in that true use indeed
Which should beedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Dreggising from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love, swoon'd, but hollow peruery,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Mis-shapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's flash,
Is set afire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man: thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou knowest Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings lights upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a mis-believ'd and suffer'd wench,
Thou pou'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was agreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.
Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here all the night,
To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.
Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide.
Nurse. Here is a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [Exit Nurse.
Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!
Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here stands all
Either be gone before the watch be set, [your state;—
Or by the break of day dignis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand: it's late; farewell; good night.
Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
it were a grief so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Capulet's House.

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris.

Cap. Things have fallen out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.
Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt dearly,
And so did I:—well, we were born to die.
T is very late, she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. The winds of love afford us time to woo.
—
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To night she's mean'd up in her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; may more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednesday is too
O' Thursday let it be — o' Thursday, tell her, [soon; she
Shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado: — a friend, or two; —
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet, ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
—
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
Ago me! it is so very late, that I
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 pier'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree.
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
Jul. You light is not day-light; I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhalers,
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.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, you grey is not the morning's eye,
'T is but the pale reflex of Cynthia's bow; —
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay, than will to go: —
Come, death, and welcome. Juliet calls it so.
How is't, 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 discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray.
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! now be gone: more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light, more dark and dark
Our woes.

Enter Nurse.
Nurse. Madam!
Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [Exit Nurse.
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[Descending.
Jul. Art thou gone so? love, lord! ay, husband,
I must hear from thee every hour in the day, [friend! I
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years.
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not, and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [Exit Romeo.
Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle. 4
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with fickle
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune; 
For, then, I hope thou wilt not keep him long;
But send him back.
La. Cap. [Within.] Ho! daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is 't that calls? is it my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procurers her bithet?

Enter Lady Capulet.
La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?
Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou' wash him from his grave with tears?
An if thou wouldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.
La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
Jul. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, madam?
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart.
And yet no man, like him, doth grieve my heart.
La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer's lives.
Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death?
La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then, weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—
Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—
Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram'.

1 brew: in f.c. 3 The name of a tune to summon hunters.
2 No doubt, no doubt: in quart, 1597. 4 This and the next two
speeches, are wanting in the quarto, 1597. 1 I think, thou 'st: in quarto, 1597. The scene was much altered subsequently 4 Not in
quartos. 7 That should beawed on him so sure a draught: quarto, 1597.
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,  
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.  
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!  
You tallow face!  

La. Cap.  
Fie, fie! what, are you mad?  

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,  
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.  

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!  
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o' Thursday,  
Or never after look me in the face.  

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;  
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us 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 having her.  
Out on her, hiding!  

Nurse.  
God in heaven bless her!  
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.  

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,  
Good prudence: smaller with your gossip's; go.  

Nurse. I speak no treason.  

Cap.  
O! God ye good don.  

Nurse. May not one speak?  

Cap.  
Peace, you mumbling fool!  

Uter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,  
For here we need it not.  

La. Cap.  
You are too hot.  

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.  

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,  
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been  
To have her match'd: and having now provided  
A gentleman of noble parentage,  
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,  
Sturd'y (as they say) with honourable parts,  
Proportion'd to her person,  
And then to have a wretched piling fool,  
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,  
To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot love,"  
"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon me,"—  
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you;  
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me:  
Look to't, think on't, I do not use to jest.  

Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise,  
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;  
An you be not; hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,  
For, by my soul, I'll never acknowledge thee,  
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.  

Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn.  
[Exit.  
Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,  
That sees into the bottom of my grief?  
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!  

Delay this marriage for a month, a week;  
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed  
In that 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 it me from heaven  
By leaving earth? —Comfort me, counsel me.—  

Black! that heaven should practise stratagems  
Upon so soft a subject as myself!  
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?  
Some comfort, nurse.  

Nurse.  
Faith, here 'tis. Romeo  

Is banished, and all the world to nothing,

---

1 this: in quarto, 1597.  2 f. e. give this line to JULIET.  3 Not in folio.  4 a low, despicable person.  5 God give you good even or day.  6 God's blessed mother, wife, it made me: in quarto, 1597.  7 allied: in folio.  8 heart could: in quarto, 1597.  9 The quarto, 1597 has but one line in place of this speech.
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 dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
As living here and you no use of him.
Jul. Speaketh thou from thy heart?
Nurse. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
Jul. Amen!

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 slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Unseen is the course; I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybali's death,
And, therefore, have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears,
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much way,
And in his wisdom hastens our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would 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 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.
Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
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.—

[Aside.

Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I at evening come to you?
SCENE III.  

Romeo and Juli.e.

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Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:  
A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.  

[Enter Juliet.  

Nurse. See, where she comes from shift with merry look.  

Cap. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?  

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent the sin  
Of disobedient opposition  
To you, and your betesests; and am enjoin'd  
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, [Kneeling.  
And beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech you:  
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.  

Cap. Send for the County: go tell him of this.  
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.  
Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's cell;  
And gave him what becoming' love I might,  
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.  

Cap. Why, I am glad on 't; this is well,—stand up:  
This is as '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?  

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday: there is time enough.  
Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-  
morrow.  

[Exeunt Juliet and Nurse.  

La. Cap. We shall be short in our provision:  
'Tis now near night.  

Cap. — Tush! I will stir about,  
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.  
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her:  
I'll not to bed to-night:—let me alone;  
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What ho!—  
They are all forth: well, I will walk myself  
To county Paris, to prepare him up  
Against to-morrow. My heart is won'drous light,  
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd. [Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—JULIET'S CHAMBER.  

Enter Juliet and Nurse.  

Jul. Ay, those attires are best;—but, gentle nurse,  
I pray thee leave me to myself to-night;  
For I have need of many orisons  
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,  
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.  

Enter Lady Capulet.  

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho? need you my help?  
Jul. No, madam; we have call'd such necessaries  
As are behovely for our state to-morrow:  
So please you, let me now be left alone,  
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;  
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all,  
In this so sudden business.  

La. Cap. Good night:  
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.  

[Exeunt Lady Capulet and Nurse.  

Jul. Farewell!—God knows when we shall meet again.
Laying down a Dagger.

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subly hath minister'd to have me deed,
Lost in this marriage he should be dishonourd';
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
Shall I not, then, be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd; Where bloody Tybalt, yet green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I,
So early waking—what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad;—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo! Romeo! where's he?—I drink to thee.

[She throws herself on the bed.

SCENE IV.—CAPULET’S HALL.

Enter Lady Capulet and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold; take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crow'd; The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock.

Look to the bake'd meats, good Angelica: Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-queen, go.

Get you to bed: 'tis faith, you'll be sick to-morrow For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What! I have watch'd ere now All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt in your But I will watch you from such watching now. [Exit.

SCENE V.—JULIET’S CHAMBER; JU LiET ON THE BED.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress! what, mistress!—Juliet!—fast, I warrant:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fly, you slug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I say!—madam! sweet-heart!—why, bride!—
What! not a word!—You take your pennyworths now: Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant, The county Paris hath set up his rest, That you shall rest but little. God forgive me, Marry and amen, how sound is she asleep! I needs must wake her. —Madam, madam, madam! Ay, let the County take you in your bed: He'll fright you up, I know. Will it not be?— What, drest! and in your clothes! and down again! I must needs wake you. —Lady! lady! lady!— Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!— O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!— Some aqua-vita, ho!—my lord! my lady!—

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. Nurse. She's dead, dead, dead;—she's dead;—alack the day!—

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she’s cold! Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff; Life and these lips have long been separated: Death lies on her, like an untimely frost Upon the sweetest flower of all the field. Nurse. O lamentable day!—

La. Cap. O woful time!—

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me rail, 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;
My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,
And leave him all: life, living, all is death's!
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,?
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that ever I saw.
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight:—
Nurse. O woe, O woful, 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, divorc'd, wrong'd, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel death the guest outright overthrown;
O love! O love!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despair'd, distress'd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!
Uncomfortable time, why can't thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?—
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's curse lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid, now heaven hath all;
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotion.
For 'tis was 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 so 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 mournment.
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 corpse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, you go in.—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris:—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do low'r upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.
[Exeunt Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, and Friar.]
1 Mus. 1 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 pitiful case. [Exit Nurse.
2 Mus. Ay; by my troth, the case may be amended.
Enter Peter.
Petr. 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?"
Petr. 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: it is no time to play now.
Pet. You will not, then?
Mus. No.
Petr. I will, then, give it you soundly.
1 Mus. What will you give us?
Petr. No money is my faith; but the gleeke: I will
give you the minstrel.
1 Mus. Then, will I give you the serving-creature.
Petr. Then, will I lay the serving-creature's dagger
on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll re you,
I'll fa you. Do you note me? [Drawing his Dagger.]
1 Mus. An you re us, and fa us, you note us.
2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out
your wit.
Pet. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with my iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.
—Answer me like men:

When gripping grief the heart doth wound, 12
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music, with her silver sound;

Why, "silver sound?" why, "music with her silver sound?"
What say you, Simon Cating? 1
1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.
Petr. Thou pratest! 1 —What say you, Hugh Rebeck? 2
2 Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.
Petr. Thou pratest too!—What say you, James Soundpost? 3
3 Mus. 1 Faith, I know not what to say.
Petr. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for it. It is "music with her silver sound," because musicians have seldom gold for sounding:—
Then music with her silver sound.
With speedy help doth lend redress.

1 Mus. What a pestilent knife is this same.
2 Mus. Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [Exeunt.
ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering death of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand. 3
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an uncustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cherishing thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and took me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd; 4
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy?

Enter Balthasar.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar? 1
How doth my lady? Is my father well? 2
How fares my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well. 3

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill:
Her body dwells, as Christ's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it even so? then, I defy you, stars! 4
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.

[Exit Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift 5
to enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, which late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said,—
An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
O! this same thought did but forerun my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor; 6
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A draught of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharge'd of breath
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness, 7
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starve thee in thy eyes; 8
Contempt and beggary hang on thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then, be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

[Exit and returns. 9

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off: and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Ap. 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 Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter Friar Laurence.

Lau. This same should be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter, then, to Romeo?

1 truth: in f. e.: eye: in quarto, 1597. 2 good event to come: in quarto, 1597. 3 pleasant: in quarto, 1597. 4 This and the next line, not in quarto, 1597. 5 This line not in quarto, 1597. 6 doth my lady: in later quartos, and folio. 7 deny: in later quartos, and folio. 8 The quarto, 1597, reads: As I do remember. Here dwells a potheul in quarto, 1597. 9 here's twenty: in quarto, 1597. 10 poverty: in quarto, 1597. 11 The quarto, 1597, has in place of this, and next line: Upon thy back hang ragged misery, Him, as I noted, thus with myself I thought, An if a man should need a poison now, And whose present sale is death in Mantua, Here he might buy it. This thought of mine Did but forerun my need: and henceabout he dwells, Making holiday the beggar's shop is shut. What ho! apothecary! come forth, I say— Not in f. o.
John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—[Giving it.]  
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,  
So fearful were they of infection.  

Lau. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,  
The letter was not nice, but full of charge  
Of dear import; and the neglecting it  
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;  
Get me an iron crow; and bring it straight  
Unto my cell.  

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it.  

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone.  
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake;  
She will bestrew me much, that Romeo  
Hath had no notice of these accidents;  
But I will write again to Mantua,  
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:  
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb! [Exit.  

SCENE III.—A Churchyard; in it the Monument  
of the Capulets.  

Enter Paris, and his Page, bearing Flowers, and a Torch.  

Par. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand  
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.  
[alooD;—  

Under yond? yew-trees lay thee all along,  
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground;  
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,  
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,  
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,  
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.  
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.  

[Giving a basket.]  

Page. I am almost afraid to stay alone  
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure. [Retires.  

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed  
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones,  
[strew.  

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,  
Or wanting that with tears distil'd by moans:  
The obsequies, that for thee will keep,  
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep  
[The Boy whistles.  

The boy gives warning something doth approach.  
What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,  
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite?  
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, a while.  

[Retires.  

Enter Romeo and Balthasar, with a Torch,  
Mattock, &c.  

Rom. Give me that mattock; and the wrenching iron.  
Hold, take this letter: early in the morning  
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.  
Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge thee,  
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all afoot,  
And do not interrupt me in my course.  
Why I descend into this bed of death  
Is partly to behold my lady's face;  
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger  
A precious ring, a ring that I must use  
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be gone:  
But if thou, jealous, dost return to pray  
In what I farther shall intend to do,  
By heaven, I will bear thee join'd by joint,  
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.  
The time and my intents are savage, wild;  
More fierce, and more inexorable far,  
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.  

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you.  

Rom. So shalt thou show me friendship.—Take thou  
that:  

[Giving his Purse.]  

Live, and be prosperous; and farewells, good fellow.  

Bal. For all this same I'll hide me here about:  
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.  

[Exit.]  

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,  
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,  
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,  

[Breaking open the Monument.]  

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!  

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,  
That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which grief,  
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 toil, vile Montague.  
Can vengeance be purg'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 affright thee,—I beseech thee, youth,  
Put not another sin upon my head,  
By urging me to fury—O! be gone.  
By heaven, I love thee better than myself;  
For I come hither arm'd against myself.  
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say,—  
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.  

Par. I do defy commiseration.  

And apprehend thee for a felon here.  

Rom. Will thou provoke me? then, have at thee, boy.  
[They fight.  

Page. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.  

[Exit Page.  

Par. O! I am slain. [Falls.]—If thou be merciful,  
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet.  

Dies.  

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:—  
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris!  
What said my man when my 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.  

[Laying Paris in the Monument.]  

How oft, when men are at the point of death,  
Have they been merry, which their keepers call  
A lightning before death: O! how may I  
Call this a lightning?—O! my love! my wife!  

Accept this latest favour at my hands,  
That living honours thee, and being dead,  
With funeral praises do adorn thy tomb.  

The next two lines, not in quarto, 1597.  

The last three lines are not in quarto, 1597.  

The quarto, 1597, has in place of this and the six following lines:  
But I will satisfy thy last request,  
For thou hast priz'd thy love above thy life.  

43
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath, 
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty: 
Thou art not punctured; but thy cheek is riven
In crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks. 
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—

Tybalt, liest thou there in this bloody sheet? 
O! what more favour can I do to thee, 
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain, 
To tender his that was thine enemy? 
Forswear me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet, 
Why art thou yet so fair? I will believe 
That unsubstantial death is amorous; 
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps 
Thee here in dark to be his paramour. 
For fear of that I still will stay with thee, 
And never from this palace of dim night 
Depart again: here, here will I remain 
With worms that are thy chambermaids: O! here 
Will I set up my everlasting rest, 
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars 
From this world-wearied flesh—Eyes, look thy last 
Arms, take thy last embrace; and lips, O! you, 
The doors of breath, seal with a right kiss 
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.— 
Come, bitter combat, come, unsavoury guide! 
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on 
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark. 
Here's to my love!—[Drinks.] O, true apothecary! 
Thy drugged quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. 

Enter, at the other End of the Churchyard, Friar Laurence, with a Lantern, Crow, and Spade; and Balthasar following.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night 
Have my old feet stumbled at graves?—Who's there? 
Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well. 
Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend, 
What torch is yond? that vainly lends his light 
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern, 
It burneth in the Capulet's monument. 
Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master, 
One that you love. 
Fri. Who is it? 
Bal. Romeo. 
Fri. How long hath he been there? 
Bal. Full half an hour. 
Fri. Go with me to the vault. 
Bal. I dare not, sir. 
My master knows not, but I am gone hence; 
And fearfully did menace me with death, 
If I did stay to look on his intents. 
Fri. Stay, then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes upon me; 
O! much I fear some ill unprofitable thing. 
Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, 
I dreamt my master and another fought, 
And that my master slew him. 
[Exit.

Fri. 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 peace of peace! 

[Entering the Monument.

Romeo! O, pale one!—Who else? what, Paris too? 

And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour 
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs. 

Jul. O, most distasteful 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 a way.— 
What's here? a cup, clo'd in my true love's hand? 
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end. —
O churl! drink all, and left no friendly drop, 
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips; 
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them, 
To make me die with a restorative. 

[Kisses him. 

Thy lips are warm! 

1 Watch. [Within.] Lead, boy:—which way? 
Jul. Yea, noise?—then I'll be brief,—O happy dag 
ger! 
[Snatching Romeo's Dagger. 

This is thy sheath; [Stabs himself] there rest, 
and let me die. 

[Dies. 

Fri. O Watch, with the Page of Paris. 

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn. 

1 Watch. The ground is bloody, search about the churchyard. 

Go, some of you; whooe'er you find, attach. [Exeunt some. 

Pitiful sight! here lies the County slain; — 
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead, 
Who here hath lain these two days buried.— 
Go, tell the Prince,—run to the Capulets,— 
Raise up the Montagues, some others search. 

[Exeunt other Watchmen. 

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie; 
But the true ground of all these piteous woes 
We cannot find without circumstance desery, 

Enter some of the Watch, with Balthasar.

2 Watch. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in 
the churchyard. 

1 Watch. Hold him in safety, till the Prince come 
hither. 

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Laurence. 

3 Watch. Here 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 this our person from our morning rest 

Enter Capulet, Lady Capulet, and others. 

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad? 
La. Cap. O! the people in the street cry Romeo, 
Some Juliet, and some Paris; and all run 
With open outcry toward our monument. 

Prince. What fear is this which startles in your ears?
SCENE III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

1 Watch. Sovereign, here lies the county Paris slain; And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before, Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 Watch. Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's, With instruments upon them, fit to open These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O, heaven! — O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, by! his house Is empty on the back of Montague, And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell, That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up, To see thy son and heir more early down. Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night; Grief of my son's exile has stopp'd her breath. What farther woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manner is this, To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outcry for a while, Till we can clear these ambiguities, And know their spring, their head, their true descent; And then will I be general of your woes, And lead you even to death. Mean time forbear, And let mischance be slave to patience.

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least, Yet most suspected, as the time and place Do make against me, of this direful murder; And here I stand, both to impeach and purge Myself condemned, and myself excuse'd.

Prince. Then, say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath Is not so long as in 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, Betróth'd, and would have married her perfume, To count'y 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 wrou'th on her The form of death. Meantime, I write 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 unlaid she 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 violent on herself. All this I know, and to the marriage Her nurse is privy; and, if aught in this Misscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrificed some hour before the time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.— Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death, And then in post he came from Mantua, To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father; And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault, If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.— Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch? Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave And bid me stand aloof; and so I did: Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb, And, by and by, my master drew on him; And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter deck'd up 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. Cap. O, brother Montague! give me thy hand: This is my daughter's jointure; for no more [They shake hands.]

Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more; For I will raise her statue in pure gold, That, while Verona by that name is known, There shall no figure at such rate be set, As that of fair* and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie; Poor sacrifices of our enmity.

Prince. A glooming* peace this morning with it brings, The sun for sorrow will not show his head. Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things; Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished: For never was a story of more woe, Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. [Exeunt.

1 Sheath. 2 And it is sheathed in our daughter's breast: in quarto, 1597. 3 The quarto, 1597, adds: And young Benvolio is deceased too. 4 outrage: in f. e. 5 In quarto, 1597: And let us seek to find the authors out Of such a heinous and self-seen mischance.

6 The quarto, 1597, has in place of this the next four lines: Where are these enemies? See what hate hath done! 7 Not in f. e. There shall no statue at such price be set, As that of Romeo and loved Juliet.

8 true: in f. e. 9 In quarto, 1597: Those shall no statue at such price be set, As that of Romeo and loved Juliet.

10 gloomy: in quarto, 1597.
## TIMON OF ATHENS.

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### ACT I.

**SCENE I.—Athens. A Hall in Timon's House.**

Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several Doors.

Poet. Good day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you're well.

Poet. I have not seen you long. How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows.

Poet. Ay, that's well known;

But what particular rarity? what strange,

Which manifold record not matches? See,

Magic of bounty! all these spirits thy power

Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both: th' other's a jeweller.

Mer. O! 'tis a worthy lord.

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untrammell and continue goodness:

He passes.*

Jew. I have a jewel here—[showing it.]

Mer. O! pray, let's see 't... For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate; but, for that—

Poet. "When we for recompense have praise'd the vile,

It stains the glory in that happy verse

Which aptly sings 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 issues*

From whence 'tis nourish'd: the fire 'tis the flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

---

1 Insured by practice. 2 Exce$$s. 3 Not in f.e. 4 gown: in folio. Pope made the change. 5 zozes: in f.e. 6 Not in f.e. 7 wax: in f.e.
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; yea, from the glass-faced flutterer
To Apemantus, that few things loves less
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 throw'd: the base of the mount
Is rank'd with all desert, all kind of natures,
That labour on the bosom of this sphere
To propagate their states: amongst them all,
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame;
Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her,
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conjectiv'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 fellows 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 mood,
Spurs down her late below'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'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. 'T is common:
A thousand moral paintings I can show,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of Fortune's
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To show lord Timon that: mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter Timon, attended; the Servant
of Ventidius talking with him.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you?

Ven. Serv. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short. His creditors most strict:
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well;
I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he most needs me. I do know him
A gentleman that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have. I'll pay the debt, and free him.


Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ranson;
And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me.—
'Tis not enough to help the fecile up.
But to support him after. — Fare you well.

Ven. Serv. All happiness to your honour!

[Exit.]

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father.

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so: what of him?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the men before thee.

Tim. Attends he here, or no? — Lucilius!

Enter Lucilius.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.[creature.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy
By night frequents my house. I am a man
That from my first have been inflin'd to thrift,
And my estate deserves an heir, more rais'd
Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what farther?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I; no kin else,
On whom I may confer what I have got:
The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,
And I have bred her at my dearest cost
In qualities of the best. This man of thine
Attempts her love: I 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;
It must not bear my daughter.

Tim. Does she love him?

Old Ath. She is young, and apt:
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity's in youth.

Tim. [To Lucilius.] Love you the maid?

Luc. Ay, my good lord; and she accepts of it.

Old Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

Tim. How shall she be endow'd,
If she be mated with an equal husband?

Old Ath. Three talents on the present; in future all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long:
To build his fortune I will strain a little,
For '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,
Pawm to this your honour, she is his.

Tim. My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship. Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping;
Which is not ow'd to you!

[Exit Lucilius and old Athenian.

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, 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 dishonour 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
Till you hear farther from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: give me your hand;
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise.

Jew. What, my lord, dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations.
If I should pay you for 't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would uncease 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 chid?

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 knives honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knives? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians?

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent 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 't d lie for.

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How likes 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. Will dine with me, Apemantus?

Apem. No; I eat not lords.

Tim. An thou should'st, thou 'd'st anger ladies.

Apem. O! they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it. Take it for thy labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 't is 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 labour: he that loves to be flattered is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

Tim. What wouldst 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.

[Exeunt Apemantus and Servants.

Tim. What trumpet's that?

Serv. 'T is 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.—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet knives,

And all this courtesy. The strain of man's bred out

Into baboon and monkey.

Alcib. Sir, you have sav'd my longid, and I feel

Most hungrily on your sight.

Tim. Right welcome, sir; Ere we depart, we'll share a bountious time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[Exeunt all but Apemantus.

Enter two Lords.

1 Lord. What time o' day is 't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 Lord. That time serves still.

Apem. The more accru'd thou, that still omit'st it.

2 Lord. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast.

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knives, and wine heat fools.

2 Lord. Pare thee well; fare thee well.

Apem. Thou art a fool to bid me farewell twice.

2 Lord. Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 Lord. Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make thy requests to thy friend.

2 Lord. Away, unappeasable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass. [Exit

1 Lord. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes

The very heart of kindness.

2 Lord. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,

Is but his steward: no meed but he repays

Sevenfold above itself: no gift to him,

But breeds the giver a return exceeding

All use of quittance.

1 Lord. The noblest mind he carries,

That ever govern'd man.

2 Lord. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 Lord. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State in Timon's House.

Hautboys playing loud Music. A great banquet served in; Flavius and others attending: then, enter Timon, Alcibiades, Lucius, Lucullus, Sempronius, and other Athenian Senators, with VentiVius, whom Timon redeemed from prison, and Attendants: then comes, dropping after all, Apemantus, discontentedly, like himself.

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath please'd the gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and last left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return these talents,  
Doubled with thanks and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.  

Tim.  
O! by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love.  
I gave it freely ever; and there's none  
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives.  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them: faults that are rich are fair.  

Ven.  
A noble spirit!  

Tim.  
Nay, my lords,  
Ceremony was but devil'sd at first,  
To set a gloss on a faulted deeds, hollow welcomes.  
Receiving goodness, sorry cre 't is shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.  
Pray, sit: more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me.  

[They sit.]  

1 Lord.  
My lord, we always have confessed it.  

Apen.  
Ho, ho! confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?  

Tim.  
O, Apenantus!—you are welcome.  

Apen.  
No, you shall not make me welcome:  
I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.  

Tim.  
Fie! thou 't a churl! you have got a humour  
Does not become a man: 't is much to blame.—  
They say, my lords, in juv'or brevis est,  
But yond' man is ever' angry,  
Go, let him have a table by himself;  
For he does neither affect company,  
Nor is he fit for 't, indeed.  

Apen.  
Let me stay at thine apperil, Timon:  
I come to observe: I give thee warning on't.  

Tim.  
I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian, therefore, welcome. I myself would have no power;  
pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.  

Apen.  
I scorn thy meat; 't would choke me, for I should never flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number of men eat Timon, and he sees them not! It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat in one man's blood;  
and all the madness is, he cheers them up too.  
I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:  
Methinks he should invite them without knives,  
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.  
There's much example for't; the fellow, that sits next him now, 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.  

Tim.  
My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.  

2 Lord.  
Let it flow this way, my good lord.  

Apen.  
Flow this way? A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well.—Those healths will make thee and thy state look ill, Timon.  
Here's that, which is too weak to be a fire,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire:  
This and my food are equals, there's no odd;  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.  

Apenantus' Grace.  

Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;  
I pray for no man, but myself.  
Grant I may never prove so fond,  
To trust man on his oath or bond:  
Or a harlot for her weeping;  
Or a dog that seems a sleeping;  

Or a keeper with my freedom;  
Or my friends, if I should need 'em.  
Amen. So fall to 't:  
Rich men sin, and I eat root.  

[Eats and drinks.  

Much good do't thy good heart, Apenantus!  

Tim.  
Captain Alebiades, your heart's in the field now.  

Alicib.  
My heart is ever at your service, my lord.  

Tim.  
You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,  
than a dinner of friends.  

Alicib.  
So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's no meat like 'em: I could wish my best friend at such a feast.  

Apen.  
Would all those flatterers were thine enemies then, that then thou mightst kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.  

1 Lord.  
Might we but have that happiness, my lord,  
that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeal, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.  

Tim.  
O! no doubt, my good friends; but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: how had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods! think I, what need we have any friends, if we should need! no need of 'em? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for 'em; and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you.  
We are born to do benefic; and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O! what a precious comfort 't is, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes.  

Apen.  
Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.  

2 Lord.  
Joy had the like conception in our eyes,  
And at that instant, like a babe, sprung up.  

Apen.  
Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.  

3 Lord.  
I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.  

Apen.  
Much!  

[Trump sounded.  

Tim.  
What means that trump?—How now!  

Enter a Servant.  

Serv.  
Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of adittance.  

Tim.  
Ladies! What are their wills?  

Serv.  
There comes with them a forerunner, my lord,  
which bears that office to signify their pleasures.  

Tim.  
I pray, let them be admitted.  

Enter Cupid.  

Cup.  
Hail to thee, worthy Timon; and to all  
That of his bounties taste!—in five best senses,  
Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely  
To gratulate thy plentiful bosom.  
The ear,  
Taste, touch, smell, pleads from thy table rise;  
They only now come but to feast thine eyes.  

Tim.  
They're welcome all. Let them have kind adittance;  

Music, make their welcome.  

[Exit Cupid.  

1 Lord.  
You see, my lord, how amply y' are belov'd,  
Music.  
Re-enter Cupid, with a mask of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.
Apem. Hey day! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance: they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to distroy ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men,
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite, and envy.
Who lives, that's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies, that bears not one spurn to their graces
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 Timon;
and, to show their loves, each single out an Amazon, and all dancer. Men with Women, a lofty Strain or two to the Hautboys, and cease.
Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace, fair ladies.
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind:
You have added worth unto 't, and lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;
I am to thank you for it.
1 Lady. My lord, you take us ever at the best.
Apem. 'T is true, 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.
[Exeunt Cupid and Ladies.
Tim. Flavius!
Flav. My lord.
Tim. The little casket bring me lither.
Flav. Yes, my lord. [Aside.] More jewels yet!
There is no crossing him in his humour;
Else I should tell him,-well,-I faith, I should,
When all 's spent he'd be cross'd then: and he could,
'T is pity bounty had not eyes behind,
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.
[Exit, and returns with the Casket.

1 Lord. Where be our men?
Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness.
2 Lord. Our horses!
Tim. O, my friends!
I have one word to say to you. Look you, my good lord,
I must entreat you, honour me so much,
As to advance this jewel; accept it and wear it,
Kind my lord.
1 Lord. I am so far already in your gifts.—
All. So are we all.

Enter a Servant.
Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate
newly alighted, and come to visit you.
Tim. They are fairly welcome.
Flav. I beseech your honour, Vouchsafe a word: it does concern you near.
Tim. Near? why then another time I'll hear thee: I pr'ythee, let 's be provided to show them entertainment.
Flav. I scarce know how. [Aside.

Enter another Servant.
2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.
Tim. I shall accept them fairly: let the presents
Enter a third Servant.
Be worthily entertain'd. — How now! what news?

Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.
Tim. I'll hunt with him; and let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.
Flav. [Aside.] What will this come to?
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer:
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
To show him what a beggar his heart is,
Being of no power to make his wishes good.
His promises fly so beyond his state,
That what he speaks is all in debt; he owes
For every word: he is so kind, that he now
Pays interest for 't; his land's put to their books.
Well, would I were gently put out of office,
Before I were for'd out!
Happier is he that has no friend to feed
Than such as do even enemies exceed.
I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.
Tim. You do yourselves
Much wrong: you bafe too much of your own merits.
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.
2 Lord. With more than common thanks I will receive it.
3 Lord. O! he's the very soul of bounty.
Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
Good words the other day of a bay courser
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.
2 Lord. O! I beseech you, pardon me! my lord, in that.
Tim. You may take my word, my lord: I know no man
Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
I'll tell you true. I'll call to you.
All Lords. O! none so welcome.
Tim. I take all, and your several visitations,
So kind to heart, 't is not enough to give:
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich:
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
Is 'mongst the dead, and all the lands thou hast
Lie in a pitch'd field.
Alcibiades. Ay, des't land, my lord.
1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound,—
Tim. And so
Am I to you.
2 Lord. So infinitely esteem'd,—
Tim. All to you.—Lights! more lights!
1 Lord. The best of happiness, Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon.
Tim. Ready for his friends.

[Exeunt Alcibiades, Lords, &c.
Apem. What a coil's he here!
Serving of backs, and jettting out of bums!
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dreggs:
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.
Tim. Now, Apemansius, 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 rail upon thee, and then thou wouldest sin the faster. Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou wilt give away thyself in paper shortly: what need these feasts, pomp's, and vain glories?
TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — The Same. A Room in a Senator's House.

Enter a Senator, with Papers in his Hand.

Sen. And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore he owes nine thousand, besides my former sum, Which makes it five-and-twenty — Still in motion Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not. If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog, And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold: If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon; Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me straight! A stable o' horses. — But rather one that smiles, and still invites All that pass by. — It cannot hold; no reason Can sound his state in safety. Caphis, ho! Caphis, I say!

Enter Caphis.

Caph. Here, sir: what is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon: Importune him for my moneys; be not ease'd With slight denial; nor then silence'd, when — "Command me to your master" — and the cap Plays in the right hand, thus: — but tell him, sirrah, My usage cry to me. I must serve my turn Out of mine own, his days and times are past, And my reliances on his fracted dates Have smit my credit. I love, and honour him, But must not break my back to heal his finger. Immediate are my needs; and my relief Must not be tos'd and turn'd to me in words, But find supply immediate. Get you gone: Put on a most importunate aspect, A visage of demand; for, do I fear, When every feather sticks in his own wing, Lord Timon will be left a naked gull, Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. Ay, go, sir. — Take the bonds along with you, And have the dates in compt. I will, sir.

Sen. Go. [Exeunt."

SCENE II. — The Same. A Hall in Timon's House.

Enter Flavius, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flavius. No care, no stop: so senseless of expense, That he will neither know how to maintain it, Nor cease his flow of riot; takes no account How things go from him; no reserve; no care Of what is to continue. Never mind Was surely so unwise, to be so kind. What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel. I must be round: with him, now he comes from hunting. Fie, fie, fie, fie!

Enter Caphis, and the Servants of Isidore and Varro.

Caph. Good even, Varro. What! You come for money?

Var. Serv. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is. — And yours too, Isidore?

Isid. Serv.

Caph. Would we were all discharge'd!

Var. Serv.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter Timon, Alcibiades, and Lords, &c., as from hunting.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again, My Alcibiades. — With me! what is your will? Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues. Tim. Dues! Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Var. Serv. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off To the succession 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.

Caph. Nay, my good lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. Serv. One Varro's servant, good my lord,—

Isid. Serv. From Isidore:—

Caph. He humbly prays your speedy payment,

Var. Serv. 'T was due on forfeitence, my lord, six weeks, And past,—

Isid. Serv. Your steward puts me off, my lord; And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath.—

Caph. I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[Exit Alcibiades and Lords.

Tim. 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 detention of long-since-due debts, Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen, The time is unagreeable to this business: Your importunacy cease till after dinner, That I may make his lordship understand Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. See them well entertain'd.

[Exit Timon.

Flav. Pray, draw near. [Exit Flavius.

Enter Apeamantus and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay; here comes the fool with Apeamantus: 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?

Apeam. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

1 Come: in folio. Theobald made the change. 2 nor resumes no care, &c.: in f. e. 3 Was to be so unwise: in f. e. 4 Plains 5 The rest of this stage direction, is not in f. e. 6 Malone changes to "date-broken."
Var. Serv. I speak not to thee.

Apm. No; 'tis to myself.—Come away. [To the Fool.

Asid. Serv. [To Var. Serv.] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

Apm. No, thou stand'st single; thou'rt not on him yet.

Ceph. Where's the fool now?

Apm. He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men; bawds between gold and want.

All Serv. What are we, Apmantus?

Apm. Asses.

All Serv. Why?

Apm. Thanks, you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All Serv. Gramercies, good fool. How does your mistress?

Fool. She's c'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. Would, we could see you at Corinth!

Apm. Good; gramercy.

[Enter Page.

Page. [To the Fool.] Why, how now, captain! what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apmantus?

Apm. Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apmantus, read me the superscription of these letters: I know not which is which.

Apm. Canst not read?

Page. No.

Apm. There will little learning die, then, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alebiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not; I am gone.

Apm. Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apm. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

All Serv. I would they served us.

Apm. 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 mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merry, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

Var. Serv. I could render one.

Apm. Do it, then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. Serv. What is a whoremaster, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee.

'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime like a lawyer; sometime like a philosopher, with two 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 foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

Apm. That answer might have become Apmantus

All Serv. Aside, aside: here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Apm. Come, with me, fool; come.

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[Exeunt Apmantus, 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 railed my expense
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me:

At many pleasures I propos'd.

Tim. Go to:

Perchance, some single vantages you took,
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O, my good lord!

At many times I brought in my accounts,
Laid them before you: you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty.
When for some trifling present you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks, when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. 'My loved lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's a time too late,
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold.

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues. The future comes apace;
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Laederon did my land extend.

Flav. O, my good lord! the world is but a word;
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true.

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before th' exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilt of wine; when every room
Hath blaze'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy,
I have retir'd me to a wasteful nook,*
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more.

Flav. Heavens, have I said; the bounty of this lord!
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night engulfed! Who is not Timon's?

What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's,
Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no farther.

No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart,
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless thy thoughts!
Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are crown'd,
That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends. You shall perceive how you
Mistake my fortunes: I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there!—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter Flaminius, Servilius, and other Servants.
Serv. My lord, my lord,—
Tim. I will despatch you severally—You, to lord
Lucius;—to lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his
honour to-day,—you, to Scpronius. Commend me
to their loves; and, I am proud, say, that my occasions
have found time to use them toward a supply of
money: let the request be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.
Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus? humph!
Tim. Go you, sir, [To another Serv.] to the senators,
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
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 make their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true? can't be?
Flav. They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,
That now they are at full, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—
But yet they could have wished— they know not—
Something hath been amiss: a noble nature
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity.
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods, reward them!—
Pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; these old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is eak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'T is lack of kindly warmth they are not kind.
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.

Go to Ventidius,—[To a Serv.] 'Pr'ythee, [To 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
Touche his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With these five talents:—that had, [To Flam.] give it
these follows
To whom 't is 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.

Flaminus waiting. Enter a Servant to him.
Serv. I have told my lord of you; he is coming
down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir. Enter Lucullus.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver basin and euer to-night.—Flaminius, honest Flaminius, you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—[Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master?

Flam. His health is well, sir.

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 honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him, nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he; alas, good lord! a noble gentleman is it, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, to persuade him to have him spend less, and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his: I have told him on't, but I could 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.

Lucul. 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 Flaminus. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman; but thou art wise, and thou knowest well enough, although thou commend to me, that this is no time to lend money, especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

Flam. [Giving money.]

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ,
And we alive that liv'd? Fly, dammed baselesses,
To him that worships thee. [Throwing 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 scald thee!
Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou dysease of a friend, and not himself!{
Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights? O you gods!
I feel my master's passion. This slave
Unto his humour has my lord's meat in him;
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment,
When he is turn'd to poison?
O! may diseases only work upon't,
And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of nature,
Which my lord paid for, be of any power
To expel sickness, but prolong his hour!  [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.

Enter Lucius, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who? the lord Timon? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.
1 Str. 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 rumours;
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 Str. 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 Str. I tell you, denied, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that! now, before
the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable
man? there was very little honour showed in't. For
my own part, I must needs confess, I have received
some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate,
jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his;
yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should
'ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

Enter Servilius.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have
sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord.

[To Lucius.

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee
well: commend me to thy honourable-virtuous lord,
my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath sent—
I know not what has he sent? I am so much exhorted
to that lord, he's ever sending: how shall I thank him,
thinnest thou? And what has he sent now?

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my
lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant
use with five hundred talents.1

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me:
He cannot want five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.
If his occasion were not virtuous,
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disturbish mys-
self with that sort of time, when I might have
shown myself honourable! how unluckily it happened,
that I should purchase the day before for a little part,
and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now
before the gods, I am not able to do; the more beast I,
say.—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these
gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the
wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me
bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his hon-
our will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no

1 with so many talents: in f. o.  2 spirit: in f. e; changed from "sport," of the folio.  3 Thrive: in folio. Johnson made the change.
I’d such a courage to do him good. But now return, And with their faint reply this answer join; Who bates mine honour shall not know my coin. [Exit. Serv. Excellent! Your lordship’s a goodly villain. 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 villainies 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 To guard now their master: And this is all a liberal course allows; Who cannot keep his wealth must keep his house. [Exit. SCENE IV.—The Same. A Hall in Timon’s House. Enter two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Lucius, meeting Titus, Hortensius, and other Servants to Timon’s Creditors, waiting his coming out. Var. Serv. Well met; good-morrow, Titus and Hortensius. Tit. The like to you, kind Varro. Luc. 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 Philorus. Phil. Good day at once. Luc. Serv. Welcome, good brother. What do you think the hour? Phi. Labouring for mine. Luc. Serv. So much? Phi. Is not my lord seen yet? Luc. Serv. Not yet. Phi. 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 ’t is deepest winter in Lord Timon’s purse; That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet Find little. Phi. I am of your fear for that. Tit. I’ll show you how ’t observe a strange event. Your lord sends now for money. Hor. Most true, he does. Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon’s gift, For which I wait for money. Hor. It is against my heart. Luc. Serv. Mark, how strange it shows, Timon in this should pay more than he owes: And e’en as if your lord should wear rich jewels, And send for money for ’em. Hor. ’Tis weary winter this charge, the gods can witness: I know, my lord hath smart of Timon’s wealth, And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth. 1 Var. Serv. Yes, mine’s three thousand crowns; what’s yours? Luc. Serv. Five thousand mine. 1 Var. Serv. ’Tis much deep: and it should seem by the sum, Your master’s confidence was above mine; Else, surely, his had equal’d. Enter Flaminius. Tit. One of lord Timon’s men. Luc. Serv. Flaminius! Sir; a word. Pray, is my lord ready to come forth? Flam. No, indeed, he is not. Tit. We attend his lordship: pray, signify so much. Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows you, are you too diligent. [Exit FLAMINUS, Enter FLAVIUS in a Clock, 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,— Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend? Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir. Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, It were sure enough. Why then prefer’d you not Your sums and bills, when your false masters ate Of my lord’s meat? Then, they could smile, and fawn Upon his debts, and take down the interest Into their glutinous maws. You do yourselves but wrong. To stir me up; let me pass quietly: Believe ‘t, my lord and I have made an end: I have no more to reckon, he to spend. Luc. Serv. Ay, but this answer will not serve. Flav. If ’t will not serve, ’Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [Exit 1 Var. Serv. How! what does his cashier’d worship matter? 2 Var. Serv. No matter what he’s poor, and that’s revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings. Enter Servilius. Tit. O! here’s Servilius: now we shall know some answer. Ser. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, to repair Some other hour, I should derive much from’t; for, take’t of my soul, my lord leaves wondrously to discontent. His comfortable temper has forsok’d him: he’s much out of health, and keeps his chamber. Luc. Serv. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick: And if he be so far beyond his health, Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts, And make a clear way to the gods. Ser. Good gods! Tit. We cannot take this for an answer, sir. Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord! Enter Timon in a rage; Flaminius, following. Tim. What! are my doors oppos’d against my passage? Have I been ever free, and must my house Be my retentive enemy, my goal? The place which I have feasted, does it now, Like all mankind, show me an iron heart? Luc. Serv. Put in now, Titus. Tit. My lord, here is my bill. Luc. Serv. Here’s mine. Hor. Serv. And mine, my lord. Both Var. Serv. And ours, my lord. Phi. All our bills. Tim. Knock me down with ’em; shape me to the girdle. 1 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 ducats pays that,— What yours? — and yours?

1 Var. Serv. My lord,—

2 Var. Serv. My lord.

Tim. Tear me, take me; and the gods fall upon you! [Exit. 

Hor. Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones. for a madman owes 'em. [Exit.

Re-enter Timon and Flavius.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves.

Creditor—devils!

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so,— my steward?

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again, Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all: I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord!

You only speak from your distracted soul: There is not so much left to furnish out A moderate table.

Tim. Be't not in thy care: go, I charge thee; invite them all: let the tide Of knives once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Senate-House.

The Senate sitting. Enter Alcibiades, attended.

1 Sen. My lord, you have my voice to 't: the fault's bloody; 't is necessary he should die.

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 Sen. Most true; the law shall bruise him.

Alcib. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 Sen. Now, captain?

Alcib. I am an humble suitor to your virtues; For pity is the virtue of the law; And none but tyrants use it cruellly. It pleases time and fortune to lie heavy Upon a friend of mine; who, in hot blood, Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth To those that without heed do plunge into 't. He is a man, setting his fault aside, Of comely virtues: Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice; [An honour in 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 unnoted passion He deprov'd his anger, ere 't was spent, As if he had but no more an argument.

1 Sen. You undergo too strict a paradox, Striving to make an ugly deed look fair: Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd To bring manslaughter into form, and set quarrelling Upon the head of valour; which, indeed, Is valour misbegot, and came into the world When sees and factions were newly born. He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer The worst that man can breathe; and make his wrongs His outside; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,
Scene VI.

Timon of Athens. 687

'Tis in few words, but specious in effect:
We banish thee for ever.
Alec. Banish me! Banish your dotage, banish usury,
That makes the senate ugly.
1 Sen. If, after two days' shine Athens contain thee,
Attend our weightier judgment. And, not to swell our
spirit,
He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senators.
Alec. Now the gods keep you old enough; that you
may live
Only in bone, that none may look on you.
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their 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 the this balsam that the usurping senate
Pours into captives' 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 honour with most lands to be at odds;
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs as gods. [Exit.

ScENE VI.—A Banquet-hall in Timon's House.

Music. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter
diners 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 honourable
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 feasting.
1 Lord. I should think so. He hath sent me an
earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did
urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond
them, and I must needs appear.
2 Lord. In like manner was I in debt to my improp
unate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I
am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my pro-
vision 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
fear you?
1 Lord. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lord-
ship.
2 Lord. The swallow follows not summer more will-
ingly, than we your lordship.
Tim. [Aside.] Nor more willingly leaves winter;
such summer-birds are men. [To them.] Gentlemen,
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 honourable lord, I am e'en sick of
shame that, when your lordship this other day sent to
me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.
Tim. Think not on't, sir.
2 Lord. If you had sent but two hours before.—
Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.
—Come, bring in all together. [To the Servants.]
2 Lord. All covered dishes!
1 Lord. Royal cheer, I warrant you.
3 Lord. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it.
1 Lord. How do you? What's the news?
3 Lord. Alecibiades is banished: hear you it of?
1 & 2 Lord. Alecibiades banished!
3 Lord. 'Tis so; be sure of it.
1 Lord. How? how?
2 Lord. I pray you, upon what?
Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?
3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble
feast toward.
2 Lord. This is the old man still.
3 Lord. Will 't hold? will 't hold?
2 Lord. It does; but time will show.
3 Lord. I do conceive.
Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spurr as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your dict shall be in
all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the
meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: sit,
sit. The gods require our thanks.

"You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with
thankfulness. For your own gifts make yourselves
praised, but reserve still to give, lest your deities be
despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need
not lend to another; for, were your godheads to bor-
row of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the
meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it.
Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of vil-
lains: if there sit twelve women at the table, let a
dozens of them be—as they are.—The rest of your
foes, O gods! the senators of Athens, together with
the common tag of people,—what is amiss in them,
you gods make suitable for destruction. For these,
your present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so
in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome."
Uncover, dogs, and lap.
[The Dishes uncovered are full of warm water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?
Some other. I know not.
Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[Throwing water in their faces;]
Your recking villainy. Live loath'd and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears;
You fools of fortune, trower-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Cruet you quite o'er!—What! dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first—thou too,—and thou:
[Throws the Dishes at them, and drives them out.
Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
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;
Obdience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
And minister in their steads! to general filth
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 trusters' throats! 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 crutch from thy old limping sire,
With it beat out his brains! pitiful, and fear,
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
Domestic awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
Decline to your confounding contraries,
And let confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
Your potent and infectious fevers heap
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatrica,
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth,
That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
And drown themselves in riot! itch's, blains,
Sow all the Athenian bosoms, and their crop
Be general leprous! 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 bans.
Timon will to the woods; where he shall find
Th' unkindest beast more kind 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 hate may grow
To the whole race of mankind, high, and low! Amen.

[Exit.]


Enter Flavius, with two or three Servants.

Flav. Alack! my fellows, what should I say to you?
Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know thee.
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man’s blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel,
Then what should war be? This fell whore 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
To thine own lips again.

Alcib. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give;
But then, renew, I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. 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 saw’st them, when I had prosperity.

Alcib. I see them now; then was a blessed time.
Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this th’ Athenian minion, whom the world
Voiced so regardfully?

Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes.
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee:
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours; season the slaves
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-checkered 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 had but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band; I have heard and grieved,
How cursed the black, white; how sweet;
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour 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 Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.

Alcib. Why, fare thee well:

Here is some gold for thee;

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alcib. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr’st thou’gainst Athens?

Alcib. Ay Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
And thee after, when thou 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 honour’d age for his white beard;
He is an usurer. Strike me the counterfeit matron; It is her habit only that is honest; Herself's a bawd. Let not the virgin's cheek Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps, That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes, Are not within the leaf of pity writ, But set them down horrible traitors. Spare not the babe, Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy: Think it a bastard, whom the oracle Hath doubtfully pronounced thy throat shall cut, And mince it sans remorse; swear against abjures;² Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes, Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maidens, nor babes, Nor sight of priests, in holy vestments bleeding, Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers: [Throwing it.³

Make large confusion; and thy fury spent, Confounded be thyself! Speak not; be gone. Alcib. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me, Not all thy counsel. Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee! Phr. & Timon. Give us some gold, good Timon: hast thou more? Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade, And to make whores abhor'd.²² Hold up, you sluts, Your aprons mountant: you are not oathable,— Although I know, you'll swear, terribly swear, Into strong shanders, and to heavenly agues, 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 where, 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 still; Paint till a horse may mire upon your face: A box of wrinkled; Phr. & Timon. Well, more gold,—What then? Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold. Tim. Consumptions sow In hollow bones of men; 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 quillets shrilly: hoar the flames, That scolds against the quality of flesh, And not believes himself: down with the nose, Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away Of him, that his particular to foresee, Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate running bald; And let the unscur'd braggers 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: [Throwing it.⁴

Do you damn others, and let this damn you, And ditches grave you all! Phr. & Timon. More counsel with more money; bounteous Timon. Tim. More whoré, more mischief first: I have given you earnest. Alcib. Strike up the drum towards Athens! Farewell, Timon:

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again. Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more. Alcib. I never did thee harm. Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me. Alcib. Call'st thou that harm? Tim. Men daily find it. Get thee away, And take thy beagles with thee. Alcib. We but offend him. Strike!

[Drum beats. Exeunt Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Timandra. Tim. That nature, being sick of man's unkindness, Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou, [Digging. Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast, Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle, Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd, Engenders the black toad, and adder 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 sons doth hate, From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root! Ensear thy fertile and conception womb; Let it no more bring out ingratitude man! Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears; Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face Hath to the marbled mansion all above Never presented!—O! a root—dear thanks! Dry up thy tame, and plough-torn leas; Whereof ingratitude man, with licentious drafts, And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind, That from it all consideration slips—.

Enter Apearithus. More man? Plague! plague! Aepm. I was directed hither: men report Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them. Tim. 'Tis, then, because thou dost not keep a dog Whom I would imitate. Consumption catch thee! Aepm. This is in thee a nature but infected; A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung From change of fortune.¹ Why this resolve? this place? This is a life, and love must have a lock of care? Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft, Hug their disease'd perfumes, and have forgot That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods, By putting on the cunning of a carper, Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee, And let his very breath, whom thou 'st observe, Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain, And call it excellent. Thou wast told thus; Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters that bade welcome, To knaves, and all approachers;¹² it is most just, That thou turn racecl: hast thou wealth again. Rascals should have it. Do not assume my likeness. Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself. Aepm. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself; A madman so long, now a fool. What! think'st That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain, Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moist trees, That have outlived the eagle, page thy heels, And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook, Candid with ice, candid thy morning taste, To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit? call the creatures,— Whose naked natures live in all the spite Of wretched heaven, whose bare unhoused trunks,¹³

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¹ objects: in f. e. ² Not in f. e. ³ a bawd: in f. e. ⁴ Not in f. e. ⁵ men: in f. e. ⁶ arms: in f. e. ⁷ future: in folio. Rowe made the change ¹ Hammer reads: moss'd.
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;
O! thou shalt find—
Apm. I love thee better now than e'er I did.
Tim. I hate thee worse.  
Apm. Why?
Tim. Thou flatt'rist misery.
Apm. I flatter not, but say thou art a catiliff.
Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?
Apm. To vex thee.
Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.
Dost please thyself in't?
Apm. Ay.
Tim. What! a knave too?
Apm. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on
to castigate thy pride, 'twere well; but thou
Dest it enforc'dly: thou dost contriver be again,
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery
Outlives uncertain pomp, is crown'd before:
The one is filling still, never complete.
The other, at high wish, best state, contentless,
Hath a distracted and most wretched being.
Worse than the worst content.
Thou shouldst desire to die, being miserable.
Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never claspt, but bred a dog.
Hast thou, like us, from our first swarth, proceeded
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords
To such as may the passive dogs of it
Freely command, thou wouldst have plump'd thyself
In general riot; melted down thy youth
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
The sugar'd goose and most wretched being.
Hath who, had the world as my consecration;
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 storm that blows;—I, to bear this,
That never knew but better, is some burden;
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
Hath made thee hard in't. Why shouldst thou hate men?
They never flatter 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 compounded thee
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
If thou hastad not been born the worst of men,
Thou hastad been a knave, and flatterer.
Apm. Art thou proud yet?
Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.
Apm. 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!
Thou would eat it.
Apm. Here; I will mend thy feast.
[Offering something.
Tim. First mend my* company, take away thyself.
Apm. 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.

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Apm. What wouldst thou have to Athens?
Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold: look, so I have.
Apm. Here is no use for gold.
Tim. The best, and trust; for here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.
Apm. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?
Tim. Under that 's above me.
Apm. Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?
Tim. Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather, where I eat it.
Tim. Would poison were obedient, and knew my mind!
Apm. Where wouldst thou send it?
Tim. To sauce thy dishes.
Apm. The middle of humanity thou never knewest,
but the extremity of both ends. When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfumes, they mocked thee for too much curiosity: in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee; eat it.
Tim. On what I hate I feel not.
Apm. Dest hate a medlar?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.
Apm. An thou hadst hated meddlers sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?
Tim. Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?
Apm. Myself.
Tim. I understand thee: thou hadst some means to keep a dog.
Apm. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?
Tim. Women nearest, but men are the things themselves. What wouldst thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?
Apm. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.
Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?
Apm. Ay, Timon.
Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to. If thou wast the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wast the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wast the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wast accused by the ass: if thou wast the ass, thy dunness would torment thee, and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wast the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou shouldst hazard thy life for thy dinner: worth thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: worth thou a bear, thou wouldst be killed by the horse: worth thou a horse, thou wouldst be seized by the leopard: worth thou a leopard, thou wert gavane 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. On.
Apm. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou mightst have hit upon it here: the commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.
Tim. How has the ase broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?
Apm. 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 Apeamantus.
Apeam. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.
Tim. Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.
Apeam. A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.
Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.
Apeam. There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.
Tim. If I name thee,—
I'd beat thee, but I should infect my hands.
Apeam. I would, my tongue could rot them off.
Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive;
I swoon to see thee.
Apeam. Would thou wouldst burst! Away,
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose
A stone by thee. [Throws a stone at him.
Apeam. Beast! Slave! Toad!
Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

I am sick of this false world, and will love nought
But even the mere necromancer upon't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave:
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily; make thine epiphate,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.
O, thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce
[Looking on the gold.
'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate woor,
Whose bloom doth thaw the consecrated snow
That lies on Dion's lap! thou visible god,
That soldier's chief impossibilities,
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every tongue,
To every purpose! O thou touch'd? of hearts!
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue
Set them into confounding odds, that beasts
May have the world in empire!
Apeam. Would 't were so;
But not till I am dead.—I'll say, thou 'st gold:
Thou will be throng'd to shortly.
Tim. Thro'g'd to? Ay.
Apeam. Thy back, I pray thee.
Tim. Long live so, and so die—[I am quit.
[Exit Apeamantus.

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, andánhther them.
[Enter Banditti.

1 Band. Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of hisremainder.
The mere want of gold, and the falling from him2 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't, he will supply us easily; if he covetously
reserve it, how shall 's get it?
2 Band. True, for he bears it not about him; 'tis hid.
1 Band. Is not this he?
3 Band. 'Tis his description.
3 Band. He; I know him,
All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?
All. Soldiers, not thieves.
Tim. Both two; and women's sons.
All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.
Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.4
Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth a hundred springs;
The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips;
The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want! why want?
1 Band. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.
Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and
Fishes.
You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profess'd, that you work not
In holier shapes; for there is boundless theft
In limited professions. Rascal thieves,
Here's gold. Go, suck the subtle blood o' the grape,
[Throwing gold 5
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 thiery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Rob's the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composure stolen
From general excrement: each thing's a thief.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away!
Rob one another. There's more gold: eat throats;
[Throwing it. 5
All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go;
Break open shops: nothing can you steal,
But thieves do lose it. Steal no less for this
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever! Amen.

[Timon retires to his Cave.

3 Band. He has almost charmed me from my profes-
ion, by persuading me to it.
1 Band. 'T is in the malice of mankind, that he thus
advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.
2 Band. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over
my trade.
1 Band. Let us first see peace in Athens: there is
no time so miserable, but a man may be true.
[Exeunt Banditti.

Enter Flavius.

Flav. O you gods!
Is yond's despis'd and ruinous man my lord?
Full of decay and failing? O monument,
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
What an alteration of honour has desperate want made!
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends
Who can bring 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 mischief me, than those that do!
He has caught me in his eye: I will present
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!
TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?
Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?
Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men; then, if thou grant'rt thou'rt a man, I have forgot thee.
Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.
Tim. Then, I know thee not: I never had honest man about me, I; all I kept were knaves to serve in meat to villains.
Flav. The gods are witness, Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief for his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
Tim. What! dost thou weep?—Come nearer; then, I love thee, because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flav. I.
Tim. Had I a steward so true, so just, and now so comfortable? it almost turns my dangerous nature mild. Let me behold thy face. Surely, this man was born of woman.
Flav. Forgive my general and exceptless rashness, you perpetual-sober gods! do proclaim
Tim. One honest man, mis-take me not; but one; no more, I pray, and he's a steward.
Flav. How fain would I have hated all mankind, and thou redeem'st thyself: but all, save thee, I foll'w with curses.
Tim. Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise; for by oppressing and betraying me, thou mightst have sooner got another service, for many so arrive at second masters.

Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true, (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure) is not thy kindness subtle, covetous? Is't not a suising kindness as rich men deal gifts, Expecting in return twenty for one?
Flav. No, my most worthy master; in whose breast Doubt and suspect, alas! are plac'd too late.
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast: suspect still comes when an estate is least.
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love, duty and zeal to your unmatched mind, care of your food and living: and, believe it, my most honour'd lord, for any benefit that points to me, either in hope, or present, I'd exchange for this one wish,—that you had power and wealth to require me by making rich yourself.
Tim. Look thee, it is so. Thou singly honest man, here, take,—the gods of my misery! have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy; but thou shalt build from men; hate all, curse all; show charity to none, let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone, ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs what thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow, debts wither; men like blasted woods, and may diseases tick up their false bloods! and so, farewell, and thrive.
Flav. O! let me stay,
Tim. If thou hast curs'd,
Curse, 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.

Poet. What's to be thought of him? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

Paint. Certain; Alcibiades report'st 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.
Paint. Nothing else; you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss we tender our loves to him in this supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us, and is very likely to load our purses' with what we travail for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having.

Poet. What have you now to present unto him?
Paint. Nothing at this time but my visitation; only, I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet. I must serve him so; tell him of that intent that's coming toward him.

Paint. Good as the best. Promising is the very air of the time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the dullest for his act; and, but in the plainest and simplest kind of people, the deed of saying

is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly 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.

Paint. 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 he is worshipp'd in a baser temple, than where swine feed!

'Tis thou that rigged'st the bark, and plough'dst the foam; settlest admired reverence in a slave: to thee be worship; and thy saints for eye be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

1 grum'tst: in folio. Southern made the change. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Exeunt severally: in f. e. 4 purposes: in f. e. 5 they: in f. e.
Fit I meet them. [Advancing.

Poet. Hail, worthy Timon!

Pain. Our late noble master.

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friend's fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O, abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you,
Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being? I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see 't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are;
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite you?
Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What can we do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men. You have heard that I have gold:
I am sure you have to speak truth; you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord; but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men!—Thou draw'st a counterfeit
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord.

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say.—And for thy fiction,
Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—
But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,
I must needs say, you have a little fault:
Marry, 't is not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour,
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill.

Both. Most thankfully, my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's never a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog; see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery; love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom; yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain.

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,
Rid me these villains from your companies:
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord; let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this; but two is com-
Each man apart, all single and alone, [paly:—
Yet an arch-villain keeps him company;
If, where thou art, two villains shall not be.

[To the Painter.

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[To the Poet.

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—
Hence! pack! there's gold; ye came for gold, ye slaves:
You have done* work for me, there's payment: hence!
You are an alchymist, make gold of that.
Out, rascal dogs! [Exit, beating them out.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter Flavius, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;
For he is set so only to himself,
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

Sen. Bring us to his cave:
It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 Sen. At all times alike
Men are not still the same, 'T was 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'i 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 shank them; and would send them back the
plague,
Could I but catch it for them.

1 Sen. O! forget
What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.
The senators, with one consent of love,
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought,
On special dignities, which vacant lie
For thy best use and wearing.

2 Sen. They confess
Toward thee forgetfulness, too general, gross;
Which now the public body, which doth seldom
Play the recantor, feeling in itself
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,
Together with a recompense, more fruitful
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;
Ay, even such hearts and sums of love and wealth,
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,
And write in thee the figures of their love,
Ever to read them thine.

Tim. You witch me in it:
Surprise me to the very brink of tears:
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,
And I'll beweep these comforts, worthy senators.

1 Sen. Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens, thine and ours, to take
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority.—so, soon we shall drive back
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild:
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

[1 in i. e. 2 Not in folio. Added by Malone.]
SCENE V.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

2 Sen. And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 Sen. Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; thus,—
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, madd-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 theives 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:
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 Sen. We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common brut doth put it.

1 Sen. That's well spoke.

Tim. Command me to my loving countrymen,—
1 Sen. These words become your lips as they pass
through them.

2 Sen. And enter in our ears, like great triumphers
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Command me to them;
And tell them, that to 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
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again; but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall 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.
[Exit Timon.

1 Sen. His discontents 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 i' 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 choke 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 dead, who hath outstretched his span;
Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure, and this his grave.—What's on this tomb
I cannot read; the character I'll take with wax:
Our captain hath in every figure skill;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days.
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Before the Walls of Athens.

Trumpets sound. Enter Alcibiades, and Forces.

Alcib. Sound to this coward and laseious town
Our terrible approach. [A Parley sounded.

Enter Senators, on the Walls.

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice: till now myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power,
Have wander'd with our traverse's arms, and breath'd
Our suffering vainly. Now the time is flush,
When crouching narrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries of itself, "No more:": now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And purty insolence shall break his wind
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 Sen. Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,
We sent to thee, to give thy raging balm,
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves
Above their quantity.

2 Sen. So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promises means:
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.
These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom
You have receiv'd your grief: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall
For private faults in them.

Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out:
Shame, that they wanted cunning in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread:
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food
Which nature loaths) take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die
Let die the spotted.

All have not offended;
For those that were, is't not severe to take,
On those that are, revenge? crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,
Which in the bluster of thy wrath must fall
With those that have offended. Like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull th' infected forth,
But kill not all together.

What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than how to't with thy sword.

Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope,
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou 'lt enter friendly.

Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, till we
Have seal'd thy full desire.

Then, there's my glove,
Descend, and open your uncharged ports.
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to stone* your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedied by* your public laws
At heaviest answer.

'T is most nobly spoken.

Descend, and keep your words.

[The Senators descend, and open the Gates.]

Enter a Soldier.

Sold. My noble general, Timon is dead,
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea;
And on his grave-stone this inscription, which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

[Reads.] "Here lies a wretched corse, of
Wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name. A plague consume you wicked
Caitiffs left!
Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.
These well express in thee thy later spirits:
Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets, which
From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave on faults forgiven. Dead
Is noble Timon; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword:
Make war breed peace; make peace stilt war; make
each
Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—
Let our drums strike.
BRUTUS, AND GHOST OF CAESAR.

Julius Caesar, Act. IV. Scene 3.
SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and a body of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? 1 Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, sir; what trade art thou? 2 Cit. Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.


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, cobbler 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 re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handywork."

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. 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 he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O! you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you clim'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the repetition of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now pull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen; and for this fault Assemble all the poor men of your sort:
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Exeunt Citizens

See, who their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
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.  

SCENE II.—The Same. A Public Place.
Enter, in Procession, with Trumpets and other Music.
CEasar; ANToNY, for the course; CALPhurniA, Por-
Tii, DECiuS, CICCero, Brutus, CAssius, and CASeA: a
Soothsayer, and a crowd following them.

CEasar, Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.
Cas. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.
Ant. Caesar, my lord.
Cas. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:
When Caesar says, "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cas. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.  [Music.

Sooth. Caesar!  [Sings.
Cas. Had it who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!  

Cas. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Caesar! Speak: Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cas. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon
Cæsar.

Cas. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him.—Pass.

[Senet.  Exeunt all but Bru. and Cas.
Cas. Will you go to see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness,
And show of love, as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed am I
Of late with passions of some different,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

1 laughter: in folio. Pope made the change.
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Caesar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body;
If Caesar carelessly but not on him,
He had a fever when he was in Spain.
And, when he was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did spit from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his justre. I did hear him groan,
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius!"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.
Bru. Another general shout! I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Caesar.
Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Caesar: what should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, then art sham'd:
Rome, thou hast lost the bread of noble blood.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls compass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
And bore the king.
Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work to me, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villain,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.
Cas. I am glad, that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.
Bru. The games are done, and Caesar is returning.
Re-enter Caesar, and his Train.
Cas. As they pass by pluck Cassa by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.
Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius;
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Cælphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conse and by some senators.
Cas. Cassa will tell us what the matter is.
Cas. Antontius!
Ant. Caesar.
Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights.
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous:
He is a noble Roman, and well given.
Cas. 'Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit.
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
While's they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear, for always I am Caesar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
[Exit Caesar and his Train. Casca stays behind.
Casca. You pull'd me by the cloake: 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 Cassa what hath chanc'd.
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?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?
Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice,
every time gentler than other; and at every putting
by mine honest neighbours shouted.
Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Cassa.
Casca. I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolishy, 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 fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again, but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time: he put it the third time by; and still as he reach'd it, the rabblemen shouted, and clapp'd their clapped 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? Caesar. 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 displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he, when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me eke his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would 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 infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Caesar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you in the face again, but those that understood him talked 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 pulling scarfs off Caesar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well: there was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit Casca.]

Bru. He was a bit 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 honourable mettle may be wrought

From that it is disposed: therefore, 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Caesar doth bear hard, but he loves Brutus:

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humour me. I will this night,

In several hands, in at his windows throw,
SCENE I. JULIUS CAESAR.

When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Cassius; and these works 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-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear, and warning,
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Cassus, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange intrusions are,

Cas. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have theves and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and subjection serve us womanish.

Casus. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never looks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Cas. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans bends.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Caesar?—But, O grief!

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer's made, but I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casus. You speak to Cassus; and to such a man,
That is no fleeting tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Cassus, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable, dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets,
And the completion of the element.
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, sordid, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

Cas. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where hast thou so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Cassius; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

To you—

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.

Cas. Where Britus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutes's statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cin. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

Cin. O, Cassius! if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

Cas. Do you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the praetor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutes's statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Cin. Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[Exit Cinna.

Come, Cassus, 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.

Casus. O! he sits 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.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. Brutus's Orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius! I know—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—

[Is favour's: i.e. folly.

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.
Julius Caesar.

Act II.

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 hats are pluck'd about their ears, And half their faces buried in their cloaks, That by no means I may discover them By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night, When evils are most free? O! then, by day Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy; Hide it in smiles, and affability: For if thou path thy native semblance on, Not Erebus itself were dim enough To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest: Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake, all night. Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them: and no man here, But honours you: and every one doth wish, You had but that opinion of yourself, Which every noble Roman bears of you. This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This Casca; this Cinna;

And this Metellus Cimber.

Cas. 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 here? Casca. No.

Cin. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yond' grey lines, That set the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year.

Some two months hence, up higher toward the north He first presents his fire; and the high east Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one. [He takes their hands.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of men, The suffixture of our souls, the time's abuse, If these be motives weak, bear them but times, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen, What need we any spur, but our own cause, To prick us to redress? what other bond, Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word, And will not palter? and what other oath, Than honesty to honesty engag'd, That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

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1 first: in folio. Theobald made the change. 2 fifteen: in old copies. Theobald made the change. 3 Some mod. eds. omit a. 4 Walk; so used by Dryden. 5 Not in f. e.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Scene I.

Swear priests, and cowards, and men caustic, Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs: unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise. Nor shall the insupportable mettle 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 guilt of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Met. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds: It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Brut. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost? Gi. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Caesar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey: I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

Brut. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Brut. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
Let not be bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'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 any fancies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord! Brutus, 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 ungentle looks.
I urg'd you farther: then, you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath, much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Brut. I am not well in health, and that is all.
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins,
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
\[Br.\] A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
\[Lig.\] But are not some whole that we must make sick?
\[Br.\] That must we also. What, it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,
To whom it must be done.
\[Lig.\] Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth,
That Brutus leads me on.
\[Br.\] Follow me, then. \[Exit.\]

### SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.

**Thunder and Lightning.** Enter Cæsar, in his Night-gown.

**Cas.** Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—Who's within?
\[Enter a Servant.\]

**Serv.** My lord.

**Cas.** Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
\[Serv.\] I will, my lord. \[Exit.\]

**Enter CALPHURNA.**

**Cal.** What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
**Cas.** Cæsar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanquish'd.

**Cal.** Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch,
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds
In racks, and squadrions, and right form of war,
Which dripp'd blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurte'd in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

**Cas.** What can be avoided,
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

**Cal.** When beggars die there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
**Cas.** Cowards die many times before their deaths,
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear,
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come, when it will come.

**Re-enter a Servant.**

**Serv.** 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.
**Cas.** The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar 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 litter'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.

Ces. Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;
And, for thy humour, 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.

Ces. And you are come in very happy time
To bear 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.

Ces. 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.

Ces. 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 lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents
Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpret'd:
It was a vision, fair and fortunate.
Your status 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, relives, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Ces. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And now it now. The senate 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
Apt to be render'd, 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, our love is liable,
Ces. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter Publius. Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca,
Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Caesar.

Ces. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—
Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cesar was not so much your enemy,
As that sameague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?

Brus. 'Tis, Caesar, 'tis eleven eight.

Ces. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. [Exit Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Caesar.

Ces. Bid them prepare within.
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius! I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Caesar, I will: and so near will I be, [Aside.
That your best friends shall wish I had been farther.
Ces. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Brus. That every like is not the same, O Caesar! [Aside.
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. 
[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The same. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a Paper.

Art. "Cesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Caesar; 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 Caesar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

"Artemidorus.""

Here will I stand till Caesar pass along;
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Caesar! 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 pray thee, 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 shouldst 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?
Por. 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 Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.
**ACT III.**

**SCENE I.**—The Same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

*A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer.*

**Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lupides, Popilius, Publius, and others.*

**Cas.** The ideas of March are come.

**Sooth.** Ay, Cæsar: but not gone.

**Art.** Hall, Cæsar!—Read this schedule.

**Dec.** Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read.

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

**Art. O, Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit**

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

**Cas.** That touches us? ourselves shall be last serv'd.

**Art.** Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

**Cas.** What is the fellow mad?

**Pub.** Sirrah, give place.

**Cas.** What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

**Cæsar enters the Capitol; the rest following. All the Senators rise.**

**Pop.** I wish, your enterprise to-day may thrive.

**Cas.** What enterprise, Popilius?

**Pop.** Fare you well. I advance 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.

**Cas.** Cæsar, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back, For I will slay myself.

**Brut.** Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

**Cas.** Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

**[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the Senators take their Seats.**

**Dec.** Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go, And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

**Brut.** He is address'd; press near, and second him.

**Cin.** Cæsar, you are the first that rears your hand.

**Por.** Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

**Sooth.** None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow: The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, Of senators, of praetors, commin suitsors, Will crowd a feeble man and make him fall; I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

**[Exeunt.**

**Casca.** Are we all ready?

**Cas.** What is now amiss, That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

**Met.** Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart.—

**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 decrees,

Into the laws of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar hears such rebel blood,

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crouched courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished:

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar 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 Cæsar's ear?

For the repealing of my banished brother?

**Brut.** I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar; Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

**Cas.** What, Brutus!

**Cas.** Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot dost Cæsius 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 innumerable 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: 't is furnish'd well with men, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet in the number I do know but one That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he, Let me a little show it, even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Caesar!—

Cas. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Caesar,—

Cas. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

[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, Brute!—Then fall, Caesar.

[Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, "Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted.

Fly not; stand still — ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Caesar's should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer:

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so—and let no man abide this deed,

But we, the doors.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fle'd to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,

As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures—

That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:—

So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd

His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Caesar's blood

Up to the elbows, and besmeur 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 acted 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 grace his heels

With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.


Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;—

[Breaking in.

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cassar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolv'd

How Caesar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thorough the hazards of this unbrid state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony. [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 honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish, we may; but yet have I a mind,

That fears him much, and my misgiving still

Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Enter ANTONY.


Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?

[Kneeling over the Body.

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend, —[Rising.

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:

If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Caesar's death hour; nor no instrument

Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die;

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

As here by Caesar, and by you cut off,

The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.

Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands, and this our present act,

You see we do, yet see you but our hands,

And this the bleeding business they have done.

Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;

And pity to the general wrong of Rome

(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)

Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:

Our arms, in strength of welcome, and our hearts,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in

With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,

In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd

The multitude, beside themselves with fear,

And then we will deliver you the cause,

Why I, that did love Caesar when I struck him,

Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

[One after the other.

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand:—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Cassar, yours:—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? —

Not in f. e.
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Caesar! O, 'tis true:
[Turning to the Body, and bending over it.]
If, then, thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy core? —
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave
hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy death.
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie?
Cas. Mark Antony!
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Caesar shall say this;
Then, in a friend it is cold modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising Caesar so,
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands: but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Caesar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein, Caesar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Caesar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And that in public, becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do: do not consent.
Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Bru. My 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 unseem'd, Caesar shall
Have all due rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall: I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Caesar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caesar;
And say, you don't by our permission,
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit where I am going,
After my speech is ended.
Ant. I desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body, then, and follow us.

ACT III.

Ant. O! pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
That ever liv'd 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 loins of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall compass 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 check'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry "Havock!" and let slip the dogs of war,
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.
You serve Octavius, Caesar, do you not?
Serv. I do, Mark Antony.
Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.
Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming,
And bid me say to you by word of mouth,
O Caesar! [Seeing the Body.] Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?
Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet:
He hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;
Thou shall not back, till I have borne this corpse
Into the market-place; and having tried
In my oration, how the people take
The crenel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. — [Exit, with Caesar's Body.

SCENE II.—The Same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.
Cit. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
This word must first be heard, which I am to speak,
Let them stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.
1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
2 Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.
Bru. Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.
Brutus goes into the Rostrum.
3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence! Brutus, be patient till the last.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear: believe me to mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
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 honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art bred to thistle 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.

1. Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar 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, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.
1. Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3. Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4. Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might
Have stood against the world: now, lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
I found it in his closet, 't is 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 Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4. Cit. We'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Caesar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT III.

It is not meet you know how Caesar lov’d you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men,
And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
’T is 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 shall read us the will: Caesar’s will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay a while?
I have o’er-shot myself to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honest men,
Whose daggers have stabb’d Caesar: I do fear it.
4 Cit. They were traitors: honourable men.
All. The will! the testament!
2 Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will!
read the will.
Ant. You will compell me, then, to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2 Cit. Descend.
3 Cit. You shall have leave.
4 Cit. Antony! 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! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
’T was on a summer’s evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place, ran Cassius’ dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Cassius made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb’d;
And as he pluck’d his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow’d it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved.
If Brutus so unkindly knock’d, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar’s angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov’d him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquish’d 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 Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourisht’d over us.
O! now you weep: and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what! weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar’s vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, with traitors.
1 Cit. O pitieous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Caesar!
3 Cit. O woful day!
4 Cit. O traitors! villains!
1 Cit. O most bloody sight!
All. We will be revenged. Revenge! about—seek;
and when you find him,—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.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir
you up.
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable:
What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is,
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That has no notes, and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech.
To stir men’s blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Caesar’s wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Caesar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
All. We’ll mutiny.
1 Cit. We’ll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Cit. Away then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony; most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Caesar thus deserv’d your loves?
Alas! you know not—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true;—the will:—let’s stay, and hear the
will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Caesar’s seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 Cit. Most noble Caesar—we’ll revenge his death.
3 Cit. O royal Caesar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber: he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Caesar: when comes such another?
1 Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We’ll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors’ houses.
Take up the body.
1 Cit. Go, fetch fire.
3 Cit. Pluck down boughs.
4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.—How now, fellow?
Enter a Servant.
Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Serv. He and Lepidus are at Caesar’s house.
Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish: Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Serv. What will they say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.
Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov’d them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.
JULIUS CAESAR.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter Cinna, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar,
And things unlikely charge my fancy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1. Cit. What is your name?
2. Cit. Whither are you going?
3. Cit. Where do you dwell?
4. Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2. Cit. Answer every man directly.
1. Cit. Ay, and briefly.
4. Cit. Ay, and wisely.
3. Cit. Ay, and truly; you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor?
Then, to answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly, wisely I say, I am a bachelor.
2. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that

marry:—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed: directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
1. Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?
2. Cit. As a friend.
2. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
4. Cit. For your dwelling.—briefer.
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.
2. Cit. I am Cinna, the poet; I am Cinna, the poet.
4. Cit. Tear him for his bad verses; tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
2. Cit. It is no matter; his name's Cinna: pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3. Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come! brands, ho! fire-brands! To Brutus, to Cassius; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Cassius's; some to Ligarius. Away! go! [Exit, forcing out Cinna.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in Antony's House.

ANTONY, OCTavius, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Ct. Your brother, too, must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent.


Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live.
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The threefold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze on commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
I do appoint him store of provender;
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit.

1 unlikely: in f. e. 2 the rest of this direction is not in f. e. 3 so the folio, 1632; first folio gives the line: Our best friends made, our means stretch'd.
But not with such familiar instances, Nor with such free and friendly conference, As he hath used of old.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius, When love begins to sicken and decay, It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith; But hollow men, like Cassius, not at hand, Make brilliant show and promise of their mettle, But when they should endure the bloody spur, They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades, Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?
Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd:
The greater part, the horse in general, Are come with Cassius.  [March within.

Brutus. Hark! he is arriv'd. —
March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho! 
Brut. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.  [One after the other, and fainter. Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
Brut. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;
And when you do them —

Brutus. Cassius, be content; Speak your griefs softly: I do know you well. Before the eyes of both our armies here, Which should perceive nothing but love from us, Let us not wrangle: bid them move away; Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs, And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus, Bid our commanders lead their charges off A little from this ground. 
Brut. Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.  [Exeunt.

SCENE III. — Within the Tent of Brutus.

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

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 this side, Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 
Brut. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case. 
Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet That every nice offence should bear his comment. 
Brut. 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 undeserving.

Cas. I am an itching palm? You know that you are Brutus that speak this, Or by the gods this speech were else your last. 
Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption, And chaste opinion does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement! Brutus. Remember March, the ide of March remember. 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,
Enter Lucilius and Titiarius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titiarius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with
you,
Immediately to us. [Exit Lucilius and Titiarius.

Bru. 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 soon! 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 themselves so strong—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distinct,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. O, ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius, with Wine and Tasters.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
In that I weary all unkindness. Cassius. [Drinks.
Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erawell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Re-enter Titiarius, with Messala.

Bru. Come in, Titiarius.—Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
Cas. Portia, art thou gone?
Bru. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.
Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.
Bru. With what additions?
Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one?
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala;—
With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is.

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.

The people, 'twixt Caesar and this ground,
Do stand but in a fore'd affrontment.
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-hearted, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends;
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is rife:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There's a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat,
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night has crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more.—Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [Exit Lucius.—Farewell, good Messo]—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O! my dear brother,
This was an ill beginning of the night.
Never come such division 'twixt our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [Exit Cas. Tit. and Mes.

Re-enter Lucius, with the Gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

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.

Var. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Servants lie down.

Luc. I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an'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 leaden 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 Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns.—Ha! 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?


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.

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?

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.

Claud. My lord.

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Claud. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius:
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Claud. 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 warm 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 then the left. Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent? Oct. I do not cross you; but I will so do. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk. Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge. Make forth: the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do. Brut. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart, Crying, "Long live! hail, Caesar!"

Cas. 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 stolen 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:

You show'd your teeth like spee, and faw'd like hounds; 

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet; 

While damned Casea, like a cur, behind 

Struck Caesar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself: This tongue had not offended so to day, If Cassius might have run'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look; I draw sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—

Never, till Caesar's three and thirty wounds 1

Be well aveng'd; or till another Caesar 

Have added slaughter to the word of traitor; 2

Bru. Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands, Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope:

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain, Young man, thou couldst not die more honourable. 

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour, Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony; away!— 

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth. 

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field; 

If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell sillow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord. [Brutus and Lucilius talk apart. 

Cas. Messala!

Mess. What says the general?

Cas. This is my birth-day: as this very day Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala: 

Be thou my witness, that against my will, As Pompey was, am I compelled 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 Sardis, on our forward' ensign Two mighty eagles fell: and there they perch'd, Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands; Who to Philippi here consorted 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 silently 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.

Bru. 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? 

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy, By which I did blame Cato for the death Which he did give himself. I know not how, But I do find it cowardly and vile, For fear of what might fall, so to prevent The term of life, arming myself with patience, To stay the providence of those high powers, That govern us below. 

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
SCENE II.—The Same. The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Brutus. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills Unto the legions on the other side. [Loud Alarum.

Let them set on at once; for I perceive But cold demeanour in Octavius’ wing; And sudden push gives them the overthrow. Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter Cassius and Titiunus.

Cassius. O, look, Titiunus, 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. Titinius. 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.

Pindarus. Fly farther off, my lord, fly farther off; Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord: Fly, there comes a noble Cassius far off. Cassius. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titiunus; Are those my tents where I perceive the fire? Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titiunus, 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’ troops are friend or enemy. Tit Innus. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit. Cassius. 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: My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news? Pindarus. [Above.] O my lord! Cassius. What news? Pindarus. Titiunus is enclosed round about With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;— Yet he spurs on:—now they are almost on him. Now, Titiunus!—now some light:—O! he lights too: He’s tu’en: and, hark! [Shout.] they shout for joy. Cassius. Come down; behold no more.—O, coward that I am, to live so long, To see my best friend tu’en before my face! Enter Pindarus.

Cassius. Come hither, sirrah. In Parthia did I take thee prisoner; That ever Brutus will go bond to Rome; He bears too great a mind: but this same day Must end that work the ideas 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. Cassius. 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. Brutus. 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, he! away! [Exeunt.

Enter Pindarus.

Pindarus. 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.

Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus? Cassius. Seek him, Titiunus, whilst I go to meet The noble Brutus, thrusting this report Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it; For piercing steel, and darts envenom’d, Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus, As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Messala. Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst not thou hear their shouts?— Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing. But hold thee; take this garland on thy brow: By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman’s part: Come, Cassius’ sword, and find Titinius’ heart. [Dies. Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Caton, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius. Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? Cassius. Lo! yonder; and Titinius mounting it. Brutus. Titinius’ face is upward.

Caton. 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
SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.
Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then Brutus, Cassius, Lucilius, and others.

Brut. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads. Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the field. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend. I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! Charges the Enemy. Brut. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend: know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the Enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Luc. O, young and noble Cato! art thou down? Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, and may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.

1 Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die: there is so much that thou wilt kill me straight.

[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner! 2 Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en. 1 Sold. I'll tell the news:—Here comes the general.

Enter Antony. Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough. I dare assure thee, that no enemy shall ever take alive the noble Brutus: the gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive, or dead, he will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, a prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe, give him all kindness: I had rather have such men my friends, than enemies. Go on, and see who's Brutus be alive, or dead; and bring us word unto Octavius' tent, how every thing is change'd.

[Exit.

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Brut. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock. Clit. Statilius show'd the torch-light; but, my lord, he came not back: he is or ta'en, or slain.

Brut. Sit thee down, Clitus; slaying is the word; it is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[Whispering.

Clit. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brut. Peace then: no words.

1 Not in f. e.


Clit. What ill request did Brutus make to thee? Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates. Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, that it runs over even at his eyes.

Brut. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word. Vol. What says my lord?

Brut. Why, this, Volumnius. The ghost of Cesar hath appear'd to me. Two several times by night: at Sardis once; and, this last night, here in Philippi's fields. I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Brut. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Low 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 not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Clit. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

Brut. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius. [Shaking hands severally.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, my heart doth joy, that yet in all my life I found no man, but he was true to me. I shall have glory by this losing day; more than Octavius, and Mark Antony; by this vile conquest shall attendant. 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 labour'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly!

Clit. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brut. Hence: I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I pray thee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord. Thou art a fellow of a good respect; thy life hath had some snatch of honour in it: hold, then, my sword, and turn away thy face, while I do run upon it. Will thou, Strato?

Strato. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.

Brut. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still: I 'lkill not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his Sword, and dies.


Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Strato. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: the conquerors can but make a fire of him; for Brutus only overcame himself, and no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus I will entertain them.

Fellow, wilt thou be here thy time with me?

Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Caesar;
He, only, in a generous, honest thought
Of common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.  [Exeunt.
MACBETH.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.
MALCOLM, his Sons.
DONALBAIN, Generals of his Army.
MACBETH,
BANEO, Thanes of Scotland.
MACDUFF, Lenox, Rosse.
MENTETH,
ANGUS,
CATHNESS,
FLEANCE, Son to Banquo.

SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, General of the English Forces.
YOUNG SIWARD, his Son.
SEYTON, an Officer attending Macbeth. Son to Macduff.

LADY MACBETH.
LADY MACDUFF.
Gentlewoman attending Lady Macbeth. HECATE, and Witches.

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 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:
Hover through the fog and filthy air. [Witches vanish.

SCENE II.—A Camp near Forees.

Sennet within. Enter King DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Soldier.

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant,
Who, like a good and wary soldièr, fought
Gainst my captivity.—Hail, brave friend!—
Say to the king thy knowledge of the broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Sold. Doubtful it stood;
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald
(Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
The multiplying villainies of nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supplied;
And fortune, on his damned quarrel smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore: but all's too weak;
For brave Macbeth (well he deserves that name)
Disdaining fortune, with his brandish'd steel,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion, carv'd out his passage,
Till he fae'd the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O, vaillant cousin! Worthy gentleman!
Sold. As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping Kernes to trust their heels,
But the Norwegian lord, surveying vantage,
With furnish'd arms, and new supplies of men,
Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismay'd not this
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?
Sold. Yes;—
As sparrow eagles, or the hare the lion.
If I say sooth, I must report they were
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks;
So they doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha,
I cannot tell.—
But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.
Dun. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:

They smock of honour both.—Go, get him surgeons.  
[Exit Soldier, attended.  

Enter Rosse and Angus.  

Who comes here?  

Mai.  The worthy thane of Rosse.  
Len.  What haste looks through his eyes!  
So should he look, that comes to speak things strange.  
Rosse.  God save the king!  

Dun.  Whence cam’st thou, worthy thane?  
Rosse.  From Fife, great king;  
Where the Norwegian banners fly 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 bridegroom, lapp’d in proof,  
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 composition;  
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme’s Inch  
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.  

Dun.  The name of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom interest.—Go, pronounce his present death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.  
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 mounch’d, and mounch’d, and mounch’d: “Give me,” quoth I.—   
“Aroin thee, witch!” the rump-fed bonyron cries.  
Her husband’s to Aleppo 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’ll draw; the shipman’s card to show;  
I’ll drain him dry as hay:  
Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
Hang upon his pent-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 weird sisters, hand in hand,  

Posters of the sea and land,  
Thus do go about, about:  
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again, to make up nine,  
Peace!—the charm’s wound up.  

Enter Macbeth and Banquo.  
Macb.  So foul and fair a day I have not seen.  
Ban.  How far is’t called to Fores?—What are these,  
So wither’d, and so wild in their attire,  
That look not like inhabitant of the earth,  
And yet are on’t?  Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,  
By each at once her character having,  
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.  

Macb.  Speak, if you can.—What are you?  
1 Witch.  All hail! Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!  
2 Witch.  All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!  
3 Witch.  All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.  
Ban.  Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair?—I ’t the name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal: to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,  
Speak then to me, who neither beg, nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.  
1 Witch.  Hail!  
2 Witch.  Hail!  
3 Witch.  Hail!  
1 Witch.  Lesser than Macbeth, and greater,  
2 Witch.  Not so happy, yet much happier.  
3 Witch.  Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.  
So, all hail, Macbeth, and Banquo!  
1 Witch.  Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!  
Macb.  Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more.  
By Sinel’s death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.  

[Witches vanish.  

Ban.  The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them. Whither have they vanish’d?  
Macb.  To Fores, and find out the mystery; and what seem’d corporal, melted  
As breath into the wind.  —Would they had stay’d!  
Ban.  Were such things here, as we do speak about,  
Or have we eaten on the insane root,  
That takes the reason prisoner?  

Macb.  Your children shall be kings.  
Ban.  You shall be king.  
Macb.  And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?  
Ban.  To the self-same tune, and words. Who’s here?  

Enter Rosse and Angus.  
Rosse.  The king hath happily receiv’d, Macbeth,  
The news of thy successes; and when he reads  
Thy personal venture in the rebel’s fight,  
His wonders and his praises do contend,
SCENE IV.
MACBETH.

Which should be thine, or his. Silence'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest of the self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout Norweyan ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as tale; —
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent, To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And, for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bade me from him call thee thane of Cawdor:
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane,
For it is thine.

Ban. What! can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives: why do you
In borrow'd robes? —

Ang. Who was the thane, lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combin'd
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
Ho labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb. Glamis, and thane of Cawdor:
The greatest is behind. [Aside.] Thanks for your pains.—
Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That, thrust'd home,
Might yet entinkle 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 trifles, 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, gentle-
men.—
This supernatural soliciting
[Aside.
Cannot be ill: cannot be good:—if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My thought, where murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. If chance will have me king, why, chance
may crown me,
Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him,
Like our strange garments, cleft 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 me your favour: my dull brain was

With things forgotten.—Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the king.—

[To Banquo.] Think upon what hath chanc'd; and,
at more time,
The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak
Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then, enough. —Come, friends. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Fore's. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and Attendants.

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are 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,
Implor'd your 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 studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
As 't were a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.

[Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.]

O worthiest cousin! [Embrace.

The sin of my ingratitude even now
Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before,
That swiftest wing 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 thy 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 everything
Safe toward your love and honour.

Dun. Welcome hither:
I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,
That hast no less deserv'd, nor must be known
No less to have done so; let me infold thee,
And hold thee to my heart. [Embrace.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. —Sons, kinsmen, thanes,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter
The prince of Cumberland: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
On all descended. —From hence to Inverness,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, 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.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. The prince of Cumberland! —That is a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leaf, [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; yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see (Exit.

Dun. 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 kinman. [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 suc-
cess; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they
have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I
burned in desire to question them farther, they made
themselves air, into which they vanished. While I
stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the
king, who all-hailed me, ‘Thane of Cawdor;’ by which
title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and
referred me to the coming on of time, with, ‘Hail, king
that shalt be!’ This have I thought good to deliver
thine, my dearest partner of greatness, that thou might-
est not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of
what greatness is promised thee. Lay it to thy heart,
and farewell.”

Gladius thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
What thou art promis’d—yet I do fear thy nature:
It is too full of the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great;
Art not without ambition; but without
The illness should attend it: what thou wouldst highly;
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongfully win: thou’st had, great
Gladius,
That which cries, “Thus thou must do, if thou have it;
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone.” His thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of my tongue,
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown’d 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, were’t so,
Would have inform’d for preparation.

Attent. So please you, it is true: our thane is coming.
One of my fellows had the speed of him;
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending:
He 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 full 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 substance

You wait on nature’s mischief. Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnet smoke of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark,
To cry, “Hold, hold!”

Enter Macbeth.

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!

They embrace. 

Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ignorant present, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my thane, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time,
Look like the time: bear welcome in your eye;
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it. He that’s coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night’s great business into my despatch,
Which shall to all our nights and days to come
Give solely soveraign away and murtherd.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady M. Only look up clear:
To allier favour ever is to fear,
Leave all the rest to me. [Ereunt.

SCENE VI.—The Same. Before the Castle.

Enter Duncan, Malcolm, Donalbain, Banquo, Lenox,
Macduff, Rossie, 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 wooingly here: no juty, frieze,
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle; 
Where they much’ brede and haunt, I have observ’d,
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Dun. See, see! our honour’d hostess.—
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love: herein I teach you,
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,
And thank us for 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 honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities hie’d up to them,
We rest your hermits.  

Dun. Where’s the thane of Cawdor?
We cour’d him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath help’d 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,

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1 blanket: in f. e.
2 Not in f. e.
3 most: in f. e.; altered by Rowe, from “must,” of folio.
4 Beadmen—bound to pray for a bene-
factor.
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 Woman, and divers Servants with dishes and service. Then, enter MACBETH.

MACB. If it were done when 'tis done, then 't were well It were done quickly: if the assassination Could trammel up the consequence, and catch With his surcease success: that but this blow Might be the be-all and the end-all here. But here, upon this bank and shoil of time, We'd jump the life to come. — But in these cases, We still have judgment here; that we but teach Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return To plague th' inventor: such 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 of doubt. will 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, hord's 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.

Lady M. How now! what news?

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 honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which would be worn now in their newest gloss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd yourself? hath it slept since, And 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 valour, As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the poor cat i' the adage? MACB. Pr'ythee, peace. I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

Lady M. What 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 adhere, and yet you would make both: They have made themselves, and that their fitness now Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me: I would, while it was smiling in my face, And pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash'd the brains out, had I so sworn as you Have done to this.

MACB. If we should fail?

Lady M. But screw your courage to the sticking-place, And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep, (Whereoth the rather shall his day's hard journey Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains Will I with wine and wassell so convince, That memory, the worder of the brain, Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep Their drenched natures lie, as in a death, What cannot you and I perform upon Th' ungarded Duncan? what not put upon His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt Of our great quell?

MACB. Bring forth men-children only! For thy undaunted mettle should compose Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd When we have mark'd with blood those sleepily two Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers, That they have done't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other, As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar Upon his death?

MACB. I am settled; and bend up Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. Away, and mock the time with fairest show: False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

[Exeunt.

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?

Flé. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock. Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Flé. I take it, 't is later, sir.

Ben. Hold, take my sword. — There's husbandry in heaven;

1 An officer who placed and removed dishes. 2 schoole: in folio. Theobald made the change. 3 this: in f. e. 4 "The cat loves fish, but dare not wet her feet." 5 no: in folio. 6 beast: in f. e. 7 Some eds. place an exclamation, or comma, in place of the interrogation point; such, Dyce informs us, was Mrs. Siddons' delivery of the passage—as if "we fail," was the conclusion of MACBETH's remark.

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.

Ben. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's a-bed;
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets 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 ’t is,
It shall make honour for you.
Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis’d, and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsel’d.
Macb. Good repose, the while.
[Exit Banquo and Fleance.
Macb. Go; bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.—
[Exit Servant.
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou 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 blade, and dudgeon,4 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 o’er the one half world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain’d sleeper;5 witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate’s offerings; and wither’d murder,
Alarum’d by his sentinel the wolf,
Whose howl ’s his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin’s ravishing strides,6 towards his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones that rise about my head,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whiles I live thron’;
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[A bell rings.
I go, and it is done: the bell invites me.
I 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: [Peace! What hath quench’d them hath given me fire.—Hark!—

It was the owl that shriek’d, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern’st 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
posses,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live, or die.
Macb. [Within.] Who ’s there?—what, ho! Lady M. Alack! I am afraid they have awak’d,
And ’t is not done:—the attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us.—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done ’t.—My husband?

Macb. I have done the deed.—Didst thou not hear a
noise?
Lady M. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak?
Macb. When?
Lady M. Now.
Lady M. Ay.
Macb. Hark!—
Who lies ’t the second chamber?
Lady M. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Show his hands.
Lady M. A foolish thought to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There ’s one did laugh in ’s sleep, and one
cried, “murder!”
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and address’d them
Again to sleep.
Lady M. There are two lodg’d together.
Macb. One cried “God bless us!” and “Amen,” the
other,
As they had seen me with these hangman’s hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say God bless us.
Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce amen?
I had more than need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways: so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought, I heard a voice cry, “Sleep no
more!
Macbeth does murder sleep,”—the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravel’d sleeve7 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:
“Glamis hath murder’d sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more!”
Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So briskly 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. Infirm of purpose!
SCENE III.

MACBETH.

Give me the daggers. The sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 't is the eye of childhood.  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,  
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit.—Knocking within.  
Macb.  
Whence is that knocking?—  
How is 't with me, when every noise 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 colour; but I shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knock.] I hear a knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber.  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it, then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[Knock.] Hark! more knocking.  

Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us,  
And show us to be watchers.—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.  

Macb. To know my deed, 't were best not know myself.  

[Knock.  
Wake, Duncan with thy knocking: I would thou couldst!  

[Exit.  

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 old7 turning the key.  

[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there,  
't the name of Beelzebub?—Here's a farmer, that  
handled himself on the expectation of plenty: come in time;  
have napkins 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 go the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [Knocking.] Anon, anon: I pray you, remember the porter.  

Enter Macduff and Lenox.  

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,  
That you do lie so late?  

Port. 'Faith, sir, we were courting till the second cock;  
and drink, sir, is a great provoker of three things.  

Macd. What three things does drink especially provoke?  

Port. Marry, sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine.  

Lechery, sir, it provokes, and unprovokes: it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance.  
Therefore, much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery: it makes him, and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuadest him, and disheartens 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.  

Port. That it did, sir, 't is 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 sometime,  
yet I made a shift to cast him.  

Macd. Is thy master stirring?—  

Enter Macbeth,  

Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.  

Len. Good-morrow, noble sir.  

Macb. Good-morrow, both.  

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?  

Len. Not yet.  

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him:  
I have almost slipp'd the hour.  

Macd. I'll bring you to him.  

Macd. I know, this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet, 't is one.  

Macb. The labour we delight in physics pain.  
This is the door.  

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,  
For 't is my limited service.  

[Exit Macduff.  
Len. Goes the king hence to-day?  

Macb. He does:—he did appoint so.  

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimney's were blown down; and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard 't the air; strange screams of death,  
And prophesying with accents terrible  
Of dire combination, and confus'd events  
New hatch'd to the worstful time. The obscene bird  
Clamour'd the livelong night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous, and did shake.  

Macb.  
't was a rough night,  
Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.  

Re-enter Macbeth.  

Macd. O horror! horror! horror! Tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee.  

Macb. Len.  
What's the matter?  

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece.  

Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.  

Macb. What is 't you say? the life?  

Len. Mean you his majesty?  

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight  
With a new Gorgon.—Do not bid me speak:  
See, and then speak yourselves. Awake! awake!—  

[Exit Macbeth and Lenox.  

Ring the alarum-bell!—Murder, and treason!  
Banquo, and Donaldain! Malcolm, awake!  

Shake off this downy 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!  

Macd. O, gentle lady! 't is not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition, in a woman's ear,  

Enter Banquo unready.  

Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!  
Our royal master's murdered!  

Lady M. Woe, alas!  

What! in our house?  

Ban.  
Too cruei, any where.  

Dear Duff, I pr'ythee, contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Re-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 drag of.

Enter Malcolm and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't: The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood Is stopp'd; the very source of it is stopp'd.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. O! by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done'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 of my fury, That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate and furious, Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man:
The expedition of my violent love Out-ran the peson reason.—Here lay Duncan, His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood; And his gash'd stabbs look'd like a breach in nature For ruin's wasteful entrance: there, the murderers, Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers Unmannerly breoch'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 brewd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow

Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady.—[Lady Macb. is borne out.]

At and when we have our naked frailties hid, That suffer in exposure, let us meet, And question this most bloody piece of work, To know it farther. Fears and scruples shake us: In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence, Against the undisguiz'd pretence I fight Of treasonous malice.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness, And meet 't the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them: To show an unfelt sorrow is an office Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, 1: 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.
ACT III.

SCENE I.—Fores. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Banquo.

Ban. Thou hast it now, king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
As the weird women promis'd; and, I fear,
Thou play'st most foully for 't: yet it was said,
It should not stand in thy posterity;
But that myself should be the root, and father
Of many kings. If there come truth from them,
(As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches show)
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But, hush! no more.

Sennent. Enter MACBETH, as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LEXON, Rosse, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.

Macb. Here's our chief guest.
Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.
Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, sir,
And 'twill request your presence.
Ban. Lay your highness' command upon me, to which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tie
For ever knit.
Macb. Ride you this afternoon?
Ban. Ay, my good lord.
Macb. We should have else desir'd your good advice
(Which still hath both grave and prosperous)
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.
Is't far you ride?
Ban. As far as my lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,
I must become the borrower of the night
For a dark hour, or twain.
Macb. Fail not our feast.
Ban. My lord, I will not.
Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that to-morrow;
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse: adieu,
Till you return at night. Goes FLeance with you?
Ban. Ay, my good lord, our time does call upon us.
Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.—
Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourselves
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[Exit Lady MACBETH, Lords, Ladies, &c.

Sirrah, a word with you. Attend those men
Our pleasure?

Att. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.—[Exit Att.]

My genius is rebuk'd, as it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar. He chid the sisters,
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,
They hail'd him father to a line of kings.
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd with an unmelial hand,
No son of mine succeeding. It's to be so,
For Banquo's issue have I fill'd my mind,
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd;
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
Given to the common enemy of man,
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings!
Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the utterance⁵.—Who's there?

Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.

Now, go to the door, and stay there till we call.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?
1 Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now, have you consider'd of my speeches? Know,
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune; which, you thought, had been
Our innocent self. This I made good to you
In our last conference; pass'd in probation with you,
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd; the instru-
ments;
Who wrought with them; and all things else, that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, "Thus did Banquo."

1 Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so; and went farther, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature,
That you can let this go? Are you so gospel'd
To pray for this good man, and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughers, water-rugs, and demi-wolves. are cleft
All by the name of dogs: the valued file
Distinguisheth the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd, whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the quill
That writes them all alike; and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file
Not i' the worst rank of manhood, 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 Mur. I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.

1 Mur. And I another,
So wearied with disasters, tug'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you

Know Banquo was your enemy.

2 Mur. True, my lord.

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life. And though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop, but wait his fall.
Whom I myself struck down; and thence it is,
That to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. 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; o' the time,
The moment on 't; for 't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace; always thought,
That I was a cleanness; and with him,
(To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)
Fleance his son, that keeps him company,
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart:
I'll come to you anon.

[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 leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Lady M. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content:
'T is 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 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 scarf'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 worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal 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;
’Tis strange how soon then, too long to bear,
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 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo:
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue:
Unsafe the while, that we must lose our honours
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 copy 's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable:
Then, be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloister'd flight: ere to black Heeate's summons
The sherd-borne beetle, with his drowsy hums,
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 chuck,
Till thou applaudit the deed. Come, seeing' night,
Scar' the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand,
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens; and the crow
Makes wing to the rocky wood:
Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse,
Thou marvell'st at my words; but hold thee still:
Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill.
So, pr'ythee, go with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The Same. A Park, with a road leading to the Palace.

Enter three Murderers.

1 Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

3 Mur. Banquo. Macbeth. 2 Mur. He needs not our mistrust; since he delivers
Our offices, and what we have to do,
To thy direction just.

1 Mur. Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day:
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn; and here approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 Mur. Hark! I hear horses.
Ban. [Within.] Give us a light there, ho! 2 Mur. Then, 't is he: the rest,
That are within the note of expectation,
Already are in the court.

1 Mur. His horses go about.

3 Mur. Almost a mile: but he does usually,
So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 Mur. A light, a light!

3 Mur. 'Tis he. 1 Mur. Stand to't. Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 Mur. Let it come down. [Strikes Banquo.

3 Mur. Who did strike out the light?

1 Mur. 'Tis not the way?

3 Mur. There 's but one down: the son is fled.

2 Mur. We have lost best half of our affair.

1 Mur. Well, let 's away, and say how much is done.

[Exeunt.]
SCENE IV.—A Room of State in the Palace.

A Banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROSE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down: at first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state; but in best time
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even: here 'twill sit 't the midst.
Be large in mirth; anon, we'll drink a measure
Enter first Murderer, to the door.

The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.
Mur. 'T is Banquo's then.

Macb. 'T is better thee without, than him within.
Is he despatch'd?

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cut-throats;
Yet is he good, that did the like for Fleance:
If thou didst it, thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir, Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock, [perfect:
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now, I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears.—But Banquo's safe?

Mur. Ay, my good lord, safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trench'd gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that:—
There the crowned serpent lies: the worm, that's fled,
Hath nature in that to which it will employ breed,
No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone: to-morrow
We'll hear ourselves again. [Exit Murderer.

Lady M. My royal lord,
You do not give the cheer: the feast is sold,
That is not often vouch'd the while 't is making;
'T is given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrance!—
Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May it please your highness sit?

[The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH's place.

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;
Who now may I rather chance for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance?

Rosse. His absence, sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full.

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, sir.
[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.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends. My lord is often thus,
And hath been from this his youth: pray you, keep seat.
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. If much you note him
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;
Feed, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

[Coming to MACBETH: aside to him.]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O, proper stuff! This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan. O! these flaws, and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you this?

Why, what care I? If thou canst 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 unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady M. Fie! for shame!
Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, 'tis' olden
Time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,
That when the brains were out the man would die,
And there an end; but now, they rise again
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is.

Lady M. My worthy lord. [Going back to her seat.]* Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.—
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
Then, I'll sit down.—Give me some wine: fill full—
I drink to the general joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss:

Re-enter Ghost.

Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

Macb. Avant! and quit my sight. Let the earth
Hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes,
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[Exit Ghost.

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so,—being gone,

1 vouch'd while 't is a making: in f. e. 2 These directions not in f. e. 3 inhabit: in f. e.
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displac’d the mirth, broke the good meeting.

With most admir’d disorder.

Macb. Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer’s cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange,
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,
When mine are blanch’d with fear.

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. [Exit 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 relations, have,
By magot-pies, and choughs, and rooks, brought forth
The secret’st man of blood.—What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning; which is which.

Macb. How say’st thou, that Macduff denies his person,
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send.
There’s not a one of them, but in his house
I’ll keep a servant fee’d. I will to-morrow,
(And betimes I will) to the weird sisters:
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good,
All causes shall give way: I am in blood
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o’er.
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be seam’d.

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we’ll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
Is in the initiate fear, that wants hard use:
We are yet but young in deed.

[Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Heath.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angerly.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
Saucy, 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 wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.
But make amends now: get you gone,
And at the pit of Acheron
Meet me if the morning: thither he
Will come to know his destiny.
Your vessels, and your spells, provide,
Your charms, and every thing beside.
I am for the air; this night I’ll spend
Upto a dismal and a fatal end:
Great business must be wrought ere noon.
Upon the corner of the moon
There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
I’ll catch it ere it come to ground:
And that, distill’d by magic sleights,
Shall raise such artificial sprites,
As by the strength of their illusion,
Shall draw him on to his confusion.
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
His hopes ’bove wisdom, grace, and fear;
And, you all know, security
Is mortal’s chiefest enemy.

Song. [Within.] Come away, come away, &c.

Hark! I am call’d: my little spirit, see,
Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit Hecate.

1 Witch. Come, let’s make haste: she’ll soon be back again.

[Exeunt Witches.

SCENE VI.—Forez. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: only, I say,
Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
Was pitted of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead;
And the right valiant Banquo walk’d too late;
Whom, you may say, if’t please you, FLEANCE kill’d,
For FLEANCE, &c. Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the thought, how 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 tears,
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?
Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely, too;
For ’t would have anger’d any heart alive,
To hear the men deny ‘t. So that, I say,
He has borne all things well; and I do think,
That had he Duncan’s sons under his key,
(As, an’t please heaven, he shall not) they should find
What ’t were to kill a father; so should FLEANCE.
But, peace!—for from broad words, and ‘cause he fail’d
His presence at the tyrant’s feast, I hear,
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
Lives in the English court; and is receiv’d
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone, to pray the holy king upon his nid
To wake Northumberland, and warlike SIWARD;
That by the help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives,
Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperate the king, that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did: and with an absolute, "Sir, not I;"
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You’ll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer!"
ACT IV.

(SCENE I.—A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldron.

ThunDer. Enter the three Witches.

1 Witch. Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd.
2 Witch. Thrice ; and once the hedge-pig whin'd.
3 Witch. Harper' cries.—'T is time, 't is time.

1 Witch. Round about the cauldron go ;
In the poison'd entrails throw.—
Toad, that under cold stone,
Day and nights has thirty-one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' 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 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 ravin's salt-sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat, and slips of yew
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of bith-strangled babe,
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's tooth,
For the ingredients of our cauldron,
All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.
2 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 i' the gains.

And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and faeries in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.


2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.—

[Knocking.
Open, locks, whoever knock'd.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags !
What is 't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
His message cre he come, that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accuses !

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him! [Exeunt.
MACBETH.

Descends.

Mach. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the treen
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bedements! good! 
Rebellions' head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise; and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Mach. I will be satisfied: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know.—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

The cauldron descends.* Hautboys sound.

1 Witch. Show! 2 Witch. Show! 3 Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.

A show of eight Kings, and Banquo first and last, with
a Glass in his Hand.

Mach. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo: down!
Thy crown does scarce wear eye-balls;—and thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow art like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What? will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet?—A seventh? I'll see no more:
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

1 Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so: but why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his spirits,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round;
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[Music. The witches dance, and vanish.

Mach. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious
hour
Stand aye ascurred in the calendar!—
Come in! without there!

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your grace's will?

Mach. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Mach. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Mach. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't come by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to England.


Mach. Time, thou antic'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done:
The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife: give to the edge o' the sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool:
But no more confabulates.—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
land?

Rosse. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none:
His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his
Mansion, and his titles, in a place.

Rosse. From whence himself does fly? He loves us not:
He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
All is the fear, and nothing is the love:
As little is the wisdom, where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. My dearest coz,
I pray you, school yourself: but, for your husband,
He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much farther
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know 'tis ourselves: when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea,
Each way and move.—I take my leave of you;
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again.
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.
Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once.

[Exit Rosse.

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead:
And what will you do now? How will you live?
Son. I'll be a man,
L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?
Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.
L. Macd. Poor bird! thou dost never fear the net,
nor lime,
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 market.
Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.
L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit;
And yet! 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 he all traitors that do so?
L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and
must be hanged.

1 Rebellions: in f. e. 2 The first part of this direction is not in f. e. 3 Banquo last: in f. e. 4 Beinnew. 5 sights: in f. e. 6 know: in f. e. 7 Shall: in f. e.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon:
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell:
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Mal. 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,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy wrongs:
Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare 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.

Mal. Be not offended:
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds: I think, wthal,
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here, from gracious England, have I offer

[Shewing a Paper.]

Of goodly thousands; but, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?
Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so drafted,
That, when they shall be riper'd, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow; and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. 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.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny: it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Probably a misprint for "hair'd." 1 discern: in folio. Theobald made the change. 2 affeer'd: in folio. To affeer, is a law phrase, for to affirm. 3 Not in f. e. 4 open'd: in f. e. 5 Convey: in f. e.
Mac. 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's house:
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.

Macc. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root,
Than summer-seeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings: yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foison to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable
With other graces weight'd.

Macc. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
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.

Macc. O Scotland, Scotland!
Macc. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macc. Fit to govern!
No, not to live.—O, nation miserable!
With an unitletit tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands assure'd,
And does blasphme his breed?—Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,
Other upon her knees than on her foot,
ried every day she lived. Fare thee well.
These evils thou repeast upon thyself
Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast!
Thy hopes end here.

Macc. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hast from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcile'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From over-creedulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me, for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own defection; here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet
Unknown to woman; never was foreworst;
Scarce had coveeted what was mine own;
At no time broke my faith; would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking
Was this upon myself. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor country's, to command:
Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,
Already at a point, was setting forth.
Now, we'll together; and the chance of goodness
Be like our warranted quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macc. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once.
'Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Macc. Well; more anon.—Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doc. Ay, sir: there are a crew of wretched souls;
That stay his cure: their malady convinces
The great assay of heart; but at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Macc. I thank you, doctor. [Exit Doctor.

Macc. What's the disease he means?

Macc. '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 swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding royalty he leaves
The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy;
And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
That speak him full of grace.

Enter Rosse.

Rosse. See, who comes here?
Macc. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macc. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Macc. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, amen.
Macc. Stands Scotland where it did?
Rosse. Alas, poor country! Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seem to smile:
Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom: and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken.

Macc. O, relation,
Too nice, and yet too true!

Macc. What is the newest grief?
Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker.
Each minute teems a new one.

Macc. How does my wife?
Rosse. Why, well.

Macc. And all my children?

Rosse. Well, too.

Macc. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No: they were well, at peace, when I did leave them.

Macc. Be not a naggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tiding,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help. Your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Macc. Be it their comfort, We are coming thither. Gracious England hath
Lest us good Siward, and ten thousand men:
An older, and a better soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

1 foison: in f. e. ; plenty. 2 Overtures.
Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words,
That would be how'd out in the desert air
Where hearing should not latch' them.
Macd. What concern they?
Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me; quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your cars despise your tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Humph! I guess at it.
Rosse. Your castle is surpris'd; your wife, and babes,
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner
Were, on the quarry² of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!—
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words; the grief, that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from hence!
My wife kill'd too?
Rosse. I have said.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.
Enter a Doctor of Physic, and a waiting Gentlewoman.

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed: yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumber agitation, besides her walking and other actual performances, what at any time have you heard her say?

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may, to me; and 'tis most you should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.

Lady. Lo you! here she comes. This is her very guise, and upon my life fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. 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.

Mal. 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!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief,
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O! I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And bragrant 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 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune² goes manly.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

[Taking out his Tables.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. Hell is murky!—
Fire, my lord, fire! a soldier, and sear'd? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

[Writing.

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—
No more o' that, my lord: no more o' that; you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to: you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.

Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well.—

Gent. Pray God, it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holly in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale.—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried: he cannot come out on 's grave.
MACBETH.

Doct. Even so?
Lady M. To bed, to bed: there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand.
What's done, cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit Lady MACBETH.

Docf. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Docf. Foul whisperings are abroad. Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their dear pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine, than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her.—So, good night:
My mind she has mated?, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Country near Dunsinane.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTEITH, CATHNESS,
ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.
Revenues burn in them; for their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Exeunt.

Ang. Near Birnam wood
Shall we well meet them: that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows, if Donaldbain 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 untough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great Dunsinane 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 course?

Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minute revolts upbraids 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.

Ment. Who, then, shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself, for being there?

Cath. Well; march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal;
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Men. Or so much as it needs
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards Birnam.

[Exeunt, marching.

SCENE III.—Dunsinane. A Room in the Castle.

Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus:
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman

Shall e'er have power upon thee."—Then fly, false
And mingle with the English epieures: [thence,
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sag with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?
Serv. There is ten thousand—

Macb. Geese, villain?
Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whiey-face?
Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Serv.]

Seyton!—I am sick at heart.
When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push
Will chair me, or, ever, or disseat me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my May of life
Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow leaf;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton—

Enter Seyton.

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 hack'd.
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.
Send out more horses, skirr' the country round;
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour.

How does your patient, doctor?

Docf. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Caitn thou not minister to a mind diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief,
Which weighs upon the heart?

Docf. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.—
Come, put mine armour on: give me my staff.—
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the thanes fly from me.—
Come, sir, despatch.—If thou couldst, doctor, cast
The water of my land, 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 scourc these English hence?—Hearst thou of them?

Docf. 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.

Docf. Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exit.

- Astounded. 2 cause: in f. e. 3 Fool. 4 Not in f. e. 5 cheer: in f. e. 6 way: in f. e. Johnson also suggested the change.

7 Scour. 8 stuff: in f. e. 9 eyne: in fols. Rowe made the change.
SCENE IV.—Country near Dunsinane: a Wood in view.

Enter, with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, and his Son, Macduff, Montaigne, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, Rosse, and Soldiers marching.

Mac. Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand, That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siv. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of Birnam.

Mac. Let every soldier hew him down a bough, And bear 't before him: thereby shall we shadow The numbers of our host, and make discovery Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siv. We learn no other but the confident tyrant Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure Our setting down before 't.

Mac. 'Tis his main hope; For where there is advantage to be gotten, Both more and less have given him the revolt, And none serve with him but constrained things, Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let us just censure Attend the true event, and put we on Industrious soldiership.

Siv. The time approaches, That still with due decision make us know What we shall say we have, and what we owe, Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate, But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; Towards which, advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.

SCENE V.—Dunsinane. Within the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls: The cry is still, "They come!" Our castle's strength Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie, Till famine and the ague eat them up. Were they not fare'd 2 with those that should be ours, We might have met them thankful, heard to beard, [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 fear. The time has been, my sense would have qual'd 3 To hear a night-shriek; and my fell 4 of hair Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir. As life were in 't. I have supp'd full with horrors: Direness, familiar to my slaughters thoughts, Cannot once start me.—

Re-enter Seyton.

Sey. Wherefore was that cry?

Macb. 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.

1 given: in f. e. 2 Greater. 3 for'd: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 cool'd: in f. e. 6 Skin. 7 Not in f. e.

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Plain before the Castle.

Enter, with Drums and Colours, Malcolm, old Siward, Macduff, &c., and their Army with Boughs.

Mal. Now near enough: your leafy screes 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's what else remains to do, According to our order.

Siv. Fare you well.— Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night, Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath, Those clamorous harbinger 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 Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Siward.

Yo. Siv. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it. Yo. Siv. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name, Than any is in hell.


Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siv. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant: with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[They fight, and young Siward is slain.

Macb. Thou wast born woman: But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn, Brandish'd by man that is 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 hir'd to bear their staves: either thou, Macbeth, 
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge, 
I sheathe again unshed. There thou shouldst be: 
By this great clatter, one of greatest note 
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune, 
And more I beg not. [Exit. Alarum.]

Rosse. This way, my lord. — The castle's gently render'd: 
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 
The noble thanes do bravely in the war. 
The day almost itself professes yours, 
And little is to do. 
Macb. We have met with foes 
That strike beside us. 
Ros. Enter, sir, the castle. [Exeunt. Alarum.]

Re-enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die 
On mine own sword? whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

Re-enter Macduff.

Macb. Turn, hell-hound, turn. 
Macd. Of all men else I have avoided thee: 
But get thee back; my soul is too much charg'd 
With blood of thine already.

Macb. I have no words; 
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain, 
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.

Macd. Thou lostest labour. 
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air 
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed: 
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests; 
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield 
To one of woman born.

Macb. Despair thy charm; 
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd, 
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so, 
For it hath cow'd my better part of man; 
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd, 
That patter with us in a double sense; 
That keep the word of promise to our ear, 
And break it to our hope. — I'll not fight with thee.

Macb. Then, yield thee, coward, 
And live to be the show and gaze of the time: 
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, 
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit, 
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield, 
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, 
And to be tainted with the rabble's curse. 
Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 
And thou opp'st be of no woman born, 
Yet I will try the last. Before my body

I throw my warlike shield: lay on, Macduff, 
And damn'd be he that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[Exeunt. Fighting.

Retreat. Flourish. Re-enter, with Drum and Colours, 
Malcolm, old Siward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would, the friends we miss were safe arriv'd. 
Ros. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see, 
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son. 
Rosse. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt: 
He only liv'd but till he was a man, 
The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd: 
In the unshrinking station where he fought, 
But like a man he died. 
Ros. 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.

Ros. Had he his hurts before?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Ros. Why then, God's soldier be he. 
Had I as many sons as I have hairs, 
I would not wish them to a fairer death: 
And so, his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 
And that I'll spend for him.

Ros. He's worth no more:

They say, he parted well, and paid his score, 
And God be with him! — Here comes newer comfort.

Re-enter Macduff, with Macbeth's Head, on a Pike.

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
[Sticking the Pike in the ground.]
The usurper's cursed head: the time is free. 
I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl, 
That speak my salutation in their minds; 
Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,— 
Hail, king of Scotland!

Mal. Hail, king of Scotland! [Flourish.

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time, 
Before we reckon with our several loves, 
And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen, 
Henceforth be earls; the first that ever Scotland 
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do, 
Which would be planted newly with the time, — 
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad, 
That fled the 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.]

1 Not in f. e.
HAMLET AND HORATIO.

Hamlet, Act V. Scene 1.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Claudius, King of Denmark.
Hamlet, Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.
Horatio, Friend to Hamlet.
Polonius, Lord Chamberlain.
Laertes, his Son.
Voltemand, 
Cornelius, 
Rosencrantz, 
Guildenstern, 
Osrick, a Courtier.
Another Courtier.
A Priest.

Marcellus, } Officers.
Bernardo, 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.

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 1 struck twelve: get thee to bed, Francisco.
Fran. For this relief much thanks. ’Tis bitter cold, And I am sick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet guard?
Fran. Not a mouse stirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liegenmen to the Dane.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. O! farewell, honest soldier: Who hath reliev’d you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good night. [Exit Francisco.

What is Horatio there?

Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good Marcellus.
Hor. What, has this thing appear’d again to-night?
Ber. I have seen nothing.
Mar. Horatio says, ’tis but our fantasy,

And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded 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.
Ber. Sit down awhile;
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 yond’ same star, that’s westward from the pole,
Had made his course 3 illumine that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myself,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace! break thee off: look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghost, armed.*

Ber. In the same figure, like the king that’s dead.
Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
Hor. Most like:—it harrows me with fear, and wonder.
Ber. It would be spoke to.
Mar. Question it, Horatio.
Hor. What art thou, that usurp’st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak! 
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it stalks away.
Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak! 

[Exit Ghost.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

Mar. 'T is gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble, and look pale. 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 armour he had on, When he th' ambitious Norway combated: So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle, He smote the sledged Polack's on the ice. 'T is strange.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump'd at this dead hour, With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch. Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not; But in the gross and scope of mine opinion, This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

Mar. Good now, sit down; and tell me, ho that knows, Why this same strict and most observant watch So nightly tells the subject of the land? And why such daily cast of brazen 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 sweaty haste Doth make the night joint labourer 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 to us, Was, as you know, for Fortinbras of Norway, Theroeto prick'd on by a most emulat prise, 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 seal'd compact, Well ratified by law and heraldry, Did forfeit with his life all those his lands, Which he stood seiz'd of, to the conqueror: Against the which, a meeting was gaged by our king; which had return'd To the inheritance of Fortinbras, Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-mart, And carriage of the article design'd, His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras, Of unimproved mettle hot and full, Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there, Shark'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, by strong hand And terms compell'd, the foemen 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 e'en 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 mightyest Julia fell, The graves stood tenantless, 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 moist star, Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands, Was sick almost to dooms-day with eclipse: And even the like precurse of fierce events— As harbingers preceding still the fates, And prologue to the omen coming on— Have heaven and earth, together demonstrated Unto our climates 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, if thou hast uphol'd in thy life Extorted treasure in the womb of earth, For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, Speak of it: stay, and speak!—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my partisan? Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'T is here!

Mar. 'T is gone.

Hor. 'T is here! We do it wrong, being so majestical, To offer it the show of violence; For it is, as the air, invulnerable, And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the cock crew. Hor. And then it started, like a guilty thing Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn, Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat Awake the god of day; and at his warbling, Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air, Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies To his confine; and of the truth herein This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that over 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated, This bird of dawning singeth all night long: And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad; The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm, So hallow'd and so gracious is that time. Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it. But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad, Walks o'er the dew of yond' high eastern hill, Breaks our watch up; and, by my advice, Let us impart what we have seen to-night Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life, This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him. Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it, As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do 't, I pray; and I this morning know Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exit.}
SCENE II.—The Same. A Room of State.

Senet. Enter the King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, Lords, and Attendants. The King takes his Seat.

King. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bathe our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of wo;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wiser sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore, our sometime sister, now our queen,
Th' imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
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 dishonour'd and out of fame,
Colleged with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother.—So much for him,
Now for 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 gait herein, in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject: and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no farther personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope
Of these dilated articles allow. [Giving them,]
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.
Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

[Execut 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 shall not be my offer, not thy asking.
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?

Laer.

Your leave and favour to return to France:
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty to your coronation.
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What says
Polonius?

Pol. He would be glad, my lord, wringing from me my slow leave;—
By laboursome 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.

[Aside.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much in the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nightly-like colour off,
And let things go look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy tongue pursue
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! nay, it is; I know not seems.
'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor winy suspicion of fore'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the rejected labour of the visage,
Together with all forms, all forms, all shows 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,
Hamlet,
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
In obstinate condolence is a course
Of impious stubbornness: 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient.
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what, we know, must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? 'Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
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 unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father; for, let the world 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 impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg
It is most retrograde to our desire;
And, we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courier, cousin, and our son.

Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet:
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 gentle and unfore'd gend' of Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I.

But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell, 
And the king's rouse the heaven shall bruise again, 
Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away. 

[Flourish. Exit King, Queen, Lords, &c.

POLONIUS, and LAERTES.

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 all the uses of this world. 
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden, 
That grows to seeds; things rank, and gross in nature, 
Possess it merely. That it should come to this! 
But two months dead—nay, not so much, not two: 
So excellent a king; that was, to this, 
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother, 
That he might not betheem the winds of heaven 
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth! 
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him, 
As if increase of appetite had grown 
By what it feed's upon. Yet within a month— 
Let me not think on 't. Fraught, my time 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 inconceivable sheers! 
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good; 
But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue! 

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, and MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship! 

Ham. I am glad to see you: 

Horatio,—or I do forget myself. 

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever. 

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you. 

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?— 

Marcellus? 

Mar. My good lord. 

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir. 

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg? 

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord. 

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so; 
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence, 
To make it truster of your own report 
Against yourself: I know, you are no truant. 

But what is your affair in Elsinore? 

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart. 

Hor. My lord, I came to see 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 it had met my dearest love 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 whom? 

Hor. My lord, the king your father. 

Ham. The king my father! 

Hor. Season your admiration for a while 
With an attaint ear, till I may deliver, 
Upon the witness of these gentlemen, 
This marvel 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 oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes, 
Within his tranceleon's length; whilst they, bechill'd. 
Almost to jelly with the act of fear, 
Staid dumb, and speak not to him. This to me 
In dreadful secrecy impart they did, 
And I 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, 
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. 

Hor. As I do live, my honour'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 frowningly? 

Hor. A countenance more 

In sorrow than in anger. 

Ham. Pale, or red? 

Hor. Nay, very pale. 

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you? 

Hor. Most constantly. 

Ham. I would I had been there! 

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you. 

Ham. Very like, 

Very like. Stay'd it long? 

Hor. With one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. 


Hor. Not when I saw it. 

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no? 

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
SCENE III.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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 hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceiv'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And whatsoever she shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue:
I will require your loves. So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

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.

Laer. My necessaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that?

Laer. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more.

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more!

For nature, creased, does not grow alone
In thews, and bulk: but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cantel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will; but you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own,
For he himself is subject to his birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and health of this whole state;
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is 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 honour may sustain,
If with too credent 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 chaster maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon;
Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes;
The tanker calls the infants of the spring,
Too oft before their buttons be disclosed;

And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blastments are most imminent.
Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Oph. I shall th' effect of this good lesson keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Wherein, like a natural and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.*

Laer. O! fear me not.
I stay too long;—but here my father comes.

Enter Polonius.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes? aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stay'd for. There,—my blessing with you;
[Leaving his hand on Laertes' head.]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any other note express'd in thine act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't, that th' opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France, of the best rank and station,
Are of a most select and generous choice3 in that,
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Farewell: my blessing season this thee!

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites thee: go; your servants tend.

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'T is in my memory lock'd,

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

Pol. What is 't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the lord.

Pol. Marty, well bethought:

'T is 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 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

1 These two words, not in folio. 2 sanctity: in folio. 3 peculiar sect and force: in folio. 4 Counsel. 5 chief: in f. e. 6 invents: in quarto.
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby; That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay, Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly; Or, not to crack the wind of the poor phrase, Running it thus, you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love, In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to. Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my So, with almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springs to catch woodcocks. I do know, When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter, Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both, Even in their promise, as it is a making,— You must not take for fire. From this time, Be somewhat seanter of your maiden presence: Set your entertainments at a higher rate, Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet, Believe so much in him, that he is young; And with a larger tether may he walk, Than has been given you. In few, Ophelia, Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers Not of that die which their investments show, But mere importunators of unholy suits,Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds, 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. I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

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. It think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it: then draws near the season, Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [A Flourish of Trumpets, and Ordnance shot off, within. What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night; and takes his rouse, Keeps wassal, and the swaggering up-spring reels; And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down, The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a custom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't? But to my mind,—though I am native here, And to the manner born,—it is a custom More honour'd in the breach, than the observance. This heavy-headed revel, east and west Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations: They clepe 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, of it chance in particular men, That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
SCENE V.—A more remote Part of the Platform.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no farther.

Ghost. Mark me, I am thy father's spirit; Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night, And for the day confin'd to lastling fires, Till the foul enimes, done in my days of nature, Are burnt and pur'd away; But that 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 combin'd locks to part, And every particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine: But this eternal blazon must not be To ears of flesh and blood.—List, list, O list!—

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O God!—

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder, Ham. Murder?—

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is; But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Hasten me to know 't, that I, with wings as swift As meditation, or the thoughts of love, May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt; And droller shouldst thou be than the fat weed That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf, Wouldst thou not stir in this: now, Hamlet, hear. 'T is 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 Rankly 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 wilt, with traitorous gifts, (O wicked will, and gifts, that have the power So to seduce!) won to his shameful lust The will of my most seeming virtuous queen. O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there! From me, whose love was of that dignity, That it went hand in hand even with the vow I made to her in marriage; and to decline Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd, Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven, So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd, Will sate itself in a celestial bed, And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks, I scent the morning air: Brief let me be.—Sleeping within mine orchard, My custom always in the afternoon, Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole, With juice of cursed hebenon in a phial, And in the porches of mine ears did pour The leperous distillation; whose effect Holds such an enmity with blood of man, That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through The nether gates and all the aerys of the body; And with a sudden vigour it doth posset, And curd, like eager* droppings into milk, The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine: And a most instant tetter barker'd about, Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand, Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despoil'd: Cut off even in the blossom of my sin, Unhouse'd, disappointed, unanch'd: No reckoning made, but sent to my account With all my imperfections on my head: O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not; Let not the royal bed of Denmark be A couch for luxury and damnd incest. But, howsoever thou pursuest this act, Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven, And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge, To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once. The glow-worm shows the matin to be near, And 'gins to pale his unreflecting 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 sinews, grow not instant old, But bear me stiffly!—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 thy commandment all alone shall live Within the book and volume of my brain, Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven! O, most pernicious and peridious woman! O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain! My tables,—meet it is, I set it down, That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain; At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.—

[Writing.]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word; 
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me?"
I have sworn't.

Hor. [Within.] My lord! my lord!
Mar. [Within.] Lord Hamlet!
Hor. [Within.] Heaven secure him!
Mar. [Within.] So be it!
Hor. [Within.] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, 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.

Hor. Mar. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this.

Ham. Why, right: you are i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you,
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is: and, for mine own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I am sorry they offend you, heartily; yes,
'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. 'Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Mar. We will.
Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith, 

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Hie et ubique? then, we'll shift our ground. —

Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Well said, old mole! canst work i' the earth so fast?

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends. 

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange! 

Ham. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. But come;—

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself;—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,—

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As, "Well, well, we know;"—or, "We could, an if we would;"—

Or, "If we list to speak;"—or, "There be, an if they might;"—

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me:—this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,

Swear.

Ghost. [Beneath.] Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!—So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do, 't express his love and friend ing to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray,—

The time is out of joint; O cursed spite!

That e'er I was born to set it right.—

Nay, come; let's go together. 

[Exeunt.]
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him: take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing, quarrelling,
Drabbling—you may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may season it in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency:
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,
That they may seem the taints of liberty;
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind;
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,
Of general assault.
Rey. But, my good lord,—
Pol. Wherefore should you do this?
Rey. I would know that.
Pol. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant.
You laying those slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i' the working,
Mark you,
Your party in converses, him you would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentleman;"
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man, and country.
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, sir, does he this,—he does—
What was I about to say?—By the mass, I was
About to say something,—where did I leave?
Rey. At closes in the consequence,
As "friend or so," and "gentleman."
Pol. At, closes in the consequence,—ay, marry;
He closes thus:—"I know the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or 't other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'took in his rouse;
There falling out at tennis: or perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlocet, a brothel!" so forth.
See you now;
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out:
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my son. You have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord.
Pol. Observe his inclination in yourself.
Rey. I shall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his music.
Rey. Well, my lord. [Exit.

Enter OPHELIA.
Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord! I have been so affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of God?
Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my chamber,

Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his neckle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so pitious and purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—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 o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so:
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And trieth his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so pitious 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 over 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 bended 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 as any passion under heaven;
That does afflicht our natures. I am sorry,—
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me.
Pol. 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, bestrew my jealousy.
By heaven, 1 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, ROSENCRANZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.

King. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern:
Moreover, that we did much long to see you,
The need we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
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 neighbour'd to his youth and humour, 2
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. 3
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

1 wit: in quarto, 1604. 2 O my lord: in quartos. 3 Not in folio. 4 Observed. 5 It seems: in folio. 6 deem: in folio. 7 havoir : in quarto. 8 This line is not in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT II.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you; And, sure I am, two men there are not living, To whom he more adheres. If it will please you To show us so much gentry, and good will, As to expend your time with us a while, For the supply and profit of our hope, Your visitation shall receive such thanks As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majesties Might, by the sovereign power you have of us, Put your dread pleasures more into command Than to entreaty.

Guilt. But! we both obey; And here give up ourselves, in the full bent, To lay our service freely at your feet, To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosen-

And I beseech you instantly to visit [crantz: My too much changed son.—Go, some of you, And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is:

Guilt. Heavens make our presence, and our practices, Pleasant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen! [Exit 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 goodlie, I hold my duty, as I hold my soul, Both to my God, one to my gracious king: And I do think, (or else this brain of mine Hunts not the trail of policy so sure As it hath us'd to do) that I have found The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give first admittance to 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 sit him.—Welcome, my good friends.

Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway? Volt. Most fair return of greetings, and desires. Upon our first, he sent out to suppress His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,

But, better look'd into, he truly found It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,— That so his sickness, age, and impotence, Was falsely borne in hand,—sends out arrests On Fortinbras; which he in brief obays, Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine, Makes vow before his uncle, never more To give th' assay of arms against your majesty. Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy, Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee, And his commission to employ those soldiers, So levy'd as before, against the Polack:

With an entreaty, herein farther shown.

[Giving a Paper.

That it might please you to give quiet pass Through your dominions for this enterprise, On such regards of safety, and allowance, As therein are set down.

King. It likes us well; And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read, Answer, and think upon this business: Mean time, we thank you for your well-look labour. 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 matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear, I use no art at all. That he is mad: 't is true: 't is true, 't is pity, And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure; But farewell it, for I will use no art. Mad let us grant him then; and now remains, That we find out the cause of this effect; Or rather say, the cause of this defect, For this effect defective comes by cause: Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. Perpend. I have a daughter; have, while she is mine; Who, in her duty and obedience, mark, Hath given me this. Now gather, and surmise.

[Reads.

—'Tis to the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beau-
tiful Ophelia,—

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase; "beautified" is a vile phrase; but you shall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful:— Doubt thou the stars are fire, [Reads. Doubt, that the sun doth move; Doubt truth to be a liar, But never doubt I love. O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee best, O! most best, believe it. Adieu.

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him, Hamlet." This in obedience hath my daughter shown me; And more above, hath his solicitings, As they fell out by time, by means, and place, All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath she receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful, and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so. But what might you think, When I had seen this hot love on the wing, (As I perceive'd it, I must tell you that, Before my daughter told me) what might you, Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think, If I had play'd the desk, or table-book; Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight:
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star!"
This must not be!" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from her resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsed, a short tale to make,
Fell into sadness; then into a fast;
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakness;
Thence to a lightness; and by this declension,
Into the madness wherein he now raves,
And we all wait for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Pol. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have positively said, "'tis so,"
When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise.

[Pointing to his Head and Shoulders]
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. You know, sometimes he walks for hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he doth, indeed.

Pol. At such a time I'll loose my daughter to him:
Bo you and I belind an arras, then,
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fallen thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

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.—
[Exit King, Queen, and Attendants]

How does my good lord Hamlet?

Ham. Well, god-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then, I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir: to be honest, as this world goes, is to
be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog,
being a good kissing carrion,—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk 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
my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he
said, I was a fishmonger. He is far gone, far gone:
and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love;
very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read,
my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
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 beggars' shadows. Shall we to the heart? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. Oost. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come; deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your faces, which your modesties have not enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever- preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, to 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 eye of you. [Aside.]—If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen mount no feather. I have of late (but wherefore I know not) lost all my mirth, forgone 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 canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fires, why, it appeareth nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; [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 lenthen entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you service.

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me: the 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 o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for t.— What players are they?

Ros. Even those who 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. Nay, 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 endeavours keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, sir, an eyry of children, little eyases, that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages, (so they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of goose quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What are they children? who maintains them? how are they educated? will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say 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 explain against their own succession?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much booing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hereules, and his load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those, that would make moves 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. [Trumpets within.]

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands. Come, then; the appurtenances 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 deceived.

Guil. In 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, Guildenstern; and you too;—at each ear aearer: that great baby; you see there, is not yet out of his swaddling-cloths.

Ros. He is 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; mark it.—You may right, sir: o' Monday morning: 'tis 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. Buzz, buzz!

Pol. Upon my honour,—

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass,—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be the worse, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ, and the liberty,1 these are the only men.

Ham. O Jephthah, Judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What treasure had he, my lord?

Ham. Why—

"One fair daughter, and no more,
The which he loved passing well."3

Pol. Still on my daughter. [Aside.

Ham. Am I not 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 vanished4 since I saw thee last: com'dst thou to hear me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress! By'Lord, by' ladyship is nearer to heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.5 Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll o'en t'et like 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 good6 lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once,—but it was never act; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare 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. And indeed, there was no salt1 in the lines in the manner to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affectation, but called it an honest method, as1 wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale6 to Dido; and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line:—let me see, let me see;—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast;"—it is not so; it begins with Pyrrhus.

"The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whose sable arms, Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

1 Good, whether for written or extemporaneous performances. 2 From the ballad of Jephthah. See Percy Reliques, Vol. I. 3 valiant: in quarto. 4 Not in folio. 5 there were no such words, as these, in the folio. 6 This and the following words, to the period, are not in the folio. 7 talk: in quarto, 1604. 8 vile murders: in folio. 9 match: in folio. 10 A comic entertainment by the clown, after the play. 11 Carelessly dressed. 12 Blind. 13 And passion in: in f. 8.
Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.
Ham. 'Tis well; I'li 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: as thy father was, thy son would have been a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.
Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.
Ham. God's bodkin, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.
Pol. Come, sirs.
[Exit Polonius, with some of the Players.
Ham. Follow him, friends: we'li hear a play to-morrow.—Dost thou hear me, old friend? can you play the murder of Gonzago?
1 Play, Ay, my lord.
Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in' t, could you not?
1 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'Il leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore.
Ros. Good my lord!
[Ereunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.
Ham. Ay, so, good bye yout.—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 wan'd; Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect, A broken voice, and his whole function suiting With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing: For Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, That he should weep for her? What would he do, Had he the motive and the cue for passion, That I have? He would drown the stage with tears, And cleave the general ear with horrid speech; Make mad the guilty, and appall the free, Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed, The very faculties of eyes and ears. Yet I, A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak, Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause, And can say nothing; no, not for a king, Upon whose property, and most dear life, A dam'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across? Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face? Tweakes by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat, As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this? Ha! 'S wounds! I should take it; for it cannot be, But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall To make transgression' bitter, or ere this I should have fatted all the region kites With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain! Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain! O, vengeance! Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave; That I, the son of a dear father's 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! foh! 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 proclaim'd their malefactions; For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak With most miraculous organ. I'Il have these players Play something like the murder of my father, Before mine uncle: I'Il observe his looks; I'Il tell him to the quick: if he but blench, 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'Il have grounds More relative than this: the play's the thing, Wherein I'Il 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 much forcing of his disposition. Ros. Niggard of question; but to our demands

14 of this": not in folio. 15 lived: in folio. 16 Not in folio. 17 to you: in quartos. 18 whole: in folio. 19 warm'd: in folio. 20 oppression: in 8. 21 This line is not in quartos. 22 Who: in quartos. 23 Not in folio, or quartos, 1604-5. 24 Search, try. 25 Start. 26 circum stance: in folio. 27 Overlook.
SCENE I. HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK. 753

The fair Ophelia.—Nymph, in thy orisons, 
Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. [Coming forward.] Good my lord, 
How does your honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours, 
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, not I; I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, I know right well you did; 
And with them words of so sweet breath compos'd 
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost, 
Take these again; for to the noble mind, 
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.

There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord!

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest, and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce with itself than honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly: for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my back, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to get them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where1 but in's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O! help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. I'll go thee to this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell! Or, if thou wilt marry, marry a fool, for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery; go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings2 too, well enough: God hath given you one face3 and you make yourselves another: you jog, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to; I'll no more on't: it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages, those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go.

[Exit Hamlet.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword:

1 Confront. surge: in folio. 2 The rest of this direction is not in f. e. 3 dissip'd: in folio. S Small dagger. pitch: in quartos. Not in f. e. 4 No, no: in folio. 5 your: in folio. 10 beak: in f. e. 11 way: in folio. 12 go, farewell: in folio. 13 prattlings: in folio. 14 pace: in folio. 48
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT III.

The scene is the court of Denmark. The king and queen are conversing, while Hamlet stands in the background. The queen speaks of her grief at the loss of her father, the old king, and of her love for Hamlet. The king then turns to Hamlet and asks him about the play that he has just witnessed. Hamlet tells the king that the play was a representation of a murder that had been committed in his country, and that it was meant to be a test of the king's loyalty. The king is impressed by Hamlet's words and asks him to continue with his plan to uncover the truth.

1. Play. I hope, we have reformed that indifferently
with us. —

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's Villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. —

[Exeunt Players.

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.]

Ham. What, ho! Horatio! —

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ham. What, ho! Horatio! —

Enter Horatio! —

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O! my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee.
Where thirst may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are those,
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To sound what stop she please. Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As do I thee.—Something too much of this,—

There is a play to-night before the king:
One scene of it comes near the circumstance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death;
I pr'ythee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy soul
Observe mine uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's stilly. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In measure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord;
If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.
SCENE II.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle; Get you a place.

Senet. Danish March. Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosenkranz, Guildenstern, and others.

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the camellion's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed. You cannot feed caps so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet: these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now.—My lord, you played once in the university, you say? [To Polonius.

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. Did I en掛けt Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the Capitol: Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay 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 tire in your lap?

[Exeunt.

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O God! your only jig-maker.* What should a man do, but be merry? for, you look, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within those 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 'r-ladys, 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 Queen embraceth him. She kneels, and makes show of profession 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. Aonon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and poors poison in the King's ear, and exit. 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 wooed the Queen with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love. [Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is mewing mallecho;* it means mischief.

Oph. Belike, this show imports the argument of the play.

Enter Prologue

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel: they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you will show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught. I'll mark the play.

Pro. "For us, and for our tragedy,
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently."  

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poesy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter the Player King and Player Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times has Phoebus' car gone round
Neptune's salt wash, and Tellus' orb'd ground;  
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd sheen,
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the sun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.

But, wee is nigh! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former state,
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must;
For women's fear and love hold quantity,
In neither aught, or in extremity.

Now, what my love is proof hath made you know,
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;  
My operant powers their functions leave to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;  
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. [Aside.] Wornwood, wornwood.

P. Queen. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love:
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. I do believe you think what now you speak,
But what we do determine oft we break.

P. Queen. Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall, unshaken, when they mellow be.

Most necessary 't is, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactors* with themselves destroy:  
Where joy most reveals, grief doth most lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

'This world is not for aye; nor 't is not strange,
That even our loves should with our fortunes change;  
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove,  
Whether love lead fortune, or else fortune love.  
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;  
The poor advance'd makes friends of enemies;  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,  
For who on needs shall never lack a friend;  
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,  
Directly season's him his enemy.  
But, orderly to end where I begun,  
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 blanks the face of joy,  
Meets what I should have well, and it destroy!  
Both here, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,  
If, once a widow, ever I be wise!  

Ham. If she should break her vow,—  

P. King. '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 mishance between us twain!  
[Exit.  

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?  

This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna:  
Gonzo is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista.  
You shall see anon: 't is a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.  

Enter Lucianus.  

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.  

Oph. You have as good a chorus, my lord.  

Ham. I could interpret between you and your lord,  
if I could see the puppet's dallying.  

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.  

Ham. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.  

Oph. Still better, and worse.  

Ham. So you must take 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 Ophelion's ban thieve blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property,  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.  

Pours the Poison into the Sleeper's Ears.  

Ham. He poisons him i' the garden for his estate.  

His name's Gonzo: the story is extant, and written in very choice Italian. You shall see anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzo's wife.  

Oph. 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.  

Ham. Why, let the striken-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 Provinc- 
ial roses on my raised shoes, get me a fellowship in a dry of players, sir?  

Hor. Half a share.  

Ham. A whole one, I.  

Hor. For thou dost know, O Damon dear!  
This realm dismantled was  
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here  
A very—peacock.  

Hor. You might have rhymed.  

Ham. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?  

Hor. Very well, my lord.  

Ham. Upon the talk of the poisoning,—  

Hor. I did very well note him.  

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come! some music! come; the recorders!  
For if the king like not the comedy,  
Why, then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy.—  

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.  

Come, some music?  

Guil. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.  

Ham. Sir, a whole history.  

Guil. The king, sir,—  

Ham. Ay, sir, what of him?  

Guil. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.  

Ham. With drink, sir?  

Guil. 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 moro choler.  

Guil. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from the affair.  

Ham. I am tame, sir: pronounce.  

Guil. The queen your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.  

Ham. You are welcome.  

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's command- 
ment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.  

Ham. Sir, I cannot.  

Guil. What, my lord?  

Ham. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make, you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother:  
therefore no more, but to the matter. My mother, you say,—  

Ros. Then, thus she says. Your behaviour has struck her into amazement and admiration.
HAMLET, in Promises

Whereto in which, excellent and now the would of Look

of you, proverb per liberty, have for the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

Ay, sir, but "while the grass grows," the proverb is something musty. 

Enter one with a Recorder.

O! the recorder: let me see one. To withdraw with you: why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

O, my lord! if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

My lord, I cannot.

I pray you.

Believe me, I cannot.

I do beseech you.

I know no touch of it, my lord.

It is as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look, you are these, the stops.

But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony: I have not the skill.

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 of 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. 'Sblood! do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me. —

Enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel?

By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

Methinks, it is like a weasel.

It-backed like a weasel.

Or, like a whale?

Very like a whale.

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.

I will say so. —

Enter Polonius.

By and by is easily said. — Leave me, friends.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,

When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out Contagion to this world. Stay yet a while. Would quake to look on. Soft! how to my mother. —

Of, 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 hypocrisies;

How in my words soever she be shent, to give them seals never, my soul, consent! [Exit.

— A Room in the Same.

Enter King, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King, I like him not; nor stands it safe with us, To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you; I your commission will forthwith despatch, And he to England shall along with you. The terms of our estate may not endure Hazard so dangerous, as doth hourly grow Out of his lunacies.

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.

The single and peculiar life is bound, With all the strength and armour of the mind, To keep itself: but man could, with more spirit, upon whose well depend and rest The lives of many. The cease of majesty Dies not alone; but like a gulf doth draw What's near it with it: it is a massy wheel, Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount, To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things Are mortis'd and adjoint'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.

Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage; For we will fetters put upon this fear, Which now goes too free-footed.

We will haste us.

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

My lord, he's going to his mother's closet. Behind the arras I'll convey myself; To hear the process: I'll warrant, she 'll tax him home; And, as you said, and wisely was it said; 't is meet that some more audience than a mother, Since nature makes them partial, should o'erhear The speech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege: I'll call upon you ere you go to bed, And tell you what I know.

Thanks, dear my lord. [Exit Polonius.

O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;

It hath the primal eldest curse upon it; A brother's murder! — Pray can I not

Though inclination be as sharp as will:

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;

And, like a man to double business bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed hand

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,

To wash it white as snow? Wherefore serves mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what 's in prayer, but this two-fold force,

Or pardon'd, being down? Then, I'll look up:

[Scene III.]
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn?—Forbide me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; since I am still possessor
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 shew by justice,
And oft 'tis seen, the wicked purs'd itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above:
There is no shuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature: and we ourselves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O base, O death! O limed soul,
That struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knaves; and, heart, with strings of steel.
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well.

[Enter HAMLET behind, his Sword drawn.]

Ham. Now might I do it, now; 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 scal'd:
A villain kills my father; and for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush'd as May,
And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?
But, in our circumstance and course of thought,
'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 asleep, or in his rage;
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act,
That has no relief of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereeto it goes. My mother stays:
This physic but prolongs thy sick days.

King. [Rising.] My words fly up, my thoughts remain
below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—A Room in the Same.

[Enter Queen and Polonius.]

Pol. He will come straight. Look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your grace hath scorn'd and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll scarce* me even here:
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [Within.] Mother, mother, mother!* 12

Queen. I'll warrant you,

Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Exit Polonius behind the Aaros.

Enter HAMLET.

Queen. Ham, now mother; what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Hamlet. Come, come; you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go; you question with a wicked* 12 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* 12 were not so!—you are my mother.

Queen. Nay then, I'll send those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not
You go not till, I set you up a glass [budge;
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me.

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [Behind.] What, ho! help! help! help!

Ham. How now! a rat? [Drakes.] Dead for a ducat, dead. [HAMILLET makes a pass through the Aaros.

Pol. [Behind.] O! I am slain.

[Falls and dies.]

Queen. O me! what hast thou done?

Ham. [Coming forward]* 12 Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[Lefts the Aaros, 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, it was 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 damned custom have not braved it so,
That it is* 12 proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st way thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty;
 Calls virtue, hypocrisy; takes off the rose
From the fair bud and tender top of love,
And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
As false as driers' oaths: O! such a deed,
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words: Heaven's face doth glow,
\ Yea,\ 14 this solidity and compound mass,
With trystful* 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?* 12

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
See, what a grace was seals'd and bowered on this brow:
Hyperion's Homer and his Hymen; where the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station* 12 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 mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother* 12. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

And batten 1 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 2 from this to that? Sense, 3 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 reserv'd 4 some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was 't
That thou hast, coz'd 5 you at headman-blind? 6
Eyes 7 without feeling, feeling without sight.
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine 8 in a matron's bones,
To fluming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame,
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet! speak no more.
Thence must mine eyes into my very soul; 9
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tint.
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed;
Slew'd 10 in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty sty;—
Queen. O, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Enter Ghost, unarm'd. 11
Ham. A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hoiver 12 o'er me with your wings,
Heavenly guards!—What would you, gracious Queen. Alas! he's mad. 13
Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd 14 in fume 15 and passion, leis go by
That important acting of your dread command?
O, say!
Ghost. Do not forget.
This visitation
Is but to what thy almost blunte purposed
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? 16
Queen. Alas! how is 't with you,
That you do 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 excrescences; 17
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son!
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience? Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him, on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!

1. Post. 2. step : in f. e. 3. This sentence to the period, is not in folio. 4. flaming. 5. my eyes. 6. into, in quartos. 7. Not in f. e. 8. time in f. e. 9. Not in quartos. 10. a; in folio. 11. rack: in folio. 12. Fr. courter: bend. 13. Hairy-man's: feathers were so called. 14. The passages from "That" to "put on," and from "that" to "potency," are not in folio. 15. This line is not in folio.
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'T were good, you let him know;
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou 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. Alack! I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-

Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd,—
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport, to have the engine
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 neighbour room.

Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good night, mother.

[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter King, Queen, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

King. There's matter in these sights: these profound heaves
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.

Queen. Bestow this place on us a little while,—

[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier. In his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
He whips his napier out, and cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And in his brainish apprehension kills
The unseen good old man.

King. O heavy deed! It had been so with us, had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man; but so much was our love,
We would not understand what most was fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd;
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,
Both countenance and excuse.—Ho! Guildenstern!

[Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with some farther aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he drag'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 blank,
Transports his poison'd shot,—may miss our name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away!
My soul is full of discord, and dismay.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.—[Ros., &c., within. Hamlet!—lord Hamlet! But soft! what noise?—Who calls on
Hamlet?—O! here they come.

Enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own.
Besides, to be demanded of a sponge, what replication should be made by the son of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end; he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw, first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

Ros. My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

Guil. A thing, my lord!

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.

[Exeunt.
SCENE 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 lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And where 'tis so, 'tis offender's scourgèd is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Deliberate pause: diseases, desperate grown,
By desperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now! what hath befallen?
Ros. Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?
Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.
Ros. Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenstern.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
Ham. At supper.
King. At supper! Where?
Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of palp'd 1 worms are c'en at him.
Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas! 2 a Man a man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

Ham. What dost thou mean by this?
Ham. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?
Ham. In heaven: send thither to see; if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall name him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

King. Go seek him there. [To some Attendants.
Ham. He will stay till you come. [Exeunt Attendants.

King. Hamlet, this deed, 3 for thine especial safety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done,—must send thee hence With fiesty quickness: therefore, prepare thyself.
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Thy associates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou know'st our purposes.

Ham. I see a cherub that sees them. —But, come; for England! —Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother.

Come, for England! [Exit.

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night.

Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.

[Exeunt Ros. and Guil.

And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy celerity looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us) thou may'st not coldly see
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters conjuring 4 to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know it's done,
How'er my hopes, my joys were ne'er begun. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—A Plain in Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, and Forces, marching.

For. Go, captain; from me greet the Danish king:
Tell him, that by his license Fortinbras
Claims 5 the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye;
And let him know so.

Cap. I will do 't, my lord.

For. Go safely 6 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 purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

Cap. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, sir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?

Cap. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, 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 Polish power will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
Will not debate the question of this straw:
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without.
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, sir.

Cap. God be wi' you, sir. [Exit Captain.

Ros. Will 't please you go, my lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.

[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 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 rust in us uns'd. Now, whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,—
A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

1 politic: in f. a. 2 This and the next speech, are not in folio. 3 deed of thine: in folio. 4 him: in folio. 5 conjuring: in quartos. 6 Craves: in quartos. 7 softly: in quartos. 8 The rest of the scene is not in the folio, or quartos, 1603.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

Why yet I live to say, "This thing 's to do?"  Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means, To do 't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me: Witness this army, of such mass and charge, Led by a delicate and tender prince, Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd, Makes mottles 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, What honour 's at the stake. How stand I, then, That have a father killed, my mother married? 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 beds; fight for a plot Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause; Which is not tomb enough, and continent, To hide the slain?—O! from this time forth, My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!  [Exit.

SCENE V.—Elsinore. A Room in the Castle.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate; indeed, distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears, There 's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense. Her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection: they aim 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, might be thought;
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'T were good she were spoken with, for she may strav
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in.  [Exit Horatio.

To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Horatio, with Ophelia, distracted.

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 saval shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

He is dead and gone, lady, At his heels a green grass turf; At his heale a stone.

O, ho! Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,— Pray you, mark.

Oph. White his shroud as the mountain snow, [Singing. Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my lord.

Oph. Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave? did go,
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'l you! They say, the owl was a baker's daughter.  Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!  King. Conclude upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let 's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:
Then, up he rose, and don'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on 't;
By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
He answers,
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun.
An thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all 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.

[Exit.

King. Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. [Exit Horatio.

O! this is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death.  —And now, behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude!
When sorrow comes, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.  —First, her father slain;
Next, your son gone; and he most violent author
Of his own just remove: the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good Polonius' death, and we have done but greenly,
In huffer-nugger to inter him; poor Ophelia,
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts;
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from France,
Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear.  O! my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murder'd queen, in many places
Gives me superfluous death.  [A noise within.

[10] Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where the people were looking, and asked for bread: the mistress put a piece of dough in the oven for him, which was taken out by her daughter, and reduced to a small lump. It immediately began to swell, and the daughter to cry: heugh, heugh, heugh, which owl-like noises probably induced Our Saviour to change her into that bird.  —An old tradition, quoted by Douce.  [11] should: in folio.  [12] The rest of this line is not in folio.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE V.

Queen. Alack! what noise is this?

King. Attend! Where are my Switzers? Let them guard the door.

What is the matter?

Enter a Gentleman, in haste.1

Gent. Save yourself, my lord; the ocean, overhearing of his plot,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erhears your officers! The rattle call him, king;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot; custom not known,
The ruffians and props of every word.
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"2
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

Queen. How cheerfully on the false trait they cry.

O! this is counter; you false Danish dogs.

King. The doors are broke. [Noise within.

Enter Laertes, with his sword drawn;4 Danes following.

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, stand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave. [They retire without the Door.

Laer. I thank you: keep the door.—O thou vile king!

Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm proclaims me bastard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot,
Even here, between the chaste ush'mrled brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion so great-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, Gertrude.

Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

Laer. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience, and grace; to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes, only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My will, will 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, it's writ in your revenge,
That, sweepstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them, then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rendering pelican,6
Repart them with my blood.

1 Not in folio. 2 In haste; not in f. e. 3 impetuous; in quarto, 1601, and folio. 4 Enter Laertes, armed: in f. e. 5 that calms: in folio. 6 politicians: in folio. 7 piece: in folio. 8 The rest of this direction is not in quarto. 9 Strengthening of the memory.—Knights. 10 O! you must: in folio. 11 Go to thy: in f. e. 12 was as white: in f. e. 13 Gramercy: in folio. 14 The rest of this direction is not in f. e.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT IV.

And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

Let this be so:

He's mean'd of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.

King. So you shall;
And, where th' offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VI.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter Horatio, and a Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would speak with me?
Serv. Sailors, sir; they say, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—[Exit Servant.

I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

[Enter Sailors.]

1 Sail. God bless you, sir.

Hor. Let him bless thee too.

1 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 is.

Hor. [Reads.] "Horatio, when thou shalt have over-looked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them; in the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldest fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear which will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold our course for England: of them I have much to tell thee.

Farewell,

He that knowest thine, Hamlet."

Come, I will give you way for these your letters; And do't the speedier, that you may direct me To him from whom you brought them.—[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.—Another Room in the Same.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursu'd my life.

Laer. 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 stirr'd up.

King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
But yet to me they are strong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,

Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms;
Who was, if praises may go back again,
Sole challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections. But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our heard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more:
I loved your father, and we love ourselves;
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 Claudio; he receiv'd them Of him that brought them.

King. Leave us. [Exit Messenger.

Mess. If it be so. Laertes, (As he reads.)

(As how should it be so? how otherwise?)

Will you be ruled by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord; So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As liking not' his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it.—I will work him To an exploit, nowripe in my device,
Under the which he shall not choose but fall; And for his death no wind of blame shall breathe, But even his mother shall uncharge the practice, And call it accident.

Laer. My lord, I will be 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.
HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE VII.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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 on myself, and so mortal, that but dip I against the French,
And they can't well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't: he grew unto his seat;
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,
As he had been incor'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaute. So far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forging of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.

Laert. A Norman, was't I?

Hamlet. The very same.

Laert. 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 ripier most especially,
That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,
If one could match you: the scrimmers of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them. This report of his
Did, Hamlet so envomn 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,—

Laert. What's out of this, my lord? A

Laert. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?

King. Why ask you this?

Laert. Not that I think you did not love your father.
But that I know love is begun 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 snuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a pleurisy,
Dies in his own too-muchh. That we would do,
We should do when we would; for this "would"
And hath abatements and delays as many, [changes.
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift's sigh,
That hurts by casing. But, to the quick o' the ulcer.

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake,
To show yourself your father's son in deed,
More than in words?

Laert. To cut his throat i' the church.

Hamlet. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuariz;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet, return'd, shall know you are come home:
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unblunted, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laert. I will do it;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
Which doth resemble the blood of France;
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gill him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to the shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'T were better not assay'd: therefore, this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see:—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings, 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 preferr'd him
A chalice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd stake;
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.

Laert. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his leaues in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make—
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds gave a grosser name,
But our cold maids do make dead men's fingers call them.
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeps
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke
When down her woody trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds;—
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and reduc'd
Unto that element: but long it could not be.
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To mundy death.

Laert. Alas! O, is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laert. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds.
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord:
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly blocks it.

King. Let's follow, Gertrude.

How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again,
Therefore, let's follow.

Exeunt.
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 crowners have set on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 Clo. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 Clo. Why, 'tis found so.

1 Clo. It must be se offendendo; it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself willfully, it argues an act, and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal, she drowned herself willingly.

2 Clo. Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 Clo. Give me leave. Here lies the water: good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, will he, he goes, mark you that; but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

2 Clo. But is this law?

1 Clo. Ay, marry, is 't; crowners' quest-law.

2 Clo. Will you have the truth on 't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 Clo. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity, that great folk shall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian. Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 Clo. Was he a gentleman?

1 Clo. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 Clo. Why, he had none.

1 Clo. What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself.

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he, that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outliveth a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how doth it well? it doth well to those that do ill: now, thou wilt ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may de 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 unyoke.

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 your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, a grave-maker: the houses that he makes, last till doomsday. Go, get thee to your 't; fetch me a stoup of liquor. [Exit 2 Clown.

ACT V.

1 Clown digs, and sings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract; O! the time, for, ah! my behave
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.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo. But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me tilth the land,
As if I had never been such.

[Throws up a skull.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave 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'er-reaches, one that would crown the god, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a curiour, which could say, "Good-morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so, and now my lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade. Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't. Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them? mine aye to think on 't.

1 Clo. A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade, [Sings,
For—and a shrouding sheet:
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest as met me.

[Throws up another skull.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quilletts, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the scone with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humpf! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchement 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 as met me.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in it.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio, at a distance.

1 Clo. O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest as met me.
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; it is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore, thou liest.

1 Clo. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 Clo. For no man, sir.

Ham. What woman, then?

1 Clo. For none, neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in 't?

1 Clo. One, that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the knave is; we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord! Horatio, these three years have I taken note of it; the age is grown so picked, that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his knee. —How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 Clo. Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long is that since?

1 Clo. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 Clo. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 't is no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 Clo. 'T will not be seen in him there; there, the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

1 Clo. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

1 Clo. 'Faith, even 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. 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we say, many pokey cows now-a-days,) that will scarce hold the laying in he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a Tanner will last you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 Clo. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain i' the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

1 Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 Clo. A pedantish on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, this same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, 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 mirth? 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 chapped? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come; make her laugh at that. —Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think, Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. Even so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [Puts down the Skull.]

Hor. Even so, my lord.

Ham. To what base uses we may return, Horatio.

Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loan, and why of that loan, whereof he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

"Imperial" Caesar dead, and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a wall i' expel the winter's flaw! But soft! —I must not dream: —here comes the king.

Enter Priests, &c. in Procession; the Corpus of OPHELIA, LARERT, and Queen.

Lar. Enter Mourners following; King, Queen, and their Trains.

The queen, the courtiers. Who is that they follow, And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken, The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate. Cutch we awhile, and mark.

[Retiring on one side with Horatio.

Lar. What ceremony else?

Ham. That is Lrütes,

A very noble youth: mark.

Lar. What ceremony else?

1 Priest. Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd As we have warrant: her death was doubtful; And but that great command o'erways the order, She should in ground unsanctified have lodge'd, Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her; Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants. Her maiden strewnments, and the bringing home Of bell and burial.

Lar. Must there no more be done?

1 Priest. No more be done.

We should profane the service of the dead, To sing sad requiem, and such rest to her As to peace-parted souls.

Lar. Lay her i' the earth; And from her fair and unpolluted flesh, May violets spring! —I tell thee, churlish priest, A ministering angel shall my sister be, When thouliest howling.

Ham. What! the fair Ophelia? Queen. Sweets to the sweet: farewell. [Strewing flowers.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife:

1 Ham. German, runes, garlandes; rises: in folio. 11 a. in f.c.; from quarto, and folio: sage.
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not to have strew'd thy grave.

_Lear._ O! treble woe!
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,
Whose wicked deed thy most insensible sense
Depriv'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 skyshe head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [Advancing.] What is he, whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand,
Like wonder-wounded hearers?—this is I.

Hamlet the Dane. [Leaping into the Grave.

_Lear._ The devil take thy soul. [Grappling with him.]

Ham. Thou pr'ythee, not well.

[The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.

Ham. When 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 wilt thou do for her?

_King._ O! he is mad, Laertes.

_Queen._ For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Tis wounds! show me what thou 'lt do:
Woul'n't weep? woul'n't fight? woul'n't storm? woul'n't tear
thyself?

Woul'n't drink up Exil? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't; I'll do't,—Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be hur'd 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 passion by the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

_King._ This is mere madness:
And thus a while the fit will work on him.

_Queen._ Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couples are disclos'd,
His silence will sit dropping.

Ham. [Hearing you, sir.] What is the reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter;
Let Hellenes 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 Laertes._ 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. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Castle.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other.—
You do remember all the circumstance.

_Hor._ Remember it, my lord!

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep: methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines12 in the bilboes.13 Rashly,—
And prais'd be rashness for it,—let us own,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep14 plots do fail;15 and that should
Teach us...

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

_Hor._ That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scar'f 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 unfold16
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, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life,—
That on the supervise, no leisure bated,
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. [Giving it.19

But will thou hear me14 how I did proceed?

_Hor._ I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villains,—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play,—I sat me down,
Devil's a new commission; wrote it fair.
I once did hold it, as our statistis do,
A baseness writ, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service. Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

_Hor._ Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earnest conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm might flourishe,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such like as's of great charge,
That on the view and know20 of these contents,
Without debateam farther, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving time allow'd.

_Hor._ How was this seal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinate.21
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subscribe'd it; gave th' impression; plac'd it safely;
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent

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1. terrible wo'er: in folio. 2. Sir: in folio. 3. splendid: in f. e. 4. wisdom: in folio. 5. Away: in folio. 6. Not in f. e. 7. Probably the river Yssell. 8. The words, "I'll do't," are not repeated in f. e. 9. This and the following line, are given to the QUEEN, in f. e. 10. Shortly: in folio. 11. let me: in folio. 12. Mutineers. 13. Bars of iron with letters, so called from Bilboes, where they were made. 14. dear: in folio. 15. pale: in f. e. 16. lair: in quartos. 17. unusual: in folio. 18. Not in f. e. 19. now: in quartos. 20. knowing: in quartos. 21. ordinar: in folio.
true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

**Osr.** Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

**Ham.** The concurrence, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

**Osr.** Sir?

**Hor.** Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

**Ham.** What imports the nomination of this 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 were to know himself.

**Osr.** I mean, sir, for his weapon; but in the impu- tation laid on him by them, in his heed 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 Bar- bary horses; against the which he has imposed, as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girtle, hangers, and so. Three of the car- rriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hills, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

**Ham.** What call you the carriages?

**Hor.** I knew, you must be edified by the margin, ere you had done.

**Osr.** The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

**Ham.** The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our sides: I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages: that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this 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 's turn.

**Hor.** This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.
Ham. He did comply 1 with his dag before he sucked it. Thus he has (and many more of the same breed that, I know, the drossy age doth 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 2 and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My 3 lord, his majesty commended 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 how 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 whersoever, I'd 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 gaining, 4 as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it: I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury: there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 1 is it 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's it to leave betimes? Let be.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, Lords, Osrick, and Attendants with Foils, &c.

King. Come, Hamlet; come, and take this hand from me. [The King puts the hand of Laertes into that of Hamlet.

Ham. Give me your pardon, sir: I've done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman,

This presence knows,

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd
With sore distraction. What I have done,

That might your nature, honour, and exception,

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.

Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet: If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,

And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes,

Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies it.

Who does it then? His madness. If't be so,

Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;

His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.

Sir, in this audience,

Let my confessions from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,

That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,

And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,

Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most

To my revenge; but in my terms of honour,

I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,

Till by some elder masters, of known honour,

I have a voice and precedent of peace.

To keep my name unger'd. But till that time,

I do receive your offer'd love like love,

And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;

And will this brother's wager frankly play.—

Give us the foils; come on. 9

[Foils brought.]

Lae. Come; one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance.

Your skill shall, like a star 's the darkest night,

Stick fiery off indeed.

Lae. You mock me, sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Osrick.—Cousin Hamlet,

You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;

Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

King. I do not fear it; I have seen you both;

But since he is better, we have therefore odds.

Lae. This is too heavy; let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well. These foils have all a length? 10 [They prepare to play.

Os. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the stoops of wine upon that table.—

If Hamlet give the first or second hit,

Or quit in answer of the third exchange,

Let all the battlements their ordinance fire;

The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union 11 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 cannoner without,

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

Now the king drinks to Hamlet!—Come, begin;—

And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, sir. [They play.

Lae. Come, my lord. [They play.

Ham. No. [They play.

Lae. Judgment.

Os. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Lae. 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 awhile.—

Come.—Another hit; what say you? [They play.

Lae. 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: 12

The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good madam,—

Queen. Gertrude, do not drink.

King. 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.

Lae. My lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think it.

Lae. And yet it is almost against my conscience. [Aside.

1 Compliment. 2 mine: in folio. 3 berry: in folio. 4 Wribbanon read: flesh (former). 5 This and the following speeches to. 6 Exit Lord. 7 are not in folio. 8 this wager is not in quarto. 9 Misprint. 10 So the quarto, 1604. Since no man has sought of what he leaves, what is 't to leave betimes? in folio. 11 This line is not in quarto. 12 Text in quarto, (except that of 1604). 13 Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows: in f. e.
Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally:
I pray you, pass with your best violence.
I am afraid, you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you so? come on.
Osr. Nothing, neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffing they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.
King. Part them! they are incensed.
Ham. Nay, come again. [The Queen falls.
Osr. Look to the queen there, ho?
Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is it, Laertes?
Laer. 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.
Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and 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.
All. Treason! treason! [Stabs the King.
King. O! yet defend me, friends! I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou incestuous, murderous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [King dies.
Laer. He is justly serv'd;
It is a poison temper'd by himself—
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [Dies.
Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest) O! I could tell you,—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st: report me and my cause aright* To the unsatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it: [Taking the Cup.
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
[Struggling: Hamlet gets the Cup.
O God!—Horatio, what a 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 tell my story. [March afar off, and Shot within.

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1 sure: in quartos. 2 Not in folio. 3 half an hour's: in quartos. 4 causes right: in folio. 5 *These directions are not in f. e. 6 o'er-growns: in undated quartos, and those of 1611-37. 7 for me: in quartos. 8 same: in f. e.
KING LEAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEAR, King of Britain.
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Kent.
Earl of Gloucester.
EDGAR, Son to Gloster.
EDMUND, Bastard Son to Gloster.
CURAN, a Courtier.
OSWALD, Steward to Goneril.

Knights of Lear's Train, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE, Britain.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room of State in King Lear's Palace.

Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

KENT. I thought, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdoms, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weighed, that 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.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could; whereupon she grew round-wombed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. 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 dearer in my account: though this kinsman came somewhat saucily into the world, before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair, there was good sport at his making, and the whorsom must be acknowledged. Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming. [Sennet within.]
LEAR, KENT, GLOSTER, EDGAR AND FOOL.

King Lear, Act III. Scene 4
KING LEAR.

SCENE I.

LEAR. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy woods, and with thimnaps rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady : to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetually. —What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife of Cornwall? Speak.
Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short, that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious sphere of sense possesses,
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.
Cor. Then, poor Cordelia! [Aside.
And yet not so: since, I am sure, my love's
More plenteous than my tongue. LEAR.
To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confer'd on Goneril. —Now, our joy,
Although our last, not least: to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be inferior: what can you say, to draw
A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
LEAR. Nothing will come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot have
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
LEAR. How? how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest you may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my 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 tender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
LEAR. Let it be so: thy truth, then, be thy dover;
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night,
By all the operation of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be,
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Seythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.
KENT. Good my liege,—
LEAR. Peace, Kent!
Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest.
On her kind nursery. —Hence, and avoid my sight! —
To Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her! —Call France. —Who's there?
Call Burgundy. —Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest the third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. —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 will keep
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.
Royal Lear.
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
And as my patron 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 unmanfully,
When Lear is mad. —What wouldst thou do, old man?
Think'st thou that such duty shall have dreed to speak,
When power and flattering bows? To plainness honour's bound,
When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;[10]
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. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
LEAR. O, vassal! recreant![11] [Laying his hand upon his Sword.
ALB. CORN. Dear sir, forbear.[12]
KENT. Do;
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Up—o the soul disease. Revoke thy gift[14];
Or, whilst I can vent clamour 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,
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear)
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 appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[To Cordelia.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said! —
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
[To Regan and Goneril.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes! bid ye 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 Hath riddell for our daughter: what, in the least, Will you require in present dower with her, Or cease your quest of love?
Bur. Most royal majesty, I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd, Nor will you tender less.
Lear. Right noble Burgundy, When she was dear to us, we did hold her so; But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands: If aught within that little seeming substance, Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd, And nothing more, may flit like your grace, She's there, and she is yours.
Bur. I know no answer.
Lear. Will you, with those infirmities she owes, Unfriend, new-adopted to our hate, Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our oath, Take her, or leave her?
Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; Election makes not up on such conditions.
Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that made me, I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To France.
I would not from your love make such a stray, To match you where I hate: therefore, beseech you T' avert your liking a more worthier way, Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd Almost t' acknowledge hers.
France. This is most strange, That she, that even but now was your blest object, The argument of your praise, balm of your age, Most best, most dearest, should in this trice of time Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence Must be of such unnamable degree, That monsters it, or your fore-venomed affection Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her, Must be a faith that reason, without miracle, Could not, ever plant in me.
Cor. I yet beseech your majesty, (If for I want that glib and oily art, To speak and purpose not, since what I well intend, I'll do't before I speak) that you make known It is no vicious blot, nor other foulness, No unchaste action, or dishonest'd stoop; That hath deprived me of your grace and favour; But then for want of that for which I am richer, A still-collecting 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
Hast not been born, than not to have pleas'd me better.
France. Is it 11 but this? a tardiness in nature, Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with respects, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry. 12
Bur. Royal Lear. 13
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 14 fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.
France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor,
Most choice, forsaken, and most lov'd, despis'd,
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 't is strange, that from their cold'st neglect
My love should kindle to inflam'd respect. —
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy Shall 15 buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me. —
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:
Thou dostest here, a better where 16 to find.
Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine, for we Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again.—Therefore, be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[Flourish. Exeunt Lear, Burgundy, Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and Attendants.
France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are; And, like a sister, am most leath to call Your faults as they are nam'd. Love 17 well our To your professed bosoms I commit him; [father: But yet, alas! I stood within his grace, I would prefer him to a better place.
So, farewell to you both.
Gon. Prescribe not us our duty.
Reg. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you As fortune's alms: you have obedience seem'd, And well are the worth that you have want'd. Cor. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides; Who cover faults, at last shame them 18 derides. Well may you prosper! France.
Come, my fair Cordelia.
[Exeunt France and Cordelia.
Gon. Sister, it is not little I have to say of what most nearly appertain's to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.
Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us.
Gon. You see how full of changes his age is: the observation we have made of it hath not 19 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 slanderly 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-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infring and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is farther compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall farther think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and in the heat.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—A Hall in the Earl of Gloucester's Castle.

Enter Edmund, the Bastard, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law My services are bound. Wherefore should I Stand in the plague of custom, and permit The curiosity of nations to deprive me, For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base, When my dimensions are as well compact, My mind as generous, and my shape as true, As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us With base? with baseness? bastardy? base? base? Who in the 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 fools, Get 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then, Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund, As to the legitimate. Fine word,—legitimate! Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed, And my invention thrive, Edmund the base Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods; stand up for bastards! [Reads the Letter.]

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power! Confined to exhibition! All this done Upon the gad!—Edmund? How now! what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

[Hiding the Letter.

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading?

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No! What needed, then, that terrible despatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come; if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not o'er-read; and for so much as I have perused, I find it not fit for your o'looking.

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.] "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the opinion 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 belovéd of your brother, Edgar."—Humph!—Conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him,—you should enjoy half his revenue."—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? Who brought it?

Edm. It was not brought to me, my lord; there's the cunning of it: I found it thrown in at the easement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his: but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore soured you in this business?

Edm. Never, my lord; but I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that sons at perfect age, and fathers declined, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain!—His very opinion in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested, brutal villain! I worse than brute!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain!—Where is he?

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistakes his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall bear 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 with it.

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 sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off,
brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason, and the bond cracked between son and fathers. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there’s son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there’s father against child. We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders; follow us discreetly 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.—T’is strange. [Exit.]

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world, that, when we are sick in fortune, (often the surfeit of our own behaviour) we make guilty of our disasters, the sin, the moon, and the stars: as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly companion; knives, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence, and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrustering on. An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his gostly disposition to the charge of stars. My father compounded with my mother under the dragon’s tail, and my nativity was under ursa major; so that, it follows, I am rough and lecherous.—Tut! I should have been that I am, had the maidensiest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. [Exit Edgar.]

Enter Edgar.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is villainous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o’Bedlam.—O! these eclipses do pretend 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 affinities; divisions in state; menaces and maladjustments against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishments, miseries and dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary of astrology?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. The night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together.

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm. Benthink 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. Be constant so rage; in him, that with the miscarriage of your person it would soothe speedy ally.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong.

Edm. That’s my fear. I pray you, have a constant forbearance, till the speed of his rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak. Pray you, go: there’s my key. If you do stir abroad, go armed.

Edg. Armed, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it. Pray you, away.

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—[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 lands by wit: All with me’s meet, that I can fashion fit. [Exit.

SCENE III.—A Room in the Duke of Albany’s Palace.

Enter Gonenir, and Oswald her Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

Osir. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night he wrongs me: every hour He flashes into one gross crime or other.

That sets us all at odds: I’ll not endure it. His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us On every trifle.—When he returns from hunting, I will not speak with him; say, I am sick: If you come slack of former services, You shall do well; the fault of it I’ll answer.

Osir. He’s coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horus within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please, You and your fellows; I’d have it come to question: If he distaste it, let him to my sister, Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one, Not to be over-rul’d. Idle old man, That still would manage those authorities, That he hath given away!—Now, by my life, Old fools are babes again; and must be us’d With checks as flatteries; when they are seen abus’d. Remember what I have said.

Osir. Well, madam.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among you. What grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows, so: he would break a vein where I would not; and I shall; That I may speak.—I’ll write straight to my sister, To hold my course.—Prepare for dinner. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Hall in the Same.

Enter Kent, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow, That can my speech diffuse, my good intent May carry through itself to that full issue For which I raz’d my likeness.—Now, banish’d Kent, If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn’d, (So may it come! ’tis) thy master, whom thou lov’st, Shall find thee full of labours.

[Enter Lear, Knights, and Attendants.


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.
LEAR. Whom wouldst thou serve?
KENT. You.
LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?
KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your coun-
teillance which I would fain call master.
LEAR. What's that?
KENT. Authority.
LEAR. What services canst thou do?
KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar
a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message
bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am
qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.
LEAR. How old art thou?
KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for sing-
ing; 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 knife? my
foil? Go you, and call my foot hither.

Enter Oswald.

You, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Osw. So please you,—[Exit.]
LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the esquire
back. [Exit Knight.]—Where's my foil, 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 affectation as you were wont:
there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well
in the general dependants, as in the dutie himself also,
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 con-
ception. I have perceived a most faint neglect of late;
which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curi-
osity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkind-
ness: I will look farther into 't.—But where's my
foil? I have not seen him this two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France,
sir, the foil hath much pined 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 foot.—[Re-enter Oswald.]

O. You sir, you sir, come you hither. Who am I, sir?

Osw. My lady's father.

LEAR. My lady's father? my lord's knave: you
whoreson dog! you slave! you eur! Osw. I am none of these, my lord: I beseech your
pard'on.

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?—

[Striking him.]
Fool. For you know, nuncle,
The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would, you would make use of your good will.  

Whereof I know you are fraught, and put away  
These dispositions, which of late transform you  
From what you rightfully are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when the cart draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.

LEAR. Does any here know me?—Why this is not Lear: does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes? Either his notion weakens, or his discernings are lethargied.—Sleeping or waking?—Ha! sure 'tis not so.—Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow? I would learn that; for by the marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason, I should be false persuaded I had daughters.

Fool. Which they will make an obedient father.

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. 'This admiration, sir, is much o' the favour  
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purposes aright,  
As you are old and reverend, should be wise.  
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;  
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd and bold,  
That this our court, infected with their manners,  
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,  
Than a graced palace. The shame itself doth speak  
For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begets,  
A little to disguis'dly come 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 Albany.]  
Is it your will?—Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses!—  
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous, when thou'stis thee in a child,  
Than the sea-monster!  

ALBY. Pray, sir, be patient.  

LEAR. Detested kite! thou liest:  

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worship of their name.—O, most small fault!  
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show,  
Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature  
From the fix'd place, drew from my heart all love,  
And added to the gain!  
O Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in, [Striking his head.  
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.  

ALBY. 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!
Suspend 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 degenerate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a blunt dispassion'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away! away!
[Exit.]

When I have show'd thy unfitness,—how now, Oswald?!

Re-enter Oswald.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?
Osw. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of your own,
As may compact it more. Get you gone,
And hasten your return. [Exit Osw.] No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness, and course of yours,
Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
You are much more attach'd! for want of wisdom,
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.
Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

SCENE V.—Court before the same.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters.
Acquaint my daughter no farther with any thing you know,
than comes from her demand out of the letter.
If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter.

[Exit.]

Fool. If a man's brains were in 's heels, were 't not in danger of kibes?

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, if 'pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this, as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. What cantst tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Canst thou tell why one's nose stands in the middle on's face?

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose;
that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house.

Lear. Why?

Fool. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—
Be my horses ready?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight?

Fool. Yes, indeed. Thou wouldst make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that?

Fool. Thou shalt not have been old before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!—
Enter Gentleman.

How now! Are the horses ready?
Gent. Ready, my lord.
Lear. Come, boy.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Court within the Castle of the Earl of Gloucester.

Enter Edmund and Curan, meeting.

Edm. Save thee, Curan.
Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his duchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?
Cur. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad: I mean, the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-harassing arguments.

Edm. Not I: pray you, what are they?
Cur. Have you not heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.
Cur. You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy question, Which I must act.—Briefness, and fortune, work!—

Brother, a word; descend.—brother, I say! [Enter 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, if the night, in haste, And Regan with him: have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?

Adviser 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. [Exit Edgar.

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his arm.

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards Do more than this in sport.—Father! father! Stop, stop! No help?

Enter Gloucester, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out, Mumbling* of wicked charms, conjuring the moon

To stand auspicous mistress.

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund? Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [Exit Serv.] By no means,—what?

1 Not in quarto. * Which must ask—briefness and fortune help: in quarto. 3 your: in quarto. * Warning: in quarto. 6 the thunder: in folio. 8 dispatch: in f. e. 9 Chief. 8 castiff: in quarto. 10 Determined. 10 could the repose? in quarto 11 pretence; in quarto. 12 spirits: in folio. 13 O'strange: in folio. 14 Folio adds, "said he," and omits the rest of the line. 15 strangeness: in folio. 16: "your heir: is not in f. e. 17 he not: in f. e. 18
Glo. I know not, madam: 'tis too bad, too bad.—
Edm. Yes, madam, yes? he was of that consort.
Reg. No marvel, then, though he were ill-affected:
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well informed 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.
Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.
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 command of itself, you shall be our:
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-cly'd night.
Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,*
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 home: the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to our bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,4
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' the mire.
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 Finsbury pinfolt, 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 knife, a rascal, an eater of broken meats;
a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suit'd, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave, a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldest be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knife, beggarly, wan, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will head into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.
Osw. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus
to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee.
Kent. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny
thou knowest me. Is it two days since I tripped up
thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you
rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines:
I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you. [Drawing his Sword.] Draw, you whoreson e'lieron 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 carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal;
come your ways.
Osw. Help, ho! murder! help!
Kent. Strike, you slave: stand, rogue, stand; you
neat slave, strike. [Beating him.]
Osw. Help, ho! murder! murder!
Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, Edmund, and
Servants.

Kent. With you, gentleman boy, if you please: come,
I'll dress you; come on, young master.
Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?
Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?
Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.
Corn. What is your difference? speak.
Osw. I am scaries in breath, my lord.
Kent. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valour.
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor
made thee.
Kent. Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?
Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,
could not have made him an 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,—[spar'd
Kent. Thou, whoreson zed? thou, unnecessary letter?
—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will treat this
unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a
jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you vagtail?
Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?
Kent. Yes, 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 at warn.
Which are too intrinsical! e' unloose; smooth every passion
That in the natures of their lords rebel:
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon* banks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
And knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile 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 tell you out? say that.
Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and this knave.
Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
office?
For pilferings and most common trespasses, 
Are punish'd with. The king must take it ill, 
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger, 
Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that. 
Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse, 
To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, 
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—* 

[Kent is set in the Stocks.]

Come, my lord, away. 

[Exit Regan and Cornwall.]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure, 
Whose disposition, all the world well knows, 
Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee. 

Kent. Pray, do not, sir. I have watch'd, and travel'd hard: 
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle: 
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels. 
Give you good morrow! 

Glo. The duke's to blame in this: 't will be ill taken. 

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common saw:—
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st 
To the warm sun. 
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe, 
That by thy comfortable beams I may 
Peruse this letter.—Nothing almost sees miracles,? 
But misery:—I know, 't is from Cordelia; 
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd 
Of my obscure course; and shall find time 
From this enormous state, seeking to give 
Loses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watch'd, 
Take vantage, heavy eyes; not to behold 
This shameful lodging. Fortune, good night; 
Smile once more; turn thy wheel! 

[He sleeps.]

SCENE III.—A Part of the Heath.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd; 
And by the happy hollow of a tree 
Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place, 
That guard, and most unusual vigilance, 
Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape, 
I will preserve myself; and am bethought 
To take the basest and most poorest shape, 
That ever penury, in contempt of man, 
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth, 
Blanket my loins, elf all my hair in knots, 
And with presented nakedness out-face 
The winds, and persecutions of the sky. 
The country gives me proof and precedent 
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices, 
Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms 
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary; 
And with this horrible object, from low farms, poor petling villages, sheep-cotes and mills, 
Sometime with lunatic bays, sometimewith prayers, 
Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlyg 14 poor Tom! 
That's something yet:—Edgar I nothing am. [Exit.
SCENE IV.—Before GLOSTER’S CASTLE.

Enter Lear, Fool, and a Gentleman.

Lear. ’Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn’d,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this removal.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! [Waking.

Lear. Ha!

Kent. Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

Lear. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look; he wears erewh garters. 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-tasty at legs, then he wears wooden netherstocks.

Lear. What’s he, that hath so much thy place mislooked,
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she:
Your son and daughter.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

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: it is worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage.
Resolve me now with all modest haste which way Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness’ letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that show’d
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew’d in his base, half-breathless, panting forth
From Goneril, his mistress, salutation;
Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon’d up their mean’y, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceive’d, had poison’d mine.
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display’d so saucily against your highness)
Having more man than wit about me, drew:
He rais’d the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter’s not gone yet; if the wild goose fly that way,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

Courteous, that arrant whore,
Ne’er turns the key to the poor.—
But, for all this, it follows,
Thou shalt have as many dolours
For thy daughters dear,
As thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my heart!

Hysterica passio, I 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 ye no more offence than what you speak of?

Kent. None.

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i’ the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv’d it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We’ll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there’s no labouring in the winter. All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there’s not a nose among twenty but can smell him that’s stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.

That sir, which serves and seeks for gain.
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The fool turns knave: that runs away,
The knave no fool, perdy.

Kent. Where learn’d you this, fool?

Fool. Not i’ the stocks, fool.

[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 fix’d he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion! —

Fiery? what? quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I’d speak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform’d them so.

Lear. Inform’d, them! Dost thou understand me, man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they inform’d of this? My breath and blood! —

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke, that —

No, but not yet;—may be, he is not well:
Infirmitie doth still neglect all office,
Wherebo the health is bound; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress’d, 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 remonstrance of the duke and her is practice only: Give me my servant forth.

Go, tell the duke and 's wife, I'ld 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, nuncle, as the cockney did to the cels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcomb with a stick, and cried, 'Down, wantons, down!' 't was her brother, that in pure kind- ness to his horse butter'd his hay.

Enter Cornwall, Regan, Gloster, and Servants. Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [Kent is set at liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad, I would divorce thee from thy mother's tomb.

Sepulturing an adultress,—O! are you free? [To Kent. Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan, Thy sister 's naught: O Regan! she hath tied Sharp'd-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here.—

[Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee: thou? It not believe, With how depriv'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 seem'd 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 restraddled 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 confines: you should be rud'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 become my month?—

"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 insigntly 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 the stord's vengences of heaven fall On her ungrateful top! Strike her young bones, You taking airs, with lameness!—

Corn. You nimb'lightning, dart your blinding flames Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'ed fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, To fall and blast her pride!—

Reg. 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 thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy harsh words, to scant my wages,

And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt.

Against my coming in: thou know better'st

The offices of nature, bond of childhood,

Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;

Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,

Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose.

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks? [Tucket within.

Corn. What trumpet's that?

[Enter Oswald.

Reg. I know 't; my sister's: this approves her letter, That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come? Lear. This is a slave, whose easy borrow'd pride Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—Out, varlet, from my sight!—

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? Regan, I have good hope Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here? O heavens!—

[Enter Goneril.

If you do love old men, in your sweet sway

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,

Make it your cause; send down, and take my part—

Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?—

O Regan! will thou take her by the hand?—

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I off- ended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,

And dotage terms so.

Lear. 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 wage against the enmity o' the air;

To be a comrade with the wolf and howl,

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 sumpter

To this detested groom. [Looking at Oswald.

Gon. At your service, sir. At your service, sir.

Lear. I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me mad:

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.

We'll no more meet, no more see one another;

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;

Or, rather, a disease that 's i' my flesh,

Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;

1 slack: in quarto. 2 This and the next speech, are only in folio. 3 house: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 and blister: in folio. 6 tendered-shefed: in f. e. 7 Fixed allowances. 8 Blast of a trumpet. 9 The wolf and ewe. Necessity's, &c. in f. e. 10 that lies within my flesh: in quarto.
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-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 amity? 'T is hard: almost impossible. [Exit
Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive attend-
From those that she calls servants, or from mine?
Reg. Why not, my lord? If then they chase'd to
slack 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, say you so?
Reg. And speak' t again, my lord; no more with me.

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-

favour'd,
When others are more wicked; not being the worst

Stands in some rank of praise.—I'll go with thee:

To Goneril,
Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord.
What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you?
Reg. O! reason not the need; our basest

beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;

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 curled waters 'bove the main,

That things might change or cease: tears his white hair,
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,

Catch in their fury, and make nothing of:

1 follow: in quartos. 2 This and the next speech, to "horse," are not in quartos. 3 not: in quartos. 4 The rest of this speech is not in folio.
KING LEAR.  ACT III.

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall; 1
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Thron'd and set high?) servants, who seem no less,
Intelligent of our state; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packaging 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 flourishings. 2
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 manner.—Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To trust a secret foot for ever, 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.
Gent. I will talk farther with you.
Kent. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this private, 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 4 fellow is
That yet you do not know. [Thunder.] Pie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.
Gent. Give me your hand. Have you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king, in which your pain
That way, I’ll this, he that first lights on him,
Holla the other.  [Exeunt severally.

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Heath. Storm continues.

Enter Lear and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanes spout,
Till you have drenched our steeples, drown’d our cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-eating thunder-bolts,
Sing me my song, and then, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick roundality o’ the world.
Crack nature’s moulds, all germs spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water 3 in a dry house
is better than this rain-water out of door. Good nuncle, in,
and ask thy daughter’s blessing: here’s a night
pities neither wise men nor fools.

[Thunder.

Lear. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call’d you children,
You owe me no subscription; then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis’d old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That will 8 with two penurious daughters join;
Your high-angender’d battles ‘gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! ’tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put his head in has a
good head-piece.

Lear. The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall house;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry wee,
And turn his sleep to wake.

—For there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass.

Enter Kent.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I
will say nothing.

Kent. Who’s there?

Fool. Marry, here’s grace, and a cod-piece; that’s
a wise man, and a fool.

Kent. Alas, sir! are you here? Things that love night,
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow 11 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 roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard: man’s nature cannot carry
That affliction, nor the fear. 12

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother 14 o’er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undisguised crimes,
Unwhipp’d of justice: hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjurer, and thou simuler 12 of virtue,
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis’d on man’s life: close pent-up guilt,
Lire your concealing continents, 13 and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sin’d against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack! bare-headed.

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a holov
Some friendship will it lend you ‘gainst the tempest:
Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
(More hard 14 than is the stone whereof it is rais’d,)—
Which even but now, demanding after you,
 Denied me to come in) return, and force
Their seem’d courtesy.

[Alarums. Their wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy? Art cold?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That’s sorry yet for thee.

Fool. He that has a little tiny wit,—
[Alarums. With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit;
For the rain it raineth every day.

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come, bring us to this
hovel.

Enter Lear and Kent.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtier;

I’ll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word than matter;
When brewers mar their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors’ tutors;
No heretics burn’d, but wench’d suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No square in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slander do not live in tongues.

1 This and the seven following lines, are not in quartos.
2 speculations: in f. o.
3 Dislikes, and intrigue:s: in f. o.
4 furnishings: in f. o.
5 Compliments, fair words, flattering speeches:—
6 Smiles: in quartos.
7 1° Complements, fair words, flattering speeches:—
8 join’d: in quartos.
9 have: in quartos.
10 f. o.
11 folio, thatcher’d: in quartos.
12 The quartos insert: man.
13 concealed centres: in quartos.
14 harder than she: in folio.
15 This speech not in quartos.
Nor cutpurses come not to throns;
When usurers tell their gold i’ the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion:
Then comes the time, who lives to see it,
That going shall be us’d with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live before his time.
[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Room in Gloster’s Castle.

Enter Gloster and Edmund.

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charged me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes, and a worse matter than that. I have received a letter this night;—it is dangerous to be spoken:—I have locked the letter in my closet. These injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed; we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privately relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived. If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king, my old master, must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund: pray you, be careful.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke instantly know; and of that letter too.

This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
That which my father loses; no less than all;
The younger rises, when the old doth fall.
[Exit.]

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.

Lear. Thou think'st it is much, that this contentious
Storm invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady 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 tentpest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—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 which hurt me more.—But I 'll go in:
In, boy; go first,—[To the Fool.] You houseless poverty.

Nay, get thee in. I 'll pray, and then I 'll sleep.—

[Fool goes in.

Poor naked wretches, wherein 's your rest?
That bide the pelt ing 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 ta'en
Too little care of this. Take physic, pome;
Exposeth thy to feel what wretches feel,
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [Within.] Fathom and half, fathom and half!

Poor Tom! [The Fool runs out from the Hovel.

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.

Help me! help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who 's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom Kent.
What art thou that dost grumble there? I come forth.

Enter Edgar disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
"Through the sharp hawthorn blade the cold wind?"—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through swamp and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; and hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O! do, do, do, do.

Bless thee from whirl winds, star-blastig, and taking thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

Lear. What! have his daughters brought him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket; else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues, that in the pendulous air Hang fated o'er men's faults; light on thy daughters!—

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdued nature.
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy of their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—

Hallow, hallow, loo, 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, wore gloves in his cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spoke words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept in the contriving of lust, and woke to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dide dearly; and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creating of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of placlets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend. —Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,/selects. /slow mon.
KENT. Good my lord, take his offer: go into the house.
Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned Theban.
What is thy study?
Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.
Lear. Let me ask you one word in private. [They talk apart.]
KENT. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin 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 grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this!
[Storm continues.]
I do beseech your grace,
Lear. O! cry you mercy, sir.
Noble philosopher, your company.
Edg. Tom's a-cold.
GLO. In fellow, there, into the hovel: keep thee
warm.
Lear. Come, let's in all.
KENT. This way, my lord.
Lear. With him:
I will keep still with my philosopher.
KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow.
GLO. Take him you on.
KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
Lear. Come, good Athenian.
GLO. No words, no words:
Hush!
Edg. "Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still,—Fee, feh, tum,
I smell the blood of a British man." [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—A Room in Gloster's Castle.

ENTER CORNWALL and EDMUND.

CORN. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.
EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature
gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.
CORN. I now perceive, it was not altogether your
brother's evil disposition made him seek his death;
but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable
badness in himself.
EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must
reptent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke
of, which approves him an intelligent party to the
advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason
were not, or not I the detector!
CORN. Go with me to the duchess.
EDM. If the matter of this paper be certain, you
have mighty business in hand.
CORN. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of
Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may
be ready for our apprehension.
Edn. [Aside] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully,—[To him.] I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer[1] father in my love. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—A Chamber in a Farm-House, adjoining the Castle.

Enter GLOSTER, Lear, KENT, POOL, 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 impatience.—The gods reward your kindness! [Exit GLOSTER.

Edg. Fraterrreto calls me, and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

Pool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Pool. No: he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he is a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come whizzing in upon them.—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Pool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath.

Lear. It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.

Come, sit thou here, most learned justice;—

[To EDGAR.

Thou, supient sir, sit here. Now, you she foxes!— Edg. Look, where he stands and glares!—

Wansteth thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Pool. Her boot hath a leak;

And she must not speak.

Why she dares not come over to thee.

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel! I have no food for thee.

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd: Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions? Lear. I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—[To EDGAR.

And thou, his yoket-fellow of equity, [To THE POOL.

Bench by his side.—You are of the commission, Sit you too. [To KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Pool. Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Pool. Cry you mercy; I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place! False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity! Sir, where is the patience now, That you so oft have boasted to retain?

Edg. [Aside.] My tears begin to take his part so much, They'll mar my counterfetting.

Lear. The little dogs and all,

Tom, Blanche, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them.—Avault, you ours!

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite;

Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel, grin,

Hound, or spaniel, brach, or lym';

Or bobtail 'tis, 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 wakés and fairs, and market towns.—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then, let them anatomize Regan, see what breeds about her heart: Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, [To EDGAR.] I entertain you for one of my hundred; only, I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say, they are Persian attire;[2] but let them be changed.

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest awhile.

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise: draw the curtains. So, so, so: we'll go to supper i' the morning; so, so, so.


Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend; where is the king my master?

Kent. Here, sir: but trouble him not; his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms; I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him.

There is a litter ready; lay him in 't;

And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master: If thou should'st daily half an hour, his life,

With thine, and all that offer to defend him,

Stand in assured loss. Take up, take up;

And follow me, that will to some provision Give thee quick conduct.

Kent. Oppress'd nature sleeps. This rest might yet have bal'm'd thy broken sense; Which, if convenience will not allow,

Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master; Thou must not stay behind. [To THE POOL. Glo. Come, come, away.

[Exeunt KENT, GLOSTER, and THE POOL, bearing off the King.

Edg. When we be better seeth searing our woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes.

Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,

Leaving free things and happy shows behind;

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erdispire,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.

How light and portable my pain seems now,

When that which makes me bend, makes the king bow:

Hechild, as I father'd!—Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,

When false opinion, whose wrong thought destiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe escape the king!
Lurk, lurk. [Exit.

SCENE VII.—A Room in GLOSTER's Castle.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND, and Sentries.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter:—the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exeunt some of the Sentries.

Reg. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my dispose.—Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenues 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 betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister.—farewell, my lord of Gloster.

Enter OSWALD.

How now! Where's the king?

Osw. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover, where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

[Exeunt GONERIL, EDMUND, and OSWALD.

CORN. Edmund, farewell.—Go, seek the traitor Gloster,
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us. [Exeunt other Sentries.

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The traitor?

Re-enter Sentries, with GLOSTER.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 't is he.
CORN. Bind fast his corky' arms.
GLO. What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider
You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.
CORN. Bind him, I say. [Sentries 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 pulls his beard.
GLO. By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.
Reg. So white, and such a traitor!
GLO. Naughty lady.

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee. I am your host:
With robbers' hands my hospitable favours
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?
CORN. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?
Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.
CORN. And what confederacy have you with the late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands
Have you sent the lunatic king? Speak.
GLO. I have a letter2 guessing set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd.

CORN. Cunning.

Reg. And false.
CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?
GLO. To Dover.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
CORN. Wast thou not charg'd at peril—
Reg. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.
CORN. I am tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.
Reg. Wherefore to Dover?
GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh flash4 boarish 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 stedfast fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.5
If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern' time,
Thou shouldst have said, 'Good porter, turn the key.'
All cruels else subscribe;* but I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children.
CORN. See it shalt thou never.—Follows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.
GLO. He, that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel! O ye gods!
[Exeunt some of the Sentries.
Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.
CORN. If you see, vengeance—
SERV. Hold your hand, my lord. I have serv'd you ever since I was a child,
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dog!

SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel! What do you mean?
CORN. My villain! [Draws and runs at him.
SERV. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.
[Draws. CORNWALL is wounded.
Reg. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus!
SERV. O, I am slain!—My lord, I have one eye left
To see some mischief on him!—O! [Dies.
CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!
Where is thy lustre now? [Tearing out his other eye."
GLO. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain! Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee.
GLO. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused—
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!
Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. How is 't, my lord? How look you?
CORN. I have receiv'd a hurt. Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain: throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed space:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me my arm.

[Exit CORNWALL, led by Regan.—Sentries unbind GLOSTER, and lead him out."

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man comes to good.

---1 villain: in quarto. 2 Dry-withered: applied in "Harriet's Declaration," to an old woman. 3 true: in quarto. 4 stick: in folio. 5 throw: in quarto. 6 rage: in quarto. 7 deem: in quarto: dreary. 8 Stiled. 9 It is in r. e. 10 The rest of the scene is not in folio.
ACT IV.

Old Man. Alack, sir! he is mad.
Glo. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel 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. Is not thou the way to Dover?
Edg. Both sile and gate, horse-way and foot-path.
Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidiet; Hobbildance, prince of dumberness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Fibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing, who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So bless thee, master!
Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched,
Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still!
Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man,
That braves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
Edg. Ay, master.
Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep:
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear,
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.
Edg. Give me thy arm:—[Exit.

SCENE II.—Before the Duke of Albany's Palace.

Enter Gonereil and Edmund; Oswald meeting them.

Gon. Welcome, my lord: I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way.—Now, where's your master?
Osw. Madam, within; but never man so chang'd:
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smil'd at it: I told him, you were coming;
His answer was, "The worse!" of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out.
What must he should dislike? seems pleasant to him;
What like offensive.
Gon. Then, shall you go no farther. [To Edmund. 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 masters, and conduct his powers.
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband’s hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress’s command. Wear this; spare speech;  

[Giving a chain.]

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak;
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Yours in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man, and man!  
To thee a woman’s services are due:
My fool usurps my body.  

Osw. Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit OSWALD.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Gonori! You are not worth the dust, which the rude wind
Blows in your face—fear your disposition:
That nature, which contains its origin,
Cannot be render’d certain in itself;  
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her material sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more: the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile;
Filth’s savour but themselves. What have you done?
Tigers, not daughters, what have you perform’d?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reverence the head-lugg’d bear would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd’d,
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a prince, by him so benefic’d
That if the heavens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,
It will come,

Humility must perforce prey on itself;
Like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver’d man!

That bear’st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know’st,
Fools do those villains pity, who are punish’d
 Erie they have done their mischief.

Where’s thy drum? France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;

And with plumed helm thy slayer begins threats;
Whilst thou, a moral sot, sit’st still, and criest,

“Alack! why does he so?”

Alb. See thyself, devil! Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!  

Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover’d thing, for shame,
Bo-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
To let these hands obey my blood,
They are apt enough to dislocate and tear
Thy flesh and bones: how’er thou art a fiend,
A woman’s shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now! —

[Enter a Messenger.

Alb. What news?  

Mess. O, my good lord! the duke of Cornwall’s dead;  

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster’s eyes!  

Mess. A servant that he bred, thrill’d with remorse,
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.

[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:  

[Giving it.  

’Tis from your sister.

Gon. [Aside.] One way I like this well:  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in* my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life. Another way,
The news is not so tart. [To him.] I’ll read, and

[Exit.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?  

Mess. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Mess. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mess. Ay, my good lord; ’twas he inform’d against him,
And quit the house, on purpose that their punishment
 Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live
To thank thee for the love thou show’dst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;  
Tell me what more thou knowest.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—The French Camp near Dover.

[Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back, know you the reason?

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state,
Which since his coming forth is thought of; which
Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger,
That his personal return was most requir’d,
And necessary.

Kent. Whom hath he left behind him general?

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, rebel-like,
Sought to be king o’er her.

Kent. O! then it mov’d her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow dropp’d
Who should express her goodness. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better May: those happy smiles,
That play’d on her riper lip, seem’d not to know
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pears from diamonds drop’d.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most belov’d, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

1 names: in folio.  * This line not in quartos.  2 One quarto has: My foot usurps my head; another has: My fool usurps my bed.

* The rest of this and the following speeches, to "Milk-livered man!" are not in folio.  4 This and the next speech, are not in the folio.  5 Not in f. e.  * en: in quartos.  8 This scene is not in the folio.  10 stra: in quartos.  Pope made the change.  11 way: in quartos; some mod. eds. day,
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. You do climb up it now: look, how we labour.

GLO. Methinks, the ground is even.

EDG. Horribly steep.

HARK! do you hear the sea?

GLO. No, truly.

EDG. Why, then you hear other sounds grow imperfect

By your ears’ anguish.

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 chang'd, But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, y' are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.—

How fearful,
And dizzy, 't is to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and coughs, that wing the midday air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear life mice; and yond' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock!; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' number'd idles pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Tumble 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 not I leap up.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies, and gods,
Prosper it with thee! Go thou farther off:
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare you well, good sir.

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.

Glo. O, you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and in your sights
Shake patiently my great affliction off:
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
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. Gone, sir; farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the throes: had he been where he thought,
By this had thought been past. — Alive, or dead?
Oh, you sir! fresh! Hear you, sir? — speak!
Thus might he pass indeed; —yet he revives.
What are you, sir?

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou' st shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st not; art sound.
Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell;
Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn,
Look up a height; the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo! Alack! I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'T was yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm: [Helping him up.
Up: —so, how is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were too full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelk'd, and wavy'd like the enridged sea:
It was some fiend: therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honours
Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough!" and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man: often 't would 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 Straws and Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; * I am
the king himself.

Edg. O, thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's
your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a
crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard. — Look, 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 billy. — O, well-drown, bird!
— the clout, the clout! woe! — Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Gon'eril! * — 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, when
the thunder would not peace at my bidding, there I
found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not
men o' their words: they told me I was every thing;
't is a lie, I am notague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember;

Lear. Is not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.

I pardon that man's life: what was thy cause?

Adultery.—

Thou shalt not die: die for adultery? No:

The wren goes to it, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Lear. Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.

To 't, luxury, poll-mell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yond' simpering dame,

Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That mimics' virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;

The fitchew, nor the soiled horse, goes to't

With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,

Though women all above:

But to the girdle do the gods inherit,

Beneath is all the fiends; there's hell, there's dark-

---

ness, there is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench, consumption;"—see, see, see! pah; pah! Give me an ounce of cirt, 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 squint at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge: mark the penning of it.
Glo. Were all the letters sung, I could not see one.
Edg. I would not take this from report; it is, And my heart breaks at it.
Lear. Read.
Glo. What! with the case of eyes?
Lear. O, ho! are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light: yet you see how this world goes.
Glo. I see it feelingly.
Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears; see how yond' justice rails upon yond' simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice, which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar?
Glo. Ay, sir.
Lear. And the creature run from the cur? There thou mightest behold the great image of authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand! Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine own back; Thou hasty lust' to use her in that kind
For which thou whippst her. The usurer hangs the cozenor.
Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear; Robes, and fur'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with gold, And the strong lance of justice hurls it breaks: Armin it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it. None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able 'em: Take that of me, my friend, who have the power To soil th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; And, like a scurvy politician, seem To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now!
Pull off my boots: harder, harder; so.
Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd;
Reason in madness!
Lear. If you will weep my fortunes, take my eyes. I know thee well enough; thy name is Glosser: Thou must be patient. We came crying hither; Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air We wawl, and cry. I will preach to thee; mark me.
Glo. Alack! alack the day!
Lear. When we are born, we cry that we are come To this great stage of fools.—'Tis 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, kill.

Enter a Gentleman with Attendants.

Gent. I here he is: lay hand upon him. —Sir, Your most fit 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 cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have anything.
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 royal one, and we obey you.
Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.

[Exit: Attendants follow.

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, Past speaking in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, Who redeems nature from the general curse Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir.
Gent. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that, Which can distinguish sound.
Edg. But, by your favour, How near 's the other army?
Gent. Near, and on speedy foot; the main desery Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.
Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is here,
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [Exit Gent.

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worse spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.
Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?
Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows, Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand, I'll lead you to some biding.

Glo. Hearty thanks;
The bounty and the bension of heaven To boot, and boot!

Enter Oswald.

Osw. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy! That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh To raise my fortunes. —Thou old unhappy traitor, Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out [Drawing. That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to it. [Edgar interposes.

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant, Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence: Lest that th' infection of his fortune take Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ilI'nt let go, zir, without varther 'cision.
Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor folk pass. And ch'ld ha' been zwaggered out of my life, 't would not ha' been so long as 't is by a vontage. Nay, come not near the old man; keep out, ch'ld ye, or les' try whether your costard or my hallow be the harder. Ch'Il'be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill!

1 consummation: in quarto. 2 The next sentence to "Get!" is not in quarto. 3 This: in f. e. 4 block: in f. e. 5 This line is not in folio. 6 Not in quarto. 7 name by: in quarto. 8 Head, or my cudge.
Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir. Come; no matter for your foins.

[They fight; and Edgar strikes him down.

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me.—Villain, take my purse.

If ever you will thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund earl of Gloucester: seek him out.

Upon the British party.—O, untimely 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 us remember our reciprocal vows.
You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered.
There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror; then,
am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol, from the losted warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

"Your (wife, so I would say),
The affectionate servant,
Goneril."

O, unextinguish'd blaze of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;
And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rouse up, the post unsanctified,
Of murderous leeches; and in the mature time,
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practis'd duke. For him 'tis well,
That of thy death and business I can tell.

Glo. The king is mad: how stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract;
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose
The knowledge of themselves. [Drum afar off.]

Edg. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father; I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII.—A Tent in the French Camp. LEAR. Learn 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 shall 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 pray thee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam: yet the known shortens my main intent;
My boon 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.

Doct. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O, you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
Th' unut'n'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father!

Doct. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? be hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
If the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Doct. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Kent. Good madam, be by when we do awake him:
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [Music.

Doct. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess! Cor. Had you not been their father, these white

flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring' winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu)!
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wait thou fail, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doct. Madam, do you; 'tis fitter.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your

majesty?

Learn. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the

grave.—
Thou art a soul in bliss, but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Learn. You are a spirit, I know. Where did you die?

Cor. Still, still; far wide.

Doct. He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

Learn. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair
daylight?

I am mightily abused.—I should even die with pity
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.
I will not swear, these are my hands:—let's see; I
Feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd
Of my condition?

Cor. O! look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me.

No, sir, you must not kneel.

Learn. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less;
And, to deal plainly, I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.

Yet I must know you, and know this man;
I am yet a fool, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is; and all the skill I have,
Remember not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
SCENE 1.

Enter, with Drums and Colors, Edmund, Regan, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edm. Know of the duke, if his last purpose hold; or whether since he is advis’d by aught to change the course. He’s full of alteration, and self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

[To an Officer, who exit.

Reg. Our sister’s man is certainly miscarried.

Edm. ’Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord, you know the goodness I intend upon you: Tell me, but truly, and then speak the truth, Do you not love my sister?

Edm. In honour’d love.

Reg. But have you never found my brother’s way To the forfended place?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct, And bosom’d with her, as far as we call hers. 

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.

Reg. I never shall endure her. Dear my lord, Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not.—She, and the duke her husband,—

Enter Albany, Goneril, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister Should 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 rigour of our state Fore’d to cry out. Where I could not be honest, I never yet was valiant: for this business, It toucheth us, as France invades our land, Not holds the king, with others, whom, I fear, Most just and heavy causes make oppose. 

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.

Reg. Why is this reason’d?

Gon. Combine together ’gainst the enemy; For these domestic and particular broils Are not the question here.

Alb. Let us, then, determine With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am. Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not: If you have poison for me, I will drink it. I know, you do not love me: for your sisters Have, as I do remember, done me wrong: You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Doc. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage, You see, is cur’d in him; and yet it is danger To make him even o’er the time he has lost. Desire him to go in: trouble him no more, Till farther settling.

Cor. Will’t please your highness walk?

Lear. You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old, and foolish.

[Exeunt Lear, Cordelia, Doctor, and Attendants. 2

Gent. Holds it true, sir, that the duke of Cornwall was so slain?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people?

Kent. As ’tis said, the bastard son of Gloster.

Gent. They say, Edgar, his banished son, is with the earl of Kent in Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable. ’Tis time to look about; the powers o’ the kingdom approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly wrought, Or well or ill, as this day’s battle ’s fought. [Exit.

ACT V.

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 poor, Hear me one word.

Alb. I’ll overtake you.—Speak.

[Exeunt Edmund, Regan, Goneril, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter. If you have victory, let the trumpet sound For him that brought it: wretched though I seem, I can produce a champion, that will prove What is avouch’d there. If you miscarry, Your business of the world hath so an end, And machination ceases. Fortune love you! [Going. Alb. Stay; till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it. When time shall serve, let but the herald cry, And I’ll appear again. [Exit.

Alb. Why, fare thee well: I will o’erlook thy paper.

Re-enter Edmund.

Edm. The enemy’s in view; draw up your powers. Here is the guess of their true strength and forces By diligent discovery; [showing a paper, but your haste Is now urg’d on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; Each jealousy of the other, as the stung Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take? Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy’d, if both remain alive: to take the widow, Exasperates, makes mad, her sister Goneril; And hardly shall I carry out my side, Her husband being alive. Now then, we’ll use His countenance for the battle; which being done, Let her who would be rid of him devise His speedy taking off. As for the mercy Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia, The battle done, and they within our power, Shall never see his pardon; for my state Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [Exit.
SCENE II.—A Field between the two Camps.

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,
I'll bring you comfort.


Enter Edgar and Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree:
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again,
I'll bring you comfort.

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.

SCENE III.—The British Camp near Dover.

Enter, in conquest, with Drum and Colours, Edmund; Lear and Cordelia, as Prisoners; Captain, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known,
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear. No, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds out the cage:
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh.
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones,
That clab 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 gougers shall devour them, flesh and fell.
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.

Come. [Exit Lear and Cordelia, guarded.

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark.
Take thou this note; [Giving a Paper.] go, follow them to prison.

One step before I advance thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost it not thy way
To noble fortunes. Know thou, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword. Thy great employment
Will not bear question: either say, thou 'lt do't,
or thrive by other means.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord. [done

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast

Mark.—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oaks;
If it be man's work, I will do't. [Exit Captain. Flourish.

Enter Albany, Gloucester, Regan, Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives,
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you, so to use them,
As we shall find their merits, and our safety,
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impress'd lances in our eyes.
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen:
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at farther space, 't appear
Where you shall hold your session.
At this time, we sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend;
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curst
By those that feel their sharpness.—
The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
To which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your addition.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.
Gon. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Gon. Holla! Holla! That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.
Reg. I am not well: else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach. General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony:
Disperse of them, of me; the walls are thin.
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.

Gon. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

To Edmund.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest, This gilded serpent. [Pointing to Gon.—For your claim, fair sister, I bar it in the interest of my wife; tis she is sub-contracted to this lord, And I, her husband, contradict your bans.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

1 bush: in quartos. 2 This speech is not in quartos. 3 best: in quartos. 4 Not in f. e. 5 good years: in old copies. 6 This speech is not in folio. 7 These three words are not in folio. 8 The rest of the speech is not in folio. 9 should: in quartos. 10 immediate: in quartos. 11 advancement: in quartos. 12 good: in quartos. 13 thin attaint: in quartos. 14 Not in quartos.
To prove upon thy heart, whereeto I speak, Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name; But since thy outside looks so fair and warlike, And that thy tongue some 'tis of breeding breathes, What safe and nicely I might well delay By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn. Back do I toss these treasons 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 mere practice, Gloucester. By the laws of arms thou wast not bound to answer An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd, But cozen'd and beguile.

Edm. Shut thy mouth, dames; Or with this paper shall I stop it?—Hold, sir!—

Thou worse than any name, I read thine own evil. [She matches at the Letter.]

Gon. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine; Who can13 arraign me for 't?14

Alb. Most monstrous!

Know'st thou this paper?

Gon.15 Ask me not what I know. [Exit Goneril.

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her. [Exit an Officer.

Edm. What man hast 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. Let's exchange charity, I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

[Taking off his Helmet.] My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant voices Make instruments to plague18 us: The dark and vicious place where thee he got Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right; 't is true;
The wheel is come full circle: I am here. Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness. I must embrace thee: Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee, or thy father.

Edg. Worthy prince, I know 't.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale; And when 't is told, O, that my heart would burst!—The bloody proclamation to escape, That follow'd me so near, (O, our lives' sweetness! That with the pain of death we'd hourly die, Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift Into a madman's rage, 't assume 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, save'd him from despair; Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd,
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing; and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his head's heart
(Alack! too weak the conflict to support)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of yours hath mov'd me,
And shall, perchance, do good: but speak you on:
You look as you had something more to say.
Alb. If there be more more more, 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.

While I was big in clamour, came there a man;
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhor'd society; but then, finding
Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he 'd burst heaven; threw him up 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 tran'd.

Alb. But who was this?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help, help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. T is 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 contract'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,
Touche us not with pity. [Exit Gentleman.

Enter Kent.

Edg. O! it is he.

The time will not allow the compliment,
Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master eye good night:
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!—
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cor-
Sect my object, Kent?

[Edg. Kent, at Alnwick?]—

[The Bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in. Kent. Alack! why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd:

The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.

Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run! O, run!

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.

Alb. Hasten thee, for thy life.

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 fordist herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile!
[Edmund is borne off.

Enter Lear with Cordelia dead in his Arms: Edg., 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 vaults and earth should crack.—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 shine,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O, my good master!

Lear. Pr'ythee, away.

Edg. 'T is 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 is 't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman.—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Off. 'T is true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow? I have seen the day, with my good biting falcon
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosset spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best: I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold,

Lear. This is a dull light:—are you not Kent?

Kent. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too.—He's dead and rotten.
Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man—
Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else. All's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain is it,
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.

Off. Enter an Officer.

[Edward is dead, my lord.]
Scene III.

**KING LEAR.**

*Alb.* That's but a trifle here—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be applied; for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—To you your rights,

*To Edgar and Kent.*
With boot, and such addition, as your honours
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deserving.

*Edg.* Look up, my lord.
*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass: he hates
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.
*Edg.* He is gone, indeed.
*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endure'd so long:
He but usurp'd his life.
*Alb.* Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe.—Friends of my soul, you twain
*To Kent and Edgar.*
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go:
My master calls me; I must not say, no.
*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

*Exeunt with a dead March.*

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1 Not in quartos. 2 The rest of the speech is not in quartos. 3 Pope reads: rough. 4 and: in quartos. 5 Edgar: in folio.
Othello, The Moor of Venice.

Dramatis Personae.

Duke of Venice.
Brabantio, a Senator.
Two other Senators.
Gratiano, Brother to Brabantio.
Lodovico, Kinsman to Brabantio.
Othello, the Moor.
Casio, his Lieutenant.
Iago, his Ancient.
Roderigo, a Venetian Gentleman.

Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.

Scene, for the first Act, in Venice; during the rest of the Play, at a Sea-Port in Cyprus.

Act I.

Scene I.—Venice. A Street.

Enter Roderigo in choler; and Iago.

Rod. Tush! never tell me, I take it much unkindly, that thou, Iago, who hast had my purse, As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this. Iago. 'Sblood! but you will not hear me:
If ever I did dream of such a matter, abhor me. Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate. Iago. Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city, In personal suit to make me his lieutenant, Off-capp'd to him; and, by the faith of man, I know my price: I am worth no worse a place; But he, as loving his own pride and purposes, Evades them, with a bombast circumstance, Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war; And, in conclusion,^4 Nonsuits my mediators; "For certes," says he, "I have already chose my officer." And what was he? Forsooth, a great arithmetician, One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife; That never set a squadron in the field, Nor the division of a battle knows More than a spinster; unless the bookish theoriz'd, Wherein the toged^1 consuls can propose As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice, Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had't 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 call'd by debitor and creditor, this counter-caster:
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, And I, God bless the mark! his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service.

1 These two words, "in choler," are not in f. e. ^2 Not in folio. ^3 off: in quarto. ^4 This line is not in folio. ^5 Theory. ^6 tongued. in folio. ^7 trimm'd: in f. e. ^8 visages: in f. e. ^9 doves: in quarto. ^10 fall: in folio.
OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Yet throw such changes of vexation on 't,
As it may lose some colour.

Rod. Here is her father's house: I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like envious accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spread in populous cities.

Rod. What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!

Iago. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Enter BRABANTIO, above, at a Window.

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there?

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Bra. Are your doors lock'd?

Rod. Why? 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 tupp'd your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.

Arise, I say.

Rod. What, have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I: what are you?

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worse welcome: I have charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors.
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and disturbing draughts,
Upon malicious bravery dost thou come
To start thyquiet.

Rod. Sir, sir, sir,—

Bra. 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.

Bra. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is
Venice;

My house is not a grange.

Rod. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

Iago. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those, that will
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 Barbery horse:
you'll leave your nephews neath to you; you'll have
 couriers for cousins, and gendets for Germans.

Bra. What 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.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. This thou shalt answer: I know thee, Rod-
ederigo.

Rod. Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech
If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,
(As partly, I find, it is) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,
To the gross clapse of a lascivious Moor,
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe
That from the sense of all civility,
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt,
Laying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
On' an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where. Straight satisfy yourself:
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus defiling you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho! Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—
This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.—
Light, I say I 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 stay I shall)
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check,—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars
[Which even now stand in act] that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find
him,
Lead to the sagittary the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.

Enter BRABANTIO, and Servants with Torches.

Bra. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despaired time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a
father?—
How didst thou know I was she?—O! thou deceiv'st me
Past thought.—What said she to you?—Get more
pace!
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. O heaven!—How get she out?—O, treason of
my blood!—
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of some such thing?

Rod. Yes, sir; I have, indeed.

Bra. 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.

Bra. Pray you, lead 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. [Exit.

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1 chances: in folio. 2 timorous: in f. e. 3 worse: in folio. 4 knavery: in folio. 5 The rest of this speech to "Straight!" is not in quarto, 1632. 6 Tying: in f. e. 7 In: in f. e. 8 wheeling: in f. e. 9 The official residence in the Arsenal of Othello. 10 I have, sir: in quarto. 11 Pray, lead me on: in quarto.
SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter Othello, Iago, and Attendants, with Torches.

Iago. Though in the trade of war I have slain men, yet do I hold it very stuff of 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 yield'd him here, under the ribs.

Oth. 'T is better as it is.

Iago. Nay, but he prate, And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms Against your honour, That, with the little godliness I have, I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir, Are you fast married? for, be sure' of this, That the magnifico is much beloved;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential, As double as the duke's: he will divorce you; Or put upon you what restraint, or grievance, The law (with all his might 't enforce it on) Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his spite:
My services, which I have done the signior, Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'T is yet to know, Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being From men of royal siege: and my demerits May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune As this that I have reach'd: for, know, Iago, But that I love the gentle Desdemona, I would not my unhoised free condition Put into circumscription and confine For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yonder?

Iago. These are the raised father, and his friends: You were best go in.

Oth. Not I; I must be found:
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul, Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. By Janus, I think no.

Enter Cassio, and certain Officers with Torches.

Oth. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.

The goodness of the night upon you, friends.

What is the news?

Cas. The duke does greet you, general, And 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 galleys Have sent a dozen sequent messengers, This very night, at one another's heels; And many of the consuls, rais'd and met, Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly call'd When, being not at your lodging to be found, [for: The senate sent above three several quests, To search you out.]

Oth. 'T is 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 land carack: If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Cas. I do not understand.

Iago. He's married.

Cas. To whom?

Iago. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?


Duke. There is no composition in these news, That gives them credit. I'll see. Indeed, they are disproportion'd: My letters say, a hundred and seven galleys.

1 be assured: in folio. 2 and: in quarto. 3 height: in quartos. 4 Merits. 5 frequent: in quartos. 6 about: in folio. 7 Freights. 8 * This line is not in quarto, 1622. 9 dearling: in folio. 10 This and the five following words, are not in quarto, 1622. 11 bring: in folio.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.

2 Sen. And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, with the same reports,
'T is oft with difference) yet do they all remain
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 articles I do approve
In fearful sense.


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.6

Duke. How say you by this change?

1 Sen. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
The importunity of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskillful,
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Off. Here is more news.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injoin'd them4 with an after fleet.

1 Sen. Ay, so I thought—How many, as you guess?

Mess. Of thirty sail; and now do they re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,
With his free duty recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—

Marcus Luccecos, is not he in town?

1 Sen. He's now in Florence.

Duke. Write from us to him; post, post-haste dispatch.

1 Sen. Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

Enter Brabantio, Othello, Iago, Rodenigo, and Officers.

Duke. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you
Against the general enemy Ottoman.—
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior; 6

[To Brabantio.

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

Bra. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me; Neither my place, nor ought I heard of business, Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care Take hold of me, for my particular grief Is of so flood-gate, and o'er-bearing nature, That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows; And it is still itself.


Sen. Dead?

Bra. Ay, to me

She is abus'd, stolen from me, and corrupted By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; For nature so preposterously to err, (Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense) Sans witchcraft could not.

Duke. Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding, Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself, And you of her, the bloody book of law You shall yourself read in the bitter letter, After its own sense; yea, though our proper son Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your grace.

Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems, Your special mandate, for the state affairs, Hath hither brought.

Duke and Sen. We are very sorry for it.

Duke. What, in your own part, can you say to this?

[To Othello.

Bra. Nothing, but this is so.

Oth. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters,
That I have taken away this old man's daughter,
It is most true;—true, I have marri'd her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech, And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have 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 patience, I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms, What conjuration, and what mighty magic, (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal) I won his daughter with:

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion Blush'd at herself; and she,—in spite of nature, Of years, of country, credit, every thing,— To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on? It is a judgment maim'd, and most imperfect, That will confess perfection so could err Against all rules of nature; and must be driven To find out practices of cunning hell,

Why this should be. I, therefore, vouch again, That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood, Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect, He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this is no proof:
Without more evidence and overt test, These are thin habits, and poor likelihoods Of modern seeming, you prefer against him.

1 Sen. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forced courses Subdue and poison this young maid's affections; Or came it by request, and such fair question As soul to soul affordeth. 6

Oth. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary, And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report, The trust, the office, I do hold of you. 6

1 where the sim: in f. e. 2 This line is not in quarto, 1622. 3 The rest of the speech is not in quarto, 1622. 4 Not in quarto, 1622.
5 Take any: in quarto, 1622. 6 Not in quarto, 1622. 7 your: in folio. 8 soft: in folio. 9 more certain and more overt test: in f. e.
10 This line is not in quarto, 1622.
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

_Duke._ Fetch Desdemona hither.

_Oth._ Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place._

[Exeunt Iago and Attendants.

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood,
So justly to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

_Duke._ Say it, Othello.

_Oth._ Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From her ear; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth 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 but fit to speak, such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat.
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
do^4 grow beneath their shoulders. This, to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;^4
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 pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by paroles she had something heard,
But not intentionally; I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her fears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:^3
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange; 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her.—On this hint^4 I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her; that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used;
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter Desdemona, Iago, and Attendants.

_Duke._ I think, this tale would win my daughter too.

Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best:
Men do their broken weapons rather use,
Than their bare hands.

_Bra._ I pray you, hear her speak:
If she confess that she was half the wooer,
 Destruction on my head,^3 if my bad blame
Light on the man.—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company,

Where most you owe obedience?

_Des._ My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty.
To you, I am bound for life, and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of^9 duty;
I am hither to your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother show'd
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor, my lord.

_Bra._ God be with you!—I have done.—

Please it your grace, on to the state affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—

Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart^11
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 like yourself; and say a sentence,
Which, as a grieve, or step, may help these lovers
Into your favour.^^

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past, and gone
Is the next way to draw on mischief^2. What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The rob'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

_Bra._ So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile:
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruise'd heart was pierce through the ear.
Beseech you, now to the affairs of state.

_Duke._ The Turk, with a most mighty preparation, makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude of the place
is best known to you; and though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a most^4 sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must, therefore, be content to suffer the glibness of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

_Oth._ The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch^13 of war
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardiness: and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly, therefore, 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._ If you please,
Be't at her father's.^^

_Bra._ I'll not have it so.

_Oth._ Nor I.

_Des._ Nor I; I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a prosperous ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice,
T' assist my simpleness.

Duke. What would you, Desdemona? 9

Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world: my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interm 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,
(In me defect) and proper satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:
And be your counsel, that you think
I will your service and the Moor's account.
When she is with me. No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid foill with wanton dulness
My speculative and active instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skill of my helm,
And all indig and base adversities
Make head against my reputation.

Duke. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay, or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it: you must hence to-night.

Des. To-night, my lord? 14

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine 't the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you;
With such things else of quality and respect,
As do import you.

Oth. Please your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty, and trust:
To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

Duke. Let it be so.

Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,

[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 Sen. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes 12 to see:
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[Execute DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, &c.

Oth. My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I priythee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring her 18 after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To spend with thee; we must obey the time.

[Execute OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.

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1 a gracious ear: in quarto. 2 speak: in quarto, 1623. 3 scores: in quarto. 4 utmost pleasure: in quarto. 5 why: in folio. 6 Oth. Iet hear his voice: Vouch, &c. in folio. 7 comply with beat the young affects: in f. 8 in my defect and, &c. in f.: good soliloquy in f. e. f. e. 9 For: in quarto. 10 see: in folio. 11 ofread: in folio. 12 estimation: in folio. 13 Not in folio. 14 have a quick eye: in quarto, 1623. 15 them: in folio. 16 are our: in folio. 17 brain: in folio. 18 have professed: in folio. 19 change thy countenance. 20 score: in quarto, 1623. 21 approve: in f. e. 22 The rest of the sentence is not in quarto, 1623.
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. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' 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 to?
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.

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 sheets
He has done my office: I know not if 't be true:
Yet I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;
The better shall my purpose work on him.
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now;
To get his place, and to plume' up my will
In double knavery,—How, how?—Let's see:—
After some time, to abuse Othello's ear
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,
To be suspected; fram'd to make women false,
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so,
And will as tenderly be led by the nose,
As asses are.—
I have 't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[Exit Roderigo.

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,
Despair a sail.

Mon. Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortises? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet:
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds,
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous mane,
Seems to cast water on the burning head,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fixed pole.
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafted flood.

Mon. If that the Turkish fleet
Be not shelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

3 Gent. News, lads! our ware are done.
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,
That their designament halts: a noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
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: it is a worthy governor.

3 Gent. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort,
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempest.

Mon. Pray heaven he be;
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands

Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!
As well to see the vessel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello. 

Even till we make the main, and th' aerial blue,
An indistinct regard.

3 Gent. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is 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 ship'd?

Cas. His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

[Within.] A sail, a sail, a sail!

Enter a Messenger.

Cas. What noise is this?

Mss. 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.

[ Guns heard.

2 Gent. They do discharge their shot of courtesy:
Our friends, at least.

Cas. I pay you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 't is arriv'd.

2 Gent. I shall.

[Exit. Mon. But, good lieutenant, is your general wi'v'd?
Cas. Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid,
That paragon description, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in that essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency. —How now! who has put in?

Re-enter Second Gentleman.

2 Gent. 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

Cas. He has had most favourable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,
Traitors ensteep'd to derg the guiltless keel,
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Oth. What is she?

Cas. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A se'ennight's speed.—Great Jove! Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renow'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,
Enveil thee round.

Des. I thank you, valiant Cassio.

Cas. He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

Des. O! but I fear.—How lost you company?

Cas. The great contention of the sea and skies
Parted our fellowship.

[Aside.] 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. [Kissing her.

Iago. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft 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 lost to sleep:
Marry before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to 't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on; assay.—There's one gone to the harbour?

Cas. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.

Come; how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it, but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd!—How, if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto 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 in the alcohouse. What miserable praise hast thou for that 's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul, and foolish thereof,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst
But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of so much malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Hath tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—"how may I"?
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Hades her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in nothing never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and n'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind:—
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. Do to what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O, most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband. How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may rely him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

[Asides with Desdem.]

Iago. [Aside.] He takes her arm in the palm: ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine own courtship. You say true: it is so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenant, 'twas 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 kissed! an excellent courtesy! it is so indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were elys'er-pipes for your sake.—[A Trumpet heard.] The Moor! I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'T is truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes! Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. O, my dear 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 every tempest come such calms, may the winds blow, till they have waken'd death; and let the labouring bark climb hills of seas, Olympus-high, and duck again as low

"Not in f. e. 2 Not in folio. 3 So speaks this voice: in quarto, 1622. 4 I know: in quarto, 1622. 5 List: in f. e. 6 hit: in quarto, 1622. Foolish. 7 Not in quarto, 1622. 8 counsellor: in f. e. 9 Not in f. e. 10 calmness: in quarto.
As hell's from heaven. If it were now to die, 
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear, 
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers! —
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greatest discords be.

[Altering her.] That ever our hearts shall make!

Iago. [Aside.] O! you are well turn'd now;
But I'll set down the pegs that makes this music,
As honest as I am.

Oth. Come, let us to the castle.—
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?
Hon, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dole
In mine own comforts.—I pray thee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembarke my collers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel:
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Iago. Do thou meet me presently at the harbour.—
Come hither,1 If thou be'st valiant—as they say base
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures
more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant
to-night watches on the court of guard.—First, I must
tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

Iago. Lay thy finger, thus, and let thy soul be instructed.
Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical
lies; and will she love him will for prating? let not
thy discomposed heart think it. Her love 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 satisfy a
fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years,
manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective
in.

Now, for want of these required conveniences, her
delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to
have the gorge, disbelieve and abhor the Moor; very
nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some
second choice.

Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most
pregnant and unforced position) who stands so eminently
in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a
humble, well-meaned, and no further conceivable, than in
putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming,
for the better compassing of his salt and most
hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none:2 a
subtle slippery knave; a finder out of occasions; that
has an eye can 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, that folly and green minds look
after; a pestilent complete knave, and the woman hath
found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.

Iago. Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made
of paper; if she had been blessed, she would never
have loved the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou
not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst
not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

Iago. Lechery, by this hand; an index,3 and obscure
prologue to the history of lust and soul thoughts.
They met so near with their lips, that their breaths
embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when
these mutualities so marshalled the way, hard at
hand comes the master and main exercise, the incor-
porate conclusion. Fish! But, sir, be you ruled by
me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; and
the deed must not seduce. Cassio
knows you not:—'t will not be far from you: do you find
some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too
loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other
cause you please, which the time shall more favourably
minister.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choleric, and
hapy, with his truncheon may strike at you: provoke
him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause
these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall
come into no true taste again, but by the displanting
of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your
desired, by the means I shall then have to prefer them;
and the impediment most speedily removed, without
the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the
citadel! I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu.

[Exit.

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he 'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,
I stand accountable for as great sin)
But partly in my nature.

For that I do suspect the Jovial Moor
Hath leap'd into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or shall, content my soul,
'Till I am even'd4 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 brachio of Venice, whom I trach,5
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,6 garb;
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiously an ass,
And practising upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd.

[Exit.

SCENE II. A Street.

Enter a Herald, with a Proclamation; People following.

Her. It is Othello’s pleasure, our noble and valiant
general, that upon certain tidings now arrived, importing
the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man
put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to

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1 thither: in folio. 2 lies to: in folio. 3 a game: in folio. 4 why, none; why none: not in folio. 5 these two words are not in quartos. 6 Commentemem. 7 lusty: in folio. 8 even: in quarto, 1622. 9 Small Assned. 10 trace: in folio. 11 Right: in folio.
make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his
adiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news,
it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his
pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open:
and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present
hour of five, till the bell hath tolled eleven. Heaven
bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[Exeunt.

SCENE III. A Hall in the Castle.
Enter IAGO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.

Oth. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,
Not to out-sport discretion.
Cas. Iago hath discretion what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to 't.

Oth. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night: to-morrow, with your earliest,
Let me have speech with you. Come, my dear love:
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensure;

That profit's yet to come twixt me and you —
Good night.

[Exit Oth., Des., Cassio, attended. Enter IAGO.

Cas. Welcome, Iago: we must to the watch.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten
o'clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love
of his Desdenoma, whom let us not therefore blame:
he hath not yet made wanent 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
parley of provocation.
Cas. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right
modest.

Iago. And, when she speaks, is it not an alarum to
love?
Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieu-
tenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a
brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a mea-
sure 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 entertain-
ment.

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 innovation
it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and
dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man! 'tis a night of revels: the gallants
desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door: I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do 't, but it dislikes me.

[Exit Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With which he hath drunk to-night already,
'He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Rode-
rigo,
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,
To Desdenoma hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.

Three elves of Cyprus,—noble, swelling spirits,
That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,—
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, amongst this flock of
drankards,
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle.—But here they come.
If consequence do but approve my dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

Re-enter Cassio, with him Montano, and Gentlemen.

Cas. For heaven, they have given me a rouse
already.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I
am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho!

And let me the canakin clink, clink; [Sings
And let me the canakin clink;
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought.
Cas. For heaven, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where (indeed) they
are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German,
and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are
nothing to your Englishman.

Cas. Is your Englishman so exquisite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane
dead drunk; he 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—lawn.
He was a weight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld clank 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 look to our business. Do
not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;
—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand,—
I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and
speak well enough.

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think,
then, that I am drunk.

[Exeunt.

Mon. To the platform, masters: come, let's set the
watch.
Iago. You see this fellow, that is gone before:
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Caesar
And give direction; and do but see his vice.
'T is to his virtue a just equinox,
The one as long as 'er other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts in him,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It was well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo.

Iago. How now, Roderigo?
[Aside to him]
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [Exit Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second,
With one of an ingraft 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 hark! what noise?
[Cry within. — Help! Help! —
Re-enter Cassio, pursuing Roderigo.

Cas. You rogue! you rascal!

Mon. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Cas. A knave! — teach me my duty,
I'll beat the knave into a wicker'd bottle.

Rod. Beat me!

Cas. Dost thou prate, rogue? [Striking Roderigo.

Mon. Nay, good lieutenant; [Staying him.

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

Cas. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mon. Come, come; you're drunk.

Cas. Drunk! [They fight.

Iago. Away, I say! [Aside to Rod.] go out, and cry
a mutiny. [Exit Rod.

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen! —
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[Bell rings.

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You will be shamed for ever.

Enter Othello, and Attendants.

Oth. What is the matter here?

Mon. Zounds! I bleed still: I am hurt to the death.

[He faints.

Oth. Hold, for your lives!

Iago. Hold, hold, lieutenant—sir, Montano,—gentleman!—
Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold, hold! the general speaks to you: hold, for shame!
Oth. Why, how now, ho! from whence arises this?
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.—
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle
From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—
Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,


Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

Iago. I do not know:—friends all but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Divesting them for bed; and then, but now,
(As if some planet had unwitt'd them)
Swords out, and tilting in at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds:
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs, that brought me to a part of it.

Oth. How came it, Michael, you were thus forgot?

Cas. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.

Oth. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiser 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.

While I spare speech, which something now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
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,4
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. But know how
This foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence,
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall lose me,—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court of guard and safety?
'T is monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

Mon. If partially affir'd, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.

Iago. Touch me not so near.
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general,
Montano and myself being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following him with determin'd sword
To execute upon him. 'Sirs, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,
Outran my purpose; and I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which, till to-night,
Never might she before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together,
At blow and thrust, even as again they were,
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, received

From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.

Oth. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

Enter Desdemona, attended.

Look; if my gentle love be not raised up—
I'll make thee an example.

Des. What's the matter? Oth. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon.—
Lead him off. [Montano is led off. Iago, look with care about the town,
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[Exeunt all but Iago and Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Cas. Ay, past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid!

Cas. Reputation, 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 wounds: there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; of got without merit, and lost without deserving; you have lost no reputation at all, unless you reckon 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 impious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so light, so drunken, and so indocent an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot? and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleas'd 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 moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not happen'd; 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 Hy- dra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unlabled, 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 I love you.

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

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 so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and devotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune 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 requested. 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 morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must be 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, Probable to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy The inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd 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 enflatter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, 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 Pries 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 her 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, Roderigo? [Enter Roderigo, angrily.

Rodr. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent: I have been to-night exceedingly well endgalled; 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 best, 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, 't is morning;
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

ACT

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.

Enter Clown.
Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in
Naples, that they squeak? the nose thus?
1 Mus. How, sir, how?
Clo. Are these, I pray you, called? wind instruments?
1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.
Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail.
1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?
Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that I
know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the
general so likes your music, that he desires you, for
love's sake, to make no more noise with it.
1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.
Clo. If, you have any music that may not be heard,
to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general
does not greatly care.
1 Mus. We have none such, sir.
Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll
away.
Go; vanish into air; away! [Exit Musicians.
Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?
Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.
Cas. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilles. There's a
poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that
attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's
one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt
thou do this?
Clo. She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I
shall seem so to notify her. [Exit. Enter Iago.
Cas. Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.
Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?
Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife: she's right to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Pursue me some assistance.
Iago. I'll send her to you presently;
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converse and business
May be more free. [Exit.
Cas. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A Florentine more kind and honest.
Enter Emilia.
Emil. Good-morrow, good lieutenant. I am sorry
For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it,
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor replies

III.

That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity, 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,7
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. [Exit.

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.5
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 see 't?
Gent. We wait upon your lordship. [Exit.

SCENE III.—Before the Castle.
Enter Desdemona, Cassio, and Emilia.
Des. He thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Emil. Good madam, do: I know? it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
Des. O! that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt,
Cassio,
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 assur'd,
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 feed 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 Emilian 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;

1 speak; i. e. 4 Not in folio. 5 of all loves; in quarto, 1603. 2 This word is not in f. e. 4 These four words are not in folio. 6 sure.
in folio. 7 This line is not in folio. 5 This speech is not in quarto, 1622. 9 senate: in folio. 10 warrant: in folio. 11 cause: in folio.
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience.
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die,


To 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;
Unfit for mine own purpose.

Des. Well, do your discretion. [Exit Cassio.

Iago. Ha! I like not that.

Oth. What dost thou say?

Iago. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

Oth. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

Iago. Cassio, my lord? No, sure; I cannot think it,
That he would steal! away so guilty-like,
Seeing, you coming.

Oth. I do believe 't was he.

Des. How, now, my lord!

I have been talking with a suitor here,
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

Oth. Who is 't you mean?

Des. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good, my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For if he be not one, that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honest face.

I pray you, call him back.

Oth. Went he hence now?

Des. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

Oth. Not now, sweet Desdemona: some other time,
Des. But shall 't be shortly?

Oth. The sooner, sweet, for you.

Des. Shall 't be to-night at supper?

Oth. No, not to-night.

Des. To-morrow dinner then?

Oth. I shall not dine at home:

I meet the captains at the citadel.

Des. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;
On Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn:
I pray thee, name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples
Out of our best) is not almost a fault;
T' 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 manner'd on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a wooing with you, and so many a time,
When I have spoke of you disparagingly,
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,
I will deny thee nothing.

Des. Why, this is not a boon;
'T is as I should entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,
But sometimes uncleanly apprehensions
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit
With meditations lawful?

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 lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 't is something,
nothing;
'T was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But, he that filches from me my good name,
Rob's 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 't is in my custody.

Oth. Ha! ha!

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 fate, loves not his wronger;
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 riches senseless is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.—
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

Oth. Why? why is this?

Think'st thou, I'll make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be resolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me jealous,
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;,
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:

Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me: no, Iago;
I'll see, before I doubt: when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

Iago. I am glad of it: for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With framer spirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me. I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio:
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure;
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country disposition well:
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best con-
science.
Is, not to leave 't undone, but keep 't unknown.

Oth. 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, 't was witchcraft. —But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

Oth. I am bound to thee for ever.

Iago. I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Trust me, I fear it has.

Iago. 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 should fall into such vile success,
As my thoughts aim not at. 11 Cassio's my worthy friend.

My lord, I see you are mov'd.

Oth. No, not much mov'd.

Iago. I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

Iago. Long live she so; and long live you to think so!

And yet, how nature erring from itself,
Iago. Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many proposed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereeto, we see, in all things nature tends.
Poh! one may smell in such a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not in suspicion 12
Distinctly speak of her, though I may fear,
Her will, recolling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And happily repent.

Oth. Farewell, farewell.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry? —This honest creature,
doubtless,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfold's.

Iago. My lord, I would I might entertain your ho-

Oth. To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.

Iago. Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability)
Yet if you please to hold him off a while,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.

1 Law, or court-days. 2 of: in folio. 3 Not in folio. 4 and: in folio. 5 mock: in f. e. Hamner also made the change. 6 strongly: in f. e.; Knight, as in the text. 7 Not in folio. 8 this: in folio. 9 Which my thoughts aim'd not: in folio. 10 trusty: in quart. 11 position: in f. e.
Note, if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,
(As worthy cause I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

Oth. Fear not my government. [Exit.

Iago. I once more take my leave.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities with a learned spirit
Of human dealings: if I do prove her haggard,
Though that her juices 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 vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogative; are they less than the base?
'Tis destiny unchangeable, like death:
Even then this forked plague is fatal to us,
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes. [Enter Desdemona and Emilia.

Des. 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 so blam'd.

Des. Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?
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.

Des. Your napkin is too little; [Let's full her Napkin.

Des. Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

Des. I am very sorry that you are not well.

[Exeunt Orth. 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
Wo'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. Ha?

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! 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, how 'tis.

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; leave me. [Exit Emilia.

Iago. I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,
And let him find it: trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous confirmations strong,
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:—
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to dislodge;
But with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep,
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Oth. Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

Iago. Why, how now, general: I more of that.

Oth. Avant! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know 't a little.

[Exit.

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, 14 was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kiss on her lips:
He that is rob'd, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know 't, and he's not rob'd at all.

Iago. I am sorry to hear this.

Oth. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known.—O! now, for ever,
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content:
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue: O, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing sife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O! you mortal engines, whose rude 15 throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clowns immure counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

Iago. Is it possible?—My lord,—

Oth. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
Be sure of it: give me the ocular proof.

[Taking him by the Throat.

Or, by the worth of 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 thy life!  
Iago. My noble lord,—  
Oth. If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more: abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate;  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add;  
Greater than that. [Releasing him.

Iago. O grace! O heaven defend me!  
And you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God be wi' you: take mine office,—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit: and, from hence!  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.  
Oth. Nay, stay.—You shouldst be honest.  
Iago. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

Oth. By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not.  
I'll have some proof: her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face. If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!  
Iago. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:  
I do repent me that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

Oth. Would I, nay, I will.  
Iago. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you the supervision! grossly gape on?  
Behold her topp'd?

Oth. Death and damnation! O!  
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring it to that prospect. Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eye do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible you should see this.  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk: but yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have!

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.  
Iago. I do not like the office;  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to 't by foolish honesty and love,  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately,  
And being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,  
That in their sleep's will mutter their affairs:  
One of this kind is Cassio.  
In sleep I heard him say,—"Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,  
Cry,—"O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,  
As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then, laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then,  
Cried,—"Cursed fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"  
Oth. O monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.  
Oth. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.  
Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces  
Iago. Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?  
Oth. I gave her such a one: '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's was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.  
Oth. O, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge.  
Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: 't is gone,—  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O Love! thy crown, and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 't is of aspices' tongues!  
Iago. Pray, be content.

Oth. O, blood, Iago, blood!  
Iago. Patience, I say: your mind, perhaps, may change.  
Oth. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er knows surrounding ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words.

Iago. 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 execution12 of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service. Let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work13 see'er.

Oth. I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to 't.  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.  
Iago. My friend is dead: 't is done at your request;  
But let her live.  
Oth. Damn her, lowd minis! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fairest 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?
Othello. What handkerchief? —
Clo. I call'd him to——
Des. I know not where he lodges, and for me to devise a lodging, and say, he lies here, or he lies there, to lie in mine own throat.
Des. Can you inquire him out, and be edified to report?
Clo. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.
Des. Seek him; bid him come hither; tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope all will be well.
Clo. To do this is within the compass of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing it. [Exit.

Des. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia?
Emil. I know not, madam.
Des. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse full of cruzados; but my noble Moor is true of mind, and made of no such baseness as jealous creatures are; it were enough To put him to ill thinking.
Emil. Is he not jealous?
Des. Who? he! I think the sun, where he was born, Drew all such humours from him.
Emil. Look, where he comes.

Enter Othello.

Des. I will not leave him now, till Cassio
Be call'd to him.——How 'tis with you, my lord!
Oth. Well, my good lady.——[Aside.] O, hardship to disguise!——
How do you, Desdemona?

Des. Well, my good lord.
Oth. Give me your hand. This hand is moist, my lady.
Des. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart. Hot, hot and moist: this hand of yours requires A sequester from liberty, fasting and praying.
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand;
A frank one.

Des. You may, indeed, say so;
For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

Des. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
Oth. What promise, chuck?
Des. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
Oth. I have a salt and sudden rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Des. Here, my lord. [Offering it.
Oth. That which I gave you.
Des. Here it is not about me.
Oth. Not?
Des. No, indeed, my lord.
Oth. That is a fault.

That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,
'T would make her amiable, and subdue my father.

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She died, 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. 'T is 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! 't is not true?
Oth. Most veritable: therefore look 't well.
Des. Then, would to heaven that I had never seen it! Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost: but what an if it were?
Oth. How?
Des. I say, it is not lost.
Oth. 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.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind mis-
Des. Come, come;
[gives.
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. I pray, talk me of Cassio.——
Oth. The handkerchief,—
A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;——
Oth. The handkerchief,—
Des. In sooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away! [Exit Othello.
Emil. Is not this man jealous?
Des. I never saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief: I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

Emil. 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:
They are all but stomachs, and we all but food.
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full, They belch us.

Enter Iago and Cassio.

Look you! Cassio, and my husband.
Iago. There is no other way; 'tis she must do 't:
And, lo, the happiness! go, and importune her.
Des. How now, good Cassio! what's the news with you?
Cas. Madam, my former suit. I do beseech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exist, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Entirely honour: I would not be delay'd.
If my offence be of such mortal kind,
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,
Nor purpose'd merit in futurity,
Can ransom me into his love again.
ACT IV.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

Oth. She is protectress of her honour too:
May she give that?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—

Oth. By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it.
Thou saist,—O! it 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?

Oth. Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad, Who having; by their own importunate suit, Or voluntary doitage of some mistress, Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose But they must blab—

Iago. What hath he said?

Oth. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured, No more than he ’ll answer.

Iago. Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lie—

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her, on her; what you will.

Oth. Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they believe her. Lie with her! that’s false.—

Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shuddering passion without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—

Fish!—Noses, ears, and lips,—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—[Falls in a Trance.

Iago. Work on, my handkerchief! Work on, my handkerchief!—

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.

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio!

Cas. What’s the matter?

Iago. My lord is fallen into an epilepsy:

This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

Cas. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear. The lethargy must have his quiet course.

If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by, Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:—

Do you withdraw yourself a little while, He will recover straight: when he is gone, I would on great occasion speak with you.—

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Dost thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you! no, by heaven. Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man’s a monster, and a beast.

Iago. There’s many a beast, then, in a populous city, And many a civil monster.

Oth. Did he confess it?

Iago. Good sir, be a man;

Think, every bearded fellow; that’s but yok’d, May draw with you: there’s millions now alive, That nightly lie in those improper beds, Which they dare swear peculiar: your case is better, O! ’tis the spite of hell, the fiend’s arch-mock, To tip a wanton in a secure couch, And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know; And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

Oth. O! thou art wise; ’tis certain.

Iago. Stand you awhile apart;

Confine yourself but in a patient list,4

Whilst you were here, o’erwhelmd5 with your grief,

(A passion most unfitting such a man)

Cassio came hither: I shifted him away, And laid good scence upon your estacy;

Bade him anon return, and here speak with me; The which he promised. But eneave yourself, And mark the fearers, 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 ope 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?

Iago. I will be found most cunning in my patience; But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

Oth. 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 dotes on Cassio, as ’tis the strumpet’s plague,

To beguile many, and be beguil’d 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 behaviour,

Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

Cas. The worse, that you give me the addition,

Whose want even kills me.

Iago. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca’s power, [Speaking lover.

How quickly should you speed?

Cas. Alas, poor caitiff! [Aside.

Oth. Look; how he lau’rs already! [Aside.

Iago. I never knew woman love man so.

Cas. Alas, poor rogue! I think, I faith, she loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and lau’rs 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 pr’ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it is so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, so, so, so. They laugh that win. [Aside.

Iago. Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

Cas. Pr’ythee, say true.

Iago. I am a very villain else. [Aside.

Oh. Have you scorned me? Well. [Aside.

This is the monkey’s own giving out: she is persuaded 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 hunted me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians, and thither comes this bauble; and, by this hand, she falls me thus about my neck:—

1 The rest of the speech is in quarto, 1623. 2 shadowing: in f. e. 3 These words are not in folio. 4 See quarto, 1630; unsuturing: in quarto, 1622; resulting: in folio. 5 restraint: in folio. 6 Do you triumph, Roman? in f. e.
Oh. 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!—

Oh. 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 pitch of marrying, a perfumed one.—Who 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 net who left it there. This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There, give it your hobby-horse: wherever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Cas. How now, my sweet Bianca! how now, how now!

Oh. 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 rain in the street else.

Iago. Will you sup there?

Cas. 'Faith, I intend so.

Iago. Well, I may chance to see you, for I would very fain speak with you.

Cas. Pr'ythee, come; will you?

Iago. Go to; say no more, [Exit Cassio.]

Oh. [Advancing.] How shall I murder him, Iago?

Iago. Did you perceive how he laughed at his vices?

Oh. O, Iago!

Iago. And did you see the handkerchief?

Oh. 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.

Oh. I would have him nine years a killing.—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman! Iago.

Oh. Nay, you must forget that.

Oh. 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.

Oh. Nay, that's not your way.

Oh. Hang her! I do but say what she is. —So delicate with her needle! —An admirable musitian! O! she will sing the savageness out of a bear.—Of so high and plentiful wit and invention! —

Iago. She's the worse for all this.

Oh. O! a thousand? thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition.

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oh. Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago! the pity of it, Iago!

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

Oh. I will chop her into messes.—Cuckold me!

Iago. O! 'tis foul in her.

Oh. With mine officer!

Iago. That's foul.

Oh. Get me some poison, Iago; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again. This night, Iago.

Iago. Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

Oh. Good; good, the justice of it please; very good.

Iago. And for Cassio, let me be his undertaker. You shall hear more by midnight. [A Trumpet within.]

Oh. Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same? Iago. Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico; Come from the duke; and, see, your wife is with him. Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, and Attendants.

Lod. Save you, worthy general!

Oh. With all my heart, sir.

Lod. The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

[Giving him a Packet.]

Oh. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[Opens the Packet, and reads.]

Des. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico? Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior:

Welcome to Cyprus.

Lod. I thank you. How does lieutenant Cassio?

Iago. Lives, sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord An unkind breach, but you shall make all well.

Oh. Are you sure of that?

Des. My lord?

Oh. "This fail you not to do, as you will"—[Reading.]

Lod. He did not call; he's busy in the paper.

Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio? 

Des. A most unhappy one: I would do much

To atone't them, for the love I bear to Cassio. Iago. Fire and brimstone!

My lord?

Oh. Are you wise?

Des. What! is he angry?

Lod. May be, the letter mov'd him;

For, as I think, they do command him home,

Deputing Cassio in his government,

Des. By my troth, I am glad on't.

Oh. Indeed.

Des. I am glad to see you mad.

Oh. How, sweet Othello?

Des. Devil! [Striking her.]

Lod. I have not deserv'd this.

Des. My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,

Though I should swear I saw it. 'T is very much;

Make her amends, she weeps.

Oh. O devil, devil!

If that the earth should.com with woman's tears,

Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—

Out of my sight!

Des. I will not stay to offend you. [Going.]

Lod. Truly an obedient lady.—

I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

Oh. Mistress!

Des. My lord?

Oh. What would you with her, sir?

Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oh. Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,

And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;

And she's obedient, as you say, obedient,—

Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.

Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!

I am commanded home.—Get you away;

I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence!avanaugh!

[Exit Desdemona.

Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,
I do intreat that we may sup together:
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys!
[Exit.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
Call, in—all sufficient?—This the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose sole virtue
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's that he is: I may not breathe his censure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,
I would to heaven, he were.

Lod. What! strike his wife?
Iago. 'Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew,
That stroke would prove the worst.

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
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
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 deceiver'd in him. [Exit.

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?

Emil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, or nothing?

Emil. Never, my lord.

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 wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven require 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. Look in my face.

Des. What horrible fancy is this?

Oth. Some of your function, mistress; [To Emilia
Leave proverbs alone, and shut the door;

Cough, or cry hem, if any body come:
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit Emilia.

Des. Upon my knee, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
[Knells. But not the words.

Oth. Why, what art thou?

Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.

[Rises. Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee: therefore, be double-dam'd;
Swear thou art honest.

Des. Heaven doth truly know it.

Oth. Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

Des. To whom, my lord? with whom? How am I false?

Oth. O Desdemona! —away, away, away!

Des. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?

Am I the occasion' of these tears, my lord?

If, haply, you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.

Oth. Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of sores, and shame's, on my bare head;
Stood me in poverty to the very lips;
Giv'n to captivity me and my utmost hopes;
I should have found in some part of my soul
A drop of patience: but, alas! to make me
A fixed figure, for the hand' of scorn
To point his slowly moving* finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live, or bear no life,
The fountain from which my current runs
Or else dry up, to be discarded thence,
Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there,^ look grim as hell!

Des. I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

Oth. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou* weed!
Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee, thou wouldst hasten ne'er been born!

Des. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write vice upon? What committed?
Committed?—O thou public commoner!^* I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed?
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks:
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed?

Impudent strumpet!^*^^*^*^*^*^*^*^*^*^*

Des. By heaven you do me wrong.

Oth. Are you not a strumpet?

Des. No, as I am a Christian.

If to preserve this vessel for my lord,
From any other foul, unlawful touch,
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Des. No, as I shall be saved.

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* Not in folio. 2 her sex: in quarto, 1622. 3 knees: in f. e. 4 Not in f. e. 5 This line is not in folio. 6 Not in f. e. 7 motive: in folio. 8 You requite it with the serpent's curse: in folio. 9 Proverbs, unmeaning: in folio. 10 These words are not in folio. 11 These words are not in folio. 12 This and the next two lines, not in quarto, 1622.
Iago. Speak within door.

Iago. O fie upon them! some such squire he was,
That turn'd his wit the seamie side without,
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

Iago. You are a fool; go to.

Des. O good Iago!

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass against his love,
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, mine any sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will—though he do shake me off
To beggary divorcement.—love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say where;
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 't is but his humour:
The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.¹⁰

Des. If 't were no other,

Iago. 'T is but so, I warrant. [Music.

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messengers of Venice stay the meat.
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia. Enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo! Rod. I do not find that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou dost me with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all convenience, that suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.

Iago. Will you hear me, Roderigo?

Rod. 'T Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means: the jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me, she has received them, and returned me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance;²² but I find none.

Iago. Well; go to; very well.

Rod. Very well I go to; but cannot go to, man; nor 't is not very well; by this hand, I say, it is very scurry; and begin to find myself foibed in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 't is not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

Iago. You have said now.

Rod. Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intent of doing.

Iago. Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and

To lash the rascals naked through the world,
Even from the east to the west!
even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appeared.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared, and your suspicion is not without wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

Rod. Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

Iago. Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

Iago. O, no! he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate as the removing of Cassio.

Rod. How do you mean removing of him?

Iago. Why, by making him unceaseable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me do?

Iago. Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry, and thither will I go to him: he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

Rod. I will hear farther reason for this.

Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [Exeunt.]
SCENE 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, for naught; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us: think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.

Roder. Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand.

Roder. I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons.—
'T is but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.

[Stands back.]

Iago. I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my game: live Roderigo,
He calls to a rehearsal large
Of gold, and jewels, that I rubb'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 him: there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die:—be't so; I hear him coming.

[Retiring.

Enter Cassio.

Roder. I know his gait: 'tis he.—Villain, thou diest.

[Rushing forward, and making a pass at Cassio.

Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'st it;
I will make proof of thee.

[Draws, and wounds Roderigo.

Cas. I am main'd for ever.—Light, 'ho! murder! murder!]

Rod. Enter Othello, at a distance.

Oth. The voice of Cassio.—Iago keeps his word.

Rod. O, villain that I am!

Oth. It is 'e'en so.

Or scant our former having in despite,
Why, we have galls; 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 frailty, that thus ors?
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.

Des. Good-night; good-night: heaven me such uses send,
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend. [Exit.

ACT V.

Cas. O, help! 'ho! light! a surgeon!

Oth. 'Tis he. —O brave Iago! honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies:—strumpet, I come.

Rod. Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit Othello.

Enter Lodovico and Gratiano, at a distance.

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder! murder!

Gra. 'T is some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O, wretched villain! Hark!

Lod. Two or three groan.—It is a heavy night.

These may be counterfeit: let's think 't unsafe
To come in to the cry without more help.

Rod. No body come? then, shall I bleed to death.

[Enter Iago, unready, with a Light.

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries out murder thus?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did not you hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O! I am spoil'd; undone by villains:
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Cas. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

Iago. O treacherous villains! —

What are you there? come in, and give some help.

[To Lodovico and Gratiano.

Rod. O, help me! here.

Cas. That's one of them.

Iago. O murderous slave! O villain!

[Iago stabs Roderigo.

1 The rest of the scene is not in quarto, 1622. 2 word: in quarto, 1622. 3 Pimple: in folio. 4 gain: in folio. 5 but so, I heard: in folio. 6 f. e, give this direction before R.'s last speech. 7 Help: in folio. 8 your fate lies apiece: in quarto, 1622. 9 Tis: in folio. 10 This word is not in f. e.
Othello, the Moor of Venice.

SCENE II. 

Enter Iago. Iago. O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

Iago. Kill men? the dark!—Where be these bloody thieves?

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder! What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

Iago. As you shall prove us, praise us.

Iago. Signior Lodovico?

lod. He, sir.

Iago. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.

Gra. Cassio?

Iago. How is it, brother?

Cas. My leg is cut in two.

Iago. Marry, 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!

Iago. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?

Cas. No.

Iago. I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

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.]


Gra. What, of Venice?

Iago. Even he, sir; did you know him?


Gra. I am glad to see you.

Iago. How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

Gra. Roderigo!

Iago. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's well said;—the chair. — [A chair brought.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence; I'll fetch the general's surgeon. For you, mistress, [To Bianca.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio, Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?—

Cas. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago. What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air. — [Cassio and Rod. are borne off.

Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale, mistress? Do you perceive the gauntness of her eye?— Nay, an you stir,—we shall hear more anon.—

Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her: Do you see, gentlemen?—nay, guiltiness will speak, Though tongues were out of use. 

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Alas! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?—

Iago. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd: He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead. —

Emil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio! Iago. This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia, Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

What! do you shake at that?

Bian. He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

Iago. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me. Emil. O, fie upon thee, strumpet!

Bian. I am no strumpet; but of life as honest, As you that thus abuse me. Emil. As I? fie upon thee!

Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd. —

Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale. —

Emilia, run you to the citadel, And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd. —

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [Aside.]

SCENE II.—A Bedchamber.

Desdemona in Bed asleep. A Light burning. 

Enter Othello;* looking the Door after him. Oth. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,— Let me not name it to you. you chaste stars! — It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood; Nor seem that whiter skin of hers than snow, And smooth as monotanical tabuster. Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men. Put out the light, and then—put out the light? If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore, Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, Thou cunning*^ pattern of excelling nature, I know not where is that Promethean heat, That can thy light returne. When I have pluck'd the rose, I cannot give it vital growth again, It needs must wither.—I'll smell it! on the tree.—

[Aside.]

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 never so fatal. I must weep, But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly; It strikes, where it doth love.—She wake—

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. Alas, my lord! what may you mean by that?—

Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: I would not kill thy 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 should I fear, I know not, Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel I fear. 

Oth. Think on thy sins. 

Des. —

[Aside.]

They are loves I bear to you. 

*This speech is not in quarto, 1622.  —

* Not in f. e.  —

* Done.  —

* gestures; in quartos.  = if you stare: in folio.  —

* quite dead; in folio.  —

* The rest of this direction is not in f. e.  —

* thine; in quartos.  —

* cunning; in quartos.  —

* thee; in folio.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou diest.

Des. That death’s unnatural, that kills for loving.—Alas! 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?

Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov’d, and gave thee, Thou gavest to Cassio.

Des. No, by my life and soul! Send for the man, and ask him. Sweet soul, take heed, Take heed of perjury; thou’rt on thy death-bed.

Oth. Ay, but not yet to die.

Des. 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 withal. Thou art to die. Des. Then, Lord, have mercy on me!

Oth. I say, amen.

Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did Offend you in my life; never lov’d Cassio, But with such general warranty of heaven As I might love: I never gave him token. Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in’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.²

Des. How? unlawfully?

Oth. Ay.

Des. He will not say so.

Oth. No; his mouth is stopp’d;

Honest Iago hath ta’en order for’t.

Des. My fear interprets them.—What! is he dead?

Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge Had stomach for them all.

Des. Alas! he is betray’d, and I undone,

Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep’st thou for him to my face?

Des. O! banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

Oth. Down, strumpet! Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night.

Des. Nay, if you strive,—But half an hour.

Oth. Being done, There is no pause.³

Des. But while I say one prayer.

Oth. It is too late.

Des. O Lord, Lord, Lord!⁴ [He smothers her. Emil. [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord! Oth. What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite dead? I, that am cruel, am yet merciful; I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—So, so.⁵ Emil. [Within.] What ho! my lord, my lord!

Oth. Who’s there?
SCENE II.

Of one entire and perfect chrysoleye,
I'd not have sold her for it.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. Ay, 't was he that told me! first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slimes
That sticks on filthy deeds.

Emil. My husband?

Oth. What needs this iteration,* woman? I say, thy husband.

Emil. O mistress! villainy hath made mocks with
My husband, say, that she was false?

Oth. He, woman; I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

Emil. If he say so, may his pernicious soul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

Oth. Ha! [Threatening her.]

Emil. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou wast worthy her.

Oth. Peace! you were best.

Emil. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dot!
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee know,
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.

Emil. I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak.

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed. 6

All. O, heaven forbend!

Emil. And your reports have set the murderer on.

Oth. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'T is a strange truth.

Mon. O monstrous act!

Emil. Villainy! villainy! villainy!
I think upon 't,—I think, I smell 't:—O villainy!
I thought so then:—'T will kill myself for grief.—
O villainy! villainy! villainy!

Iago. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Emil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:—
'T is proper I obey him, but not now.—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. O! O! O! [Falling on the ground.]

Emil. Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

Oth. That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. O! she was foul— [Starting up.
I scarce did know you, uncle; there lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd.
I know, this act shows terrible* and grim.

Gra. Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead.
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yes, cut his better angel from his side,
And fall to repARATION. 4

Oth. 'T is pitiful; but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confess'd it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Emil. O heaven! O heavenly powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Emil. 'T will out, 't will out.—I hold my peace,
sir, no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the wind. 9
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

Iago. Be wise, and get you home. [Drawing.]

Emil. I will not. [Iago offers to stab Emil.]

Gra. Your sword upon a woman?

Emil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou
spakest of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband:
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

Iago. Villainous whore! [They hold him.] 11

Emil. She gave it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give 't my husband.

Iago. Filth, thou liest. [Stabs her, and exit instantly.]

Emil. By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen.

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife? 12

Oth. Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

Gra. The woman falls: sure, he has kill'd his wife.

Emil. Ay, ay,—O, lay me by my mistress's side!

Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

Mon. 'T is a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here! recover'd from the Moor.

Come, guard the door without: let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 't is a damned slave.

[Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.

Oth. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whisper gets my sword.
But why should honour oultime honesty?
Let it go all.

Emil. What did thy song bode, lady?

Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.—

Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die,—[Dies.]

Oth. I see him another man in this chamber,
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper.—

O! here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

---

1 me on her: in folio. 2 Herence: in folio. 3 Not in f.e. 4 that: in folio. 5 This line is not in quarto, 1622. 6 on the End: in f.e. 7 horrible: in folio. 8 reposeance: in folio. 9 north: in f.e. 10 11 Not in f.e. 12 woman: in quarto, 1632. 13 Not in folio. 14 This and the next two lines, are not in quarto, 1622.
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’er, 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 butt,
And very sea-mark of my utmost soil.
Do you go back dismay’d? ’tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello’s breast.
And he retires,—Where should Othello go?
Now Low one is the look now? O, O this arr’d wench!
Pale as thy shock! when we shall meet at comit,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl;
Even like thy chastity,—O, cursed slave!—
Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! O Desdemona! dead? O! O! 4

Enter Lodovico and Cassio.

Lod. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

Oth. That’s he, that was Othello: here I am.

Lod. How came you to be so arr’d? bring the villain forth.

Enter Montano with Iago, bound, and Officers. 5

Oth. I look down towards his feet;—but that’s a fable;
If that thou bo’st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[Othello wounds Iago.]

Iago. Wrench his sword from him.

Lod. I bleed, sir; but not kill’d.

Oth. I am not sorry neither: I’d have thee live;
For, in my sense, ’tis happiness to die.

Lod. O thou Othello! that wasr once so good,
Fall’n in the practice of a damned slave,
What shall be said to thee?

Oth. Why, anything:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

Lod. This wretch hath part confess’d his villainy.
Did you and he consent in Cassio’s death?

Oth. Ay.

Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.

Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnarl’d my soul and body?

Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know, you know.

From this time forth I never will speak word.

Lod. What I not to pray?

Gra. 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; 6 [Shewing it.
And here another: the one of them imports
The death of Cassio to be undertook
By Roderigo.

Oth. O villain!

Cas. Most heathenish, and most gross!

Lod. Now, here’s another discontented paper,

[Producing it.

Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim. 7

Come in and satisfied him.

Oth. O, the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief,
That was my wife’s?

Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himself confess’d, but even now,
That there he dropp’d it, for a special purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. O fool! fool! fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in Roderigo’s letter,
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
After long shalling dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forswear this room, and go with us:
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian state.—Come; bring them away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it;
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that lov’d, not wisely, but too well.
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex’d in the extreme; of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, 8 threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal 9 gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
When I 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. 10

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All that’s spoken is marr’d.

Oth. I kiss’d thee, ere I kill’d thee:—no way but this,
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. 11

[Dies on the Bed.

Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. O Spartan dog!

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading 12 of this bed; 13 [To Iago.
This is my work: the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid—Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain;
The time, the place, the torture:—O, enforce it!
Myself will straight abound, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.]
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M. Antony, Octavius Caesar, Sextus Pompeius, Demetrius Enobarbus, Vindictus, Eros, Scarus, Dercetas, Demetrius, Philo, Mecenas, Agrippa, Dolabella, Proculeius, Thyrreus, Gallus,

Friends of Antony. Friends to Caesar.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, in several Parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I.


Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Phi. Nay, but this doting 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, renown'd all temper, And is become the bellows, and the fan, To cool a gipsy's lust. Look, where they come.

Flourish. Enter Antony and Cleopatra, with their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her. Take but good note, and you shall see in him The triple pillar of the world transform'd Into a strumpet's foot: behold and see. Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much. Ant. There's 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.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome. Ant. Graces 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; 1 Denies 2 damn: in f. 3 Know.

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that; Perform 't, or else we doom thee."

Ant. How, my love! Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and most like,— You must not stay here longer; your discretion Is come from Caesar; therefore hear it, Antony,— Where's Fulvia's process? Caesar's, I would say?— Both?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen, Thou burn'st, Antony, and that blood of thine Is Caesar's homager: else so thy check pays shame, When shrill-tongued Fulvia scolds,—The messengers. Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space. Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike Feeds beast as man: the nobleness of life Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [Embracing. And such a twain can do't, in which I bind, On pain of punishment, the world to weet," We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?— I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony Will be himself. Ant. But stirr'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. Pie, wrangling queen! Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every fashion striveth to make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.  
No messenger; but thine, and all alone,  
To-night we'Il wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen;  
Last night you did desire it.—Speak not to us.  

[Exeunt Antony and Cleopat with their Train.  

Dem. Is Caesar with Antonius priz'd so slight?  
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 liar, who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy. [Exeunt.  

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.  

Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothsayer.  

Char. Lord Alexas, most sweet Alexas, most any  
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas, where's  
the soothsayer that you praised so to the queen? O!  
that I knew this husband, which, you say, must  
charge his horns with garlands!  
Alex. Soothsayer!  
Sooth. Your will?  
Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know  
things?  
Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy  
A little I can read.  
Alex.  
Show him your hand.  

Enter Enobarbus.  
Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.  
Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.  
Sooth. I make not, but foresee.  
Char. Pray, then, foresee me one.  
Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you are.  
Char. He means, in flesh.  
Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.  
Char. Wrinkles forbid!  
Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.  
Char. Hush!  
Sooth. You shall be more beloved, than belov'd.  
Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.  
Alex. Nay, hear him.  
Char. Good now; some excellent fortune. Let me  
be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow  
them all: let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod  
of Jewry may do homage; find me to marry me with  
Octavius Caesar, and companion me with my mistress.  
Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.  
Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs.  
Sooth. You have seen, and proved a fairer former  
fortune,  
Than that which is to approach.  
Char. Then, belike, my children shall have no  
names. Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must  
I have?  
Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,  
And fruitful? every wish, a million.  
Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.  
Alex. You think, none but your sheets are privy to  
your wish?  
Char. Nay, come; tell Iras hers.  
Eno. We'll know all our fortunes.  
Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing  
else.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presages famine.  
Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.  
Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prog- 
nestigation, I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell  
her but a work-day fortune.  
Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.  
Sooth. I have said.  
Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?  
Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune  
better than I, where would you choose it?  
Iras. Not in my husband's nose.  
Char. Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,  
—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O! let him marry  
a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee:  
and let her die too, and give him a worse; and let  
worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him  
laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold. Good Isis,  
hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter  
of more weight, good Isis, I beseech thee!  
Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of  
the people; for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a hand- 
some man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to  
behold a foul knave uneckled: therefore, dear Isis,  
keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!  
Char. Amen.  
Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me  
a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but  
they'd do't.  
Char.  

Enter Cleopat.  

Char. Not he, the queen.  

Enter Cleopat.  

Cleo. Saw you my lord?  
Eno. No, lady.  
Cleo. Was he not here?  
Char. No, madam.  
Cleo. He was disposed to mirth; but on the sudden,  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus! —  
Eno. Madam.  
Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's  
Alexas?  
Char.  

Enter Cleopat.  

Cleo. Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.  

Enter Antony, with a Messenger and Attendants.  
Cleo. We will not look upon him: go with us.  
[Exeunt Cleopatra, Enobarbus, Alexas, Iras,  
Charmian, Soothsayer, and Attendants.  
Mess. Fulvia, thy wife, first came into the field.  
Ant. Against my brother Lucius?  
Mess. Ay:  
But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, meeting their force 'gainst Caesar;  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy  
Upon the first encounter drave them.  
Ant.  
Well, what worst?  
Mess. The nature of bad news infects the teller.  
Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'T is thus:  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatt'rd.  
Mess.  
Labienus  
(This is still news) hath with his Parthian force  
His conquering banner shook from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionis; whilst——  
Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,—  
Mess. O, my lord!  
Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general  
tongue;
Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase, and taunt my faults.
With such full license, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth weeds,
When our beds are still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing. Fare thee well awhile.

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.
Ant. From Sicyon now the news? Speak there.
1 Att. The man from Sicyon!—Is there such an one?
2 Att. He stays upon your will.
Ant. Let him appear.—
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Enter another Messenger.
Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?
2 Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead. Ant. Where did she die?
2 Mess. In Sicyon:
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Giving a Letter. Ant. Forbear me.—
[Exit Messenger.
There's a great spirit gone. Thus did I desire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By repetition souring, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand would pluck her back, that shou'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 moment. I do think, there is
mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon
her, she hath such a celerity 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 almanacs can report;
this cannot be eunuching 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 work, which not to have been blessed withal
would have discredited your travel.
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Sir?
Ant. Fulvia is dead.
Eno. Fulvia!
Ant. Dead.
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 failures of the earth;
comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out,
there are members to make new. If there were no
more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut,
and the case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with
consolation: your old smock brings forth a new petti-
coat; 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 experience to the queen,
And get her leave to part: for not alone
The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,
Do strongly speak to us, but the letters, too,
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius
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
For the main soldier; whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is breeding,
Which, like the corses' 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.

Eno. 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 does:
I did not send you.—If you find him sad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return. [Exeunt Alex.
Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do, I do not?
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.
Cleo. Thou teachest, like a fool, the way to lose him.
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; hers 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.

1 Ploughing our "quick winds" which dry the soil for the plough.
2 By revolution lowering: in f. o. 3 Dyce reads: Ho! 4 Expedi-
tion. 5 love: in folio. 6 An allusion to the ancient belief, that a
woman's hair laid into water, turned into a snake.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.

ANTONY. 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,— O! my oblivion is a very Antony, And I am all forgotten.

CLEOPATRA. Most sweet queen,—

ANTONY. Why should I think, you can be mine, and true, Though you in swearing shake the throned gods, Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness, To be entangled with those month-made vows, Which break themselves in swearing!

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going, But bid farewell, and go: when you were staying, Then was the time for words; no going then: Eternity was in our lips, and eyes; Bliss 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.

ANTONY. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou shouldst know There were a heart in Egypt.

ANTONY. 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 approaches to the port of Rome: Equality of two existing powers Breeds sorrows within. Thy hatred, grown to strength, Are newly grown to: the condemn'd Pompey, Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten; And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge By any desperate change. My more particular, And that which most with you should safe my going, Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom, It does from childishness.—Can Fulvia die?

ANTONY. 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! Where be the sacred vials you shouldst fill With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

ANTONY. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know The purposes I bear; which are, or cease, As you shall give the advice: by the fire That quickens Nilus' slime, I go hence from, Thy soldier, servant; making peace, or war, As thou shalt ask.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come.—But let it be,—I am quickly ill, and well,

ANTONY. My precious queen, forbear; And give true credence to his love, which stands An honourable 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 honour.

ANTONY. You'll heat my blood: no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is mostly.

ANTONY. Now, by my sword,—

CLEOPATRA. And target.—Still he mends; But this is not the best. Look, pr'ythee, Charmian, How this Heraclean Roman does become

SCENE V.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

And it appears, he is belov'd of those,  
That only have fear'd Caesar: to the fleets!  
The discontent's repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.  

Cæs.  
I should have known no less.  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were:  
And the ebb'd man ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,  
Comes lov'd; by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, and lacking* the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.  

Mess.  
Cesar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates 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't, and flush youth revolt.  
No vessel can peep forth, but tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.  

Cæs.  
Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassels,* When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Paena, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against,  
Though daintyly brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle,  
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou brows'dst: on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: and all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now)  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.  

Lep.  
'Tis pity of him.  
Cæs.  
Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i' the field; and, to that end,  
Assemble we* immediate council: Pompey  
Thrive's in our idleness.  

Lep.  
To-morrow, Caesar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.  

Cæs.  
Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.  

Lep.  
Farewell, my lord. What you shall know mean  
time  
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.  
Char.  
Mardian—  
Hai, hai!  
Give me to drink mandragora.  

Char.  
Why, madam?  
Cleo.  
That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.  

Char.  
You think of him too much.  
Cleo. O, 'tis treason!  

Char.  
Madam, I trust, not so.  
Cleo.  
Thou, eunuch, Mardian—  

Mar.  
What's your highness' pleasure?  
Cleo.  
Not now to hear thee sing: I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being eunuch, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections?  

Mar.  
Yes, gracious may it.  
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 woe'st thou whom thou mov'st!  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet* 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 Phæbus: 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 he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.  

Enter Alexas.  

Alex.  
Sovereign of Egypt, hail!  
Cleo.  
How much unlike art thou Mark Antony;  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicome hath  
With his with 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 opulent throne with kingdoms: all the east,"  
Say thou, "shall call her mistress." So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-girl* steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was basely* dumb'd by her.  

Cleo.  
What, was he sad, or merry?  

Alex.  
Like to the time o' the year between the extrem:es  
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 them, 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'st thou my posts?  

Alex.  
Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.  
Why do you send so 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,
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, decades
The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms; which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well:
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says, it will come to the full. Mark Antony
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make
No wars without doors: Caesar gets money, where
He loses hearts: Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Men. Caesar and Lepidus
Are in the field: a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Men. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams: I know, they are in Rome together,
Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy 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 cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prologue his honour,
Even till a Leth'ld dulness.—How now, Varrius!

Enter Varrius.

Var. This is most certain, that I shall deliver.
Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt, 'tis
A space for farther travel.

Pom. A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,
This amorous surfeiter would have don'd his helm
For such a petty war: his soldiership
Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

Men. I cannot hope,
Caesar and Antony shall well greet together:
His wife that's dead did trespass to Caesar;
His brother warr'd upon him, although, I think,
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all,
Cas. I must be laugh'd at, If, or for nothing, or a little, I Should say myself offended; and with you Chiefly i' the world: more laugh'd at, that I should Once name you derogately, when to sound your name It not concern'd me.

Ant. My being in Egypt, Caesar, What was't to you? Cas. No more than my residing here at Rome Might be to you in Egypt: yet, if you there Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt Might be my question.

Ant. How intend you, practis'd? Cas. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent, By what did here befal me. Your wife, and brother, Made wars upon me, and their contestation Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

Ant. You do mistake my 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 Discredit my authority with yours; And make the more unlike against my stomach, Having alike your cause? Of this my letters Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel, No matter whole you have to make it with, It must not be with this.

Cas. You praise yourself By laying defects of judgment to me; but You patch'd up your excuses.

Ant. Not so; not so; I know you could not lack, I am certain on't, Very necessity of this thought, that I, Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought, Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars Which fronted mine own peace. As for my wife, I would you had her spirit in such another: The third o' the world is yours, which with a snaffle, You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the men might go to wars with the women!

Ant. So much uncurable, her garboils, Caesar, Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted Shrewdness of policy too) I grieving grant, Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must But say, I could not help it.

Cas. I wrote to you, When rioting in Alexandria; you Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts Did gib me my missive out of audience.

Ant. Sir, He tell upon me, ere admitted: then Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want Of what I was i' the morning; but, next day, I told him of myself, which was as much As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, Out of our question wipe him.

Cas. You have broken The article of your oath, which you shall never Have tongue to charge me with. And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may, I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia, To have me out of Egypt, made wars here; For which myself, the ignorant motive, do So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour To stoop in such a case.

Lep. 'Tis nobly spoken.

Ant. If it might please you, to enforce no farther The griefs between ye: to forget them quite, Were to remember that the present need Speaks to atone' you.

Lep. Worthily 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 wrangle 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 no more.

Eno. Go to then; you considerate stone.

Cas. I do not much dislike the matter, but The manner of his speech; for it cannot be, We shall remain in friendship, our conditions So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge

Of the world I would pursue it.

Agr. Give me leave, Caesar,—

Cas. Speak, Agrippa.

Agr. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony Is now a widower.

Cas. Say not so, Agrippa: If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof Were well deserv'd for rashness.

Ant. I am not married, Caesar: let me hear Agrippa farther speak.

Agr. To hold you in perpetual amity, To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts With an unslipping knot, take Antony Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims No worse a husband than the best of men, Whose virtue and whose general graces speak That which none else can utter. By this marriage, All little jealousies, which now seem great, And all great fears, which now import their dangers, Would then be nothing: truths would be tales, Where now half tales be truths: her love to both, Would, each to other, and all loves to both, Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke, For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, My duty ruminated.

Ant. Will Caesar speak?

Cas. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd With what is spoke already.

Ant. What power is in Agrippa, If I would say, "Agrippa, be it so," To make this good?

Cas. The power of Caesar, and His power unto Octavia.

Ant. May I never To this good purpose, that so fairly shows, Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand: Further this act of grace, and from this hour, The hearts of brothers govern in our loves,
And sway our great designs.

Cas. There is my hand.

A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother [Ant. takes it.] Did ever love so dearly: let her live. To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never Fly off our loves again!

Lep. Happily, amen.

Ant. I did not think to draw my sword against Pompey; For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great. Of late upon me: I must thank him, only Lost my remembrance suffer ill report; At heel of that, defy him.

Lep. Time calls upon us: Of us must Pompey presently be sought, Or else he seeks us out. 

Ant. Where lies he? 

Cas. About the Mount Misenum.

Ant. What’s his strength By land?

Cas. Great, and increasing; but by sea He is an absolute master.

Ant. So is the fame. Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it; Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despaw the Business we have talk’d of.

Cas. And invite you to my sister’s view; Whither straight I’ll lead you.

Ant. Let us, Lepidus, Not lack your company.

Lep. Noble Antony, Not sickness should detain me.


Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.

Eno. Half the heart of Caesar, worthy Mecenas! — my honourable friend, Agrippa! —

Agr. Good Enobarbus! 

Mec. We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well digested. You stay’d well by it in Egypt.

Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of countenance, and make the night light with drinking.

Mec. Eight wild bears roasted whole at a breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this true?

Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle: we had much more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

Mec. She’s a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.

Eno. When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.

Agr. There she appeared indeed, or my reporter devised well for her.

Eno. I will tell you. The king 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 silver; Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made The water, which they beat, to follow faster, As amorous of their strokes. For her own person, It beggar’d all description: she did lie In her pavilion, (cloth of gold and tissue) 

O’er-picturing that Venus, where we see, The fancy out-work nature: on each side her, Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids, With diverse-colour’d fans, whose wind did seem To blow the delicate checks which they did cool  

And what they undid, did. 

Agr. O, rare for Antony! 

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides, So many mermaids, tended her: the eyes, And made their bands adornings: at the helm A seeming mermaid steer’d; the silken tackle Smell’d with the touches of these flower-soft hands, That yarely 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’ the market-place, did sit alone, Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy, Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too, And made a gap in nature.

Agr. Rare Egyptian! 

Eno. Upon her lauding 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 a ‘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. 

Eno. I saw her once Hop forty paces through the public street; And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted, That she did make defect perfection, And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.

Eno. Never; he will not. Age cannot wither him, nor custom stale Her infinite variety: other women clow 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 rixgish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle The heart of Antony? Octavia is A blessed lottery to him. 

Agr. Let us go.— Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest, Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in Caesar’s House

Enter Caesar, Antony, Octavia between them; Attendants.

Ant. The world, and my great office, will sometimes Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time, Before the gods my knee shall bow with prayers To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir.— My Octavia, Read not my blemishes in the world’s report: I have not kept my square, but that to come Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.— Good night, sir.

Cas. Good night. [Exeunt Caesar 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. See it in my motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet bie you to Egypt again.
SCENE V. 

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. 839

ANT. Say to me, whose fortune shall rise higher, Caesar's, or mine?

SOOTH. Caesar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side: Thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, Where Caesar's is not; but near him thy angel Becomes apparel'd; therefore, therefore, Make space enough between you.

ANT. Speak this no more.

SOOTH. To none but thee; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou art sure to lose: and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens,
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But, he away, 'tis noble.

ANT. Get thee gone:
Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him.—

[Exit 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 faints
Under his chance: if we draw lots, he speeds:
His cocks do win the battle still of mine,
When it is all to nought; and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt:
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
Enter Ventidius.
I? the east my pleasure lies.—O! come, Ventidius,
You must to Parthia: your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive it.

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGrippa.

LEP. Trouble yourselves no farther: pray you, hasten Your generals after.

AGR. 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 will win two days upon me.

MEC. AGR. Sir, good success!

LEP. Farewell.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXANDER.

Cleo. Give me some music; music, muddy food
Of us that trade in love.

ATTEND. The music, ho!

Enter MARIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come, Charmian.

CHAR. My arm is sore, best play with Marian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman.—Come, you'll play with me, sir?

MAR. As well as I can, madam. — [too short, Cleo.
And when good will is show'd, though 't come
The actor may plead pardon. 'I'll none now.
Give me mine angle, we'll to the river: there,
My music playing far off, I will betray
Tawny-finn'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're caught.
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II.

Smarting in lingering pickle.

Gracious madam, I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

Re-enter Enr. and Mess., 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.

Cas. That first we come to words; and therefore have we our written purposes before we sent; Which, if thou hast considered, let us know If 't will lie up thy discontented sword, and carry back to Sicily as much as 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 labouring for him. What was it, That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus, With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom, To march the Capitol, but that they would Have one man but once? And that is it Hath made me rig my navy, at whose burden The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant To scourge th' ingratitude that despiteful Rome Cast on my noble father.

Cas. Take your time.

Ant. Thou canst not fear us, Pompey, with thy sails; 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.

Cas. There's the point.

Ant. Which do not be entreated to, but weigh What it is worth embrac'd.

Cas. And what may follow, To try a larger fortune.

Pom. 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 'gread upon, To part with unha'ck'd edges, and bear back Targets un dinted.

Cas. Ant. Lep. That's our offer.

Pom. Know then, I came before you here, a man prepar'd To take this offer; but Mark Antony Put me to some impatience.—Though I lose The praise of it by telling, you must know, When Caesar and your brother were at blows, Your mother came to Sicily, and did find Her welcome friendly.

Ant. 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.

[They take Hands.*

Antony. The beds i' the east are soft; and thanks to you, That call'd me timelier than my purpose hither, For I have gain'd by it.

Cæsar. Since I saw you last, There is a change upon you.

Pompey. Well, I know not what counts harsh fortune casts upon my face, But in my bosom shall she never come, To make my heart her vassal.

Lepidus. Well met here.

Pompey. I hope so, Lepidus. Thus we are agree'd. I crave, our composition may be written, And seal'd between us.

Cæsar. That's the next to do.

Pompey. We'll feast each other, ere we part; and let us draw lots who begin.

Antony. That will I, Pompey.

Pompey. 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.

Antony. You have heard much.

Pompey. And fair words to them.

Antony. Then, so much have I heard:
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

Eno. No more of that:—he did so.

Pompey. What, I pray you?

Eno. A certain queen to Caesar in a mattress.

Pompey. I know thee now: how far'st thou, soldier?

Eno. Well;

And we all am like to do; I perceive,
Four feasts are toward:

Pompey. Let me shake thy hand: I never hated thee. I have seen thee fight,
When I have envied thy behaviour.

Eno. Sir, I never lov'd you much; but I have praise'd you, When you have well deserve'd ten times as much
As I have said you did.

Pompey. Enjoy thy plainness,
It nothing ill becomes thee.—
Aboard my galley I invite you all: Will you lead, lords?—

Cæsar. Antony. Lepidus. Show us the way, sir.

Pompey. [Exeunt Pompey, Cæsar, 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. Men: if our eyes had authority, here they might take two thieves kissing.

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 doth this day laugh away his fortune.

Eno. If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

Men. You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark Antony here: pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

Eno. Cæsar's sister is called Octavia.

Men. True, sir; she was the wife of Caïus Marcellus.

Eno. But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

Men. Pray you, sir?

Eno. 'T is true.

Men. Then is Cæsar, 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 stranger of their amity. Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.

Men. Who would not have his wife so?

Eno. Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then, shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is: he married but his occasion here.

Men. And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

Eno. I shall take it, sir: we have used our 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 Servant. Here they'll be, man. Some o' their plants are ill-rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

[2 Servant. Lepidus is high-coloured.

[1 Servant. They have made him drink alms-drink.

[2 Servant. As they pinch one another by the disposition, he cries out, "No more;' reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

[1 Servant. But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

[2 Servant. Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan I could not have.

[1 Servant. 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 Sennet sounded. Enter Cæsar, Antony, Pompey, Lepidus, Agrrippa, Mecenas, Enobarbus, Menas, with other Captains.]

Antony. Thus do they, sir. [To Cæsar.] They take the flow o' the Nile
By certain scales i' the pyramid: they know,
By the height, the lowness, or the mean, if dearth,
Or foison2 follow. The higher Nilus swells,
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsmen
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,
And shortly comes to harvest.

Lepidus. You have strange serpents there.

Antony. Ay, Lepidus.

Lepidus. Your serpent of Egypt is bred, now, of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

1 Trumpet blast. 2 Plenty.
This health to Lepidus.

Ant. Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

Eho. Here's to thee, Menas.

Men. Enobarbus, welcome.

Pom. Fill, till the cup be hid.

Eho. There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[Pointing to the Attendant who carries off LEPIDUS.

Men. Why?

Eho. He bears the third part of the world, man: see'st not?

Men. The third part, then, is drunk: would it were all, That it might go on wheels!

Eho. Drink thou; increase the reeds.

Men. Come.

Pom. This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

Ant. It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels, ho! Here is to Cæsar.

Cas. I could well forbear it.

It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain, And it grows fouler.

Ant. Be a child o' the time.

Cas. Profess it, I'll make answer; but I had rather fast From all four days, than drink so much in one.

Eho. Ha, my brave emperor!

[To ANTONY. Shall we dance now the Egyptian Bacchanals, And celebrate our drink?

Ant. Let's have a good soldier.

Ant. Come, let us all shake hands,

Tell that the conquering wine hath steep'd our sense In soft and delicate Luten.

Eho. All take hands.

Make battery to our ears with the loud music; The while I'll place you: thou, the boy shall sing; The holding every man shall bear, as loud As his strong sides can volley.

[Music plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand in hand.

SONG, by the Boy.

Come, thou monarch of the vine,

Plump'y Bacchus, with pink eyne:

In thy cups our cares be drowned:

With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;

Cup us, till the world go round;]

The burden.

Cup us, till the world go round!

Cas. What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

—Good brother, Let me request you off: our graver business

Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part; You see, we have burnt our cheeks. Strong Enobarbus Is weaker than the wine, and mine own tongue Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.

Good Antony, your hand.

Pom. I'll try you on the shore.

Ant. And shall, sir, Give's your hand.

Pom. O, Antony! You have my father's house.—But what? we are friends. Come down into the boat.

Eho. Take heed you fall not.

[Exeunt POMPEY, Cæsar, ANTONY, and Attendants.

Menas, I'll not on shore.

Men. No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—

Let Neptune hear, we bid a loud farewell.

To these great fellows: sound, and be hallow'd sound out! [A Flourish.

Eho. Ho, says I.—There's my cap.

Men. Ho!—noble captain! come. [Exeunt.
ACT III.

Agr. O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!
Eno. Would you praise Caesar, say,—Caesar;—go no farther.
Agr. Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.
Eno. But he loves Caesar best;—yet he loves Antony. Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bars, posts cannot Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho! His love to Antony. But as for Caesar, Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

Agr. Both he loves.
Eno. They are his shards, and he their beetle.
So,—[Trumpets
This is to horse. —Adieu, noble Agrippa.
Agr. Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.
Enter Caesar, Antony, Lepidus, and Octavia.
Ant. No farther, sir.
Cas. You take from me a great part of myself; Use me well in 't. —Sister, prove such a wife As my thoughts make thee; and as my farthest band 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 builted, be the rain 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?
Oct. I'll tell you in your ear.
Ant. 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 was 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.
Eno. That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum; What willingly he did confound, he wait'd
Believe 't, till I weep too.

Ant. No, sweet Octavia, You shall hear from me still; the time shall not Out-go my thinking on you.

Eno. I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:

1 Scaly wings.
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,
And give you to the gods.

Cleo. Adieu; be happy.

Lep. Let all the number of the stars give light
To thy fair way!

Cleo. 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 apace to come. 
Cleo. Go to, go to.—Come hither, sir. 
[Enter Eliz, the Messenger.
Alex. Good majesty,
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,
Through whom I might command it—Come thou near.

Mess. Most gracious majesty,—
Cleo. 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-voic’d.

Cleo. That’s not so good: he cannot like her long.

Char. Like her? O Isis! ‘tis impossible.

Cleo. I think so, Charmian: dull of tongue, and

dwarfish!—

What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e’er thou look’dst on majesty.

Mess. Her creeps;
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A stature, than a breather.

Cleo. Is this certain?

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 pray thee.

Mess. Madam, she was a widow.

Cleo. Widow?—Charmian, hark.

Mess. And I do think, she’s thirty.

Cleo. Bear’st thou her face in mind? is’t long, or round?

Mess. Round, even to faultiness.

Cleo. For the most part, too, they are foolish that
are so.—

Her hair, what colour?

Mess. Brown, madam; and her forehead
As low as you could wish it.

Cleo. There’s gold for thee:
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill.
I will employ thee back again: I find thee
Most fit for business. Go, make thee ready;
Our letters are prepar’d. [Exit Messenger.

Char. A proper man.

Cleo. Indeed, he is so: I meant me much,
That I so hurry’d him. Why, methinks, by him,
This creature’s no such thing.

Char. Nothing, madam.

Cleo. The man hath seen some majesty, and should
 know.
Char. Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,
And serving you so long!

Cleo. I have one thing more to ask him yet, good
Charmian:
But ‘tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me
Where I will write. All may be well enough.
Char. I will warrant you, madam. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Athens. 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 seantly of me: when perforce he could not
But pay me terms of honour, coldly 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, ne’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,
Prays, and destroys the prayer; no midway
‘Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant. Gentile Octavia,
Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
Best to preserve it. If I lose mine honour,
I lose myself; better I were not yours,
Than your sole wants, and faults.
And if 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 that 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 so wave with them. Provide your going;
Choose your own company, and command what cost
Your heart has mind to. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—The Same. Another Room in the Same.

Enter Enobarbus and Eros, meeting.

Eros. How now, friend Eros?
Eros. There is strange news come, sir.

Eno. What, man?

Eros. Cesar and Lepidus have made wars upon
Pompey.

Eno. This is old: what is the success?

Eros. Cesar, having made use of him in the wars
against 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 enlarges his confines.

Eno. Then, world,1 thou hast a pair of chaps, no more.
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 spurns
The rush that lies before him; cries, "Fool, Lepidus!" And threats the throat of his officer, That murder'd Pompey.
Eno. 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. 'T will be naught;
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.
Eros. Come, sir. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Rome. A Room in Cæsar's House.

Enter Cæsar, Agrippa, and Mecenas.

Cas. Contemning Rome, he has done all this, and In Alexandria: here's the manner of it. [more, I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd, Cælepatra and himself in chairs of gold Were publicly enthron'd: at their feet sat Cæsarion, 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 'establishment of Egypt; made her Of lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia, Absolute queen.

Mec. This in the public eye?
Cas. I' the common show-place, where they exercise. His sons he there proclaim'd the kings of kings: Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia.
He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia. She In the habiliments of the goddess Isis
That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience, As 'tis reported, so.

Mec. Let Rome be thus Inform'd.

Agr. Who, squeasy with his insolence Already, will their good thoughts call from him.
Cas. The people know it; and have now receiv'd His accusations.

Agr. Whom does he accuse? Cas. Caesar; and that, having in Sicily Sexæus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him His part of the isle: then does he say, he lent me Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he fre'ts, That Lepidus of the triumvirate Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain All his revenue.

Agr. Sir, this should be answer'd.
Cas. 'T is done already, and a messenger gone.
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel; That he his high authority abus'd, And did deserve his change: for what I have conquer'd, I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia, And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I Demand the like.

Mec. He'll never yield to that.
Cas. Nor must not, then, be yielded to in this.
Enter Octavia, with her Train.

Oct. Hail, Cæsar, and my lord hail, most dear Cæsar! 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 Cæsar's sister: the wife of Antony Should have an army for an usher, and The neighs of horse to tell of her approach, Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way, Should have borne men, and expectation fain'd, Longing for what it had not; nay, the dust Should have ascended to the roof of heaven, Rais'd by your populous troops. But you are come A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented The ostentation of our love, which, left unshown, Is often held' unlov'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 prepar'd for war, acquainted My griev'd 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; Cælepatra Hath nodd'd him to her: he hath given his empire Up to a whore: they are now levyng The kings of the earth for war. He hath assembled Bœceus, the king of Lybia; Archelaus, Of Cappadocia; Philæphos, king Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas; King Malchas of Arabia; king of Pont; Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king Of Comagene: Polemon and Amintas, The kings of Mede, and Lyconia, With a more larger list of sçptres.

Oct. Ah me, most wretched, That have my heart pasted 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 wrong'd, And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart: Be you not troubled with the time, which drives O'er your content these strong necessities; But let determin'd things to destiny Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome; Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd Beyond the mark of thought; and the high gods, To do you justice, make his ministers Of us and those that love you. Best of comfort; And ever welcome to us.

Agr. Welcome, lady.
Mec. Welcome, dear madam.

Oct. Each heart in Rome does love and pity you: Only the adulterous Antony, most large In his abominations, turns you off; And gives his potent regiment to a trull, That noises it against us.

Cas. Is it so, sir?

1 would: in folio. Johnson made the change. 2 hither: in folio. Warburton made the change. 3 left: in f. e. 4 abstract: in folio. Stevens made the change.
SCENE VII.—Antony's Camp, near the Promontory of Actium.

_Enter Cleopatra and Enobarbus._

_Cleo._ I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

_Eno._ But why, why, why?

_Cleo._ Thou hast forspoke my being in these wars, and say' st, it is not fit.

_Eno._ Well, is it, is it?

_Cleo._ If not denounc'd against us, why should not we be there in person?

_Eno._ [Aside.] Well, 't 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 traitur'd for levity; and heis said in Rome, That Photinus an eunuch, and your maid's, manage this war.

_Cleo._ Sink Rome; and their tongues rot, that speak against us! A charge we bear if 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._ Is't not strange, Cædidius, that from Tarentum, and Brundusium, he could so quickly cut the Tonian sea, and take in* Toryne—? You have heard on't, sweet? Cæl. Celerity is never more admir'd, than by the negligent.

_Ant._ A good rebuke, which might have well become the best of men, to taunt at slackness.—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't.

_Eno._ So hath my lord dare't him to single fight.

_Can._ Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia, where Cæsar fought with Pompey; but these offers, which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off, and so should you.

_Eno._ Your ships are not well mann'd; your mariners are mutliers, reapers, people ingress'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet are those, that often have'gainst Pompey fought. Their ships are yare, yours, heavy; no disgrace shall fall you for refusing him at sea, being prepar'd for land.

_Ant._ By sea, by sea.

_Eno._ Most worthy sir, you therein throw away the absolute soldieryship you have by land; distract your army, which doth most consist of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted your own renowned knowledge; quite forego the way which promises assurance, and give up yourself merely to chance and hazard, from firm security.

_Ant._ I'll fight at sea.

_Cleo._ I have sixty sails. Cæsar none better.

_Ant._ Our overplus of shipping will we burn, and' with the rest, full-mann'd, from the head of

Beat th' approaching Cæsar: 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; Cæsar has taken Toryne.

_Ant._ Can he be there in person? 't is impossible; strange, that his power should be.—Cædidius, our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land, and our twelve thousand horse: we'll to our ship.

Enter a Soldier.

_Away, my Thetis!—How now, worthy soldier! Sold. O, noble emperor! do not fight by sea:

Trust not to rotten planks. Do you misdoubt this sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians, and the Phoenicians, go a ducking; we have used to conquer standing on the earth, and fighting foot to foot.

_Ant._ Well, well.—Away!

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Enobarbus.

_Sold._ By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

_Can._ Soldier, thou art; but his whole action grows not in the power on't: so our leader's led, and we are women's men.

_Sold._ You keep by land. The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

_Can._ Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius, Publicilus, and Callius, are for sea; but we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's carries beyond belief.

_Sold._ While he was yet in Rome, his power went out in such distractions, as Beguile'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 Cædidius.

_Can._ With news the 'time's with labour; and thrown forth each minute some.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—A Plain near Actium.

_Enter Cæsar, Taurus, Officers, and others._

_Cæsar._ Taurus!

_Taurus._ My lord.

_Cæsar._ Strike not by land; keep whole; provoke not battle, till we have done at sea. Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll; [Giving it.]

Our fortune lies upon this jump. [Exeunt.

Enter Antony and Enobarbus.

_Ant._ Set we our squadrons yond side o' the hill, in eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place we may the number of the ships behold, and so proceed accordingly.

[Exeunt Cædidius, 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 no longer.

The Antonian, the Egyptian admiral, with all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder; to see 't, mine eyes are bloudy.

Enter Scarus.

_Scar._ Gods, and goddesses, all the while synod of them?

_Eno._ What's thy passion? Scar. The greater cantle of the world is lost.
SCENE X.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

With very ignorance; we have kiss’d away
Kingsdoms and provinces.

Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the token’d pestilence,
Where death is sure. Yond’ ribald nag of Egypt,
Whom leprosy o’ertake! it the midst of the fight—
When vantage, like a pair of twins, appear’d
Both as the same, or rather ours the elder:—
The bride upon her like a cow in June,
Hoists sails, and flies.

Eno. That I beheld:
Mine eyes did sicken at the sight; and could not
Endure a further view.

Scar. She once being loof’d,
The noble ruin of her magic. Antony,
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,
Leaving the light in height, flies after her.
I never saw an action of such shame:
Experience, manhood, honour, ne’er before
Did violate so itself.

Eno. Alack, alack!

Enter CANDIDUS.

Can. Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well:
O! he has given example for our flight,
Most grossly, by his own.

Eno. Ay, are you thereabouts? Why then, good night.

Enter Can. Towards Peloponnesus are they fled,
Scar. ’Tis easy to; and there I will attend
What farther comes.

Can. To Cesar 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.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antony, and Attendants.

Ant. Hark! the land bids me tread no more upon it;
It is ashamed to bear me.—Friends, come hither,
I am so set 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 Cesar.

Att. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself, and have instructed cowards
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone;
I have myself resolved upon a course,
Which has no need of you; be gone:
My treasure’s in the harbour, take it.—O!
I follow’d that I blush to look upon;
My very hair do mutiny; for the white
Reprieve the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doing.—Friends, be gone: you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the seashore 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.

[Exeunt.

Enter EROS, and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMID, 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 Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O 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 on lieutenancy, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war; yet now—No matter.

Cleo. Ah! I stand by.

Eros. The queen, my lord, the queen.

Iras. Go to him, madam, speak to him:
He is unqualified with very shame.

Cleo. Well then,—sustain me:—O!

Eros. Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches
Her head’s declin’d, and death will seize her; but
Your comfort makes the rescue.

Ant. I have offended reputation
By most unnoble swerving.

Enter EROS.

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
Strew’d in dishonour.

Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
I forgive my fearful sails; I little thought,
You would have follow’d.

Ant. Egypt, thou knew’st too well.
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,
And thou shouldst tow me after: o’er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew’st, and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.

Cleo. O, my pardon!

Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dudge
And palter in the shifts of lowness, who
With half the bulk o’ the world play’d as I pleas’d;
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all causes.

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.—Cæsar’s Camp in Egypt.

Enter Cæsar, DOLOBELLA, THYREUS, and others.

Ces. Let him appear that’s come from Antony.—
Know you him?

DoL. Cæsar, ’tis his schoolmaster: An argument that he is pleased, when hither
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,
Not many moons gone by:

Enter EUPHRONIUS.

Eup. Such as I am, I come from Antony:
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I was of late as petty to his ends,
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf
To his grand sea.

_Caes._ Be it so. Declare thine office.

_Eup._ Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and
Requires to live in Egypt; which not granted,
He lessens his requests, and to thee 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.

_Caes._ 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!

_Caes._ Bring him through the bands.

[Exit 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 perjure
The ne'er-touch'd vestal. Try thy cunning, Thyreus;
Make thine own edict for thine pains, which we
Will answer as a law.

_Thyr._ Caesar, I go.

_Caes._ Observe how Antony becomes his flaw,
And what thou think'st his very action speaks
In every power that moves.

_Thyr._ Caesar, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE XI.—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

_Enter CLEOPATRA, EOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IBAS._

_Cleo._ What shall we do, Eobarbús?

_Eno._ Think, and die.

_Cleo._ Is Antony, or we, in fault for this?

_Eno._ Antony only, that would make his will
Lord of his reason. What though you fled
From that great face of war, whose several ranges
Frighted each other, why should he follow?
The itch of his affection should not then
Have nick'd his captainship: at such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The mooted question, 'T was a shame, no less
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,
And leave his navy gazing.

_Cleo._ _Enter Antony, with EUPHRONIUS._

_Ant._ Is that his answer?

_Eup._ Ay, my lord.

_Ant._ The queen shall then have courtesy, so she
Will yield us up.

_Eup._ He says so.

_Ant._ Let her know it.—

To the boy Caesar send this grizzled head,
And he will 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.

[Exeunt Antony and EUPHRONIUS.]

_Eno._ Yes, like enough, high-battled Caesar will
Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd t' the show
Against a sworder.—I see, men's judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward
Do draw the inward qualities* after them,
To suffer all alike. That he should dream,
Knowing all miseries, the full Caesar will
Answer his emptiness!—Caesar, thou hast sub'd
His judgment too.

_Enter an Attendant._

_Ant._ A messenger from Caesar.

_Cleo._ What, no more ceremony?—See, my woman!—
Against the rose-brown rose may they stop their nose,
That kneel'd unto the bud.—Admit him, sir.

_Eno._ Mine honesty and I begin to square.* [Aside.

The loyalty well held to fools does make
Our faith more fully: yet he, that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer;
And earns a place T the story.

_Enter THYREUS._

_Cleo._ Caesar's will?

_Thyr._ Hear it, apart.

_Cleo._ None but friends: say boldly.

_Thyr._ So, haply, are they friends to Antony,

_Eno._ He needs as many, sir, as Caesar has,
Or needs not us. If Caesar please, our master
Will leap to be his friend: for us, you know,
Whose he is, we are, and that's Caesar's.

_Thyr._ So.—

Thus then, thou most renowned: Caesar entreats,
Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,
Farther then he is Caesar.

_Cleo._ Go on: right royal.

_Thyr._ He knows, that you embrace not Antony
As you did love, but as you feared him.

_Cleo._ O! 

_Thyr._ The scars upon your honour, therefore, he
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,
Not as deserved.

_Cleo._ He is a god, and knows
What is most right. Mine honour was not yielded,
But conquer'd merely.

_Eno._ [Aside.] To be sure of that,

I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou 'rt so leaky,
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for
Thy dearest quit thee.

[Exit EOBARBUS.

_Thyr._ Shall I say to Caesar
What you require of him? for he partly bars
To be desire'd to give. It much would please him,
That of his fortunes you should make a staff
To lean upon; but it would warm his spirits,
To hear from me you had left Antony,
And put yourself under his shroud, who is the
Universal landlord.

_Cleo._ What's your name?

_Thyr._ My name is Thyreus.

_Cleo._ Most kind messenger,

Say to great Caesar, that in deposition
I kiss his conqu'ring hand: tell him, I am prompt
To lay my crown at 's feet, and there to kneel:
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt.

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1 mered: in f. e. 2 quality: in f. e. 3 measures: in f. e. 4 Quarrel. 5 The words "*who is:" are not in f. e. 6 this: in f. e. 7 dispute: in f. e.
Thyr. 'Tis your noblest course.
Wisdom and fortune combating together,
If that the former dare 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 rain'd kisses. [Thyr. kisses her Hand.]

Re-enter Antony and Enobarbus.

Ant. Favours, by Jove that thunders!—
What art thou, follow ?

Thyr. One, that but performs
The bidding of the fullest man, and worthiest
To have command obey'd.

End. 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, "ho!"
Like boys unto a mus,' kings would start forth,
And cry, "Your will?" Have you no ears? I am

End. Enter Attendants.

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

Ant. Moon and stars! Whip him.—Were't 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 cringe 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 crann to him.—

[Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.

You were half blastèd ere I knew you: ha!
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gen. of women, to be abus'd
By one that looks on feeders?

Cleo. Good my lord,—

Ant. You have been a bogger ever:—
But when in our viciousness grow hard,
(O misery on 't!) the wise gods sceal our eyes,
In our self filth drop our clear judgments; make us
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut
To our confusion.

Cleo. O! is it come to this?
Ant. I found you as a morsel, cold upon
Dead Caesar's trencher: nay, you were a fragment
Of Cneius Ponpey's; besides what hotter hours,
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have
Luxuriously pick'd out; 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 playfellow, your hand; that kingly seal,
And plighter of high hearts!—O! that I were
Upon the hill of Basan, to out roar
The horned herd, for I have savage cause;
And to proclaim it civilly were like
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank
For being yaro about him.—

Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.

Is he whipp'd?

1 Att. Soundly, my lord.

Ant. Cry'd he? and begg'd he pardon?

1 Att. He did ask favour.

Ant. If that thy father live, let him repent
Thou wast not made his daughter; and be thou sorry
To follow Caesar in his triumph, since
Thou hast been whipp'd for following him: henceforth,
The white hand of a lady fever thee;
Shake but to look on 't. Get thee back to Caesar,
Tell him thy entertainment: look, thou say,
He makes me angry with him; for he seems
Proud and disdainful, harping on what I am,
Not what he knew I was. He makes me angry,
And at this time most easy 'tis to do 't.
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 enfranchisèd bondman, whom
He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,
As he shall like, to quell me. Urge it thou:
Hence, with thy stripes! begone! [Exit THYREUS.
Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant. Alack! our terrene moon
Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone
The fall of Antony.

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Caesar, would you mingle eyes
With one that ties his points?—

Cleo. Not know me yet?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me?

Cleo. Ah, dear! if it be so,
From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,
And poison it in the source, and the first stone
Drop in my neck: as it determines, so
Dissolve my life! The next Caesarian smite,
Till by degrees the memory of my womb,
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the discrediting of this pellets storm,
Lie graveless, till the flies and gnats of Nile
Have buried them for prey!—

Ant. I am satisfied.

Cesar sits down in Alexandria, where
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land
Hath nobly held; our sever'd navy, too,
Have knit again, a fleet threat'ning most sea-like.
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear,
lady?
If from the field I shall return once more
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;
I and my sword will earn our chronicle:
There's hope in 't yet.

Cleo. That's my brave lord!

Ant. I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours
Were nice and lucky, men did ransom lives
Of me or jests; but now I'll set my teeth,
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come;
Let's have one other gaudy night.—Call to me
All my sad captains: fill our bowls; once more
Let 'a mock the midnight bell.

Cleo. It is my birthday:
I had thought to have held it poor; but since my lord
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

Ant. We will yet do well.

Cleo. Call all his noble captains to my lord.

Ant. Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll
force [queen;
The wine peep through their sears.—Come on, my
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 scythe.

[Exeunt Antony, Cleopatra, and Attendants.]

*Eno.* Now he'll outstare the lightning. To be furious,
Is to be frightened out of fear; and in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; and I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart. When valour preyed on reason,
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek
Some way to leave him.

[Exit.]

**ACT IV.**

**SCENE I.**—Caesar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter Caesar, reading a Letter; Agrippa, Mecenas, and others.*

*Caesar.* He calls me boy, and chides, as he had power
To beat me out of Egypt; my messenger
He hath whip'd with rods, daces me to personal combat,
Caesar to Antony: let the old ruffian know
I have many other ways to die; mean time,
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mecenas.* Caesar must think,
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted
Even to falling. Give him no breath; but now
Make boot of his distraction: never anger
Made good guard for itself.

*Caesar.* Let our best heads
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles
We mean to fight. Within our files there are,
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,
Enough to fetch him in. See it done;
And feast the army: we have store to do't,
And they have earn'd the waste.—Poor Antony!

[Exit.]

**SCENE II.**—Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter Antony, Cleopatra, Eros, Harrius, Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and others.*

*Antony.* He will not fight with me, Domitius?

*Eno.* No.

*Antony.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,
He is twenty men to one.

*Antony.* To-morrow, soldier,
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood
Shall make it live again. Woes thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, "Take all!"

*Antony.* 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.

*Cleopatra.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'T is one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots
Out of the mind.

*Antony.* 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.

*Servant.* The gods forbid!

*Antony.* 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 too,
And suffer'd my command.

*Eno.* What does he mean?

*Cleopatra.* To make his followers weep.

*Antony.* Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty:
Haply, 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, stay till death.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't!

*Eno.* What mean you, sir,
To give them this discomfort? Look, they weep;
And I, an ass, am onion-eyed:—for shame,
Transform us not to women.

*Antony.* Ho, ho, ho! Now, the witch take me, if I meant it thus.
Grace grow where those drops fall! My hearty friends,
You take me in too dolorous a sense,
For I spoke 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 honour. Let's to supper: come,
And drown consideration.

*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE III.**—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their Guard.*

1 *Soldier.* Brother, good night: to-morrow is the day.
2 *Soldier.* It will determine one way: fare you well.

*Eno.* Heard you of nothing strange about the streets?

1 *Soldier.* Nothing. What news?
2 *Soldier.* Belike, it is but a rumour. Good night to you.
1 *Soldier.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

2 *Soldier.* Soldiers, have careful watch.
3 *Soldier.* And you. Good night, good night.

*[The first Two place themselves at their Posts.]*

4 *Soldier.* Here we! [They take their Posts.] and if to-morrow
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Soldier.* 'T is a brave army,
And full of purpose.

*[Music of Hautboys under the Stage.]*

4 *Soldier.* Peace! what noise?
1 *Soldier.* List, list!
2 *Soldier.* Hark!
1 *Soldier.* Music 'tis the air.
3 *Soldier.* Under the earth.
4 *Soldier.* It signs well, does it not?
3 *Soldier.* No.

1 *Soldier.* Peace! I say. What should this mean?
2 *Soldier.* 'T is the god Hercules, who Antony lov'd,
Now leaves him.

1 *Soldier.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen
Do hear what we do. [They advance to another Post.]

*End of the play.*
SCENE VI.  

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.  

2 Sold.  How now, masters!  
Omnes.  How now!  
How now! do you hear this?  
1 Sold.  Ay: Is it 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.  
Omnes.  Content: ’tis strange.  
[Exeunt.  

SCENE IV.—The Same.  A Room in the Palace.  
Enter Antony, and Cleopatra;  ChARMAN, and others, attending.  
Ant.  Eros! mine armour, Eros!  
Cle.  Sleep a little.  
Ant.  No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!  
Enter Eros, with Armour.  
Came, good fellow, put mine iron on:—  
If fortune be not ours to-day, it is  
Because we brave her.—Come.  
Cle.  Nay, I'll help too.  
What’s this for?  
Ant.  Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart:—false, false; this, this.  
Cle.  Sooth, Ia! I'll help.  
Ant.  Thus it must be. Well, well;  
We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?  
Go, put on thy defences.  
Eros.  Briefly, sir.  
Cle.  Is not this buckled well?  
Ant.  Rarely, rarely.  
He that unbucks this, till we do please  
To doff’t for our repose, shall bear a storm.—  
Thou fumilbest, Eros; and my queen’s a square  
More tight at this, than thou. Despatch.—O, love!  
That thou couldst see my wars to-day, and knew’st  
The royal occupation! thou shouldst see  
Enter an armed Soldier.  
A workman in’t.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:  
Thou look’st like him that knows a warlike charge.  
To business that we love we rise betime,  
And go to with delight.  
Sold.  A thousand, sir,  
Early though’t be, have on their great arm’trim,  
And at the port expect you.  
[Shout. Trumpets flourish.  
Enter Captains, and Soldiers.  
Capt.  The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.  
All.  Good morrow, general.  
Ant.  ’Tis well blown, lads.  
This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So so: come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, damne: what’er becomes of me,  
This is a soldier’s kiss.  [Rebukable.  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanic compliment: I’ll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel. —You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I’ll bring you to’t.—Adieu.  
[Exeunt Antony, Eros, Officers, and Soldiers.  
Char.  Please you, retire to your chamber.  
Cle.  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  
Preval’d  
To make me fight at land!  
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?  
Sold.  One ever near thee: call for Enobarbus,  
He shall not hear thee: or from Caesar’s camp  
Say, “I am none of thine.”  
Ant.  What say’st thou?  
Sold.  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 adieu, 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 Agrrippa, Enobarbus,  
and others.  
Ces.  Go forth, Agrrippa, and begin the fight.  
Our will is, Antony be took alive;  
Make it so known.  
Ces.  The time of universal peace is near:  
Prove this a prosperous day, the three-look’d world  
Shall bear the olive freely.  
Enter a Messenger.  
Mess.  Antony  
Is come into the field.  
Ces.  Go; charge Agrrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his forces  
Upon himself.  [Exeunt all but Enobarbus.  
Eno.  Alexas did revolt, and went to Jewry on  
Affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Caesar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains  
Caesar hath hang’d him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable 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  
Unloading 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 it myself; Your emperor  
Continues still a Jove.  [Exit Soldier.  
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
SCENE VII.—Field of Battle between the Camps.

Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA, and others

Agr. Retire; we have engaged ourselves too far. Caesar himself has work, and our oppression Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

Agr. Enter ANTONY, and SCARUS wounded.

Scar. O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed! Had we done so at first, we had driven them home With clouts about their heads. [Shouts afar off.]

Ant. Thou blest'ast apease.

Scar. I had a wound here that was like a T; But now 'tis made an H.

Ant. They do retire.

Scar. We'll beat 'em in bench-holes. I have yet Room for six scotches more.

Enter Eros.

Eros. They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves For a fair victory.

Scar. Let us scoor their backs, And match 'em up, as we take hares, behind: 'T is sport to maul a runner.

Ant. I will reward thee

Once for thy sprightly comfort, and ten-fold For thy good valour. Come thee on.

Scar. I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.—Under the Walls of Alexandria.

Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, 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 has to-day escape'd. I thank you all, For doughty-handed are you; and have fought Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been Each man's, like mine: you have shown all Hectors. Enter the city, clip your wives, your friends, Tell them your feasts; whilst they with joyful tears Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand: Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.

To this great fairy I'll commend thy acts, Make her thanks bless thee.—O, thou day of the world! Chain mine arm'd neck; leap thou, attend and all, Through proof of harness to my heart, and there Ride on the pants triumphing.

Cleo. Lord of lords! O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling From the world's great snare uncaught?

Ant. My nightingale,
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl! though grey Do something mingle with our younger brown; yet have we A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can Get goal for goal of youth. Behold this man; [Pointing to SCARUS? Kiss it, my warrior:—he hath fought to-day, As if a god, in hate of mankind, had Destroy'd in such a shape.

1 Not in f. e. 2 Deeds: guests: in f. e. 3 Not in f. e. 4 Place of mustering the guard. 5 Not in f. e. 6 for: in f. e. 7 Reached.
SCENE XII.  ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Upon the hills adjoining to the city
Shall stay with us (order for sea is given,
They have put forth the haven)
Where their appointment we may best discover,
And look on their endeavour.  [Exeunt.

Enter Caesar, and his Forces, marching.

Cæs.  But! being charg'd, we will be still by land,
Which, as I take 't, we shall; for his force is
Forth to man his galleys.  To the vales,
And hold our best advantage!  [Exeunt.

Re-enter Antony and Scarsus.

Ant.  Yet they are not join'd.  Where yond pine does
I shall discover all; I'll bring thee word [stand.
Straight, how 't is like to go.  [Exit.

Scars.  Swallows have built
In Cleopatra's sails their nests: the augurers³
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell:—look grimly,
And dare not speak their knowledge.  Antony
Is valiant, and rejected; and by starts
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,
Of what he has, and has not.

Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-Fight.

Re-enter Antony.

Ant.  All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 't is thou
Hast sold me to this novice, and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly;
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,
I have done all.—Bid them all fly; be gone.

[Exit Scarsus.

Enter Cleopatra.  

Ant.  Thou spell! Ay, thou!  Awaunt!

Cleo.  Why is my lord enrag'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 poort'st diminutives, for doits;² and let
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up
With her prepared nails.

'T is well thou 'rt gone,
If it be well to live; but better 't were
Thou fell'st under my fury, for one death
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho! —
The shirt of Nessus is upon me: teach me,
Ailedes, thou mine ancestor, thy rage:
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns of the moon;
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,
Subdue my worthiest self.  The witch shall die:
To the young Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall
Under this plot; she dies for 't.—Eros, ho!  [Exit.

SCENE XII.—Alexandria.  A Room in the Palace.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iris, and Mardian.

Cleo.  Help me, my women!  O! he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so emboss'd.²

Char.  To the monument!
These lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.
The soul and body rive it more in parting,
Than greatness going off.

Mard.  To the monument!
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously.  Hence, Mardian,
And bring me how he takes my death. —
To the Monument.  [Exeunt.

SCENE XII.—The Same.  Another Room.

Enter Antony and Eros.

Ant.  Eros, thou yet behold'st me.

Eros.  Ay, noble lord.

Ant.  Sometime, we see a cloud that's a dragonish,
A vapour, 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,
And mock our eyes with air: thou hast seen these signs;
They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros.  Ay, my lord.

Ant.  That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,
The rack distins, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water.

Eros.  It does, my lord.

Ant.  My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
Even such a body: here I am Antony,
Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,
Whose heart, I thought, I had, for she had mine,
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto 't
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!  [Exit 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, saxe'en cunning: peace!
She hath betray'd me; and shall die the death.

Mar.  Death of one person can be paid but once,
And that she has discharge'd.  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.

Ant.  Unarm me, Eros: the long day's task is done,
And we must sleep.—That thou depart'st hence safe,
Does pay thy labour richly; go.—[Exit Mardian.

Off, pluck off:—
The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep
The battery from my heart.  O, cleave, my sides!

1 Unless.  ² auguries: in folio.  ³ rammed: in folio.  Hammer made the change.  ⁴ soul: in f. e.  ⁵ grave: in f. e.  ⁶ a game, now called "pricking in the gardens."  ⁷ in vogue with gypsies.  ⁸ dols: in folio.  ⁹ Foaming at the mouth.
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.
[Exit 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 labour
Mars what it does; yea, very force entangles
Itself with strength: seal then, and all is done.
Eros!—I come, my queen.—Eros!—Stay for me:
Where souls do conch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze:
Dido and her Aeneas shall want troops;
And all the haunts of ours. —Come, Eros! Eros! Re-enter Eros.

Eros. What would my lord?

Ant. Since Cleopatra died
I have liv'd in such dishonour, 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; less noble minded
Than she, which by her death our Caesar tells,
"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 terrible prosecution of
Disgrace and horror, that on my command
Thou then wouldst kill me: do' t; the time is come,
Thou strik'st not me, 't is Caesar thou defeatest.
Put colour in 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,
Wouldst then be window'd in great Rome, and see
Thy master thus with pleas'd' d arms, bending down
His corrigible neck, his face subdued
To penetrative shame, whilst the wheel'd seat
Of fortunate Caesar, drawn before him, branded
His baseness that ensued?

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 un purpos'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. 'T is 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.

Thrice nobler than myself!

[Dies.

Ant. What's the noise?

Ant. I have done my work ill, friends: O! make an end
Of what I have begun.

2 Guard. The star is fallen.

1 Guard. And time is at his period.

All. Alas, and woe!

Ant. Let him that loves me, strike me dead:

1 Guard. Not I.

2 Guard. Nor I.

3 Guard. Nor any one. [Exit Guard.

Der. Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly,
This sword but shown to Caesar, with this tidings,
Shall enter me with him.

Enter Diomedes.

Dio. Where's Antony?

Der. There, Diomed; there.

Dio. Lives he?

Wilt thou not answer, man? [Exit Diomed.

Art thou there, Diomed? Draw thy sword,
And give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

Dio. Most absolute lord,
My mistress, Cleopatra, sent me to thee.

Ant. When did she send thee?

Dio. Now, my lord.

Ant. Where is she?

Dio. Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesi

Of what hath come to pass; for when she saw
(Which never shall be found) you did suspect
She had compos'd herself with Caesar, and that your rage
Would not be purged, she sent you word she was dead,
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent
Me to proclaim the truth; and I am come,
I dread, too late.

Ant. Too late, good Diomed. Call my guard, I pr'ythee.

Dio. What, ho! the emperor's guard! The guard,

What, ho!

Come; your lord calls.

Enter some of the Guard.

Ant. Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra hides;
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 Guard. Wee, wee are we, sir, you may not live to wear
All your true followers out.

All. Most heavy day!

Ant. Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate
To grace it with your sorrows: bid that welcome
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it,
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up;
I have led you oft; carry me now, good friends,
And have my thanks for all. [Exit, bearing Antony.

Scene XIII.—The same. A Monument.

Enter, above, Cleopatra, Charmian, and Iras.

Cleo. O Charmian! I will never go from hence.
Char. Be comforted, dear madam.
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, Diomedes.

As that which makes it. — How now! is he dead?

Dio. His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out 't the other side your monument,
His guard have brought him thither.

Enter, below, Antony, borne by the Guard.

Cleo. O sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in! — darkling stand,
Thou varying shore o' th' world. O Antony, Antony,
Antony!

Help, Charmian, help, Iras, help: help, friends Below; let's draw him thither.

Ant. Peace!

Not Caesar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,
But Antony's triumph'd on its self.

Cleo. So it should be, that none but Antony
Should conquer Antony; but woe's it so is!

Ant. I am dying, Egypt; dying; only
I here importune death a while, until
Of many thousand kisses the poor last
I lay upon thy lips. —

Cleo. I dare not, dear,
(Dear my lord, pardon) I dare not,
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show
Of the full-fort'n'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 still condition, shall acquire no honour
Denuming 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 port, indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,
That makes the weight: 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;

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd! —
Quicken with kissing; had my lips that power,
Thou would I wear them out. —

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 honour with your safety. — O!

Cleo. They do not go together.

Ant. Gentle, hear me.

None about Caesar trust, but Proculius.

Cleo. My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;
None about Caesar.

Ant. The miserable change now at my end
Lament nor sorrow at, but please your thoughts,
In feeding them with those I 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
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;
I can no more.

[Dies. Cleo. Noblest of men, woot die?
Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide
In this dull world, which in thy absence is
No better than a styre? — O! see, my women,
The crown o' the earth doth melt. — My lord! —
O! wither'd is the garland of the war,
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.

Char. O, quietness, lady!
Iras. She is dead too, our sovereign.
Char. Lady! —
Iras. Madam! —
Char. O madam, madam, madam! —
Iras. Royal Egypt!

Empress!

Char. Peace, peace, Iras!
Cleo. No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest churls. — It were for me
To throw my sceptre at the injurious gods;
To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,
Till they had stolen our jewel. — All's but naught;
Patience is sottish, 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 cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?
My noble girls! — Ah, women, women! look,
Our lamp is spent, it's out. — Good airs, 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.

[Exeunt; those above bearing off Antony's Body.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Caesar's Camp before Alexandria.

Enter Caesar, Agrippa, Dolabella, Mecenas, Gallus, Proculius, and others.

Caes. Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;
Being so frustrate, tell him, that he mocks
The pauses that he makes. —

1. The: in f. e. 2. conclusion: in f. e. 3. sport: in f. e. 4. when: in folio. Pope made the change. 5. Chores. 6. in f. e. — Tell him
He mocks us by the pauses, &c.
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,
He was my master, and I wore his life,
To spend upon his haters. If thou please
To take me to thee, as I was to him
I'll be to Caesar; if thou pleasest not,
I yield thee up my life.

Cæs. What is 't thou say'st?

Der. I say, O Caesar! 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 drop: in the name lay
A society of the world.

Der. He is dead, Caesar;
Not by a public minister of justice,
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,
Split that self noble heart. This is his sword;
I robb'd his wound of it: behold it, stain'd
With his most noble blood.

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.

Mac. His taints and honours
Weigh'd equal with him.

Agr. A rarer spirit never
Did steer humanity; but you gods will give us
Some faults to make us men. Caesar is touch'd.

Mac. When such a spacious mirror's set before him,
He needs must see himself.

Cæs. O Antony!
Have I follow'd thee to this?—but we do lance
Diseases in our bodies. I must perforce
Have shown to thee such a declining day,
Or look on thine: we could not stail together
In the whole world. But yet let me lament,
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,
That thou, my brother, my competitor
In top of all design, my mate in empire,
Friend and companion in the front of war,
The arm of mine own body, and the heart
Where mine his thoughts did kindle, that our stars,
Unreconcileable should divide
Our equalness to this.—Hear me, good friends,—
But I will tell you at some meeter season:

Enter a Messenger.

The business of 'this man looks out of him;
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

Mess. A poor Egyptian yet. The queen my mistres,CONFIN'D in all she has for her monument,
Of thy intents desires instruction,
That she preparedly may frame herself
To the way she's forced to.

Cæs. Bid her have good heart:
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,
How honourable and how kindly we
Determine for her; for Cæsar cannot live
To be ungentle.

Mess. So the gods preserve thee! [Exit.

Cæs. Come hither, Proculeius. Go, and say,
We purpose her no shame: give what comforts
The quality of her passion shall require,
Lost in her greatness by some mortal stroke
She do defeat; for her life in Rome
Would be eternal in our triumph. Go,
And with your speediest bring us what she says,
And how you find of her.


Cæs. Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,
To second Proculeius? [Exit Gallus.

All. Dolabella!

Cæs. Let him alone, for I remember now
How he 's employed: he shall in time be ready.
Go with me to my tent, where you shall see
How hardy I was drawn into this war,
How calm and gentle I proceeded still
In all my writings. Go with me, and see
What I can show in this. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Alexandria. A Room in the Monument.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, and Ira.

Cleo. My desolation does begin to make
A better life. 'T is paltry to be Caesar:
Not being fortunate, 's but fortune's knave,
A minister of her will: and it is great
To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dug,
The beggar's nurse and Caesar's.

Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, Proculeius,
Gallus, and Soldiers.

Proc. Caesar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;
And bids thee study on what fair demands
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

Cleo. What's thy name?

Proc. My name is Proculeius.

Cleo. Antony
did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but
I do not greatly care to be deceive'd,
That have no use for trusting. If your master
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,
That majesty, to keep decorum, must
No less beg 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. [Exit.

Proc. 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. [Exit.

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 in it; the face. [Exit.

Proc. This I'll report, dear lady.
Have comfort; for, I know, your plight is pitied
Of him that caus'd it.

Gall. You see how easily she may be surpris'd.

[Proculeius, and two of the Guard, ascend the
Monument by a Ladder, and come behind
Cleopatra. Some of the Guard unbar
and open the Gates.

Guard her till Caesar come.

[To Proculeius and the Guard. Exit Gallus.

Ira. Royal queen!

Char. O Cleopatra! thou art taken, queen!—

Cleo. Quick, quick, good hands. [Draws a Dagger.

Proc. Hold, worthy lady, hold! [Disarms her.
SCENE II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this Reliev'd, but not betray'd.
Cleo. What, of death, too,
That rides our dogs of languish?

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!

Cleo. Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
If idle talk will once be necessary,¹
I'll not sleep neither. This mortal house I'll ruin,
Do Caesar what he can.⁶ 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 shouting variety
Of censoring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud
Lay me stark naked, and let the water flies
Blow me into abhorring! rather make
My country's high pyramids my gibbet,
And hang me up in chains!

Cleo. You do extend
These thoughts of horror farther, than you shall
Find cause in Caesar.

Enter DOLABELLA.

Dol. Proculeius,
What thou hast done thy master Caesar knows,
And he hath sent for thee: for the queen,
I'll take her to my guard.

Cleo. So, Dolabella,
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—
To Caesar I will speak what you shall please,

If you'll employ me to him.

Cleo. Say, I would die.

[Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.

Dol. Most noble empress, you have heard of me?
Cleo. I cannot tell.

Dol. Assuredly, you know me.
Cleo. No matter, sir, what I have heard or known.
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;
Is't not your trick?

Dol. I understand not, madam.
Cleo. I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony:
O, such another sleep, that I might see
But such another man!

Dol. If it might please you,—
Cleo. His face was as the heavens: and therein stuck
A sun, and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
The little O, the earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature.
Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean: his ear'd arm,
Crested the world: his voice was propitious
As all the tund'ring spheres; and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't: an autumn 'twas,
That grew the more by reaping: his delights
Were dolphin-like: they shew'd his back above
The element they liv'd in: in his livery
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were
As plates² dropp'd from his pocket.

Cleo. Think you, there was, or might be, such a man
As this I dream'd of?

Dol. 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 vie³ strange forms with fancy: yet, to imagine
An Antony, were nature's piece⁴ against fancy,
Condemning shadows quite.

Dol. 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 pursu'd success, but I do feel,
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites⁵
My very heart at root.

Cleo. I thank you, sir.
Know you, what Caesar means to do with me?

Dol. I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.
Cleo. Nay, pray you, sir,—

Dol. Though he be honourable,—
Cleo. He'll lead me then, then, in triumph?

Dol. Madam, he will; I know 't.

Cleo. Within. Make way there!—Caesar!

Enter CAESAR, GALIUS, PROCULEIUS, MECENAS,
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.

Caes. Which is the queen of Egypt?

Dol. It is the emperor, madam. [CLEOPATRA kneels.
Caes. 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.

Caes. Take to you no hard thoughts:
The record of what injuries you did us,
Though written in our deed, we shall remember
As things but done by chance.

Cleo. Sole sir of 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 sham'd our sex.

Caes. Cleopatra, know,
We will extenuate rather than enforce:
If you apply yourself to our 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 pacify 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.

Cleo. And may through all the world: 'tis yours;
and we
Your scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall
Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord,
Caes. You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.
Cleo. This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,
I am possess'd of: 'tis exactly valued;

[Showing a Paper.⁶
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. Cae. 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! goest thou back? thou shalt Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes, Though they had wings. Slave, soul-less villain, dog! O, rarest base! Cae. Good queen, let us entreat you. Cleo. O Caesar! what a wounding shame is this! That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me, Doing the honour of thy lordliness To one so meek, that mine own servant should Parcel the sum of my disgraces by Addition of his envy! Say, good Caesar, That I some lady trifles have reserv'd, Immotent toys, things of such dignity As we greet modern's friends withal; and say, Some nobler token have I kept apart For Livia, and Octavia, to induce Their mediation, must I be unbold With one that I have bred? Ye' gods! it smites me Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence; Or I shall show the cinders of my spirit Through th' ashes of mischance.—Wert thou a man, Thou wouldest have mercy on me. Cae. Forbear, Seleucus. [Exit Seleucus. Cleo. Be it known, that we, the greatest, are mis-thought For things that others do; and when we fall, We answer others' merits in our name, And therefore to be pitied. Cleo.  
Cleopatra, Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd, Put we i' the roll of conquest: still be it yours, Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe, Caesar's no merchant, to make prize with you Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be chear'd; Make not your thoughts your prisons: no, dear queen; For we intend not to dispose you, as Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep: Our care and pity is so much upon you, That we remain your friend; and so, adieu. Cleo. My master, and my lord! Cae. Not so. Adieu. Cleo. [Flourish. Exeunt Caesar, and his Train. Cleo. He words me girls, he words me, that I should not Be noble to myself: but bate thee, Charman. [Whispers Charman. Iras. Finisht, good lady; the bright day is done, And we are for the dark. Cleo. He 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 Charman. Cleo. Dolabella? Dol. Madam, as thereto sworn by your command, Which my love makes religion to obey, I tell you this: Caesar through Syria Intends his journey, and within three days You with your children will he 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, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown In Rome, as well as l: mechanic slaves With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers; shall Uphold you to the view: in their thick breaths, Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclosed, And forc'd to drink their vapour. Iras. The gods forbid! Cleo. Nay, 'tis most certain. Iras. Stance lictors Will catch at us, like strumpets; and scald rhymer Ballad us out o' tune: the quick comedians Extempore will stage us, and present Our Alexandrian revels: Antony Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness I' the posture of a whore. Iras. O, the good gods! Cleo. Nay, that is certain. Iras. I'll never see it; for, I am sure, my nails Are stronger than mine eyes. Cleo. Why, that's the way To foil their preparation, and to conquer Their most assur'd intents. [Re-enter Charman. Show me, my women, like a queen:—go fetch My best attire,—I am again for Cydnus, To meet Mark Antony.—Sirrah, Iras, go.— Now, noble Charman, we 'll despatch indeed; And, when thou hast done this chare, 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 your highness' presence: He brings you figs. Cleo. Let him come in.——How poor an instrument [Exit Guard. May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty. My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing Of woman in me: now from head to foot I am marble-constant; now the fleeting moon No planet is of mine. Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing in a Basket. Guard. This is the man. Cleo. Avoid, and leave him.——[Exit Guard. Hast 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 on 't? Clown. Very many, men and women too. I heard of one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest woman, but something given to lie, as a woman should not do but in the way of honesty, how she died of the biting of it, what pain she felt.—Truly, she makes a very good report o' the worm; but lie that
SCENE II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

A laes unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;
And golden Phoebus never be beheld
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! came; apiece; despatch: I partly feel thee.

1 Guard. Approach, ho! All's not well: Caesar's beguil'd.

2 Guard. There's Dolabella sent from Caesar: call him.

1 Guard. What work is here?—Charmian, 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 dreadful act, which thou
So sought'st to hinder.

Within. A way there! a way for Caesar!

Enter Caesar, and all his Train.

Dol. O, sir! you are too sure an augurer:
That you did fear, is done.

Cas. Bravest at the last:
She level'd at our purposes, and, being royal,
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths?
I do not see them bleed.

Dol. Who was last with them?

1 Guard. A simple countryman that brought her figs:
This was his basket.

Cas. Poison'd, then.

1 Guard. O Caesar!

This Charmian lived but now; she stood, and spake,
I found her trimming up the diadem
On her dead mistress: tremblingly she stood,
And on the sudden dropp'd.

Cas. O noble weakness!—
If they had swallow'd poison, 't would appear
By external swelling; but she looks like sleep,
As she would catch another Antony
In her strong toil of grace.

Dol. Here, on her breast,
There is a vent of blood, and something blown:
The Life is on her arm.

1 Guard. This is an aspick's trail; and these fig-leaves
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves
Upon the caves of Nile.

Cas. Most probable,
That so she died; for her physician tells me,
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed,
And bear her women from the monument.
She shall be buried by her Antony;
No grave upon the earth shall clips in it
A pair so famous. High events as these
Strike those that make them; and their story is
No less in pity, than his glory, which
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,
In solemn show, attend this funeral,
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see
High order in this great solemnity.

[Exeunt.

1 What: in f. e. 2 Stevens reads: wild (the old form of vile). 3 away: in folio. Pope made the change.
CYMBELINE.

Dramatis Personae.

CYMBELINE, King of Britain.
CLOUTEN, Son to the Queen by a former Husband.
LEONARIUS POSTHUMUS, Husband to Imogen.
BELARIUS, a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.
GUIDERIUS, Arviragus, {Sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Belarius.}
PHILARIO, Friend to Posthumus, {Italians.}
IACHIMO, Friend to Philario,
A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Scene, sometimes in Britain, sometimes in Italy.

Act I.

Scene I.—Britain. The Garden of Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still seem as does the king.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?
1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow
That late he married) 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. None but the king?
1 Gent. He that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,
That most desir'd the match; but not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?
1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the princess is a thing
Too bad for bad report; and he that hath her,
(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
In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 Gent. You speak him far.
1 Gent. I do extend him, sir, within himself;
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His measure duly.

1 of: in f. e. 2 Made them fast.
IMOGEN ENTERING THE CAVE.

Cymbeline, Act III. Scene 6.
2 Gent. How long is this ago?
1 Gent. Some twenty years.
2 Gent. Strange a king's children should be so con-

ved.
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow,
That could not trace them!
1 Gent. Howsoever 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, sir.
2 Gent. I do well believe you.
1 Gent. We must forbear. Here comes the gentle-
man, the queen, and princess. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, and Imogen.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me,
daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your jailor shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win th' offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 't were good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. 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 bard affections, though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[Exit Queen.

Imo. O dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady! weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter. Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send;
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure. [Aside.] Yet I'll move
To walk this way. I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [Exit.

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow. Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love:
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another thing!—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And bear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here

[Putting on the Ring.

While sense can keep it on. And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss, so in our trifles
I still win of you: for my sake, wear this:
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner.

[Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.

Imo. O, the gods!
When shall we see again?

[Enter Cymbeline and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If after this command thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou diest. Away!
Thou 'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[Exit.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing!
That shouldst repair my youth, thou heapest
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I am senseless of your wrath: a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

Cym. That mightst have had the sole son of my queen.

Imo. O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a pottock.¹

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar would² have made my throne
A seat for baseness.

Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus.
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; overbuys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What! art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, sir: heaven restore me!—Would I
were
A heather's daughter, and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!—
They were again together: you have done! To the Queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your patience.—Peace!
Dear lady daughter, peace!—Sweet sovereign,
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,
Die of this folly.

[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.

¹ Hawk of a worthless breed. ² A beggar; wouldst, &c.: in f. e.
Ha!  

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 't please'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been 

Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour, 

He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your highness.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, 

Pray you, speak with me. You shall, at least, 

Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.[Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Public Place.

Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt: the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in; there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

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, to ward your face.

1 Lord. Stano you! You have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you something.

2 Lord. [Aside.] As many inches as you have oceans.

—Puppies!

Clo. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. [Aside.] So would I, till you had measured 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 her brain go not together: she's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. [Aside.] She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

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.[Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—A Room in Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter ImoGEN and PisANO.

Imo. I would thou grow'st unto the shores of the haven, 

And question'dst every sail: if he should write, 

And I not have it, 't were a paper lost 

As offer'd mercy is. What was the last 

That he spakes to thee?

Pis. It was, his queen, his queen!

Imo. Then wav'd 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 

The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief, 

Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind 

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on, 

How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him 

As little as a crow, or less, ere left 

To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings, crack'd them, but 

To look upon him, till the diminution 

Of space had point'd him sharp as my needle; 

Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from 

The smallness of a gnat to air; and then 

Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisano, 

When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam, 

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had 

Most pretty things to say: ere I could toll him, 

How I would think on him, at certain hours, 

Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear 

The shes of Italy should not betray 

Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him, 

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight, 

To encounter me with orisons, for then 

I am in heaven for him: or ere I could 

Give him that parting kiss, which I had set 

Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father, 

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north, 

Shakes all our buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

The queen, madam, 

Desires your highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.— 

I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.[Exeunt.


Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman, and a Spaniard.

Jack. Believe it, sir, I have seen him in Britain: 

he was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of; 

but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration, though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabulated by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

Phi. 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 approbations1 of those that weep this lamentable divorce and her colours,2 are wondrous wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.—

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the Briton. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: how worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

Post. Since when have I 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 atomic my countryman and you: it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller; rather 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 I not offend to say it is mended) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'T was a contention in public, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses; this gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her fore out of Italy.

Post. Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britain. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outshines 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 praised her as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your 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 purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen, too; so, of your brace of unbenadigable beads, there 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 honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding, I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something, but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'll sustain what you're worthy of by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A report; though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more—a punishment too.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly: let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation3 of what I have spoke.

Post. What lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand duets to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger: it is part of it.

Iach. You are afraid,4 and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue: you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what'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 goodness the hugeness of 1 approbation: in f. e. 2 under her colours: in f. e. 3 This word is not in f. e. 4 is in f. e. 9 Reconcile. 4 Not in folio. 7 not believe: in folio. Malone made the change. 9 Overcome. 9 Proof. 10 a friend: in f. e.
your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match.
Here's my ring.

Prel. I will have it no lay.

Jach. By the gods, it is one.—If I bring you no sufficient testimony, that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours.—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us.—Only, thus far you shall answer: if you make good your vauntage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no farther your enemy; she is not worth our debate: if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Jach. Your hand: a covenant. We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Execut Posthumus and Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—Britain. A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and CornELiUS.

Queen. Whilest yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers:
Make haste. Who has the note of them?
1 Lady. Queen. Despatch.—

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?
Cor. Please your highness, ay: here they are, madam:

[Presenting a small box.

But I beseech your grace, without offence, (My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds, Which are the movers of a languishing death; But though slow, deadly?

Queen. I wonder, doctor, Thou ask' st me such a question: have I not been Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so, That our great king himself doth woo me oft For my confections? Having thus far proceeded, (Unless thou think'st me devilish) is 't not meet That I did amplify my judgment in Other conclusions? I will try the forces Of these thy compounds on such creatures as We count not worth the hanging, (but none human) To try the vigour of them, and apply Allayments to their act; and by them gather Their several virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highness Shall from this practice but make hard your heart: Besides, the seeing these effects will be Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O! content thee.—

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. I do not like her. She doth think, she has Strangeingerious poisons: I do know her spirit, And will not trust one of her malice with A drug of such damned nature. Those she has Will stupify and dull the sense awhile;
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs, Then afterward up higher; but there is No danger in what show of death it makes More than the locking up the spirits a time, To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer, So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service, doctor, Until I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think, in time She will not 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 gasp: return he cannot, nor Continue where he is: to shift his being, Is to exchange one misery with another, And every day that comes comes to decay A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect, To be dependant on a thing that leaves? Who cannot be now-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 tak'st up Thou know'st not what: but take it for thy labour. It is a thing I made, which hath the king Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know What is more cordial:—nay, I pr'ythee, take it; It is an earnest of a farther good That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how The case stands with her: do't as from thyself. Think what a chance thou chancest on; but think Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son, Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the king To any shape of thy preferment, such As thou 'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly, That set thee on to this desert, am bound To load thy merit richly. Call my women:

Think on my words. [Exit Ps.]—A sly and constant knave, Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master, And the remembrancer of her, to hold The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that, Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her Of lieges for her suite; and which she after, Except she bend her humour, shall be assured

Re-enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

To taste of too soon.—So, madam, we are well done. The violets, cowslips, and the primroses, Bear to my closet.—Pare thee well, Pisanio; Think on my words. [Exeunt Queen and Ladies.]

Ps. 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 sutor to a wedded lady,
That hath her husband banish'd.—O, that husband!
My supreme crown of grief; and those repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable
Is the desire that's glorious: blessed be those,
How mean soe'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.

Iach. Change you, madam?

The worthy Leonatus is in safety,
And greets your highness dearly. [Gives a Letter.

Imo. Thanks, good sir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[Aside.

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird, and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness, be my friend:
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot,
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

Imo. [Reads.] "He is one of the noblest note,
Whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect
Upon him accordingly, as you value your trust—

"Leonatus."

So far I read aloud;
But even the very middle of my heart
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich cope
O'er sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin'd stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach; and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be 't he eye; for apes and monkeys, 'Twixt two such she's, would chatter this way, and,
Contemn with mows the other: nor 't he judgment:
For idiots, in this case of favour, would
Be wisely definite: nor 't he appetite;
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make desire vomit to emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the matter, tow?

Iach. The cloven will,
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,
That tub both fill'd and running) ravening first
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear sir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam, well.—Beseech you, sir, desire

[To Pisano.

My man's abode where I did leave him: be
Is strange and peevish.

Pis. I was going, sir. [Exit Pisano.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant; none, a stranger there,
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one,
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home; he furnaces
The thick sighs from him, whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from 's free lungs, cries, "O!
Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yet, what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish
For assurance bondage?"

Imo. Will my lord say so?

Iach. Ay, madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman; but, heavens know
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he; but yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 't is much;
In you,—which I account beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, sir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, sir?

Iach. You look on me: what riek discern in me,
Deserves your pity?

Imo. Lamentable! What!

Iach. To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I the dungeon by a snuff?

Imo. I pray you, sir,
Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to say, enjoy your—but
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me: pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more)
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Either are past remedies, or, timely knowing,
The remedy then born) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this check
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty; this object, which
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here; should I (darn'd then)
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol; join grips with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood
With labour), the base of jesting in an eye,
Base and illustrious: as the smoky light,
That's fed with stinking tallow, it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.
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 up-cast, to be hit away!

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with the bowl.

I had a hundred pound on’t; and then a whoreson jackamapes must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

4 1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with the bowl.

1 Lord. What got he by that? You have broke his pate with the bowl.

Were deeply rooted: and shall make your lord,
That whom he is, new o’er: and he is one
The truest manner’d; such a holy witch,
That he enchains societies unto him:
Half all men’s hearts are his.

I. He sits amongst men, like a descended god:
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty princess, that I have adventur’d
To try your taking of a false report; which hath
Honour’d with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a sir so rare,
Which, you know, cannot err. The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaste. Pray, your pardon.

I. All’s well, sir. Take my power i’ the court
For yours.

I. 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.

I. Pray, what is’t?

I. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,
To buy a present for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done
In France: ’tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form. Their value’s great,
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

I. Willingly,
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

I. They are in a trunk;
Attended by my men; I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night,
I must absent to-morrow.

I. O! no, no.

I. Yes. I beseech; or I shall short my word,
By lengthening my return. From Gallia
I cross’d the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your grace.

I. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow.

I. O! I must, madam.
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your lord with writing, do’t to-night:
I have outstay’d my time, which is material
To the tender of our present.

I. I will write.
Send your trunk to me: It shall safe be kept,
And truly yielded you. You’re very welcome.

[Exeunt.]
2 Lord. [Aside.] If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have run all out.

Clo. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oath, ha?

2 Lord. No, my lord; [Aside.] nor crop the ears of them.

Clo. Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? Would he had been one of my rank!

2 Lord. [Aside.] To have smelt like a fool.

Clo. I am not vexed more at any thing in the earth.

—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am: they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother. Every jack-slave hath his bully full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.

Clo. Sayest thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your lordship should undertake every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that; but it is 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 't is thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no danger in 't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. [Aside.] You are a fool granted; therefore, your issues being foolish do not derogate.

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian. What have I lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[Exeunt Cloten and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that Bears all down with her brain; and this her son Cannot take two from twenty for his heart, And leave eighteen. 'Alas, poor princes! Thou divine Imogen, what thou endurest, Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd; A mother hourly crying plots; a wooer, More hateful than the foul expulsion is Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Bed-Chamber; in one part of it, a great Trunk.

Imogen reading in her Bed; Helen attending.

Lady. Who's there? my woman, Helen?

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.

1 The covering of floors. 2 Not in f. e. 4 bare: in f. e.
Enter Musicus.

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 concieved thing: after, a wonderful 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 chalyb'd flowers that lies;
And winding 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 calves' guts, nor the voice of an unpay'd cunnoch to boot, can never amend.

[Exeunt Musicians.

Enter Cymbeline and Queen.

2 Lord. Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty; and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clo. I have assailed her with music, but she wonch saffes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new; She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to the king; Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame yourself To orderly solicit, and be friended With aptness of the season: make denials; Increase your services: so seem, as if You were sent to do these duties which You tender to her; that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dispensation tend, And therein you are senseless.

[Enter Clo.

Clo. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome: The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, his goodness forspend on us, We must in tend our duty. Our dear son, When you have given good morning to your mistress, Attend the queen, and us: we shall have need To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.

Clo. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not, Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave, ho!— I know her women are about her; what [Calls. If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold Which buys admittance; off it doth; and makes Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up Their deer to the stand o' the stealer; and 'tis gold Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief; Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: what Can it not do, and undo? I will make One of her women lawyer to me; for Yet not understand the ease myself. By your leave. [Knocks.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

Lady. That's more Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours, Can justly boast of. What's your lordship's pleasure?

Clo. Your lady's person; is she ready?—Ay, To keep her chamber.

Lady. There's gold for you; sell me your good report. Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you What I shall think is good?—the princess—

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good morrow, sir. You lay out too much pains For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give, Is telling you that I am poor of thanks, And scarce can spare them.

Clo. Still, I swear, I love you.

Imo. If you but said so, 't were 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 discourtesy To your best kindness. One of your great knowing Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clo. To leave you in your madness? 't were my sin: I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad; That 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 alms, and foster'd with cold dishes, With scrips o' the court) it is no contract, none: And though it be allow'd in meaner parties, (Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls On whom there is no more dependency But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot, Yet you are cur'd from that enlargement by The consequence o' the crown, and must not oil? The precious note of it with a base slave, A hilding* 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 't were made Clearly for your virtues, to be sturd The under hangman of his kingdom, and hated

---

1 vice: in f. e. 2 Knocks: in f. e. 3 Most mod. ed. read: soll. 4 A low screech.
Cymbeline.

Enter Cymbeline.

Cymb. The south-wind rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischiefs, 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, Pisania!

Enter Pisania.

Cymb. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently.—

Cymb. His garment?

Imo. I am spirited with a foot;

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; 'twas threw me,

If I would lose it for a revenue.

Of any king's in Europe. I do think, I

Saw this morning: confident I am,

Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it.

I hope, it be not gone to tell my lord

That I knew aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so: go, and search. [Exit Pis.

Cymb. 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,

Cymb. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To the worst of discontent. [Exit.

Cymb. I'll be reveng'd.—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.


Enter Posthumus and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure

To win the king, as I am bold, her honour

Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but aside 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,

O'capays all I can do. By this, your king

Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius

Will do's commission throughly; and, I think,

He'll grant the tribute, send the arracages,

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 Britain, 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

Worthy his frowning at: their discipline

(Now mingled with their courages) 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 pested 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 briefness of your answer made

The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your lady

Is one of the fairest that I have look'd upon.

Post. And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty

Look through a casement to allure false hearts,

And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenor good, I trust.

Iach. 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 had 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 farther; but I now

Profess myself the winner of her honour,

Together with your ring; and not the wronger

Of her, or you, having proceeded but

By both your wills.

Post. If you can make 't apparent

That you have tasted her in bed, my hand

And ring are yours: if not, the foul opinion

You had of her pure honour, gains, or 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.

Iach. First, her bedchamber,

(Where, I confess, I slept not, but, profess,

Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd

With tapestry of silk and silver; the story,

Proud Cleopatra. when she met her Roman,

And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work

So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive

In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,

Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,

Since the true life on 't was. 1

Post. This is most true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,

Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures
So likely to report themselves: the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewise reap,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted: her andirons
(I had forgot them) were two winged' Cupids
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. This is her honour.—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise
Be given to your remembrance) the description
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
Be pale: I beg but leave to air this jewel; see!—

[Producing the Bracelet]

And now 'tis up again: it must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Once more let me behold it. Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too. She gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once,

To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you, doth she?
Post. O! no; no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[Giving the Ring]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on 't. —Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing.—
O, above measure false!

Phi. Have patience, sir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable she lost it; or,
Who knows, if one of her women, being corrupted,
Hath stolen it from her?

Post. Very true;
And so, I hope, he came by't.—Back my ring.—
Render to me some corporal sign about her,
More evident than this, for this was stolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

't is true:—nay, keep the ring—'tis true. I am sure,
She would not lose it: her attendants are
All sworn, and honourable:—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 where thus
dearly—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient.
This is not strong enough to be believ'd
Of one persuad'd well of.

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For farther satisfying, under her breast
(Worthy the press'ing) lies a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging: by my life,
I kiss'd it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetic: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be sworn,—

Post. No swearing.
If you will swear you have not done 't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny
Thou 'st made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.
Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do 't; 't is the court; before
Her father. — I'll do something.

[Exit.]

Phi. Quite besides
The government of patience! — You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my heart. [Exit.

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 stamped; some coiner with his tools
Made me a counterfeit: yet my mother seemed
The Dian of that time; so doth my wife
The nonpareil of this. — O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her
As chaste 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-acorda' boar, a foaming' 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, slander, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd; nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all: but, rather, all;
For even to vice
They are not constant, but are changing still
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
Deceit them, curse them. — Yet 'tis greater skill,
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.

[Exit.]
ACT

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, Cassibelan, thine uncle, (Famous in Caesar’s praises, no whit less Than in his feats desiring it) for him And his succession, granted Rome a tribute, Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left unrender’d.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.
Clo. There be many Caesars, Ere such another 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 sand, that will not bear your enemies’ boats, but suck them up to the top-most. A kind of conquest Caesar made here: but made not here his brag Of “came,” and “gave,” and “overcame,” with shame (The first that ever touch’d him) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping, (Poor ignorant baboons!) 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 Cassibelan, who was once at point (O, gigot fortune!) to master Caesar’s sword, Made Llud’s town with rejoicing fires bright, And Britons strut 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 owe such straight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If Caesar 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 of the world) against all colour, here Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off, Become a warlike people, whom we reckon Ourselves to be.

Clo. We do.

Cym. Say, then, to Caesar,

I II.

Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which Ordain’d our laws; whose gave the sword of Caesar Hath too much mangled; whose, repair, and franchise, Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed, Though Rome be therefore angry. Mulmutius made our laws, Who was the first of Britain which did put His brows within a golden crown, and call’d Himself a king.

Luc. I am sorry, Cymbeline, That I am to pronounce Augustus Caesar (Caesar, that hath more kings his servants, than Thyself domestic officers) thine enemy. Receive it from me, then.—War, and confusion, In Caesar’s name pronounce I against thee: look For fury not to be resisted.—Thus defied, I thank thee for myself.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius. Thy Caesar knighted me; my youth I spent Much under him; of him I gather’d honour; Which he, to seek of me again, perforce, Behoves me keep at utterance. I am perfect, That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are now in arms; a precedent Which not to read would show the Britons cold: So Caesar shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clo. His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us afterwards in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours. If you fall in the adventure, our cows shall fare 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 here accuse?—Leonatus! O, master! what a strange infection Is fallen into thy ear! What false Italian (As poisonous tongueed, as handed) hath prevail’d On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No: She’s punish’d for her truth; and undergoes, More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults As would take in some virtue,—O, my master! Thy mind to her is now as low, as were Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her? Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood? If it be so to do good service, never Let me be counted serviceable. How look I, That I should seem to lack humanity, So much as this fact comes to? “Do’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 thee. Senseless baulk, Art thou a scoldery* for this act, and look’st So virgin-like without? Lo! here she comes.

[Enter Imogen.]

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

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1 oaks: in folio. Hammer made the change. 2 f. e. make these two words part of Cymbeline’s speech. 3 Fight to extremity. 4 Con-
Ino. How now, Pisanio!  

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.  

Ino. Who? thy lord? that is my lord: Leonatus.  

O! learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  

That knew the stars, as I his characters;  

He'll 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 with tire and wonder — that great 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 leave. — Bless'd be,  

You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  

And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike:  

Though forfeitors 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. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at  
Milford-Haven: what your own love will out of this  
advice you follow. So he wishes you all happiness,  
that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in  
love,  

"Leonatus Posthumus."  

O, for a horse with wings! — Hear'st thou, Pisanio?  

He is at Milford-Haven: read, and tell me  

How far't is thither. If one of mean affairs  

May m'd it in a week, why may not I  

Glide thither in a day? — Then, true Pisanio,  

(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
O, let me 'bate! — but not like me; — yet long'st,—  
But in a fainer kind: — O! not like me,  
For mine 's beyond beyond) say, and speak thick,  

(Love's counsellor should fill the bosoms of hearing;  
To the smoothing of the sense) how far it is  

To this same blessed Milford; and, by the way,  

Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
T' 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 be born, or e'er begot?  
We 'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,  

How many score of miles may we well ride  
Twixt hour and hour?  

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,  

Madam, 's enough for you, and too much, too.  

Ino. Why, one that rob't 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 foolery. —  
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She 'll home to her father; and provide me, presently,  

A riding suit, no costlier than would fit  

A franklin's housewife.  

Pis. Madam, you 're best consider.  

Ino. I see before me, man: nor here, nor here,  

Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;  
Do as I bid thee. There 's no more to say;  

Accessible is none but Milford way.  

[Exeunt.  

SCENE III.—Wales. A mountaneous Country,  

with a Cave.  

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.  

Bel. A goodly day not to keep house, with such  

Whose roof's as low as ours. Stoop, boys: this gate  

Instructs you how 't adore the heavens, and bows you  
To a morning's holy office: the gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may get' through  
And keep their impious turbards on, without  
Good-morrow to the sun. — Hail! thou fair heaven!  
We house 't the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouter livers do.  

Guil. Hail, heaven!  

Arv. Bel. Now, for our mountain sport. Up to yond' hill:  

Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me a crow,  

That it is place which lessens and sets off;  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,  

Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  

That service is not service, so being done,  

But being so allow'd: to apprehend thus,  

Draws us a profit from all things we see;  

And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The shaded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the radiant eagle. — Of this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a bob;  

Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk.  

Such gain the cap of him, that makes him fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncorrect'd.  

No life to ours.  

Guil. Out of your proof you speak: we, poor un-  

fledged,  

Have never wing'd from view o' the nest; nor know  

not  

What air's from home. Haply this life is best,  

If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  

That have a sharper known, well corresponding  
With your stiff' age; but unto us it is  

A cell of ignorance, travelling abed,  
A prison for a debtor, that not daries  
To stride a limit.  

Arv. What should we speak of,  

When we are old as you? when we shall hear  

The rain and wind beat dark December, how  

In this our pinching cave shall we discourse  

The freezing hours away? — We have seen nothing:  
We are beastly: subtle as the fox for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf for what we eat:  

Our valour is to chase what flies; our coge  

We make a quire, as doth the prisoner's bird,  

And sing our bondage freely.  

Bel. How you speak!  

Did you but know the city's usuries,  

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  
If the name of fame, and honour; which dies i' the  

search,  

And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  

As record of fair act: nay, many times,  
Deth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Most court'sy at the censure. — O, boys! this story  
The world may read in me: my body's at market  
With Romans and Celts, 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,  

1 Rapidly  2 the clock's behalf: in f. a.  3 Sleep: in folio. Hamner made the change.  4 Strut.  5 brie: in f. a. Dyce reads: brake, an expression of contempt.  6 His accounts unpaid.  7 or: in folio. Pope made the change.  

872 — Cymbeline.  

ACT III.  

BEL.
SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st 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. Pisano! 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 honour of less fear, ere wilfulness Vanquish my staidler senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with

Pis. offers a Letter.

A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to 't before; if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still. — My husband's hand! That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craft'd him, And he's at some hard point. — Speak, man: thy

May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read; [Giving it. 6 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] "Thy mistress, Pisano, 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, Pisano, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunity at Milford-Haven; she hath my letter for the purpose: where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal. 7" Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. — No; 't is slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states, Maidens, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave This viperous slander enters. — What cheer, madam? Imo. False to his bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock; if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed, Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady! Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness. — Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough. Some jay of Italy, Who smothereth her with painting, 8 hath betray'd him; Poor I am state, 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 't grows,
But worn a hat for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas, Were in his time thought false; and Sinon's weeping Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity From most true wretchedness: so thou, Posthumus, Wilt lay the heaven on all proper men: Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd, From thy great fall. — Come, fellow, be thou honest: Do thou thy master's bidding. When thou seeest 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; 't is 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.

1 where on the bow: in folio. 2 Warburton made the change. 3 4 Not in f. 6 Whose mother was her painting: in f. 7
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,
That craves my weak hand. Come, here's my heart:
Something's afore't. Soft, soft! we'll no defence;
Obdient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more.
Be stomachers to my heart. Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: though these 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 against the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the suits
Of princely followers, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disdèd by her
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pangs. Pr'ythee, despatch;
The lamb entreats the butcher: where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo. Do 't, and to bed, then.
Pis. I'll crack mine eye-balls first.*
Imo. And, wherefore, then,
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles with a pretece? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For what? no purpose. Whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be uncraft, when thou hast taken thy stand,
Th' elected dear 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 back again.
Imo. 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, ay, and singular in his art,
Hath done you both this cursed injury.
Imo. Some Roman courtiez.
Pis. No, on my life.
Imo. I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded
I should do so: you shall be 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?

1 a-foot: in folio. Rowe made the change. 2 follows: in f. e. 3 Fed on, like a bird of prey. 4 I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first in f. e. 5 This word is not in f. e. 6 Pretty, and full, k. e. 7 in f. e. 8 courage: in f. e. 9 Not in folio.
Or stomach qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,
And fit you to your manhood.—May the gods
Direct you to the best!

Ino. Amen. I thank thee. [Exit.

SCENE V.—A Room in Cymbeline’s Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cymb. 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.

Cymb. Our subjects, sir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourselves,
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!

Cymb. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit.
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cymb. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have cross’d the Severn.—Happiness!

[Exeunt Lucius and Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us,
That we have given him cause.

Clo. 'T is all the better:
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

Cymb. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us, therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'T is not sleepy business,
But must be look’d to speedily, and strongly.

Cymb. 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 sufferance. [Exit an Attendant.

Queen. Royal sir,
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir’d
Hath her life been; the cure wherof, my lord,
’T is 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.

Cymb. Where is she, sir? How
Can her contempt be answer’d?

Attcn. Please you, sir,
Her chambers are all lock’d; and there’s no answer
That will be given to the loud’st noise we make.

Queen. My lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray’d me to excuse her keeping close;
Whereunto constraint’d by her infirmity,
She shew’d that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to perform: this
She wish’d me to make known, but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cymb. 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 Cloten.

Pisanio, thou that stand’st so for Posthumus,
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence
Procured by swallowing that, for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply, desir’d hath she’d her;
Or, wing’d with fervour of her love, she’s flown
To her desir’d Posthumus. Gone she is
To death, or to dishonour; and my end
Can make good use of either: she being down,
I have the placing of the British crown.

[Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son!

Clo. 'T is certain, she is fled.
Go in, and cheer the king: he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: may
This my forlorn and forestal him of the coming day! [Exit Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her, for she’s fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts, more excellent
Than lady, ladies, woman: from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all. I love her therefore; but,
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Posthumus, flanders her judgment,
That what’s else rare she chok’d; and in that point
I will conclude to hate her: nay, indeed,
To be reveng’d upon her: for, when fools shall—

[Enter Pisanio.

Who is here?—What! are you packing, sirrah?
Come hither. Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady? In a word, or else
Thou art straightforward with the flends.

Pis. O, my good lord!

Clo. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter—
I will not ask again. Close villain,
I’ll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthumus?
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my lord!

How can she be with him? When was she miss’d?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is she, sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting: satisfy me home
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain! Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
At the next word.—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then sir,
This paper is the history of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [Presenting a Letter

Clo. Let’s see 't. I will pursue her
Even to Augustus’ throne.

Pis. [Aside.] Or this, or perish.
She’s far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

Clo. Humph!
Cymbeline.

Act III.

Pis. [Aside.] I'll write to my lord she's dead. 0 Imogen,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! 0
Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?
Pis. Sir, as I think.
Clo. It is Posthumus' hand; I know 'tis. 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 so'er I bid thee do, to perform it directly
and truly, I will think thee an honest man: thou
shouldst neither want my means for thy relief, nor
my voice for thy preferment.
Pis. Well, my good lord.
Clo. Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not, in the course of
gratitude, but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt
thou serve me?
Pis. Sir, I will.
Clo. Give me thy hand; here's my purse. Hast
any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?
Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit
he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.
Clo. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit
hither: let it be thy first service; go.
Pis. I shall, my lord.
Clo. Meet thee at Millford-Haven. I forgot to ask
him one thing; I'll remember 't 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 adorn-
ment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back,
will I ravish her: first kill him, and in her eyes;
there shall she see my valour, which will then be a
torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my
speech of insultment ended on his dead body.—and
when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex
her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised)
to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again.
She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry
in my revenge.

Re-enter Pisania, with the Clothes.

Be those the garments?
Pis. Ay, my noble lord.
Clo. How long is't since she went to Millford-Haven?
Pis. She can scarce be there yet.
Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the
second thing that I have commanded thee; the third
is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design.
Be but dutiful, and true preferrment shall tender itself
to thee. My revenge is now at Millford: I would had
wings to follow it. —Come, and be true. [Exit.
Pis. Thou bid'st me to thy less: for true to thee
Wore to prove false, which I will never be
To him that is most true.—To Millford go,
And find not her whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow,
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed
Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his need! [Exit.

Scene VI. — Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter Imogen, attired like a Boy.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one:
I have 'tired 1 myself, and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed: I should be sick;
But that my resolution helps me. — Millford,
When from the mountain-top Pisania show'd thee,

— thou wast within a ken. O Jove! I think
Foundations fly the wretched; such, I mean,
Where they should be relieve'd. Two beggars told me
I could not miss my way: will poor folks lie,
That have affections on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: to lapse in fulness
Is sorier, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear 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: it is some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere clean it o'errhrow nature, makes it valiant.
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, Gudericus, and Arviragus.

Bel. You see we'd best woodman, and
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,
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 resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard. — Now, peace be here,
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

Gui. I am thoroughly weary.
Arv. I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.
Gui. There is cold meat; 2 the cave: we'll browse
on that,
Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.
Bel. Stay; come not in. [Looking in.]
Bel. But that it eats our victuals, I should think
Here were a fairy.
Gui. What's the matter, sir?
Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthy paragon! — Behold divineness
No elder than a boy! [Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took. Good troth,
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had
found.
Gold show'd 2 the floor. Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth? 3
Arv. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt;
As 'tis no better reck'n'd, of those
Who worship dirty gods.
Imo. I see, you are angry.
Bel. Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have died, had I not made it.

Imo. To Millford-Haven.

Bel. Whither bound?
Imo. To Italy: he embark'd at Millford;
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.

1 tired: in f. e. 2 Not in f. e. 3 Rusty.
Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth, 
Think as no chirurs, 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 be your gown.—In honesty, 
I do obey, for as I do buy. 
Arv. I'll make't my comfort, 
He is a man: I'll love him as my brother; 
And such a welcome as I'd give to him. 
After long absence, such is yours.—Most welcome. 
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends. 
Imo. 'Mongst friends! 
If brothers? — Aside. Would it had been so, that they 
Had been my father's sons; then, had my prize 
Been less: and so much equal ballasting 
To thee, Posthumus. 
Bel. He wrings at some distress. 
Gui. Would I could free 't! 
Arv. Or I; what'er it be, 
What pain it cost, what danger. Gods! 
Bel. Hark, boys. [Whispering. 
Imo. Great men, 
That had a court no bigger than this cave, 
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue 
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by 
That nothing gift of differing' multitudes) 
Could not out-peel these twain. Pardon me, gods! 
I'd change my sex to be companion with them, 
Since Leonatus false. 

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Forest, near the Cave. 

Enter Cloten. 

Clo. I am near to the place where they should meet, 
If Pisanius have mapped it truly. How fit his garments 
serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made 
by him that made the tailor; not be fit too? the rather 
(saving reverence of the word) for 't is said, a woman's 
fitness comes by fits. The more I count the man 
I dare speak it to myself, (for it is 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 thine thing loves him in my despite. 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 
him to her father, who may, haply, be a little angry 
for my so rough usage, but my mother, having power 
of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore 
fortune. Put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place, and 
the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

Bel. It shall be so. 
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in: 
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd, 
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story, 
So far as thou wilt speak it. 
Gui. Pray, draw near. 
Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, 
less welcome. 
Imo. Thanks, sir. 
Arv. I pray, draw near. 
[Exeunt, into the Cave. 

SCENE VII.—Rome. 

Enter Two Senators and Tribunes. 

1 Sen. This is the tenour of the emperor's writ: 
That since the common men are now in action 
Against the Pannonians and Dalmatians; 
And that the legions now in Gallia are 
Full weak to undertake our wars against 
The fallen-off Britons, that we do 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, whereunto your levy 
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission 
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time 
Of their despatch. 
Tri. We will discharge our duty. [Exeunt.
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,
Love's reason without reason: the birr at door,
And a demand who is 't shall die, I'd say,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. [Aside.] O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!
Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base:
Nature hath meal and bran: contempt and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this should be
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—
'T is the ninth hour of the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.
Imo. I wish yo sport.
Arv. You health.—So please you, sir.

[Aside.] These are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!
Our courtiers say, all's savage but at court:
Experience, O! thou disproov'rt report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.
I am sick still; heart-sick.—Pisanio,
I'll now taste of thy drudg.

Gui. I could not stir him:
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field!—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not sick,
For you must be our house-wife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And shall be ever. [Exit Imogen.
This youth, how'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good ancestors.

Arv. How angel-like he sings. [characters;
Gui. But his neat cookery: he cut our roots in
And sauc'd our broth, as Juno had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh, as if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs' together.

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, unwine
His perishing root with the increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come: away!—Who's there?

[Enter Cloten.]

Clo. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me.—I am faint.

Bel. Those runagates
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son of 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!

Gui. He is but one. You and my brother search
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[Exit Belarius and Arviragus.]

Clo. Soft! what are you
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?

I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

Gui. What more slavish did I ne'er, than answering
A slave without a knock.

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To whom? to thee? What art thou? Have
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
[not I
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say, thou art, Who
Why I should yield to thee.

Clo. Thou villain base,
Know'st me not by my clothing.

Gui. No, nor thy tailor, rascal,
Who is thy grandfather: he made those clothes,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at: were it toad, or adder, spider,
'T would move me sooner.

Clo. To thy farther fear,
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know
I'm son to the queen.

Gui. I am sorry for 't, not seeing
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death.

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads.
Yield, rustie, mountaineers.

[Exit Belarius and Arviragus.]

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world. You did mistake him, sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blur'd those lines of favour
Which then he wore: the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his. I am absolute
'T was very Cloten.

Arv. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scare made up,
I mean to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for 't effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear. But see, thy brother.

Re-enter Guiderius, with Cloten's Head.

Gui. This Cloten was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no money in 't. Not Hereules
Could have knock'd out his brains; for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Gui. I am perfect what: cut off one Cloten's head
Son to the queen after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow;
And set them on Lud's town.

1 them: in folio. 2 Projecting roots. 3 Not in f. e. 4 for defect: in folio. The bold made the change.
Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose, But that he swore to take, our lives? The law Protects not us; then, why should we be tender, To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us; Play no more, judge, all himself, For we do fear the law? What company

Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
Can we set eye on, but in all safe reason He must have some attendants. Though his humour, Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not Absolute madness, could so far have rav'd, To bring him here alone. Although, perhaps, It may be heard at court, that such as we Cave here, hunt here, are outrlaws, and in time May make some stronger head; the which he hearing, (As it is like him) might break out, and swear He'd fetch us in, yet is't not probable To come alone, either he so undertaking, Or they so suffering: then, on good ground we fear, If we do fear this body hath a tall More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoever, My brother hath done well.

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 in 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 reek. [Exit.]

Bel. I fear, 't will be reveng'd.
Would, Polydore, thou hast not done 't, though valour 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 hast robb'd me of this deed: I would revenges, That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,
And hasten up to our answer.

Bel. Well, 't is 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 hasty Polydore return, and bring him To dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: to gain his colour,
I'd let a parish of such Cloten's blood,
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.]

Bel. O thou goddesses, Thou divine Nature, how'st thou thyself thou blazon'st In these two princely boys! They are as gentle As zephyrs and wing bowers, the violet, Not waging his sweet head; and yet as rough, Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudd'st wind, That by the top doth take the mountain pine, And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder, That an invisible instigant should frame them To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught, Civility not seen from other, valour

That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop

As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange, What Cloten's being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDENS.

Gui. Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's elopement down the stream
In embassy to his mother: his body's hostage
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 dear'st
mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing; and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.

Is Cadwal mad?

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.

Arv. 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, He saw thee when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find The coze, to show what coast thy sluggish care? Might easiest harbour in?—Thou bless'd thing! Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I, Thou diest a most rare boy, of melancholy.—

How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see;
Thus smilling, 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 brogues* from off my feet, whose rudeness Answer'd my steps too loud.

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 hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor The leafy eglantine: whom not to slander, Of sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock* would, With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming These rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yes, and fur'd moss besides, when flowers are none, To winter-guard' thy corse.

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
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, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Ino. [Awaking.] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; which
is the way?—
I thank you.—By yond' bush?—Pray, how far thither?
'Ods pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But, soft! no bedfellow.—O, gods and goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.
These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
That bloody man, the care on't.—I think I dream, For lo! I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures, but 't is not so:
'T was but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes
Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it.
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it
Is without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—The garment of Posthumus!
I know the shape of 's leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercury; his Martial thing,
The brawns of Hannibal: but his jovial face
Murther in heaven!—How?—'T is gone.—Pisanio,
All curses madded Hebeua gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conspir'd with that irreligious devil, Cloten,
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Darn'd Pisanio!
Hath with his forged letters, damn'd Pisanio—
From this most bravest vessel of the world
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas!
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left thy head on.—How should this be? Pisanio!
'T is he, and Cloten: madness and lure in them
Have laid this woe here.  O! 't is pregnant, pregnant.
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murders to the senses?—That confirms it home:
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's:  O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrid may seem to those
Which chance to find us.  O, my lord, my lord!

Enter Lucius, a Captain, and other Officers, and a
Soothsayer.

Cap. To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,
After your will, have cress'd the sea; attending
You, here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:
They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from Rome?  
Cap. The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,
That promise noble service, and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?
Cap. With the next benefit of the wind.

Luc. This forwardness
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to!—Now, sir,
What have you dream'd of late of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last night the very gods show'd me a vision,
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence) thus:—
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd

1 to our: in f. e.  2 and girls all must: in f. e.  3 Not in f. e.  4 so: in f. e.  5 Like Spei.
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me: her son gone,
So needful for this present: it strikes me past
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly set it at your will; but, for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purpures to return. Beseech your highness,
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
The day that she was missing he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For Cloten,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will, no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome
We'll slip you for a season; but with jealousy
[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.

1 Lord. Good my liege,
Your preparation can afford no less
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you 'r0 ready.
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you. Let's withdraw,
And meet the time, as it seeks us: we fear not
What can from Italy annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here.—Away!
[Exeunt.

Pis. I had no letter from my master, since
I wrote him Imogen was slain. 'Tis strange:
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings; neither know I
What is betid to Cloten, but remain
Perplex'd in all: the heavens still must work.
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true:
These present wars shall find I love my country,
Even to the note o' the king, or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts by time let them be cleared;
Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd.[Exit.

SCENE IV.—Before the Cave.

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Gui. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?

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 revolt
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 Cloten's death (we being not known, not mustered)
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd; and so extort 's that
Which we have done, whose answer would be death
Drawn on with torture.

From the spongy 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 its top? The ruin 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:
He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes: for, it seems,
They crave to be demanded. Who is this,
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwise than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be worse. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good one,
That here by mountaineers lies slain.—Alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Tis lack, 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.
Wilt 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 consul to me, should not sooner,
Than thou with 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 pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild-wood leaves and weeds I have straw'd his
grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than master thee.—My friends,
The boy hath taught us many duties: let us
Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and pickaxes
A grave: come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us, and he shall be interv'ed,
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 Pisano.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her.
A fever with the absence of her son;
A madness, of which her life's in danger.—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
**Guil.** This is, sir, a doubt, in such a time nothing becoming you, nor satisfying us.

**Arv.** 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 worn
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: aye, hopeless
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

**Gui.** 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.

**Arv.** By this sun that shines, I'll thither. What thing is't, that I never
Died see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, 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 ashamed
to look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

**Gui.** 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.

**Arv.** So say I. Amen. **Bel.** No reason I, since of your lives you set
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 thins
scorn,
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [Exeunt.]

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**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 of thou shouldst be colour'd thus. You married ones, if each of you should take this course, how many Must murder wives much better than themselves, For wrying but a little?—O, Flsano! Every good servant does not all commands; No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved The noble Imogen to repent, and struck Me, wretched, more worth your vengeance. But, alack! You must some hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you some permit To second ills with ills, each later worse, And make men dread it, to the doer's thrift.

But Imogen is your own: do your best wills, And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither Among the Italian gentry, and to fight Against my lady's kingdom: 'tis enough That, Britons, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace! I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens, Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight Against the part I come with; so I'll die For thee, O Imogen! even for whom my life Is, every breath, a death: and thus unknown, Pited or hated, to the face of peril Myself I'll dedicate, let me make men know More valour in me, than my habits show.

Gods, put the strength of the Leonati in me! To shame the guise of the world, I will begin The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

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**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 over and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, Iachimo and Posthumus: he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then leaves him. Alarums on both sides.**

**Jach.** 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 ear, A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne! As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn. If that thy gentry, Britain, go before This stout, as he exceeds our lords, the eeds Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit. Alarums. The Battle continues: the British fly; Cymbeline is taken: then enter, to his rescue, Belarius, Guiderius, and Arringans.**

**Bel.** Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the lane is guarded: nothing rests us, but The villainy of our fears.

**Gui.** **Arv.** Stand, stand, and fight! Alarums. **Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons; they rescue Cymbeline, and exeunt:** 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 hoodwink'd.

**Jach.** '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 Briton Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fires.

Lord. I did.

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 backs of Britons seen, all flying

Through a strait lane: the enemy full-hearted,

Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work

More plentiful than tools to do 't, struck down

Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling

Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'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, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;

Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,

An honest one. I warrant; who deserv'd to

So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,

In doing this for 's country: athwart the lane,

He, with two stripings, (lads more like to run

The country base,)* than to commit such slaughter;

With faces fit for masks, or, rather, fairer

Than a fair (preservation of d', or slaves)

Made good the passage; cried to those that fled,

"Our Britain's bards die flying, not our men:

To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards! 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!"—

These three, three thousand confident, in act as many,

(For three performers are the file, when all

The rest do nothing) with this word, "stand, stand!"

Accommodated by the place, more charming

With their own nobleness (which could have turn'd

A distaff to a lance) gilded pale looks,

Part shame, part spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd

But by example (O, a sin in war,

Damm'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look

The way that they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes o' the hunters. Then began

A stop the chaser, a retire; anon,

A rout, confusion thick: forthwith they fly,

Chickens, the way which they stop'd eagles; slaves,

The strides they victors made. And now our cowards

(Like fragments in hard voyages) became

The life o' the need: having found the back-door open

Of the unguarded hearts, Heaven! how they wound!—

Some slain before; some dying; some, their friends,

O'er-born if the former wave: ten chas'd by one,

Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:

Those that would die or ere resist are grown

The mortal 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 't,

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' bane."

Lord. Nay, be not angry, sir.

Post. "Lack! to what end?"

1 The rustic game of prison base, or bars, consisting of a race.
2 Terrors.
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:
’Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
Though light, take pieces for the figure’s sake:
You rather mine, being yours; and so, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life.
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!
I’ll speak to thee in silence.

[He sleeps]

Solemn Music. Enter, as an Apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, Father to Posthumus, an old Man attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife and Mother to Posthumus, with Music before them: then, after other Music, follow the two Young Leonati, Brothers to Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more, thou thunder-master, show Thy spite on mortal flies:
With Mars fell out, with Juno chide;
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well?
Whose face I never saw;
I died, whilst in the womb he stay’d
Attending nature’s law.

Whose father, then, (as men report,
Thou orphans’ father art)
Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
From this earth-vesting smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Posthumus ript,
Came crying ‘mongst his foes,
A thing of pity.

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair,
That he deserve’d the praise of the world,
As great Sicilus’ heir.

1 Bro. When once he was master for man,
In Britain where was he,
That could stand up his parallel,
Or fruitful object be.

In eyes of Imogen, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock’d,
To be exil’d, and thrown
From Leonati’s seat, and cast
From her he dearest one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you suffer Iachimo,
Slight of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needless jealousy;
And to become the glee’ and scorn
Of the other’s villainy?

2 Bro. For this from stiller seats we came;
Our parents, and we twin,
That striking in our country’s cause
Fell bravely, and were slain;
Our fealty, and Teanantius’ right,
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like harteinest Posthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform’d:
Then, Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn’d

The graces for his merit due,
Being all to doours turn’d?

Sici. Thy crystal window ope; look out:
No longer exercise,
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our son is good,
Take off’ his miseries.

Sici. PEEP through thy marble mansion; help!
Or we poor ghosts will cry,
To the shining synod of the rest,
Against thy deity.

2 Bro. Help, Jupiter! or we appeal,
And from thy justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunderbolt; the Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jup. No more, you petty spirits of regions low,
Offend our hearing: hush!—How dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know;
Sky-planted, haters all, rolling the earth?
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence;

Upon your reverent withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents opprest;
No care of yours it is; you know, ’tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay’d, 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 affection turned.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;
And so, away: no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [Ascends.

Sici. He came in thunder: his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle
Stoop’d, as to foot us: his 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 close; he is enter’d
His radiant seat.—Away! and, to be blest,
Let us with care perform his great behest. [Ghosts vanish
Post. [Waking] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and begot
A father to me; and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But (O scorn!)
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born, And so I am awake.—Poor wretches, that depend
On greatness’ favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing:—But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are swept in favours; so am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.

[Finding the Tablet.

What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as in our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,
As good as promise.

[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 lopp'd 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.  

'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 utter. 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. Over-roasted, rather; 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 comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments; fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth. You come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; some that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. 'O! of this contradiction you 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 acquittance follows.
Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live. 
Jail. Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache; but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer; for, look, sir, you know not which way you shall go. 
Post. Yes, indeed do I, fellow. 
Jail. Your death has eyes in 's head, then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them 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 wink, 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 prisoner 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 gallowes, and get young giblets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman; and there be some of them too, that die against their wills: so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good: O, there were desolation of jailors, and gallowes! I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preference in't. [Exeunt.
(When she had fitted you with her craft) to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented
The evils she hatch'd were not effect'd; so,
Despairing died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?  
Lady. We did so, please your highness.

Cym. Mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!  
Enter LUCIUS, IACHINO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman
Prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.
Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute: that
The Britons have rans' d out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted.
So, think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day
With yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We should, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficest,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer.
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat: my boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ransom'd: never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like. Let his virtue join
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have serv'd a Roman. Save him, sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him:
His favour is familiar to me.—Boy,
Thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live,
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no; alack!
There's other work in hand.—I see a thing
Bitter to me as death.—Your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys;
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy? I love thee more and more: think more and more
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on?

Imo. Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Cym. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highness, who, being born your vassal,
A shop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for: besides, that hook of wiving,
Fairness, which strikes the eye:-----
Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter. Iach. All too soon I shall,
Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly.—This Posthumus,
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover) took his hint;
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description
Provd' us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpose.
Iach. Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.
He spake of her as Dian had hot dreams,
And she alone were cold: whereat, I, wretch,
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold 'gainst this, which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attend
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adversity. He, true knight,
No lesser of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;
And would so, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phæbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it
Been all the worth of his car.
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 amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice prevails'd,
That I return'd with similar 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,
(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks
Of secret on her person, that he could not
But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,
Methinks, I see him now,—

Post. Ay, so thou dost,
[Coming forward.

Italian fiend!—Ah me! most eredulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That duce to all the villains past, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,
Some upright justice! Thou, king, send out
For torturers ingenious: it is I
That all the abhorred things of the earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am Posthumus,
That kill'd thy daughter—villain-like, I lie;
That cans'd a lesser villain than myself,
A sacrilegious thief, to do't.—The temple
Of virtue was she;—yea, and she herself
Spit, and throw stones, cast mine upon me; set
The dogs o' the street to bay me: every villain
Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and
Be villainy less than 't was!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord! hear, hear!—
Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,

There lie thy part. [Striking her: she falls.
Pis. O, gentlemen! help Mine, and your mistress.—O, my lord Posthumus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now.—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?
Post. How come these staggerers 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:
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!
Pis. Lady,
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing: I had it from the queen.
Cym. New matter still?

Car. It poison'd me.

Imo. I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,
Which must apprize thee honest: if Pisanio
Have said she, given his mistress that confession
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Car. The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease
The present power of life; but, in short time,
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?
Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. There was our error.

Gui. This is, sure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now
Throw me again. [Embracing Posthumus.

Pis. 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 not;
You had a motive for't. [To Guiderius and ArbACES.

Cym. 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 gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord, Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,
If I discovered not which way she was gone,
It was my instant death. By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed him
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish’d:
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer’d
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes
(For such, and so they are) these twenty years
Have I train’d up; those arts they have, as I
Could put into them: my breeding was, sir, as
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
Upon my banishment: I mov’d her to’t;
Having receiv’d the punishment before,
For that which I did then: beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
The more of you I was 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 sweetest 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. Thou weep’st, and speak’st.
The service, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tellst. I lost my children:
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier sons.
Bel. Be pleas’d a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Most worthy prince, as yours is true Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arviragus,
Your younger princely son: he, sir, was lapp’d
In a most princely mantle wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for my probation,
I can with ease produce.
Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star:
It was a mark of wonder.
Bel. This is he,
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp,
It was wise nature’s end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.
Cym. O! what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne’er mother
Rejoice’d deliverance more.—Bless’d pray you, I
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now.—O Imogen!
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by ‘t.—O, my gentle brothers!
Have we thus met? O! never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call’d me brother,
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed.
Cym. Did you e’er meet?
Arv. Ay, my good lord.
Gui. And at first meeting lov’d;
Continued so, until we thought to be
Cor. By the queen’s dram she swallowed.
Cym. O rare instinct
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv’d you?
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?
Why fled you from the court, and whither? 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 severally in all. Let’s quit this ground,
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—
Thou art my brother: so we’ll hold thee ever.

Imo. You are my father, too; and did relieve me,
To see this gracious season.
Cym. All o’erjoy’d,
Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our comfort.
Imo. My good master,
I will yet do you service.
Luc. Happy be you!
Cym. The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,
He would have well become this place, and grac’d
The thankings of a king.
Post. I am, sir,
The soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeing: ’t was a fitment for
The purpose I then follow’d.—That I was he,
Speak, Iachino: I had you down, and might
Have made you finish.
Iach. 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. We’ll learn our freeness of a son-in-law:
Pardon’s the word to all.
Arr. You help us, sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy’d are we, that you are.
Post. Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of
Rome,
Call forth your soothsayer. As I slept, me thought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back’d,
Appeard to me, with other spirtually shows
Of mine own kindred: when I wak’d, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it: let him show
His skill in the construction.
Luc. 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 freely grow, then shall Posthumus end
his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace
and plenty.”
Thou, Leonatus, art the lion’s whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much.
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[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 lofty branches point
Thy 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 Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in justice, both on her and hers
Have laid most heavy hand.
Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The vision,
Which I made known to Lucius ere the stroke
Of this yet scarce-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 Cæsar, should again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which shines here in the west.
Cym. [Exeunt. 

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 Læt’s town march,
And in the temple of great Jupiter
Our peace we’ll ratify; seal it with feasts.—
Set on there!—Never was a war did cease,
Ere bloody hands were wash’d, with such a peace.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Antiochus, King of Antioch.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre.
Helicanus, a two Lords of Tyre.
Simonides, King of Pentapolis.
Cleon, Governor of Tharsus.
Lydimachus, Governor of Miylene.
Cerimon, a Lord of Ephesus.
Thaliraud, a Lord of Antioch.
Philemon, Servant to Cerimon.
Leonine, Servant to Dionyza.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, Messengers, &c.

SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.

ACT I.

Enter Gower.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;
Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.

It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eyes, and holy ales,\(^1\)
And lords and ladies in their lives

Have read it for restoratives:
The purpose\(^2\) 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,
And that to hear an old man sing,
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—

This Antioch: then: Antiochus the great
Built up this city for his chiefest seat,
The finest in all Syria:

I tell you what my authors say:
This king unto him took a feere,\(^3\)
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, 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\(^4\) custom what they did begin
Was with long use account no sin.

The beauty of this sinful dame
Made many princes thither frame,

To seek her as a bed-follow,

In marriage pleasures play-fellow:

Which to prevent he made a law,

To keep her still and men in awe,
That whoso 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\(^5\) do testify.

What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Antioch. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Antiochus, Pericles, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large receiv'd
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise. [Music.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd)
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-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,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men!
Her face, the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever rase,\(^6\) 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 your celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless\(^7\) happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,

---

\(^1\) Festeivals; days: in old copies. Farmer made the change.

\(^2\) purchase: in old copies.

\(^3\) Mate

\(^4\) But: in old copies.

\(^5\) Of the decapitated heads over the city gate. rack'd: in old copies.

\(^6\) boundless: in old copies. Howe made the change.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch’d;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.
Yond’ sometime famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yond’ field of stars,
They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid’s war;
And with dead cheeks advise like to desist,
For going on death’s net, whom none resist.

'Tis but a Riddle, I think thee, who hath taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must:
For death remember’d should be like a mirror,
Who tells us, life’s but breath; to trust it, error.
I’ll make my will, then; and as sick men do,
Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,
Gripe 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 earth from whence they came,
But my unspotted fire of love to you.

Therefore, 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, ’t is decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Dought. Of all, ’say’d yet, may’st thou prove prosperous!
Of all, ’say’d yet, I wish thee happiness.

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 fled.
On mother’s flesh, which did me breed;
I sought a husband, in which labour,
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,
Were not this glorious casket stor’d with ill;
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt,
For he’s no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You’re a fair viol, and your sense the strings,
Who, finger’d to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down and all the gods to hearken:
But being play’d upon before your time,
Hell only danceth to so harsh a chime.

Good sooth, 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 king,
For love to hear the sins they love to act;
’T would bribe yourself too near for me to tell it.

Ant. 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,
Bows 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
Copp’d hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is throng’d
By man’s oppression; and the poor worm doth die for ’t.
Kings are earth’s gods; in vice their law’s their will,
And if Jove strav, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it,
All love, and give them their first shape,
Then, give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [Aside.] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning;
But I will gloze with him. [To him.] Young prince of
Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows, we’ll joy in such a son:
And until then your entertainment shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[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 foul inexact to abuse your soul;
Where now you’re both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasings with your child,
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father)
And she an eater of her mother’s flesh,
By the defiling of her parent’s bed,
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
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;
Murder’s as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
And the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp’d to keep you clear,
By flight I’ll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

Re-enter Antiochus.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high
Who attends us there?

Enter Thal.ard.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thal.ard,
You’re of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you,
Thal.ard, behold, here’s poison, and here’s gold;
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT I.

We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him: 
It fits thee not to ask the reason why, 
Because we bid it. Say, is it done? 
Thal. My lord, 'Tis done. 

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.—
Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste. 
Mess. My lord, prince Pericles is fled. 
[Exit Messenger.

Ant. 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 piston'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 succour to my head. [Exit.

SCENE II.—Tyre. A Room in the Palace.

Enter Pericles, Helicanus, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this change of thoughts? 
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk, or pleasant night,
The touch of care should sleep, can breed me quiet.
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them, 
And danger, which I fear'd, is, at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here; 
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then, it is thus: that passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care; 
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done: 
And so with me:—the great Antiochus
('Gainst whom I am too little to contend, 
Since he's so great, can make a mark in his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence:
Nor boots it me to say, I honour,
If he suspect I may disdain him: 
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known. 
With hostile forces he'll o'er-spread the land, 
And with the ostentation 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 ne'er thought offence: 
Which care of them, not pity of myself, 
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 
Which for the spring of the birds grow by and defend them.
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before, that he would punish. 
1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast. 
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us, 
Peaceful and comfortable. 
Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue. 
They do abuse the king, that flatter him: 
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin; 
The thing 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 Booth, here, does proclaim a peace, 
He flatters you, makes war upon your life. 
Princes, 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. [Exeunt Lords.] Helicanus, thou 
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks? 
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord. 
Per. If there be such a dart in prince's frown, 
How burn'st thou tongue move anger to our face? 
Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence 
They have their nourishment? 
Per. Thou know'st I have power 
To take thy life from thee. 
Hel. I have ground the axe myself; 
Do you but strike the blow. 
Per. Rise, pr'ythee rise. 
Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 
I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid, 
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid. 
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince, 
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant, 
What wouldst thou have me do? 
Hel. To bear with patience 
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself. 
Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus, 
That ministers a potion unto me. 
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself, 
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch, 
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death 
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty, 
From whence an issue I might propagate, 
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects. 
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; 
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest: 
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father 
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth: but thou know'st this, 
'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss. 
Which fear so grow in me, I hither fled. 
Under the covering of a fast night, 
Who seem'd my good protector; and being here, 
Betheought me what was past, what might succeed. 
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears 
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years. 
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth) 
That I should open to the listening air, 
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed, 
To keep his bed of blackness unlay'd ope, 
To stop that doubt he'll fill this land with arms, 
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; 
When all, for mine, if I may call it, offence, 
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: 
Which love to all, of whom thyself art one, 
Who now reproach me for it—

Hel. Alas, sir! 
Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks, 
Musing into my mind, a thousand doubts 
How I might stop this tempest ere it came; 
And finding little comfort to relieve them, 
I thought it princely charity to grieve them. 
Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to speak; 
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, 
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason, 
Will take away your life. 
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, 
Till that his rage and anger be forgot, 
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. 
Your rule direct to any; if to me, 
Day serves not more faithful than I'll be. 
*Per.* Do I not doubt thy faith? 
But should he wrong my liberties in my absence? 
*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth. 
From whence we had our being and our birth. 
*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then; and to Tharsus 
I intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee, 
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself. 
The care I had, and have, of subjects' good, 
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath; 
Who shuns not to break one, will sure break both. 
But in our orbs we live so round and safe, 
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince; 
Thou show'st a subject's shine, I a true prince. 

[Exeunt.]

**SCENE III.**—Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace. 

**Enter Thaliard.**

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow, and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets: now do I see he had some reason for it; for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. 

Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

**Enter Helianus, Escanes, and other Lords.**

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre, 
Farther to question me of your king's departure: 
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me, 
Doth speak sufficiently, he's gone to travel. 

*Thal.* [Aside.] How! the king gone? 
*Hel.* If farther yet you will be satisfied, 
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves, 
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you. 

Being at Antioch—

*Thal.* [Aside.] What from Antioch? 
*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not) 
Took some displeasure at him: at least, he judg'd so; 
And doubting lest that he had err'd or sin'd, 
To show his sorrow he'd correct himself; 
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, 
With whom each minute threatens life or death. 

*Thal.* [Aside.] Well, I perceive 
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would; 
But since he's gone, the king's seas must please: 
He 'scape'st the land, to perish at the sea.——

*Thal.* I'll present myself.—[To them.] Peace to the lords of Tyre. 

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome. 

*Thal.* From him I come, 
With message unto princely Pericles: 
But since my landing I have understood, 
Your lord hath betray'd himself to unknown travels, 
My message must return from whence it came. 

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it, 
Commended to our master, not to us: 
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, 
As friends to Antioch we may feast in Tyre. [Exeunt.]

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**SCENE IV.**—Tharsus. A Room in the Governor's House. 

**Enter Cleon, Dionyza, and Attendants.**

* Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here; 
And by relating tales of other's griefs, 
See if 't will 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 top'd, they higher rise. 

* Cle.* O Dionyza, 
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it, 
Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish? 
Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep 
Our woes into the air; our eyes do weep, 
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; 
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. 

* Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have the government, 
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 one another's glass to trim them by; 
Their tables were sordid 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! 't is too true. 

* Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our change, 
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 deal'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 to nourish up their babes 
Thought nought so curious, are ready now 
To eat 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 checks and hollow eyes do witness it. 

* Cle.* O! let these cities, that o' 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. 

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in haste, 
For comfort is too far for us to expect. 

* Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore, 
A portly sail of ships make hitherward. 

* Cle.* I thought as much. 

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir 
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours. Some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.  

Lord. That's the least fear; for by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speakest like him's untutored to repeat;  
Who makes the fairest show means most deceit.

But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way there.

Go, tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord. [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.

ACT II.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I wis, to inest bring;  
A better prince, and benign lord,  
That will prove 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 benizone)  
Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he spoken can:  
And to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But 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: Pericles  
shows the Letter to Cleon; then gives the Messenger  
a reward, and knights him. Exeunt Pericles,  
Cleon, &c. severally.

Gow. Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone,  
From others' labours; for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive;  
And, to fulfill his prince's desire,  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard 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 seas,  
Where when men been, there's seldom ease,  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above, and deeps below,  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets;  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load:  
And these our ships you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse, was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are store'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half dead.  
All. The gods of Greece protect you!  
And we'll pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, arise:  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils!  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here a while,  
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [Exeunt.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.

Enter Pericles, wit.

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas! the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having throwen him from your watery grave,  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho! Fitch.  
2 Fish. Ho! come, and bring away the nets.  
1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!  
3 Fish. What say you, master?  
1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now. Come away,  
or I'll fetch thee with a wannah.  
3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor  
men, that were cast away before us even now.  
1 Fish. Alas, 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 bounced and tumbled? they say,
they are half fish, half flesh: a plague on them! they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why as men do a-land: the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on the land, who never leave gaping, till they've swallowed the whoot parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallowed me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these drones, that the whole of her honor.

Per. How from the 'funny' subject of the sea

These fishes tell the inroads of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!—
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and no body look after it.

Per. Ye may see, the sea hath cast me upon your coast—

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way.

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you play him;
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What have I been I have forgot to know,
But what I am wont teaches me to think on;
A man thron'd up with cold: my veins are chill,
And have no more of life, than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now, gods forbid it! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moro'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave? Then I'll turn crave too, and so I shall escape whippinge.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipped, then?

2 Fish. O! not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better 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 labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 Fish. Ay, sir, and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to joust and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir! things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for. His wife's soul—

Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on t' ; it is come at last, and 't is turned to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all crosses Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself:
And though it was mine own, part of mine heritage,
Which my dear father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life)
Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
"Wixt me and death," (2) and pointed to this brace
"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from, it may defend thee."
It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it,
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd, have given 't again.
I thank thee for 't: my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it:
And that you'll guide me to your sovereign's court,
Where with it I may appear a gentleman:
And that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, will thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it; and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 't was we that made up this garment through the rough seas of the waters: there are certain conolemens, certain vails, I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm:
Unto thy value will I mount myself
Upon a course, whose delightful steps

1 funny: in old copies. Stevens made the change. 2 Pancakes, or fritters. 3 rupiture: in old copies. 4 building: in old copies. 5 Copy by hand.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT II.

Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases:"

2 Fish. We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair, and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will!
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. A Platform leading to the Lines. A Pavilion near it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Ladies, Lords, &c.

Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Lords, and Attendants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?
1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.
Sim. Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [Exit a Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit 's less.
Sim. 'T is fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.
'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, 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 Ethiop, reaching at the sun;
The word, Lux tua vita mihi.

Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you. [The Second Knight passes over.

Who is the second that presents himself?

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, Pin per dulsura que per fierza.

The third Knight passes over.

Sim. And what the third?

Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry:
The word, Me pompe provexit apex.

The fourth Knight passes over.

Sim. What is the fourth?

Thai. A burning torch, that's turned upside down;
The word, Quod me alt, me extinguat.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
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, Stic spectanda fila.

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?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top:
The motto, In hac spe vivo.

Sim. A pretty moral:
From the dejected 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 pub'lt d'more the whipstock; 2 than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.
But stay, the knights are coming; we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [Exit.

[Great Shouts, and all cry. The mean knight!


Enter Simonides, Thaisa, Ladies, Lords, Knights, and Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you are welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, [To Per.] my knight and guest; To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'T is more by fortune, lady, than my merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours:
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o' the feast,
(For, daughter, so you are) here take your place:
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love,
For who hates honour hates the gods above,


Per. Some other is more fit.

1 Knight. Contend not, sir; we are gentlemen, That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,
Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sit, sit,
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.

Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all the viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
He has done no more than other knights have done,
He has broken a staff, or so; so, let it pass.

Thai. 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 vail their crowns to his supremacy;
Where now his son, like a glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men;
He's both their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What! are you merry, knights?
1 Knight. Who can be other, in this royal presence?
Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim.
(As he 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?
Thai. 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 honour them; and princes, not doing so,
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd
Are wonder'd at. Therefore,
To make his entrance more sweet, here say,
We drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. 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.
Thai. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And farther tell him, we desire to know,
Of whence he is, his name, and parentage.
Thai. The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.
Per. I thank him.
Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. 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 been in arts and arms]—
Who looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reel'd of ships and men,
And after shipwreck driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre,
Who only by misfortune of the seas
Bereft of old 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 armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.]

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.
Come, sir; here's 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. O! that's as much, as you would be denied
[The Knights and Ladies dance.]

Of your fair courtesy—Uncles, uncles:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well, [duet
But you the best. [To Pericles.] Pages and lights, to con-

These knights unto their several lodgings!—Yours, sir,
We have given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
And that's the mark I gave you to value at:
Therefore, each one be like to his best;
To-morrow all for speed in doing their best. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—Tyre. A Room in the Governor's House.

Enter Helicanus and Escanes.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:
For which the most high gods, not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance, that they had in store,
Due to this infamous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,
In a chariot of inestimable value,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere they fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'T was very strange.
Hel. And yet but just; for though
This king were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter Three Lords.

1 Lord. See! not a man, in private conference
Or council, has respect with him but he.
2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.
3 Lord. And even he, who will not second it.
1 Lord. Follow me, then.—Lord Helianes, 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 Helicane;
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved, he lives to govern us,
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves to us our free election.
2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our
consue:
And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
Like goodly buildings left without a roof,
Soon fall to ruin, your noble self,
That best knows how to rule, and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, our sovereign.
All. Live, noble Helicane!
Hel. Try honour's cause; forbear your suffrages:
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
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 Helicane enjoineth us,
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

ACT III.

And cricket sings at the oven's mouth,  
Are the briers for their drouth,  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded.—Be attend,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly echo;  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

[Enter Gow.]

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but mores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;  

[To him.] O! seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,  
A stranger and distressed gentleman.  
That never aimed so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.  
Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
A villain.  
Per. By the gods, I have not,  
Never did thought of mine levy offence;  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.  
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.  
Per. Traitor!  
Sim. Ay, traitor,  
Per. Even in his throat, unless it be the king;  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.  
Sim. [Aside.] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.  
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.  
Sim. No!—  
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.  
[Enter Thaisa.]  
Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?  
That. Why, sir, if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?  
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
[Aside.] I am glad on't with all my heart.  
To her. I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.  
Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger? [Aside.] Who, for aught I know,  
May be, (nor can I think the contrary)  
As great in blood as I myself.  
[To her.] Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine; and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife.—Nay, come; your hands,  
And lips must seal it too;  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;  
And for farther grief,—God give you joy!—  
What, are you both pleas'd?  
Thai.  
Yes, if you love me, sir.  
Per. Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.  
Sim. What! are you both agreed?  
Both. Yes, if I please your majesty.  
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.  
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.
Enter Pericles and Simonides at one door, with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives Pericles a Letter: Pericles shows it to Simonides; the Lords kneel to Pericles. Then, enter Thaisa with child, and Lychorida: Simonides shows his Daughter the Letter; she rejoices: she and Pericles take leave of her Father, and all depart.

Gost. By many a dorn and painful perch
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence.
That horse, and sail, and high expence,
Can stand the quest. At last from Tyr.
(Fame answering the most strange inquire.)

To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:—
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set
The crown of Tyrus, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes 'v oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not hborne in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yarvished the regions round,
And every one with claps 'gan sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyr:
His queen, with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go.
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Then, vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood
Varies again: the grizzly north
Disgorges such a tempest forth.
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near,
Does fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this self storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I will relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey,
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship, upon whose deck
The seas-lost Pericles appears to speak. [Exit.

SCENE I.

Enter Pericles, on shipboard.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou, that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep. O! still
Thy deafening, dreadful thunders; duly1 quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O! how, Lychorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venomously
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O!

Divinest patroness and midwife, gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
Of my queen's travail!—Now, Lychorida—
And, Enter! Lychorida, with a new infant.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die as I
Am like to do. Take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.
Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter: for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you gods!
Why do you make us love your goody gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life;
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy condition;
For thou'rt the rudest welcome to this world,
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
Thou hast as chiding 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 quit,
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods
Throw their best eyes upon it!

Enter Two Sailors.

1 Sail. What, courage, sir! God save you.

Per. Courage enough. I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst: yet, for the love
Of this poor infant, this fresh new sea-farer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 Sail. Slack the bowlines there; thou wilt not,
with thou?—Blow, and split thyself.

2 Sail. But sea-room, an thee burn and cloudy illow
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 cleaned 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.2 Therefore briefly yield her, for she must overboard straight.

Per. As you think meet.—Most wretched queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear;
No light, no fire; the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And ayre-remaining lamps, the belching whale,
And humming wave must 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 satin coffer3: lay the babe
Upon the pillow. Hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[Exit Lychorida.

2 Sail. Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumen ready.

[Exit.
Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?

2 Gent. We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner, Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

2 Gent. By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O! make for Tharsus.—There will I visit Cleon, for the babe Cannot hold out to Tyre: there I'll leave it At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner: I'll bring the body presently!

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Epheesus. A Room in Cerimon's House.

Enter Cerimon, a Servant, and some Persons who have been Shipwrecked.

Cer. Philemon, ho! Enter Philemon.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men.

Phil. 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 redeem these. Give this to the sempstress; And tell me how it works. [To PHILEMON.]

[Exeunt PHILEMON, SERVANT, and the rest. Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Good morrow, sir.

2 Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Why do you stir so early?

1 Gent. Sir, Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea, Shook, as the earth did quake; The very principals did seem to rend; And all to topple; Pure surprise and fear Made me to quit the house.

2 Gent. This is the cause we trouble you so early; 
'Tis not our husbandry.

Cer. O! I say well.

1 Gent. But I must marvel that your lordship, having Rich tire about you, should at these early hours Shake off the golden slumber of repose, 
'Tis most strange; Nature should be so conversant with pain, Being thereto not compell'd!

Cer. I hold it ever, Virtue and cunning' were endowments greater Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs May the two latter darken and expel; 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 vegetables, in metals, stones; And can speak of the disturbances that nature Works, and of her curses; which doth give me A more content, in course of true delight, Than to be thirsty after tottering honours; Or tie my treasure up in silken bags To please the fool and death.

2 Gent. Your Excellency has through Ephesus pour'd forth Your charity, and hundreds call themselves Your creatures, who by you have been restore'd: And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even Your pure, still open, hath built lord Cerimon

Such strong renown as time shall never—

Enter Two Servants with a Chest.

Serv. So; lift there.

Cer. What is that?

Serv. Sir, even now Did the sea toss upon our shores this chest: 'T is of some wreck.

Cer. Set it down; let's look upon it.

2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be, 'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it with straight hands: If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold, 'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.

2 Gent. 'T is so, my lord.

Cer. How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd, Did the sea cast it up?

Serv. I never saw so huge a bilow, sir, As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.

O, you most potent gods! what's here? a corse?

1 Gent. Most strange!

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; bald'rd and en-

With full bags of spices! A passport too:
Apollo, perfect me the characters! [Unfolds a Scroll. A Here I give to understand. [Reads.

(If er' this coffin drive a land) I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost. Who finds her, give her burning; She was the daughter of a king: Besides this treasure for a fee. The gods requite his charity!

If thou live'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart This chanced to-night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night; For look, how fresh she looks.—They were too rough, That threw her in the sea. Make fire within: Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet, Death may usurp on nature many hours, And yet the fire of life kindle again The overpressed spirits. I heard Of an Egyptian, that had nine hours life dead, Who was by good appliance recovered. Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire. Well said, well said; the fire and the clothes.—
The rough and woful music that we have, Cause it to sound, 'be loud you. The vial once more — how thou stir'st, thou block! —
The music there!—I pray you, give her air.

Gentlemen, This queen will live; nature awakes a warm Breath out of her; she hath not been entrancc'd Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow Into life's flower again!

1 Gent. The heavens Through you increase our wonder, and set up Your fame for ever.

Cer. She is alive! behold, Her eyelids: cases to those heavenly jewels Which Pericles hath lost; — cases can Begin to part their fringes of bright gold: The diamonds of a most praised water, Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live, And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be! [She moves.]

That. O dear Diana! Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

2 Gent. Is not this strange? Most rare.

Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours! Load me your hands; to the next chamber bear her. Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to, For her release is mortal. Come, come; And Escolapius guide us.

[Exeunt, carrying Thyais out.]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. A Room in Cleon's House.

Enter Pericles, Cleon, Dionysius, Lychoris, and Marina.

Per. Most honoured Cleon, I must needs be gone: My twelve months are expired, and Tyros stands In a litigious peace. You, and your lady, Take from my heart all thankfulness; the gods Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you Yet glances full wanderingly on us. [mortally.]

Dion. O, your sweet queen! That the strict fates had pleas'd you, had brought her To have bless'd mine eyes! [hither.

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 't is. My gentle babe Marina (whom, For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so here) I charge your charity withal, and leave her The infant of your care; beseeching you To give her princely training, that she may Be manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think Your grace, that fed my country with your corn, (For which the people's prayers still fall upon you) Must in your child be thought on. If neglect Should therein make me vile, the common body, By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty; But if to that my nature need a spur, The gods revenge it upon me and mine, To the end of generation.

ACT IV.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre, Welcome'd and settled to his own desire: His woful 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 that can acquire Which makes her both the heart, and place Of general wonder. But alack! That monster envy, oft the wrack Of earnest praise, Marina's life Seeks to take off by treason's knife. And in this kind hath our Cleon One daughter, and a wench full grown, Even ripe for marriage rite; this maid Hight Philoctene; and it is said For certain in our story, she

Per. I believe you; Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't, Without your vows. Till she be married, madam, By bright Diana, whom we honour all, Unciss'd shall she the link of mine rejoin. Though I show will in 't. So I take my leave, Good madam, make me bless'd 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 of the shore; Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, And The gentlest winds of heaven:

Per. I will embrace Your offer. Come, dearest madame, 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 At your command. Know you the character? Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember, Even on my yearning time; but whether there Delivered or no, by the holy gods, I cannot rightly say. But since king Pericles, My wedded lord, I never shall see again, A vestal livery will I take me to, And never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you speak, Diana's temple is not distant far, Where you may abide till your date expire. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that's all; Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.] Exeunt.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursed Dionyzah hath
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest! for this blow. The unevent
I do commend to your content:
Only I carried winged time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.—
Dionyzah doth appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [Exit.

SCENE I.—Tharsus. An open Place near the Seas.

Enter Dionyza and Leonine.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
Thou canst not do a thing if 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, and 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 not 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,
Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you weep alone?
How chance your daughter is not with you? Do not
Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's chang'd
With this unprofitable woe. Come, come;
Give me your flowers, ere the sea mar it.
Walk with Leonine; the air is quick there,
And it pierces and sharpeneth the stomach. Come,
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come; I love the king your father, and yourself;
With more than foreign heart. We every day
Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,
He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you;
Walk, and be cheerful once again: reserve
That excellent complexion, which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
I can go home alone.

Mar. But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.—
Walk half an hour. Leonine, at least.
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant, you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.

Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood:

What! I must have care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—[Exit Dionyza.

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 'd cry "good seamen!" to the sailors, galling
His kingy hands hauling ropes;

And, elapsing to the mast, endur'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 washes off

A canvass-climber. "Ha!!" says one, "wilt out?"

And with a dropping industry they skip

From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come; say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,

I grant it. Pray; but be not tedious,

For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn

to do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?

Now as I can remember, by my troth,

I never did her hurt in all my life.

I never spoke bad word, nor did ill turn

To any living creature: believe me, la,

I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:

I trod upon a worm against my will,

But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her profit, or

My life imply her any danger?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

You will not do't for all the world, I hope,

You are well favour'd, and your looks foreshow

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,

When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now:

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,

And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,

And will despatch.

Enter Pirates, whilst Marina is struggling.

1 Pirate. Held, 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.

SCENE III.—Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.

Enter Pander, Bawd, and Boul't.

Pand. Bawd.

Boul'. Sir.
Scene III.  

Pericles, Prince of Tyre.  

Paeul. 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 ele
t

Boul. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully

Pand. Thou say'st true: they're too unworthy of

Boul. Ay, she quickly pooped him; she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market.

|Exit Boul.

Pand. Three or four thousand chequeuses 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, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come; other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we? ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boul.

|Enter Boul, and the Pirates with Marina.

Boul. Come your ways. My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir! we doubt it not.

Boul. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boul, has she any qualities?

Boul. 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 price, Boul?

Boul. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in: instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

|Exit Pander and Pirates.

Bawd. Boul, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidencap were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boul. Performance shall follow. |Exit Boul.

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates, (Not enough barbarous) had not o'erboard thrown me For to seek my mother.

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are 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 complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowered as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men stir you up.—Boul't is returned.

Re-enter Boul't.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boul't. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs: I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pray thee, tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boul't. Faith, they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boul't. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Verople?

Boul't. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boul't. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers; seldom, but that pity begins you a good opinion, and that opinion a more profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boul't. O! take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers 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.

Boul't. 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 spine.

Boul't. I may so?

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your promises well.

Boul't. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boul't, 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.

**Bawd.** I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds 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.** — Pharsalus. A Room in Cleon’s House.

**Enter Cleon and Dionysa.**

**Dion.** Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

**Cle.** O Dionysa! such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon.

**Dion.** I think,
You'll turn a child again.

**Cle.** Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady! —
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown of the earth,
Perchance to compare! O villain Leonine!
Whom thou hast poison’d too.

**Dion.** If thou hast drunk to him, it had been a kindness
Becoming well thy face; what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

**Dion.** That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,
To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it,
Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
"She died by foul play?"

**Cle.** O! go to. Well, well;
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
Do like this worst.

**Dion.** Be one of those, that think
The pretty wrens of Pharsalus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

**Cle.** To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow
From honourable courses.

**Dion.** Be it so, then;
Yet none does know; but you, how she came dead,
Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain2 my child, and stood between
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina’s face;
While ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,3
Not worth the time of day: It pierc’d me thorough;
And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,
It grieves me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform’d to your sole daughter.

**Cle.** Heaven’s forgive it!

**Dion.** And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish’d, and her epitaphs
In glittering gold; great characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense it is done.

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1 Dyce reads: fact. 2 prince: in old copies. 3 Stevens reads: disdain. (Sully by contrast.—Dyce.) 4 A love wenches. 5 in folio, 1664, in which the Acts are first marked, Act IV. commences.
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE VI.—Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.

Enter from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No; nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there, did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more 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. [Exit.

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 never come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation : we must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees, that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cherish a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfigure us of all our cavaliers, and makes all our 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 Lycurgus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and town, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your ressorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she 'd do the deeds of darkness, thou wouldst say—

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—


Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be elate.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.—Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To Marina.

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to,

Mar. If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. Bawd. 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do 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 honour and her together. Go thy ways.

[Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boult.

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 gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort; and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seed and roots of shame and iniquity. O! you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more,—be sage.

Mar. For me, That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune Hath plac'd me in this sty, where, since I came, Disguses have been sold dearer than physic,— That the gods Would set me free from this unhallow'd place, Though they did change me to the meanest bird That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind, Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee: Persevere in that clear way thou goest, And the gods strengthen thee.

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten That I came with no ill intent; for to me The very doors and windows savour vilely. Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and I doubt not but thy training hath been noble. Hold, here's more gold for thee. A curse upon him, die he like a thief, That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost hear From me, it shall be for thy good.

Enter Boult.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for me.
LYS. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it, would sink, and overwhelm you. Away!

[Exit LYSIMACHUS.

BOULT. How’s this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope, shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

MAR. Whither would you have me?

BOULT. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We’ll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter BAWD.

Bawl. How now! what’s the matter?

BOULT. Worse and worse, mistress: she has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawl. O, abominable!

BOULT. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawl. Marry, hang her up for ever!

BOULT. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers, too.

Bawl. Follow, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

BOULT. An if she were a thorner piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

MAR. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawl. She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors.—Marry, hang you!—She’s born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!

[Exit Bawd.

BOULT. Come, mistress; come your way with me.

MAR. Whither wilt thou have me?

BOULT. To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

MAR. Pr’ythee, tell me one thing first.

BOULT. Come now, your one thing.

MAR. What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

BOULT. Why, I could wish him to be my master; or rather, my mistress.

MAR. Neither of these are so bad as thou art, since they do better thee in their command.

BOULT. Hold’st a place, for which the paid’st fiend of hell would not in reputation change.

MAR. ’tis the damned door-keeper to every coxstrel? That hither comes inquiring for his Tib; to the choleric fistng 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?

MAR. Do any thing but this thou dost. Empty Old receptacles, or common sewers, of filth; serve by indenture to the common hangman: Any of these ways are yet better than this; for what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, would own a name too dear. That the gods would safely deliver me from this place!

Here, here’s gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance, with other virtues, which I’ll keep from thee; and I will undertake all these to teach. I doubt not but this populous city will yield many scholars.

BOULT. But can you teach all this you speak of?

MAR. Prove that I cannot, take me home again, and prostitute me to the basest groom that doth frequent your house.

BOULT. Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

MAR. But, amongst honest women?

BOULT. Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there’s no going but by their consent; therefore, I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come; I’ll do for thee what I can: come your ways.

[Exeunt.

ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

GOW. Marinas thus the brothel scapes, and chances Into an honest house, our story says. She sings like one immortal, and she dances, As goddess-like, to her admired lays. Deep clerks she dumbs, and with her needle composes Nature’s own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry, That even her art sisters the natural roses; Her inkle, 2 silk, twin with the rubied cherry: That pupils lacks she none of noble race, Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place, And to her father turn our thoughts again, Where we left him on the sea, tumbled and tossed; And, driven before the winds, he is arrived Here where his daughter dwells: and on this coast Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv’d God Neptune’s annual feast to keep: from whence Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies, His banners sable, trim’d with rich expense;

1 Copse, or covering of the sky. 2 Low groom.—Dyer. 3 Thread.

And to him in his barge with fervour bies. In your supposing once more put your sight; Of heavy Pericles think this the bark: Where, what is done in action, more, if might, Shall be discovered; please you, sit, and hark.

[Exit.

SCENE I.—On board Pericles’ Ship, off Mitylene. A Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclining on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.

Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where’s the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. To the Sailor of Mitylene.

O here he is.—Sir, there’s a baze put off from Mitylene, And in it is Lysimachus, the governor, Who craves to come aboard. What is your will? Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen. Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.
Enter Two or Three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen,
There is some of worth would come aboard: I pray
Greet them fairly.

[Gentlemen and Sailors descend, and go
on board the Barge.

Enter, from thence, Lyssimachus and Lords; the Tyrian
Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail, Sir,
This is the man that can in aught you would
Receive.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
I made it to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken
To any maintenance,
But to prologue his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his disturbance?
Hel. It would be too tedious to repeat;
But the main grief of all springs from the loss
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him, then?
Hel. You may;
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
To any.

Lys. Yet, let me obtain my wish.
Hel. Behold him. [PERICLES discovered.] This was a
goodly person,
Till the disaster that one mortal night
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, kind, all hail! the gods preserve you!
Hail, royal sir!
Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

1 Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I distrust,
Wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'Tis well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other choice attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deaf'en'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd;
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And with her fellow maids is now upon
The leafy shelter that absents against
The island's side.

[He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord.
Hel. Sure, all effectless; yet nothing we'll omit,
That bears recovery's name.
But, since your kindness we have stretch'd thus far,
Let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the stalesness.

Lys. O, sir! a courtesy,
Which, if we should deny, the most just God
For every graff would send a enterpiller,
And take your province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.
Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you—

But see, I am prevented.

Enter Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O! here is
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?
Hel. She's a gallant lady.
Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assured she
came
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish
No better choise, and think me rarely wed.—
For one, all goodness that consists in bounty
Expect of her, whose is a kindly patient:
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her;
And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA sings.
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. Not, no, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.—

Per. Hum! ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she speaks,
My lord, that may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd,
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings;
But time hath root'd 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 parentage,
You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so.
I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—
You are like something—that countrywoman?
Here of these shores?

Mar. No, nor of any shores;
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
My daughter might have been: my queen's square
brow;
Her stature to an inch: as wand-like straight;
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry.
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe.

Mar. Should I tell my history,
'T would seem like lies, disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Pr'ythee, speak;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

Modest as justice, and thou seest 'a palace
For the crown'd truth to dwell in. I 'll believe thee,
And make my senses credit thy relation.
To point that seems impossible; for thou look'st
Like one I lovd; indeed, What were thy friends?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee) that thou cam'rt
From good descending?

Mar. Some such thing
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
Did warrant me was likely.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou saidst
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
If both were open'd.

Mar. So indeed I did.

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, gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
Extremity 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 incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir,
Or else 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?
Mar. 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
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O! stop there a little.
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull'd sleep
Did mock sad fools withal; this cannot be.
My daughter's buried.—Well;—where were you bred?
I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
To point erupt you.

Mar. You scorn: believe me, 't were best I did give
Per. I will believe you by the syllable: [o'er.
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

You think me an impositor: no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.
Per. Ho, Helicanus! Calls my gracious lord!

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is; or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but here
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,
Speaks nobly of her.

Lys. She would never tell
Her parentage; being demanded that,
She would sit still and weep.

Per. O Helicanus! strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain,
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O ! I come
hither.

Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again.—O Helicanus!
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods so loud
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina!
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray
What is thy title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me, now,
My drown'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. now
When thou art kneel and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you,
Give me my robes! I am wild in my beholding,
O heavens, bless my girl! But hark! what music?
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord I hear none.

Per. None.
The music of the spheres! list, my Marina.
Lys. It is not good to cross him: give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?

Lys. Music? My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [He sleeps.

Lys. A pillow for his head.

The Curtains before the Pavillon 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 Lycurgus, Helicanus, Marina, and Lady.]
PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

SCENE II.—The Same.

PERICLES on the Deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him in a vision.

Diu. My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee thither, And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, where my maiden priests are met together, Before the people, all,

Reveal how thou at sea distil lose thy wife: To morn thy crosses, with thy daughter’s call, And give them repetition to the life. Or perform my bidding, or then live in woe.

Diu. Do’t, and be happy by my silver bow. Awake, and tell thy dream. [Diana disappears.

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine, I will obey thee.—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHES, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

Hel. Sir.

Per. My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike The inhospitable Cleon; but I am For other service first: toward Ephesus Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I’ll tell thee why. Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore, And give you gold for such provision As our intents will need?

Lys. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come ashore I have another suit.

Per. You shall prevail,
Were it to woo my daughter; for, it seems, You have been noble towards her.

Lys. Sir, lend your arm. [Exitunt.

Enter Gower, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run; More a little, and then dumb. This, as my last boon, give me, For such kindness must relieve me, That you aptly will suppose What pageantry, what feats, what shows, What minstrelsy, and pretty din, The regent made in Mitylen, To greet the king. So he thriv’d, That he is promis’d to be wiv’d To fair Marina; but in no wise Till he had done his sacrifice, As Dian bade: whereeto being bound, The interim, pray you, all confound. In feather’d briefness sails are fill’d, And wishes fall out as they’re will’d, At Ephesus, the temple see, Our king, and all his company. That he can lither come so soon, Is by your fanc’y thankful doom. [Exit.

SCENE III.—The Temple of Diana at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the Altar, as high Priestess; a number of Virgins on each side: CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.

Enter PERICLES, with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail Dian! to perform thy just command, I here confess myself the king of Tyre; Who, frighted from my country, did wed At 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 Tharsus Was nurs’d with Cleon, whom at fourteen years He sought to murder, but her better stars Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us, Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she Made known herself my daughter.

Tha. Voice and favour! — You are, you were—O royal Pericles! [She faints. Per. What means the woman? she dies; help, gentlemen! Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana’s altar true, This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no: I threw her overboard with these very arms

Cer. Upon this coast! I warrant you.

Per. ’T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady.—O! she’s but o’erjoy’d.

Early in blust’ring morn this lady was Thrown on this shore. I op’d the coffin, Found there rich jewels; recover’d her, and plac’d her Here, in Diana’s temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house, Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is recover’d.

Tha. O! let me look.
If he be none of mine, my sanctity Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 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!

Tha. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead, and drown’d.

Per. Immortal Dian! Now I know you better.— When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shews 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.

Mar. My heart Leaps to be gone into my mother’s bosom.

[Kneels to Thaisa.

Per. Look, who kneels here. Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa; Thy burden at the sea, and call’d Marina, For she was yield’d there.

Tha. Bless’d, and mine own! Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Tha. I know you not. Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre, I left behind an ancient substitute: Can you remember what I call’d the man? I have nam’d him off.

Tha. ’T was Helicanus, then. Per. Still confirmation! You are him, dear Thaisa; this is he. Now do I long to hear how you were found, How possibly preserved, and whom to thank, Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Tha. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can From first to last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir,
ACT V.

The gods can have no mortal officer
More like a god than you. Will you deliver
How this dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord:
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
How she came placed here in the temple.

No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian! bless thee for thy vision,
I will offer night oblations to thee.

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

1 preferred: in old copies. 2 Not in old copies; added by Malone.
POEMS

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. At what time it is likely that he commenced the composition of it, is a question which we have considered in the biography of the poet.

The popularity of it is indubitable: having been originally printed by Richard Field, in 1593, 4to, the Editions have been very numerous, and such was the correctness of the text and the excellence of the execution, that it was reprinted by the same printer in 1594, 4to., before 25th June, because on that day, according to the Stationers' Registers, he assigned over his interest in it to John Harrison, for whom Field printed an octavo impression in 1596. Field's second edition of 1594 was unknown to Malone and his contemporaries; and as it was not a re-issue of some remaining copies of 1593 with a new title-page, but a distinct re-impression, it affords some various readings, and not a few important confirmations of the correctness of the older text, corrupted more or less in all subsequent editions. Harrison published his second edition in 1596, which was the fourth time "Venus and Adonis" had been printed in seven years. It had been entered at Stationers' Hall by W. Leake, in 1596. After this date it went through the press many times, and copies in 1602, 1616, 1620, 4to., are known: in 1627 it was printed by John Weetoun, at Edinburgh.

The popularity of "Venus and Adonis" is established also by the frequent mention of it in early writers. It is probable that Peele died in 1597, and very soon afterwards his "Merry Conceived Jests" must have been published, although no edition of them is known older than that of 1607. In one of these, a tapster, "much given to poetry," is represented as having in his possession "the Knight of the Sun, Venus and Adonis, and other pamphlets." Thomas Heywood's "Fair Maid of the Exchange," was printed in 1607, but written some few years before, and there a young lover is recommended to court his mistress by the aid of "Venus and Adonis." How long this reputation, and for the same purpose, was maintained, may be seen from a passage in Lewis Sharp's "Noble Stranger," 1648, where Puppilus exclaims, "Oh, for the book of Venus and Adonis, to court my mistress by!" Thomas Cranly, in his "Amanda," 1635, makes "Venus and Adonis" part of the library of a courtier:

"amorous pamphlets, that best like thine eyes,
And songs of love, and sonnets exquisite;
Among these Venus and Adonis lies,
With Salmacis and her Hermaphroditos;
Pygmalion's thief, with his transform'd delight.
"Salmacis and her Hermaphroditos" refers to the poem imputed (perhaps falsely) to Beaumont, printed in 1604; and the third poem is "Pygmalion's Image," by Marston, published in 1609.

Even as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-check'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo him.

S. Nicholson, in his "Acadathus his Afterwit," 1600, committed the most impudent plagiarisms from "Venus and Adonis;" and R. S., the author of "Philis and Flora," 1598, did not scruple to copy, almost with verbal exactness, part of the description Shakespeare gives of the horse of Adonis. It is perhaps needless to add that in both of these works we extract the following lines, that the reader may be able to make a comparison (See p. 366):

"His mayne thin hair'd, his neck high crested
Small ear, short head, and burly breasted
Strait legg'd, large thigh'd, and hollow lovd,
All nature's skill in him was prov'd."

Our text of "Venus and Adonis," is that of the earliest quarto, 1593, which, for the time, is very correctly printed, and we will illustrate by a single quotation the importance of resorting to it: the line which there stands,

"He cheers the morn, and all the earth relieveth,"

is misprinted in all modern editions,

"He cheers the morn, and all the world relieveth."

The corruption was introduced in the quarto, 1594, and it has ever since been repeated. The same remark will apply to other changes: such as "all swoln with chafing" instead of "chasing," "to love's alarm, instead of "alarms," "from born to night," inverted, till night," etc., all which show strange carelessness of collation, but it is not necessary here to dwell upon them, as they are pointed out in the notes.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, 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 honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after car so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your honour's in all duty,
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Thrice fairer than myself, (thus she began)
The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy life.
Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy need
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And being set, I'll smother thee with kisses:

And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty:
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:
A summer's day will seem an hour but short,
Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport.

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve, to do a goddess good:
Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;
She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O, how quick is love !)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To lie 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 alone, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gin's 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 basish 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 immost, he blazes her 'mists,'
What follows more, she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey go on;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Fors'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 fast'n'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes;
Rain added to a river that is rank,
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lowers and frets,
' Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale;
Being red, she loves him best; and being white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal heart she sweares
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who being look'd on ducks as quickly in;
So offers he to give what she did crave,
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat,
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn.
O, pity, 'gan she cry, flint-hearted boy!
'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

I have been wond as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes; in every jar;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begged for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His bater'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, daily, smile, and jest;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making his arms his field, his tent my bed.

Thus be he that over-rul'd, I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O! be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
For mastering her that so'd the god of light.

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 ashamed to kiss? then, wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play; our sport is not in sight:
These birds on'th'd violets wheresoe'er we lean,
Never can blash, 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.

1 amiss, fault. 2 mothmen: in ed., 1600, 1630. 3 Press. 4 To be contented. 5 Full. 6 di-dapper: old cop. 7 coy: old ed.
Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled old,
Ill-nurt'rd, crooked; churlish, harsh in voice,
O'er-worn, despised, 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, bright, and quick in turning:
My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my narrow 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 dishevelled 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 bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize 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.

Torchers are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use;
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse;
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breeth beauty;
Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty.

Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth in thy increase be fed?
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive.

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsok them,
And Titan, 'tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy sprite,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His lowering brows o'er-whelmng his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, Fie! no more of love:
The sun doth burn my face; I must remove.

Ah me! (quoth Venus,) young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone?
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun:
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

The sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And lo! I lie between that sun and thee:
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me;
And were I not immortal, life were done,
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

Art thou obdurate, dainty, hard as steel?
Nay more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth;
Art thou a woman's son, and cannot feel,
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unknd.

What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute;
Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

Fie! lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue, contenting 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 doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause;
And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
And now her sobs do her intentions break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band;
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
And when from thence he struggles to be gone,
She locks her lily fingers one in one.

Fondling, she saith, since I have hemm'd thee here,
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale;
Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,
Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful 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 these hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple:
Pure-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 their mouths to swallow Venus' liking,
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

1 Blue eyes were sometimes called grey.
Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
   Pity! she cries, some favour, some remorse!
   Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse!

But lo! from forth a cope that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,
And forth she rusheth, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his waken girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder:
The iron bit he crusheth 'twixt his teeth,
Controlling what he was controlled with.

His ears up pricked, his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest now stands on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send:
   His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,
   Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps
With gentle majesty, and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curves and leaps,
As who should say, lo! thus my strength is tried;
   And this I do, to captivate the eye
   Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What reeketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering holla, or his 'Stand, I say?'
What cares he now for curbs, or pricking spur,
For rich caparisons, or trapping gay?
   He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
   For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
   So did his horse excel a common one,
   In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, the fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
   Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
   Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he sends far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base! he now prepares,
And whe'er he run, or fly, they know not whether;
   For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
   Fanning the hair, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scornt the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vaits his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
   His love, perceiving how he is curseg'd,
   Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When lo! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there.
   As they were mad, unto the wood they his them,
   Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swown 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 blust;
   For lovers say, the heart hath trouble wrong,
   When it is barr'd the audience of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorrow may be said,
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
   But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
   The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
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.

O! what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy;
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy:
   But now her check was pale, and by and by
   It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
   His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
   As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
   Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes sung;
   His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
   Her eyes would still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
   And all this dumb play had his acts made plain
   With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So while a friend engirts so white a foe:
   This beautious combat, wilful 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 wert as I am, and I a man,
   My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
   For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
   Though nothing but my body's bone would cure thee.

1 A race, or game of prison-base, or prison-bars.  2 chasing: in ed. 1600.
Give me my hand, saith he, why dost thou feel it?
Give me my heart, saith she, and thou shalt have it;
O! give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave it:
Then, love's deep groans I never can regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard.

For shame! he cries, let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
For all my mind, my thought, my busy care,
is how to get my palfrey from the mare.

Thus she replies: thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none:
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be gone.

How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein;
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair foe,
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! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again.

I know not love, quoth he, nor will not know it:
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love is love that love beareth:
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinished?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth;
The colt that 's back'd and burden'd being young,
Loeeth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

You hurt my hand with wrenching; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love is love but love that love requites;
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your flattery,
For where a heart is hard, they make no battery.

What! canst thou talk? (quoth she,) hast thou a tongue?
O! would thou hast 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 breathest love by smell.

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 sour unwelcome guest,
Should by his stealing in disturb the feast?

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal opened,
Which to his speech did honey-assage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the sea-man, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to 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 berry breaks before it raineth;
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words began.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessed bankrupt that by love so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent;
Fair fall the wit that can well defend her!
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath the breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends his fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
He blows her; and she, by her good will,
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth's reliefeth:
And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye.

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine;
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night.
O! where am I? quoth she, in earth or heaven,  
Or in the ocean drench’d, or in the fire?  
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?  
Do I delight to die, or life desire?  
But now I liv’d, and life was death’s annoy;  
But now I died, and death was lively joy.  

O! thou didst kill me; kill me once again:  
Thy eye’s shrew’d tutor, that hard heart of thine,  
Hath taught them scomrful 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 pit-sions lips no more had seen.  

Long may they kiss each other for this eur!  
O! never let their crimson livery wear,  
And as they last, their verdure still endure,  
To drive infection from the dangerous year!  
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,  
May say, the plague is banish’d by thy breath.  

Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,  
What bargains may I make, still to be scaling?  
To sell myself I can be well contented,  
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;  
Which purchase if you make, for fear of slips  
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.  

A thousand kisses buys my heart from me,  
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.  
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?  
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone?  
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,  
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?  

Fair queen, quoth he, if any love you owe me,  
Measure my strangeness with your unripe years:  
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;  
No fisher but the ungron 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, ’t is 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 parting tender’d is:  
Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;  
Incorporate then they seem, face grows to face.  

Till breathless he disjoint’d, and backward drew  
The heavily moisture, that sweet coral mouth,  
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well know,  
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drought:  
He with her plenty press’d, she faint with dearth,  
Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.  

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,  
And glutinous-like she feeds, yet never filthè;  
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,  
Paying what ransom the insolter willèth;  
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 forage;  
Her face doth reck and smoke, her blood doth boil,  
And careless lusts stir up a desperate courage;  
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,  
Forgetting shame’s pure blush, and honour’s wreck.  

Hot, faint, and weary; with her hard embracing,  
Like a wild bird being tam’d with too much handling,  
Or as the fleet-foot roe that’s tir’d with chasing,  
Or like the froward infant still’d with duelling,  
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 off with venturing,  
Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds commission:  
Affection faints not like a pale-fac’d coward,  
But then woos best, when most his choice is froward.  

When he did frown, O! had she then gave over,  
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck’d.  
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;  
What though the rose have prickers, yet ’t is 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 incaged in his breast.  

Sweet boy, she says, this night I’ll waste in sorrow,  
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.  
Tell me, love’s master; shall we meet to-morrow?  
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?  
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends  
To hunt the bear with certain of his friends.  

The bear! (quoth she) werest 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 sinks down, still hanging by his neck,  
He on her belly fails, she on her back.  

Now is she in the very lists of love,  
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:  
All is imaginry she doth prove,  
He will not manage her, although he mount her;  
That worse than Tantalus’ 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 languishèd in her mishaps.  
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw,  
The warm effects which she in him finds missing,  
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing:  

But all in vain: good queen, it will not be:  
She hath assy’d as much as may be prov’d;  
Her pleading hath deserv’d a greater fee;  
She’s love, she loves, and yet she is not lov’d.  
Fie, fie! be you, crush me; let me go:  
You have no reason to withhold me so.  

1 Fragrant herbs were supposed to possess this power.  2 Embraces.
Thou hast been gone, quoth she, sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me, thou wouldst hunt the boar.
O! be advis'd; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bribst pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
And whom he strikes his cruel tushes stays.

His brawny sides, with hairy bristles armed,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harmed;
Being i' th' lion he will venture:
The thorny b Brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

Alas! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft haunds, sweet lips, and crystal eye,
When thou dost consult all the world at once,
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous dread !)
Would root these beauties, as he roots the mead.

O! let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends;
Come not within his danger! by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

Didst thou not mark my face? Was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Crew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereso thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But like an earthquake shakes thee on my breast.

For where love reigns, disturbing jealousy
Doth call himself affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, "kill, kill!"
Distempering gentle love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

This sour informer, this bates-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, disseitious 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 back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and hang the head.

What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' 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 subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshit his troubles,
How he out-runs the wind, and with what care
He cranks 4 and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets through which he goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometimes he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell;
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth 4 with a herd of deer.
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear.

For there his smell, with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffling hounds are driven to doubt;
Cessing their clamorous cry, till they have singled
With much ado the cold faultless friend:
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 binder legs with listening ear,
To harken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear;
And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return: indenting with the way;
Each envious brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmure stay:
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
Applying this to that, and so to so:
For love can comment upon every woe.

Where did I leave?—No matter where, quoth he;
Leave me, and then the story softly 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, desire sees best of all.

But if thou fall, O! then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true-men thieves; so do thy lips
Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

Now, of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame, she obscures her silver shine,
Till forging 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.

1 In his power. 2 Contention. 3 Steevens reads: overshoot. 4 Winds. 4 The aperture in a hedge made by the hare in its frequent passage through it. 5 Consolation.
Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled,
Since sweating lust on earth usurp’d his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But lust’s effect is tempest after sun;
Love’s gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust’s winter comes ere summer half be done:
Love surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies.

More I could tell, but 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.²
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 shoteth from the sky;
So glides he in the night from Venus’ eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz’d, as one that unaware
Hath dropp’d a precious jewel in the flood,
Or ’stoinish’d as night wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful wood;
Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans:
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.

Ah me! she cries, and twenty times, woe, woe!
And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemporally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrill, 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-toung’d tapsters answering every call,
Sothing the humour of fantastic wits?
She says, ’t is so: they answer all, ’t is so;
And would say after her, if she said no.

And therefore hath she b rib’d the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of nature;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mishances, and much misery;

As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood;¹
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attendant
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
Surfeits, impostures, grief, and damn’d despair,
Sware 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 favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th’ impartial gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw’d, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday sun.

Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
And barren death of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night,
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Sooning to bury that posterity?
Which by the rights of time thou must needs have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

So in thyself thyself art made away,
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul canker rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that’s put to use more gold begots.

Nay then, quoth Adonis, you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow’d in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For by this black-fac’d night, desire’s foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid’s songs,
Yet 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;

Lost 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 reprove?
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger;
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse!
When reason is the bawd to lust’s abuse.

¹ Mad. ² Sorrow.
Lo! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty:
Who doth the world so graciously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow.
O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son that seeketh an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other.

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'er-worn;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens, for his hounds, and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck; some kiss her face,
Some tinc'd about her thigh to make her stay.
She would yield to sweet embraces,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dogs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a buy,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wraith'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 boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud;
Finding their enemy to be so curt,
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling extasy,
Till cheering up her senses all'd 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 hunting boar;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She tends the path that she treaded again:
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain;
Full of respect, yet nought at all respecting,
In hast with all things, nought at all affecting.

Here kennel'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom do'se the soles the only sovereign plaster;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath cease'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin Vollies out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleading as they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on death.

Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love, (thus chides she death)
Grim grinning ghost, earth's worm, what dost thou mean,
To stifle beauty?
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.
O yes! it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.
Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his power.
The destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.

Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eye-lids, who, like butterflies,
Stopped the crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropped;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;
But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Signs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All current to the deep and passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief
But none is best; then, join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.
By this far off she hears some huntsman hollow:
A nurse's song ne'er please'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow.
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as seeming it should pass.

To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken, when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems.
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unwraps the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that call'd him all to nought;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She claps 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.

'Tis not my fault; the boar provok'd my tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's wit.

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate:
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories,
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

O Love! quoth she, how much a fool was I,
To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wall 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 once with treasure laden, hemm'd with thieves;
Trilles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves,
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcons1 to the lure, away she flies:
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight:
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars asham'd of day, themselvcs withdrew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there all smoker'd up in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are flied
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their offices and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan;

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,
Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank: whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow,
Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.

Upon his hurt she looks so stedfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she comprehends her mangleing eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet, quoth she, behold two 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.

Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim:
But true sweet beauty-liv'd and died with him.

Ronnet 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 kiss 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.

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1 falcon: in ed. 1000.
To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
And never fright the silly lamb that day.

When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills:
When he was by: the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills
Would bring him mulberries, and ripe red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted' boar,
 Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
 Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

'Tis true, 'tis true: thus was Adonis slain.
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;
And muzzling in his flask, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk 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 falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ear a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told:
She lifts the conquer'd 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 excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
Wonder of time, quoth she, this is my spite,
That, thou' being dead, the day should yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy;
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be wait'd on with jealously,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equality, but high or low,
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'er-straw'd

With sweets, that shall the trustest 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 starving 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 valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
Subject and servile to all discontenters,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not enjoy.

By this the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground 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 reft 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.

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid
Their mistress mounted through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd:
Holding their course to Paphos, where their queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

\[1\] Adorn. \[2\] An urchin, is a \textit{hedge-hog}, it is so employed in "Titus Andronicus," Act II., sc. 3; but in "The Tempest," Act I., sc. 2, it rather means an \textit{evil spirit}, or \textit{fairy}. \[3\] would: in eds. 1594 and 1596. \[4\] you: in ed. 1600.\]
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

INTRODUCTION.

["Lucrece. London. Printed by Richard Field, for J. Harrison, and are to be sold at the signe of the white Greyyonnd in Paines Church-yard. 1594." 4to. 47 leaves. 
"Lucrece. At London, Printed be N. O. for John Harrison. 1607." 4to. 32 leaves.]

"Lucrece," as it is merely called in the earlier impressions, came out in the year following allusion to "Venus and Adonis," and it was printed for John Harrison, the publisher of the edition of "Venus and Adonis," in 1598. It had been previously entered, under a more explanatory title, in the Stationers' Register, 4 May 1594.

["Mr. Harrison, sen.] A book intituled the Navyshem of Lucrece.

Like, "Venus and Adonis," it was dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, but in a more confident and assured spirit.

This second production was, probably, not quite so popular as the first, and it was again printed until 1598, for the same bookbinder, who had published the third edition of it in 1598; the fourth edition was issued in 1607: these are not so marked, and Malone tells us that he had heard of impressions in 1595 and 1602, but they have not since come to light; and in his belief, this edition was the first printing 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, prosaically explanatory of the incidents poetically narrated.

The earliest mention of "Lucrece" occurs in the year in which it made its first appearance. Michael Drayton published his "Matilda," (a poem in seven-stanza lines, like "Lucrece") in 1594, and there we meet with the following passage:

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long,
Lately reviv'd to live another age,
And here arriv'd to tell of Tarquin's wrong;
Her chasté denial, and the tyrant's rage,
Acting her passion on our stately stage:
She is remember'd, all forgetting me,
Yet I as fair and chaste as e'er was she,"

A difficulty here may arise out of the fifth line, as if Drayton were referring to a play upon the story of Lucrece, and it is very possible that one was then in existence. Thomas Heywood's tragedy, "The Rage of Lucrece," did not appear in print until 1608, and he could hardly have been old enough to have been the author of such a drama in 1594; he may, nevertheless, have availed himself of an elder play, and, according to the practice of the time, he may have felt warranted in publishing it as his own. It is likely, however, that Drayton's expressions are not to be taken literally, and that his meaning merely was, that the story of Lucrece had lately been revived, and brought upon the stage of the world: if this opinion be correct, the stanza we have before quoted contains a clear allusion to Shakespeare's "Lucrece," and a question then presents itself, why Drayton entirely omitted it in the after impressions of his "Matilda." He was a poet who, as we have shown in the introduction to "Julius

Cesar," was in the habit of making extensive alterations in his productions, as they were severally reprinted, and the suppression of this stanza may have proceeded from many other causes than repentance of the praise he had bestowed upon a rival.

The edition of "Lucrece" we have taken as our text is the first, 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: as the sheets were going through the press, some material errors were, however, observed in them, and they are therefore in several places corrected. This fact has hitherto escaped remark, but the variations are explained in our notes.

Modern editors have performed their task without due care, but of their want of attention we shall only here adduce two specimens. In one of the speeches in which Lucrece endeavours to dissuade Tarquin from his purpose, she tells him,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-living land,"

Which every modern editor misprints,

"Thou back'st reproach against long-lived land."

Our second proof is from a later portion of the poem, just after Collatine has returned home, and meets his dishonoured wife: the true text, speaking of Collatine and Lucrece, is,

"Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance."

Malone, and all editors after him, make nonsense of the couplet, by printing,

"But stood like old acquaintance in a trance," &c.;

deprieving the verb of its nominative, and destroying the whole force of the figure. It would be easy to add other instances of the same kind, but we refer for them to our notes.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

HENRY Wriothesly,

EARL OF SOUTHWINCPT, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD

The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereas this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous society. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. We're 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 Tullius, to be cruelly murdered, and, contrary to the Roman laws and customs, not requiring or staying for the people's suffrages, had possessed himself of the kingdom, went, accompanied with his sons and other noblemen of Rome, to besiege Ardea: during which siege, the principal men of the army meeting one evening at the tent of Sextus Tarquinius, the king's son, in their discourses after supper every one commended the virtues of his own wife; among whom, Collatinus extolled the incomparable chaste of his wife Lucretia. In that pleasant humour they allapsed to Rome; and intending by their

—my duty would show greater] Some of the later impressions, the editions of 1607 and 1609 for instance, read should for would.]

[Malone's Shakespeare, by Bowell, the word all, before the happiness, is omitted.]}
secret and sudden arrival, to make trial of that which every one had before avouched, only Collatinus finds his wife (though it were late in the afternoon) witnesses amongst her maids...of dancing and revelling; or in several distants; whereupon the noblemen yielded Collatinus the victory, and his wife the fame. At that time, when Secundus was (by the request of Lucrece's beauty, yet soothing his passions for the present, departed with the rest back to the camp; from whence he shortly after privately withdrew himself, and was according to his estate royally entertained and lodged by Lucrece at Collatium. The same night he treacherously stealth into her chamber, violently ravished her, and early in the morning speedeth away. Lucrece, in this lamentable plight, hastily dispatcheth messengers, one to Rome for her father, another to the camp for Collatium. They came, the one accompanied with Junius Brutus, the other with Publius Varus; and finding Lucrece satired in mourning habit, demanded the cause of her sorrow. She, first taking an oath of them for her reverence, revealed the actor, and whole manner of his dealing, and withal suddenly stabbed herself: which done, with one consent they all vowed to root out the whole hated family of the Tarquins; and bearing the dead body to Rome, Brutus acquainted the people with the does, and manner of the wise deed; with a bitter invective against the tyranny of the king; whereas the people were so moved, that, with one consent and a general acclamation, the Tarquins were all exiled, and the state government changed from kings to consuls.

From the besieged Ardea all in post, Borne by the trustless wings of false desire, Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host, And to Collatium bears the lightest 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 let To praise the clear unmatched red and white, Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight; Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties, With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent, Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state; What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent In the possession of his bounteous mate; Reckoning his fortune at such high proud rate, That kings might be espoused to more fame, But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness! enjoy'd but of a few; And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done, As is the morning's silver-melting dew Against the golden splendour of the sun: An expir'd date, canell'd ere well begun: Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms, Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade The eyes of men without an orator; What needeth, then, apologies be made To set forth that which so singular is? 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 sting: His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men should That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate His all too timeless speed, if none of those: His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state, Neglected all, with swift intent he goes To quench the coal which in his liver grows. O rash, false heat! wrap't in repentant cold, Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er grows old.

When at Collatium this false lord arrived, Well was he welcome'd by the Roman dame, Within whose face beauty and virtue strived Which of them both should underprop her fame? When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for shame: When beauty boasted blushes, in despite Virtue would stain that o'er with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intuited, From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field; Then, virtue claims from beauty beauty's red, Which virtue gave the golden age to gild Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their shield; Teaching them thus to use it in the fight, When shame assail'd, the red should fence the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen Argued by beauty's red, and virtue's white: Of either's colour was the other 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 interchange each other's seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses, Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field, In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses; Where, lest between them both it should be kill'd, The coward captive vanquished doth yield To those two armies, that would let him go, Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow tongue, The niggard prodigal 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 surprise, In silent wonder of still gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil, Little suspecteth the false worshipper, For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil; Birds never limit'd no secret bushes fear: So guileless she securely gives good cheer, And reverence welcome to her princely guest, Whose inward ill no outward harm express'd: For that he colour'd with his high estate, Hiding base sin in plait's of majesty; That nothing in him seem'd inordinate, Save sometime too much wonder of his eye, Which, having all, all could not satisfy; But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store, That cloy'd with much, he pineth still for more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes, Could pick no meaning from their parting looks, Nor read the subtle shinning secracies Writ in the glassy margents of such books: She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no hooks;
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight, 
More than his eyes were open’d to the light.

He stories to her ears her husband’s fame, 
Wen in the fields of fruitful Italy; 
And deck with praises Collatine’s high name, 
Made glorious by his manly chivalry, 
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory: 
Her joy with heavy’d-up hand she doth express, 
And wordless so greets heaven for his success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither, 
He makes excuses for his being there: 
No cloudy show of stormy blistering weather 
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear; 
Till sable night, mother of dread and fear, 
Upon the world dim darkness doth display, 
And in her vaulty prison stows the day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed, 
Intending’ weariness with heavy sprite; 
For after supper long he questioned 
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night: 
Now laden slumber with life’s strength doth fight, 
And every one to rest themselves betake, [wake. 
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds, that

As one of which doth Tarquin he revolving 
The sundry dangers of his will’s obtaining; 
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving, 
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to abstaining: 
Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining; 
And when great treasure is the need proposed, 
Though death be adjunct, there’s no death supposed.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond, 
That what they have not, that which they possess, 
They scatter and unlose it from their bond, 
And so, by hoping more, they have but less; 
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess 
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain, 
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life 
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age; 
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife, 
That one for all, or all for one we gage; 
As life for honour in fell battles’ rage: 
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost 
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be 
The things we are for that which we expect; 
And this ambitious soul infamy, 
In having much, torments us with defect 
Of that we have: so then do we neglect 
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit, 
Make something nothing by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make, 
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust, 
And for himself himself he must forsake; 
Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust? 
When shall he think to find a stranger just, 
When he himself himself confounds, betrays 
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hateful days?

Now 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 wolves’ death-boding cries: 
Now serves the season that they may surprise 
The silly lambs. Pure thoughts are dead and still, 
While lust and murder wake, to stain and kill.

And now this lustful lord leap’d from his bed, 
Throwing his mantle rudely o’er his arm, 
Is madly toss’d between desire and dread; 
Th’ one sweetly flattens, th’ other feareth harm; 
But honest fear, bewitch’d with lust’s foul charm, 
Doth too too oft betake him to retire, 
Beaten away by brain-sick rude desire.

His falshion on a fint he softly smiteth, 
That from the cold stone sparks of fire do fly, 
Whereas a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth, 
Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye; 
And to the flame thus speaks advisedly: 
As from this cold fint I enforce’d this fire, 
So Lucrece must I force to my desire.

Here, pale with fear, he doth premeditate 
The dangers of his loathsome enterprise, 
And in his inward mind he doth debate 
What following sorrow may on this arise: 
Then, looking sorrowfully, he doth despise 
His naked armour of still slaughtered lust, 
And justly thus controls his thoughts unjust.

Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it not 
To darken her whose light excelleth thine; 
And die, unhallow’d thoughts, before you blot 
With your uncleanness that which is divine: 
Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine: 
Let fair humanity abhor the deed, 
That spots and stains love’s modest snow-white weed.

O shame to knighthood, and to shining arms! 
O foul dishonour to my household’s grave! 
O impious act, including all foul harms! 
A martial man to be soft fancy’s slave! 
True valour still a true respect should have; 
Then, my digression is so vile, so base, 
That it will live engraven in my face.

Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive, 
And be an eye-sore in my golden coat; 
Some leathsome dash, the herald will contrive, 
To ciphers 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 my father had not been.

What win I, if I gain the thing I seek? 
A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy; 
Who buys a minute’s nite 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 Collatinus 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 blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage, 
This dying virtue, this surviving shame, 
Whose crime will bear an ever-during blame.

Pretending.
O! what excuse can my invention make,
When thou shalt charge me with so black a deed?
Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints shake,
Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart bleed?
The guilt being great, the fear doth still exceed;
And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
But coward-like with trembling terror die.

Had Collatinus kill'd my son or sire,
Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
As in revenge or quital of such strife;
But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
The shame and fault finds no excuse nor end.

Shameful it is;—ay, if the fact be known:
Hateful it is;—there is no hate in loving:
I'll beg her love;—but she is not her own:
The worst is but denial, and reproving.
My will is strong, past reason's weak removing:
Who fears a sentence, or an old man's saw,
Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe.

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
'Tween frozen conscience and hot burning will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worse sense for vantage still;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed.

Quoth he, she took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes,
Fearing some hard news from the warlike band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise!
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then, white as lawn, the roses took away.

And how her hand, in my hand being lock'd,
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;
Whereat 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 colour or excuse?
All creators are dumb when beauty pleads;
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses;
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows dreadeth;
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age!
My heart shall never countermand mine eye:
Sad pause and deep regard beseech the sage;
My part is youth, and beats those 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 unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of soul hope, and full of fond mistrust;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,

1 Nipped by the frost.

So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now invasion.
Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatinus:
That eye which looks on her confounds his wits;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worse part;
And therein heartens up his servile powers,
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus madly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforce'd retires his ward;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some regard:
The threshold grates the door to have him heard;
Night-wandering woesels shriek, to see him there;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case;
But his hot heart, with fond desire doth 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 inur'd; return again in haste;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are chaste.

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay him;
He in the worst sense construes their denial:
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial;
Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

So, so, quoth he; these lets attend the time,
Like little frosts that sometime threat the spring,
To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped1 birds more cause to sing.
Pain pays the income of each precious thing; [sands,
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates, shelves and
The merchant fears, ere rich at home he lands.

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his thought,
Which with a yielding latch, and with no more,
Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he sought.
So from himself, in pity hath wrought
That for his prey to pray he doth begin,
As if the heavens should countenance his sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited th' eternal power

1 Nipped by the frost.
That his foul thoughts might compass his 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 back'd with resolution:  
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be tried;  
The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution;  
Against love's fire fear's from bath dissolution.

The eye of heaven is out, and misty night  
Covers the shame that follows sweet delight.

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,  
And with his knee the door he opens wide.  
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will catch:  
Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.  
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;  
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such thing,  
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,  
And gazeth on her yet-unstained bed.  
The curtains being close, about he walks.  
Rolling his greedy eye-balls in his head:  
By their high treason is his heart misled;  
Which gives the watch-word to his hand full soon,  
To draw the cloud that hides the silver moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery pointed sun,  
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our sight;  
Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun  
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 reposèd still;  
But they must ope, this blessed league to kill,  
And holy-thoughted Lucrece to their sight.  
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,  
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss,  
Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,  
Swelling on either side to want his bliss,  
Between whose hills her head intombèd is;  
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,  
To be admir'd of lewd unhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,  
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white  
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,  
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.  
Her eyes, like margiolds, had sheath'd their light,  
And canopled in darkness sweetly lay,  
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her breath;  
O modest wax! wanton modesty!  
Showing life's triumph in the lap of death,  
And death's dim look in life's mortality;  
Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,  
As if between them twain there were no strife,  
But that life liv'd in death, and death in life.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,  
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered;  
Save of their lord, no bearing yoke they knew,  
And him by oath they truly honoured.  
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred;  
Who, like a foul usurper, went about  
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 fixed,  
And in his will his wilful eye he tired.  
With more than admiration he admired  
Her azure veins, her albaster skin,  
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled chin.

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,  
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,  
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,  
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;  
Slak'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 strangling slaves for pallage fighting,  
Obdurate vassals fell 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,alarum striking,  
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,  
His eye commends the leading to his hand;  
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,  
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his stand  
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land.  
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand did scale,  
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet  
Where their dear governess and lady lies;  
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,  
And fright her with confusion of their cries:  
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up eyes,  
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,  
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and control'd.

Imagine her as one in dead night.  
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy waking,  
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly sprite,  
Whose grim aspect sets every joint a shaking;  
What terror is! but she, in worser taking,  
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view  
The sight which makes supposed terror true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,  
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;  
She dares not look; yet, winking, there appears  
Quick-shifting antics, ugly in her eyes:  
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;  
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their lights,  
In darkness daunts them with more dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,  
(Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall)  
May feel her heart (poor citizen! ) distress'd,  
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,  
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes withal.
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 demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: The colour in thy face
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to scale
Thy never conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensn'rd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will, that marks thee for my earth's delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead,
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

I see what crosses my attempt will bring,
I know what thorns the growing rose defends,
I think the honey guarded with a sting;
All this beforehand counsel comprehends,
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends:
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or duty.

I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I shall breed;
But nothing can affection's course control,
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity,
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy.

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Concheth the fowl below with his wings' shade,
Whose crooked beak threats, if he mount he dies:
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells,
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's bells.

Lucretia, quoth he, this night I must enjoy thee:
If thou deny, then force must work my way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee.
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace him.

So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye;
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy;
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend:
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted;

A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound; being so applied,
His venom in effect is purified.

Then, for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit: bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot;
Worse than a slavish wipe, or birth-hour's blot;
For marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy.

Here, with a cockatrice's dead-killing eye,
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the grie's sharp claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fae'd cloud the world doth threat,
In his dim mist th' aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark tomb some gentle gust doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their biding,
Hindering their present fall by this dividing:
So his unhallowed haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but daily,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse panteth;
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart granteeth
No penetrable entrance to her plausible:
Tears harden lust, though marble wears with raining.

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fixed
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mixed,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place:
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love,
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,
That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she, reward not hospitality;
With such black payment as thou hast pretended;
And not the fountain that gave drink to thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot 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 ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to heave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my groans.
All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wreck-threatening heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolve to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

In Tarquin's likeness I did entreat thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrongs't his honour, wound'st his princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a king;
For kings like gods should govern every thing.

How will thy shame be seeded in thine age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou 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 perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

And wilt thou be the school where lust shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
With thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

Hast thou command? by him that gave it thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will;
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
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 wrappt in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes!

To thee, to thee, my heav'd -up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relief;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim 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 let;
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt
To their salt sovereign with their fresh falls' haste,
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste.

Thou art, quoth she, a sea, a sovereign king;
And lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a paddle's womb is hoarded,
And not the paddle in thy sea dispersed.

So shall these slaves be king, and thou their slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified;
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave:
Thou loath'd in their shame, they in thy pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy state—
No more, quoth he; by heaven, I will not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear the
Unto the base bed of some rascal 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 controll'd
Entombs her outery in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears,
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain:
This hot desire converts to cold disdain.
Pure chastity is rifed of her store,
And lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look, as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender smell, or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight:
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devouring.

O deeper sin, than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lac'd and lean discouler'd cheek,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless pace,
Feble desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar, waifs his case:
The flesh being proud, desire doth fight with grace;
For there it revols; and when that deys,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faithful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly chased;
For now against himself he sounds this doom,
That through the length of times he stands disgraced:
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defaced;
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjection
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her presence she controlled still,
But her foresight could not prevent their will.

Even in this thought through the dark night he stealth,
A captive victor that hath lost in gain;
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth,
The scar that will despite of cure remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.
She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a weared lamb lies panting there;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate with her nails his flesh doth tear;
He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear;
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless cast-away;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day;
For day, quoth she, night's scapes 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 beheld,
And therefore would they still in darkness be,
To have their unseen sin remain untold;
For they're 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 spice
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 harbour for defame!
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tong'd treason and the ravisher!

O, hateful, vaporous, and foggy night!
Since thou art guilty of my eyeless crime,
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 exhal'd unwholesome breaths make sick
The life of purity, the supreme fair,
Ere he arrive his weary noon-tide pricks;
And let thy musty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his another'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

Were Tarquin night, as he is but night's child,
If silver-shining queen he would distain;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through night's black boom should not peep again:
So should I have copartners in my pain;
And fellowship in woes doth woos 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 insamy;
But I alone, alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver brine;
Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with groans,
Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

O night! thou furnace of foul reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous day behold that face
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace:
Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are made,
May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

Make me not object to the tell-tale day
The light which will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow:
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote1 my bastardy trespass in my looks.

The nurse to still her child will tell my story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's name;
The orator to deck his oratory
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my 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 he kept unscepted:
If that be made a theme for disputation,
The branches of another root are rotten,
And sundry'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain't 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 mot² afar,
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.

1 Note, observe. 2 Word, mote.
Alas! how many bear such shameful blows,  
Which not themselves, but he that gives them, knows.

If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,  
From me by strong assault it is bereft.  
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,  
Have no perfection of my summer left,  
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft:  
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath crept,  
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee kept.

Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wreck;  
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him;  
Coming from thee, I could not put him back;  
For it had been dishonour to disdain him:  
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,  
And talk'd of virtue. — O, unlook'd for evil,  
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil!

Why should the worm intrude the maiden bud,  
Or hateful 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 cofers up his gold,  
Is plag'd with cramps, and gouts, and painful fits,  
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,  
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,  
And useless barns the harvest of his wits;  
Having no other pleasure of his gain,  
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

So, then he hath it, when he cannot use it,  
And leaves it to be master'd by his young;  
Who in their pride do presently abuse it:  
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,  
To hold their cursed-blessed fortune long.  
The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,  
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring,  
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious flowers,  
Theadder hisses where the sweet birds sing,  
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours;  
We have no good that we can say is ours,  
But ill annexed opportunity  
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

O, Opportunity! thy guilt is great:  
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason;  
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may get;  
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the season:  
'T is thou that spur'n at right, at law, at reason:  
And in thy shady cell, where none may spy him,  
Sits sin to seize the souls that wander by him.

Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath;  
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is thaw'd;  
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth:  
Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!  
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth laid:  
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,  
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief!

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,  
Thy private feasting to a public fast;

Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,  
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:  
Thy violent vanities can never last.  
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,  
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's friend,  
And bring him where his suit may be obtain'd?  
When wilt thou sort an hour great strides to end,  
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath chained?  
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd.  
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

The patient dies while the physician sleeps;  
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds;  
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps;  
Advice is sporting while infection breeds:  
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds.  
Wraith, envy, treason, rape, and murders rage;  
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their pages.

When truth and virtue have to do with thee,  
a thousand crosses keep them from thy aid:  
They buy thy help; but sin ne'er gives a fee:  
He gratis comes, and thou art well appay'd;  
As well to hear, as grant what he hath said.  
My Collatine would else have come to me,  
When Tarquin did; but he was stay'd by thee.

Guilty thou art of murder and of theft;  
Guilty of perjury and subordination;  
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, cospmate of ugly night,  
Swift subtle post, carrier of grisly care;  
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,  
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's snare;  
Thou nurset all, and murderest 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 enchained me  
To endless date of never-ending woes;  
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes;  
To eat up errors by opinion bred,  
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

Time's glory is to calm contending kings,  
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,  
To stamp the seal of time in aged things,  
To wake the morn, and sendinel the night,  
To wrong the wrangler 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 their contents,  
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,  
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs;  
To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel,  
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel:

1 Broken, tarnished. 2 Seated. 3 Satisfied. 4 End.
To show the beldame daughters of her daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild;
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguild;
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-drops;

Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrimage,
Unless thou couldst return to make amends?
One poor retiring 1 minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends,
Lending him wit that to bad debtors lends:
O! this dread night, wouldst thou one hour come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy wrath.

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 lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

Disturb his hours of rest with restless trance,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans;
Let there bechance his pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his means:
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than stones;
And let mild women to him lose their mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wildness.

Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave;
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth live,
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

Let him have time to see his friends his foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how short time goes
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unreckilling crime
Have time to wail th' abusing of his time.

O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill;
For who so base should such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a slave?

The base is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him hate;
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they list.

The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away;
But if the like the snow-white swain desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay;
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:

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Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious day:
THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like sluices,
As from a mountain spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'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 cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits weeping;
To whom she sobbing speaks; O eye of eyes,
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave thy peeping;
Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are sleeping;
Brand not my forehead with thy piercing light;
For day hath nought to do what's done by night.

Thus cavils she with every thing she sees.
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought agrees:
Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of skill.

So she, deep drenched in a sea of care,
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:
No object but her passion's strength renewes,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:
Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no words;
Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy,
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody;
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy:
Sad souls are slain in merry company;
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:
True sorrow then is feelingly suffi'd,
When with like semblance it is sympathiz'd.

'T is double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines, that pines beholding food;
To see the salve doth make the wound ache more;
Great grief grieves most at that would do it good;
Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks o'erflows;
Grief dallied 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 rest;
A most hollow hollowness did I amuse,
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps, when time is kept with tears.

Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grave in my dishevel'd hair.
As the dank earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descanst, better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woen waking, 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, seat'd from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing cold,
Will we find out; and there we will unfold.
To creatures stern sad tunes to change their kinds:
Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear gentle minds.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly,
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily;
So with herself is she in mutiny,
To live or die which of the twain were better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's 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,
Who having two sweet babes, when death takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine?
Whose love of either to myself, was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Collatine?
Al 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.

Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy;
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy:
Then, let it be call'd impartial,
If in this blennish'd fort I make some hole
Through which I may convey this troubled soul.

Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my breath.
My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonour'd,
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life;
The one will live, the other being dead:
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn:
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-born.

Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be read, read it in me:

Terms in music. 2 Melancholy music. 3 i.e. with better skill; "descent" seems to have meant what we now call variation.
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,  
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

This brief abridgment of my will I make:—  
My soul and body to the skies and ground;  
My resolution, husband, do thou take;  
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my wound;  
My shame be his that did my fame confound;  
And all my fame that lives disbursed be  
To those that live, and think no shame of me.

Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will:—  
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it!  
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill;  
Whose swift obedience to her mistress'iss;  
For fleet'rd duty with thought's feathers flies.  
Poor Lucrece' checks 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 sort's a sad look to her lady's sorrow,  
For why, her face wore sorrow's livery;  
But durst not ask of her audaciously  
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,  
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,  
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,  
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet  
Her circled cyme, counc'rd by sympathy  
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky;  
Who in a salt'rd-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, th' impression strange kinds  
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or skill:  
Things form'd not the authors of their ill  
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,  
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champagne plain,  
Lays open all the little worms that creep:  
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain  
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep,  
Through crystal walls each little mote will peep  
Though men can cover crimes with bold stern looks  
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.

No man inveigh against the withered flower,  
But chide rough winter that the flower hath kill'd.

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,  
Is worthy blame. O! let it not be hid!  
Poor women's faults, that they are so fulfilled  
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to blame,  
Make weak-made women tenants to their shame.

The precedent whereof in Lucrece 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 Lucrece 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 raining?  
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 groan) 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 may be so bold,  
She would request to know your heaviness,  
O peace! quoth Lucrece; if it should be told,  
The repetition cannot make it less;  
For more it is than I can well express;  
And that deep grief 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 labour, 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 lover he:  
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 eager combat light;  
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  
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthv lord  
Of that unworthy wife that mockest thee,  
Health to thy person: next, vowed be't afforded  
(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 tenour of her woe,  
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 excurse.
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 fashion
Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her
From that suspicion which the world might bear her.
To shun this blot she would not blot the letter
With words, till action might become them better,

To see sad sights moves more than hear them told,
For there the eye intercepts to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold,
When every part a woe doth bear:
'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear;
Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow fords,
And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind of words.

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
"At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste,"
The post attends, and she delivers it,
Charging the sour-faced groom to hie as fast
As lagging fowls before the northern blast:
Speed more than speed but dull and slow she deems;
Extremity still urges such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low,
And, blushing on her, with a stedfast eye
Receives the scroll, without or yea or no,
And forth with bashful innocence doth hie;
But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie,
Imagine every eye beholds their blame,
For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her shame;

When, sily groom! God wot, it was defect
Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
Such harmless creatures have a true respect
To talk in deeds; while others sanctify
Promise more speed, but do it leisurely:
Even so this pattern of a worn-out age
Pawn'd honest looks, but lay'd no words to gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
That two red fires in both their faces blazed;
She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's lust,
And, blushing with him, wistly on him gazed;
Her earnest eye did make him more amazed:
The more she saw the blood his cheeks replenish.
The more she thought he spied in her some blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
And yet the ducious vassal scarce is gone.
The weary time she cannot entertain,
For now 'tis stale to sigh, to weep, and groan:
So woe hath wearied woe, man tired man,
That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
Praising for means to morn 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 Lion with annoy;
Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
As heaven it seem'd to kiss the turrets bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.
Many a dry stop seem'd a weeping tear,
Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife:
The red blood reek'd to show the painter's strie;

And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy lights,
Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer
Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with dust;
And from the towers of Troy there would appear
The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust:
Such sweet observance in this work was had,
That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
You might behold, triumphing in their faces;
In youth quick bearing and dexterity;
And here and there the painter interlaces
Pale cowards, marching on with trembling paces:
Which heartless peasants did so well resemble, [ble.
That one would swear he saw them quake and trem-

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold!
The face of either 'cipher'd either's heart;
Their face their manners most expressly told:
In Ajax's eyes a blunt rage and rigorous roll'd;
But the mild glance that 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
Thick winding breath, which pur'd up to the sky.

About him were a press of gazing faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice
All 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 neighbour's ear;
Here one, being thron'd, bears back, all boll'n* and red;
Another, smoother'd, seems to pelt and scurw;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry swords.

For much imaginary work was there;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,*
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand: himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, March'd to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons wield;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seem'd to appear
(Like bright things staid') a kind of heavy fear.

And from the strond of Dardan, where they fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than1
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks,
They join, and shoot their foam at Simos’ banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is staid.2
Many she sees, where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolor dwell’d,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam’s wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus’ proud foot lies.

In her the painter had anatomiz’d
Time’s ruin, beauty’s wreck; and grim care’s reign:
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were disguiz’d,
Of what she was no semblance did remain;
Here blue blood chang’d to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes had fed,
Show’d life imprison’d in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the belam’d woes,
Who nothing wants to answer but her cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes:
The painter was no God to lend her those;
And therefore Lucrece sweares he did her wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

Poor instrument, quoth she, without a sound,
I’ll tune thy woe with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam’s painted wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns so long;
And with my knife scratch out the angry eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

Show me the trumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear.
Thy heat of lust, fond Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth bear:
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here;
And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter die.

Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many mo?2
Let sin, alone committed, light alone
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one’s offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus swoonds;
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man’s lust these many lives confounds.
Had tuning Priam checked 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 strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell.
To pencil’d pensiveness and colour’d sorrow; [row.
She lends them words, and she their looks doth bor-

She throws her eyes about the painting, round,
And whom she finds forlorn she doth lament:
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of cares, yet show’d content.
Onward Troy with the blunt swains he goes,
So mild, that patience seem’d to scorn his woes.

In him the painter labour’d with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show;
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbeat 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 enter’d a show so seeming just;
And therein so ensonce’d his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust,
False-ereaping craft and perjury should thrust
Into so bright a day such black-fac’d storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like forms.

The well-skil’d workman this mild image drew
For perjur’d Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wild-fire burn’d the shining glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed places,
When their glass fell wherein they view’d their faces.

This picture she advisely perus’d,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon’s was abused;
So fair a form lodg’d not a mind so ill:
And still on him she gaz’d; and gazing still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she spied,
That she concludes the picture was belied.

It cannot be, quoth she, that so much guile—
(She would have said) can lurk in such a look;
But Tarquin’s shape came in her mind the while,
And from her tongue, "can lurk" from "cannot" took;
"It cannot be" she in that sense foreseok,
And turn’d it thus; "it cannot be, I find,
But such a face she bore a wicked mind:

For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had faint’d)
To me came Tarquin armed; too’ beguil’d?4
With outward honesty, but yet de’il’d
With inward vice; as Priam him did cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look! how listening Priam wets his eyes,
To see those sorrow’d tears that Sinon sheds.
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds:
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy city.

Such devils steal effects from lightless hell,
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold, heat-burning fire doth dwell;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold:

1 Often used, as here, for "then." 2 No other instance is known of the use of this word. In Sonnet XXIV. we have steel’d used in a similar sense. 3 More. 4 so: in med. eda. 5 Masked, or in the guise of.
So Priam's trust false Simon's tears doth flatter,
That he finds means to burn his Troy with water.

Here, all outrag'd, such passion her assail's,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Simon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest.
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest:
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er;
Fool! fool! quoth she, his wounds will not be sore.

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her complaining.
She looks for night, and then she longs for morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her remaining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sustaining:
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps;
And they that watch see time how slow it creeps.

Which all this time hath overslip'd her thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief brought.
By deep surmise of others' detriment;
Losing her woe's in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cured.
To think their doleur 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.

When which her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amaz'dly in her sad face he stares:
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and raw;
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares;
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins: What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befal'n, that thou dost trembling stand?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour spent?
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief that we may give redress.

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow fire,
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe:
At length, address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is in en 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 laments 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 falshion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried, Awake, thou Roman dame,
And entertain my love; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict.

For some hard-favour'd groom of thine, quoth he,
Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfill
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed: this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.

With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently,
I should not live to speak another word;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
Th' adulterate death of Lucrece and her groom.

Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear:
My bloody judge forbid my tongue to speak;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there:
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his eyes,
And when the judge is rob'd, the prisoner dies.

O! teach me how to make mine own excuse.
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find:
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,
Immaculate and sacred 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 damn'd up with woe,
With sad set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so;
But wretched as he is, he strives in vain,
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strain 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 attendant,
And his untimely frenzy thus awakened;
Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe, too sensible, thy passion maketh
More feeling painful; let it, then, suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping eyes.
And for my sake, when I might charm thee so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me:
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own: suppose thou dost defend me
From what is past, the help that thou shalt lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

But ere I name him, you fair lords, quoth she,
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine)
Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of mine;
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms: [harms.
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor ladies'

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knightly blood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd;
But she, that yet her sad task hath not said,
The protection stops, "O! speak, quoth she,
How may this forced stain beavi'd from me?

What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declin'd honour to advance?
May any terms acquit me from this chance?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again,
And why not I from this compell'd stain?

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untaint'd clears;
While with a joyless smile she turns away
The face, that map which deep impression bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
No, no, quoth she; no dame, hereafter living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.

Here, with a sigh as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name: "he, he,? she says.
But more than "he? her poor tongue could not speak;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short 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 unseathed:
That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed:
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged sprite, and through her wounds doth fly
Life's last ing date from cancel'd destiny.

Stone-still, astonish'd with this deadly deed,
Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew;
Till Lucrece' 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-sack'd island vastly stood,
Bar and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red remain'd,
And some look'd black, and that false Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol? goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted place:
And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrify'd.

Daughter, dear daughter! old Lucretius cries,
That life was mine, which thou hast here deprived.
If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unlived?
Thou wast not to this end from me derived.
If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of ours.

Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my child-mewborn;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-born'd death by time out-worn.
O! from thy cheeks 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 suecease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the stronger,
And leave the faltering feeble souls alive?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive:
Then, live sweet Lucrece; live again, and see
Thy father die, and not thy father thee!

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream
He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space;
Till manly shame bids him possess his breath,
And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul
Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk; but through his lips doth throve
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 sorrow's tide to make it more;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er:
Then, son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most, for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says, She's mine. O! mine she is,
Replies her husband: Do not take away
My sorrow's interest; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wall'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 clamours 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 in Lucrece's wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so
As silly jeering idiots are with kings,
For sportive words, and uttering foolish things:

But now he throws that shallow habit by,
Wherein deep policy did him disguise,
And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,
To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.
Thou wronged lord of Rome, quoth he, arise:
Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool,
Now set thy long-experience'd wit to school.

Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?
Do wounds help wounds, or grief aid grievous deeds?
Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,
For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?
Such childish humour from weak minds proceeds;
Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,
To slay herself that should have slain her foe.

With applause.

Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy part,
To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand disgraced,
By our strong arms from forth her fair streets chased.

Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly 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.
SONNETS.

INTRODUCTION.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets. Neuer before Imprinted. At Lon- don By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by William As- ple. 1609." 4to. 40 leaves.

A Lovers complaint. By William Shake-speare," occupies eleven octaves of the volume. The late Mr. Caldecott presented a copy of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" to the Bodleian Library, with the following imprint: "At London By G. Eld for T. T. and are to be solde by John Wright, grelling at Christ Church Gate." It is not doubt the same edition as that "to be solde by William Aspley," for in other respects they agree exactly, excepting that the copy bearing the name of John Wright has no date at the bottom of the title-page: it was very possibly cut off by the binder.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets" were printed under that title, and with the name of the poet in unusually large capital letters, in 1609, and it was not found until we arrive at "A Lover's Complaint," but "Shakespeare's Sonnets" is repeated at the head of the first of the series. Hence we may possibly be warranted in assuming that they were productions well known to have been for some time floating among the lovers and admirers of poetry, and then collected into a volume. The celebrity of the author seems proved, if any proof of the kind were wanting, by the manner in which his Sonnets are prefaced to the third volume of his works.

There is one fact connected with the original publication of "Shakespeare's Sonnets" which has hitherto escaped remark, none of the commentators, apparently, being aware of it; viz. that although there were not two editions of them in 1609, there is an important difference in the title-pages of some copies of the impression of that year, which shows that a bookseller, not hitherto connected with the publication of any of our poet's works, was in some way concerned in the first edition of his "Sonnets," The copy laid before us in 1609, shows that they were printed by G. Eld, for T. T. and were to be sold by William Aspley (without any address); but the late Mr. Caldecott had a copy which stated that they were to be sold by William Aspley, "to whom had been one of the partners in "Much ado about Nothing," 1600, 4to., and "Henry IV.," part ii. 1600, 4to.) but by "John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church Gate." No other copy with which we are acquainted bears the name of Aspley. It is unusual that T. T. had some reason for having it cancelled, and for substituting the name of Aspley for that of Wright: the former might be better known to the ordinary buyers of such books; and to the two quartos plays in which he was interested, he, perhaps, did not think it necessary to append the place where his business was carried on.

The application of the initials T. T., on the title-page, is ascertained from a Register of the Stationers' Company, where the subsequent entry is found:—

"20 May 1609.

There was a bookseller of considerable eminence, who usually put his name at full length upon his title-pages, and why he did not do so in this instance, and also subscribed only T. T. to the dedication of the Sonettes, is a matter we should consider of little or no consequence, if it related to the productions of perhaps any other author but Shakespeare. It sometimes happened of old, that if it were suspected that a work might contain anything publicly or personally objectionable, the printer or the stationer only allowed their initials to appear in connection with it. That such was the case here, there is no sufficient ground for believing; and Eld avowed himself the printer, and Aspley the seller of "Shakespeare's Sonnets." "A Lover's Complaint" has been the subject of much dispute of late years, who was the individual to whom Thorpe dedicated these sonnets, and whom, in a very unpremeditated and peculiar form, he addresses as "Mr. W. H." That form is precisely as follows, on a separate leaf immediately succeeding the title-page:—

TO THE ONLIE BEGETTER, OF THESE INAYING SONNETS.
MR. W. H. ALL HAPINESS.
AND THAT ETERNITIE
PROMISED.
BY,
OUR Euer-LIVING, POET,
WISHETH.
The WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTUER IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.
T. T.

We are not aware that there is another instance in our language, at that period, of a dedication of a similar kind, and in a similar style. It was not at all uncommon for booksellers to subscribe dedications; but it more frequently happened after the death of an author than during his life, and never, that we recollect, in a manner so remarkable. The discussion has been carried on with some pertinacity on the question, what person was addressed, as "Mr. W. H.," and various replies have been made to it. Farmer conjectured wildly that he might be William Harl, the poet's nephew, who was only born in 1600. Tyrwhitt guessed from a line in one of the sonnets (Son. xx.) that the name was W. Hughes, or Hows:

"A man in hue, all hues in his controlling" which is thus printed in the 4to, 1609:

"A man in hue all Hue in his controlling."

Although the word "hue" is repeatedly spelled "lue" in the old edition, this is the only instance in which it is printed in Italian type, and with a capital letter, exactly as Wide, in Sonnets CXXV., CXXVI., and CXXXI., where the author plays upon his own name as Mr. Drake imagined that W. H. were the initials of Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, inverted ("Shakespeare and his Times," vol. ii. p. 62); and of late years Boaden, with great ingenuity, has contended that W. H. means William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. This last notion seems too much taken for granted by Mr. C. Armitage Brown, in his very clever and, in many respects, original work, Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems," 8vo. 1881; but we own that we cannot accord in that, or in any other theory that has yet been advanced upon the point. We have no suggestion of our own to offer, and acquiescence in one opinion or in another in no way affects any position regarding them which we might be disposed to take up; but it seems to us the very height of improbability that a bookseller in the year 1609, when peculiar respect was paid to nobility and station, would venture to address an Earl and a Knight of the Garter simply as "Mr. W. H." Hows of British Poets," (Essay, p. 1xxi.) but we can by no means follow him in thinking that Shakespeare's Sonnets have been "over-rated," nor that the Earl of Pembroke could not have been addressed in them, because he was only nine years old in 1600. Shakespeare had written Sonnets at that date, as may be inferred from the unexpressed testimony of Meres, but those in which the Earl has been supposed to be addressed may have been produced at a considerably later period. Still, at the early age of eighteen or nineteen the Earl reached in 1600, it does not seem likely that Shakespeare would have thought it necessary, with so much vehemence, to urge him to marry.
SONNETS.

1st Poem. Sonnets 1 to 126. To his mistress, on her inconstancy.

Mr. Brown asserts, and goes far to prove, that the sonnets were written in 1593–1609, and printed in 1609, and that they were not, as usually supposed, the fruits of his last, or any of the three last, years of his life. I shall show, however, that his arguments are not convincing, and that the sonnets were written and printed in 1594, as they are commonly supposed to have been written.

Mr. Brown's principal argument in support of his theory is, that the sonnets are addressed to a lady for whom he had a very strong affection, and that they correspond in time with the period of his married life. He contends, therefore, that the sonnets were written during that period, and that they were printed in 1609, as the production of a man who was about to marry, and who had a strong affection for a lady who was about to be his wife.

The sonnets were addressed to a lady who was about to be married, and who was about to be the wife of a man who was about to marry her. The sonnets were not written in 1593–1609, but in 1594, as they were printed in 1609.

Mr. Brown's argument is not convincing, and the sonnets were not written in 1593–1609, but in 1594, as they were printed in 1609.

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II.
When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gazed on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou couldst answer—"This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse,"
Proving his beauty by succession there.
This were to be new made, when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st it cold.

III.
Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unblest some mother.
For where is she so fair, whose un-end'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond,^ who 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.
Unthriftiness, 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, beautiful niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.
Then how, when nature calleth thee to be gone,
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thev unus'd beauty must be tom'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th? executor to thee.

V.
Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair, which fairly doth excel:
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter, and confounds him there;
Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd and barrenness every where:
Then, were not summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was:
But flowers distil'd, though they with winter meet,
Lose but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

VI.
Then, let not winter's ragged hand deface
In thee thy summer, ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which Hippocrates 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 reign'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
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty.
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adores his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pitch with weary ear.
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, (thyselt out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diet, unless thou get a son.

VIII.
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark, how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
Who all in one in one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee,—thou single wilt prove none.

IX.
Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will 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 unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
No love toward others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murderous shame commits.

X.
For shame! deny that thou bear'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 thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate.
Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
Or, to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove;
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou growest
In one of thine, from that which thou departest:
And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestowest,
Thou mayst call thine, when thou from youth convertest.
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore year would make the world away.
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in beauty cherish.
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hidous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then, of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst time's stealthy work can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

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,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthrifts. Dear my love, you know,
You had a father: let your son say so.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, or dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief 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 thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

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,
Vain in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then, the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful time debateth with decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engrave you new.

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 unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
Much like than your painting 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, keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

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 ever touch'd earthly faces."n
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.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.
SONNETS.

XIX.
Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood:
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou pleasest,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O! carve not with thy thorny love's fair brow,
Nor 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 shifting change, as is false women's fashion:
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls amazeth;
And for a woman worth thou first created;
Till nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defaced,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prickt thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their treasure.

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 rondure hems.
O! let me, true 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 are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate;
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the semblance of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me.
How can I, then, be elder than thou art?
O! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from falling 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 besides his part,
Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage,
1 worth : in old eds. Theobald made the change.

Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
O'er-charg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
O! let my books be, then, the eloquence
And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
More than that tongue that more hath more express'd.
O! learn to read what silent love hath writ:
To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

XXIV.
Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath steel'd
Thy beauty's frame 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 cunning want to grace their art,
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.

XXV.
Let those who are in favour with their stars
Of public honour and proud titles boast,
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,
But as the marigold at the sun's eye;
And in themselves their pride lies buried,
For at a frown they in their glory die.
The painful warrior, famoused for fight;
After a thousand victories once foil'd,
Is from the book of honour razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
Then, happy I, that love and am beloved,
Where I may not remove, nor be removed.

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 as mine
May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
But that I hope some good conceit of thine
In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow it;
Till whatsoever star that guides my moving,
Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
And puts apparel on my tattered loving,
To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee; [me.
Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove

XXVII.
Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired:
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide.
SONNETS.

Looking on darkness which the blind do see:  
Save that my soul's imaginary sight  
Prefers thy shadow to my sightless view,  
Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,  
Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new.  
Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my mind,  
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

How can I, then, return in happy plight,  
That am debard'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 alike to tear me;  
The one by toil, the other to complain.  
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.  
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,  
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:  
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,  
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st the even:  
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,  
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem stronger.

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,  
Favour'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least:  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate:  
For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,  
That then I seem to change my state with kings.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:  
Then, can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep a fresh love's long since cancell'd woe,  
And moan 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-bemoaned moan,  
Which I now pay, as if not paid before:  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

Thy bosom is endear'd with all hearts,  
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,  
And there reigns love, and all love's loving parts,  
And all those friends which I thought buried.  
How many a holy and obsequious tear  
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead, which now appear  
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie!  
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,  
Hung with the trophies of my loves 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.

If thou survive my well-contented 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 for my love, not for their 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."
XXXVI.
Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite.
Which though it alien not love's sole effect,
Yet doth if steal sweet hours from love's delight.
I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bowailed guilt should do thee shame;
Nor thou with publickind honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XXXVII.
As a deerepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame 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 more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engraven into this stone;
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
That in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee:
This wish I have; then, ten times happy me!

XXXVIII.
How can my muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
O! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light?
Be thou the tenth muse, ten times more in worth
Than those old nine which rymers invoicate:
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to out-live long date.
If my sight muse do please these curious days,
The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

XXXIX.
O! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is't but mine own, when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'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 dost receive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here, who doth hence remain.

XL.
Take all my loves, my love; yea, take them all;
What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call:

All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
Then, if for my love thou my love received,
I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest.
By willful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all thy proper;
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.

XLI.
Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits.
When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
Thy beauty and thy years full well bels,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assaulted;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will surely leave her till she have prevailed.
Ah me! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art fore'd to break a two-fold truth:
Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.
That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.
If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
But here's the joy; my friend and I are one.
Sweet flattery!—then, she loves but me alone.

XLIII.
When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form, form happy show
To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do show thee.

XLIV.
If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way;
For, then, despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land,
As soon as think the place where he would be,  
But ah! thought kills me, that I am not thought.  
To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,  
But that, so much of earth and water wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan;  
Receiving nought by elements so slow  
But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

XLV.
The other two, slight air and purging fire,  
Are both with thee, wherever I abide;  
The first my thought, the other my desire.  
These present absent with swift motion slide:  
For when these quicker elements are gone  
In tender embassy of love to thee,  
My life, being made of four, with two alone  
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy,  
Until life's composition be recur'd  
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,  
Who e'en 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 conquest of thy sight;  
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would bar,  
My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.  
My heart doth plead, that thou in him dost lie,  
(A closet never pier'd with crystal eyes)  
But the defendant doth that plea deny,  
And says in him thy fair appearance lies.  
To 'e'ide' this title is impennelled  
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart;  
And by their verdict is determined  
The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's part:  
As thus; mine eye's due is thine outward part,  
And my heart's right thine inward love of heart.

XLVII.
Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,  
And each doth good turns now unto the other.  
When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,  
Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,  
With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,  
And to the painted banquet bids my heart:  
Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,  
And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:  
So, either by thy picture or my love,  
Thyself away art present still with me;  
For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,  
And I am still with them, and they with thee;  
Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight  
Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

XLVIII.
How careful was I, when I took my way,  
Each trifle under trusty bars to thrust;  
That to my use it might unused stay  
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!  
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,  
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,  
Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,  
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.  
Thee 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 thiefish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.
Against that time, if ever that time come,  
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,  
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,  
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;  
Against that time, when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye;  
When love, convert'd from the thing it was,  
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;  
Against that time do I encompass me,  
Within the knowledge of mine own desert;  
And this my hand against myself appeas,  
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part;  
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,  
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.
How heavy do I journey on the way,  
When what I seek (my weary travel's end)  
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,  
"Thus far the miles are measure'd from thy friend!"  
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,  
Plods dully on to bear that weight in me,  
As if by some instinct the wretch did know,  
His rider lov'd not speed made from thee.  
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on  
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;  
Which heavily he answers with a groan,  
More sharp to me than spurring to his side;  
For that same groan doth put this in my mind,  
My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.
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 base cause will my car broach then find,  
When swift extremity can seem but slow?  
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;  
In winged speed no motion shall I know:  
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;  
Therefore desire, (of perfect love being made)  
Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race;  
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;  
Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,  
Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

LII.
So am I as the rich, whose blessed key  
Can bring him to his sweet up-looked treasure;  
The which he will not every hour survey,  
For blunting the fine point of solemn pleasure,  
Therefore, are feasts so solemn and so rare,  
Since seldom coming, in the long year set.  
Like stones of worth; they thinly placed are,  
Or captain jewels in the carenet.  
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,  
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,  
To make some special instant special-bles;  
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.  
Blessed are you, whose worthiness 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 cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
Speak of the spring, and poisont 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.

LIV.
O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker’s 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 unwood’d, and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

LV.
Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared’d with sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And 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.

LVI.
Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said,
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay’d,
To-morrow 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 threes more wish’d, more rare.

LIX.
Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire?
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do, till you require.
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
When you have bid your servant once adieu:
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose:
But, like a sad slave, 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.

LVIII.
That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your startimes’ 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, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time:
Do what you will, to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.
I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LXI.
If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
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.

LX.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown’d,
Crooked eclipses ’gainst his glory fight,
And time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty’s brow;
Feels on the rarities of nature’s truth,
And nothing stands but for his seythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.
Is it thy will, thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit that thou send’st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
1 Pliny. 2 Dog-rose. 3 by: in old eds. Malones made the change.
The scope and tenour of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others all too near.

LXII.
Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so grounded inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all parts surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tarn'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity,
'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.
Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn;
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 forfear
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 cost of out-worn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raised,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage:
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
When I have seen such interchange of state;
Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
That time will come and take my love away.
This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.
Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
But sad mortality o'er-sways 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 wretchfull siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?
O fearfull meditation! where, alack!
Shall the best and beauty 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 needly nothing-trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill:
Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that to die I leave my love alone.

LXVII.
Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
And with his presence grace impetue,
That sin by him advantage should achieve,
And lace' itself with his society?
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,
Beggard of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
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 check 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 niece made another gay.
In him a holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself, and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
And him as for a map doth nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.

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,
Utering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
Thine outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound,
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds: [kind,
Then (churlish) their thoughts, although their eyes were
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The soluble is this:—that thou dost common grow.

1 Trim, ador. 2 end: in old eds. Tyrwhitt made the change. 3 Solution.
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 crown that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being wo'd of time;
For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast past by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charged;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy, evermore enlarged:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
Then, thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

LXXI.
No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than 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 love I love you,
That 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 mon,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.
O! lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased,
Theniggard truth would willingly impart.
O! lest your true love may seem false in this,
That for you love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor her you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

LXXIII.
That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by, [strong.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
To love that well which thou must leave ere long:

LXXIV.
But be contented: when that fell arrest
Without all bail shall carry me away,
My life hath in this line some interest,
Which for memorial still with thee shall stay:
When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
The very part was consecrate to thee.
The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
The 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.

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 flaxing age will steal his treasure;
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure:
Sometime all full with feasting on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight;
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day;
Or glutting on all, or all away.

LXXVI.
Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
So far from variation or quick change?
Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name?
Showing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O! know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and love are still my argument;
So, all my best is dressing old words new;
Spending again what is already spent:
For as the sun is daily new and old,
So is my love, still telling what is told.

LXXVII.
Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties 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 mouthed graves will give thee memory;
Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
These children muse'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy book.

LXXVIII.
So oft have I invok'd thee for my muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse,
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes that taught the dumb 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 meddle the style,
And arts with thy sweet grace 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 worthier pen;
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
Then, thank him not for that which he doth afford,
Since what he owes thee, thou thyself dost pay

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 afloat,
Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.
Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
The worst was this—my love was my decay

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you 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.

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 enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, 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.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And, therefore, to your fair no painting set;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt:
And, therefore, have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a tomb.
There lives more life in one of your fair eyes,
Than both your poets can in praise devise.

Who is it that says most? which can say more,
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confines immered is the store,
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury with him that you doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterfeit shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.
You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

My tongue-tied muse in manners holds her still,
While comments of your praise, richly compiz'd,
Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the musest fill'd.
I think good thoughts, whilst other write good words,
And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry "Amen";
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In poiz'd form of well-refined pen.
Hearing you praise'd, I say, "It is so, 'tis true,"
And to the most of praise add something more;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before;
Then, others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhere,
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
Was it the spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished:
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.
I was not sick of any fear from fleuece;
But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.
LXXXVII.
Farewell: thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in 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.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon miscroption growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flutter,
In sleep a king, but waking, no such matter.

LXXXVIII.
When thou shalt be disposed to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight;
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn:
With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
Upon thy part I can set down a story
Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory:
And I by this will be a gainer too;
For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
The injuries that to myself I do,
Doing thee vantage, double vantage me.
Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right myself will bear all wrong.

LXXXIX.
Say that thou didst 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, love, disgrace me half so ill,
To set a form upon desired change,
As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
I will acquaintance strange, and look strange;
Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.

XC.
Then, hate me when thou wilt; if ever: now:
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in form an after loss.
Ah! do not, when my heart hath seap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpose overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their splice,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.
Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their body's force;
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill;
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherin it finds a joy above the rest;
But these particulars are not my measure:
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.
But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine:
Then, need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end:
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend,
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
Since that my life on thy revoit 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.

XCIII.
So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new;
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place:
For there can live no hatred in thine eye;
Therefore, in that I cannot know thy change.
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles strange;
But heaven in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
What'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

XCIV.
They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others but stewards of their excellence.
The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity;
For sweetest things turn sourer by their deeds:
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

XCV.
How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame,
Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name?
O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose?
That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
(Making lascivious comments on thy sport)
Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
SONNETS

I
What for blame
Of Nor
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Bearing
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veins
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XCVI
Some say, thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentile sport;
Both grace and faults are lov’d of more and less:
Thou mak’st faults graces, which to thee resort.
As on the finger of a crowned queen
The basest jewel will be well esteem’d,
So are those errors that in thee are seen
To truths translated, and for true things deem’d.
How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldest use the strength of all thy state!
But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

XCVII
How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December’s barreness every where!
And yet this time remov’d was summer’s time;
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, ‘tis with so dull a cheer.
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter’s near.

XCVIII
From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress’d in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh’d and leap’d with him:
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in colour and in hue,
Could make me any summer’s story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily’s white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you; you pattern of all those.
Yet seem’d it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play:

XCIX
The forward violet thus did I chide:—
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love’s breath? the purple pride [smells,
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwellst,
In my love’s veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stoln thy hair:
The roses fearfully thy hands did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red nor white, had stolen of both,
And to this robbery had annex’d thy breath;

But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker cat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet or colour it had stoln from thee.

C
Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget’st so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?
Spend’st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent:
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem;
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, 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 everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
So thou prevent’st his seythe, and crooked knife.

CI
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 dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
“Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix’d;
Beauty no penell, beauty’s truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix’d.”
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for ‘tis lies in thee
To make him much out-live a gilded tomb,
And to be prais’d of ages yet to be.
Then, do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

CII
My love is strengthen’d, though more weak in seeming
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandiz’d, whose rich esteeming
The owner’s tongue doth publish every where.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring;
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer’s front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days.
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did bush 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 bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside.
O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
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.
CIV.

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.  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:  
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred.—  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,  
Nor my beloved as an idol show,  
Since all amike my songs and praises be,  
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.  
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,  
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;  
Therefore, my verse to constancy confin'd,  
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.  
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,  
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;  
And in this change is my invention spent.  
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.  
Fair, kind, and true, have Often liv'd alone.  
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,  
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,  
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
I see their antique pen would have express'd  
Even such a beauty as you master now.  
So all their praises are but prophecies  
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;  
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,  
They had not skill enough your worth to sing;  
For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control,  
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'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 then in this shall find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests, and tombs of brass are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may characterize,  
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?  
What's new to speak, what now to register,  
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?  
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,  
I must each day say o'er the very same,  
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,  
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.  
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,  
Weighs not the dust and injury of age;  
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,  
But makes antiquity for aye his page;  
Finding the first cement 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 rang'd,  
Like him that travels, I return again,  
Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd;  
So that myself bring water for my stain.  
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd  
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,  
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,  
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;  
For nothing this wide universe I call,  
Save thou, my Rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view;  
God'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear  
Made old offences of affections new:  
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth  
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,  
These blemishes 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 appetites 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.

CXI.

O! for my sake do you with fortune chide,  
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,  
That did not better for my life provide  
Than public means, which public manners breeds:  
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;  
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd  
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.  
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd,  
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink  
Poisons of eyelet against my strong infection;  
No bitterness that I will bitter think,  
Nor double penance, to correct correction.  
Pity me, then, dear friend, and I assure ye;  
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill  
Which vulgar scandal staun'd thou did 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,
SONNETS.

That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong.
In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
Mark how with my neglect I do dispense:
You are so strongly in my world's bred,
That all the world besides methinks they are dead.1

C.XIII.

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?2
Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
For if it see the rudest or gentlest sight,
The most sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crown or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
Ineasible of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine untrues.2

C.XIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
Or whether shall I say, my eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchemy,
To make, of monsters and things indigest,
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
O! 't is the first: 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kindly drinks it up:
Mine eye well knows what with his gust 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.

C.XV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But 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;
Alas! why, fearing of time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, "now I love you best,"
When I was certain 'o uncertainty;
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then, might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow?

C.XVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments: love is 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 tempests, and is never shaken:
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle'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.

C.XVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have santeed all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereeto all bonds do tie me day by day;
That I have frequent been with unknown minds,
And given to time your own dear-purchase'd right;
That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from your sight:
Book both my watchfulness and yours down,
And on just proof surmise accumulat;
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate,
Since my appeal says, I did strive to prove
The constancy and virtue of your love.

C.XVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
Even so, being full of your ne'er-enjoying sweetness,
To bitter savours did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of will, found a kind of meekness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, 't anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assured,
And brought to medicine 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.

C.XIX.

What potions have I drunk of syren tears,
Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil still 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 three times more than I have spent.

C.XX.

That you were once unknow'd friends 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 fee;
Mincs ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

1 methinks y' are dead: in old cop. Dyce omits "they," 2 lack: in old eds. Malone made the change. 3 used as a substantive.
SONNETS.

CXVI.

'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 salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are trailer spies.
Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
Unless this general evil they maintain,
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXVII.

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 successor 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 suited; and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:
Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look so.

CXVIII.

How oft, when thou, my music, music playest,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently swayest
The wavy concord that mine ear confound'st,
Do I envy those jacks,1 that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXIX.

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 despis'd 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:

 Which prove more short than waste or ruiniug?
Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lost, and all, and more, by paying too much rent;
For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrifters, in their gazing spent?
No; let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no art,
But mutual render, only me for thee.
Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy control.

CXV.

O thou, my lovely boy! who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein show'st
Thy lovers withering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If nature, sovereign mistress over wreck,
As thou goest onwards will still 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.

CXVI.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for fortune's bastard be unfathered,
As subject to time's love, or to time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gathered.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
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.

CXV.

Were 't taught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
1 The keys of the virginal.
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe!  
Before, a joy propos'd, a dream.  
All this the world well knows, yet none knows well  
To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;  
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;  
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;  
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.  
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,  
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;  
And in some perfumes is there more delight  
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.  
I love to hear her speak; yet well I know  
That music hath a far more pleasing sound:  
I grant I never saw a goddess go;  
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground.  
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare  
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,  
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;  
For well thou know'st, to my dear 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 not dare not be so bold,  
Although I swear 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.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,  
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,  
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,  
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.  
And, truly, not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even  
Doth half that glory to the sober west,  
As those two mourning eyes become thy face.  
O! let it, then, as well beseech thy heart.  
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,  
And suit thy pity like in every part;  
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,  
And all they soul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart, that makes my heart to groan  
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!  
Is't not enough to torture me alone,  
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must be?  
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,  
And my next self thou harder hast engrossed:  
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken;  
A torment thrice 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 rigour in my jail:  
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,  
And I myself am 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 learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,  
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.  
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,  
Thou usurer, that put'st forth all to use,  
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake;  
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.  
Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:  
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy Will,  
And Will to boot, and Will in over-plus;  
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,  
To thy sweet will making addition thus.  
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,  
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine?  
Shall will in others seem right gracius,  
And in my will no fair acceptance shine?  
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,  
And in abundance addeth to his store:  
So thou, being rich in Will, add to thy Will  
One will of mine, to make thy large Will more.  
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;  
Think all but one, and me in that one Will.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,  
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,  
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there;  
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fullfil.  
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,  
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.  
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,  
Among a number one is reckond none:  
Then, in the number let me pass untold,  
Though in thy stores' account I one must be;  
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold  
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:  
Make but my name thy love, and love that still,  
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is Will.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine eyes,  
That they behold, and see not what they see?  
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,  
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.  
If eyes. corrupt by over-partial looks,  
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,  
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,  
Where to the judgment of my heart is tied?  
Why should my heart think that a several plot,  
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,  
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?  
In things right true my heart and eyes have erred,  
And to this false plague are they now transfigured.
CXXXVIII.  
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 subtilties.  
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 thus is simple truth suppress'd.  
But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?  
And wherefore say not I, that I am old?  
O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,  
And age in love loves not to have years told:  
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me.  
And in our faults by lies we slatter'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 lovest else where; but in my sight,  
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside: [might  
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy  
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can hide?  
Let me excuse thee: ah! 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 so; but since I am near slain,  
Kill me out-right with looks, and rid my pain.

CXLI.  
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-wrestling world is grown so bad,  
Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.  
That I may not be so, nor thou belied,  
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go  

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 dote.  
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted;  
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,  
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited  
To any sensual feast with thee alone:  
But my five wits, nor my five senses can  
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,  
Who leave unseaw'd the likeness of a man,  
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:  
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,  
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

CXLII.  
Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,  
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving.  
O! but with mine compare thou thine own state,  
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;  
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,  
That have profan'd their sacred ornaments,  
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,  
Robb'd others' beds revenues of their rents.  
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those  
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee;  
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,  
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.  
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,  
By self-example may'st thou be denied!
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 dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more.

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men.
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.

My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.

Past cure am, now reason is past care,
And frantic mad with ever-more unrest:
My thoughts and 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 have 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 meaneth 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 be, I? O! how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?

No marvel, then, though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning love! with tears thou 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? 2
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?
Who hatest thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou love'st me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?

But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind:
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

CL.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight.
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?

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 shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Least 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.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:

For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,
Or made them swear against the thing they see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep;
A maid of Diana's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which boy, with this hot brand my 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.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd:
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrill,
Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

From off a hill whose concave womb re-worded
A plaintful story from a sistering vale,
My spirits t' attend this double voice accorded,
And down I laid to list the sord-tum'd tale;
Ere long easy'd a fickle maid full pale,
Tearing of papers, breaking rings a-twain,
Storming her world with sorrow's wind and rain.

Upon her head a platted hive of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the sun,
Whereon the thought might think sometime it saw
The carcase of a beauty spent and done;
Time had not scythed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quift; but, spite of heaven's fell rage,
Some beauty peep'd through lattice of earl'd age.

Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had concised characters,
Laudering the silk'd figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears,
And often reading what contents it bears;
As some shrieking undistinguish'd woe
In clamours of all size, both high and low.

Sometimes her level'd eyes their carriage ride,
As she 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 tend
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 plight,
Proclaim'd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some, untack'd, descended her sheav'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek beside;
Some in her threaden fillet still did bide,
And, true to bondage, would not break from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand favours from a maud' she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of bedded jet,
Which one by one she in a river throw,
Upon whose weeping margin she was set;
Like usury, applying wet to wet,
Or monarchs' hands, that not bounty fall
Where want cries "some," but where excess begs all.

Of folded schedules had she many a one,
Which she purus'd, sigh'd, tore, and gave the flood
Crack'd many a ring of posed gold and bone,
Bidding them find their sepulchres in mud;
Found yet more letters sadly pen'd in blood,
With sleided silk feat and affectedly
Enemy'd and seal'd to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kiss'd, and often 'gan' to tear;
Cry'd, O false blood! thou register of lies,
What unapproved witness dost thou bear!
Ink would have seem'd more black and damned here.
This said, in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent so breaking their contents.

A reverend man that graz'd his cattle nigh,
Sometimes a blusterer, that the ruffle knew
Of court, of city, and had let go by
The swiftest hours, observed as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy hastily drew;
And, privileg'd by age, desires to know,
In brief, the grounds and motives of her woe.

So slides he down upon his grained bat,
And comely-distant sits he by her side;
When he again desires her, being sat,
Her grievance with his hearing to divide:
If that from him there may be aught applied,
Which may her suffering ecstasy assuage,
'T is promis'd in the charity of age.

Father, she says, though in me you behold
The injury of many a blasting hour,
Let it not tell your judgment I am old;
Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power:
I might as yet have been a spreading flower,
Fresh to myself, if I had self-applied
Love to myself, and to no love beside.

But woe is me! too early I attended
A youthful suit, it was to gain my grace;
O! one by nature's outwards so commended,
That maidens' eyes stuck over all his face:
Love lack'd a dwelling, and made him her place;
And when in his fair parts she did abide,
She was new lodg'd, and newly defied.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curls,
And every light occasion of the wind
Upon his lips their silk'd parcels hurls:
What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find;
Each eye that saw him did enchain 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 term'nless skin.
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to wear;
Yet show'd his visage by that cost most dear,
And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

Malone made the change.  2 The northern provincialism for sour.
A LOVER'S COMPLAINT.

His qualities were beauteous as his form,
For maicien-tong'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 rudeness so, with his authoriz'd youth,
Did livery falseness in a pride of truth.

Well could he ride, and often men would say,
"That horse his mettle from his rider takes:
Proud of subjection. noble by the sway,
[makes]!
What rounds, 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 siezed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went.
His real habitude gave life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his case:
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Came for additions, yet their purport'd trim
Piece'd not his grace, but were all grace'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 laugher 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 enchant'd,
To dwell with him in thoughts, or to remain
In personal duty, following where he haunt'd:
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 godly objects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, their in thought assign'd;
And labouring in more pleasures to bestow them,
Than the true gouty landlord which doth owe them.

So many have, that never touch'd his hand,
Sweetly suppose'd them mistress of his heart.
My woeful self, that did in freedom stand,
And was my own fee-simple, (not in part)
What with his art in youth, and youth in art,
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reserv'd the stalk, and gave him all my flower.

Yet did I not, as some my equals did,
Demand of him, nor, being desir'd, yielded;
Finding myself in honour so forbid,
With safest distance I mine honour shielded.
Experience for me many bulwarks build'd
Of proofs new-bleding, 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 essay?
Or fore'd examples, 'gainst her own content,
To put the by-passe'd peri's in her way?
Counsel may stop a while what will not stay;

For when we rage, advice is often seen
By blunting us to make our wits more keen.

Nor gives it satisfaction to our blood,
That we must curb it upon others' proof,
To be forbid the sweets that seem so good,
For fear of harms that preach in our behoof.
O appetite, from judgment stand aloof!
The one a palate hath that needs will taste,
Though reason weep, and cry, "it is thy last."

For farther I could say, "this man's untrue,"
And knew the patterns of his foul beguiling;
Heard where his plants in others' orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were gilded in his smiling;
Knew vows were ever brokers to defiling;
Thought characters, and words, merely but art,
And bastards of his foul adulterate heart.

And long upon these terms I held 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 unio,
Till now did never 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 nature they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind:
They sought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much less of shame in me remains,
By how much of me their reproach contains.

Among the many that mine eyes have seen,
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warmed,
Or my affection put to the smallest teen, 4
Or any of my leisures ever charmed:
Harm have I done to them, but ne'er was harmed;
Kepth hearts in liveries, but mine own was free,
And reign'd, commanding in his monarchical.

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of paled pearls, and rubies red as blood;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the enermiz'd mode;
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
E necamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.

And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd,
I have receiv'd from many a several fair
(Their kind acceptance weeping beseech'd)With the annexations of fair gems enrich'd,
And deep-brain'd sons, that did amplify
Each stone's dear nature, worth, and quality.

The diamond; why, 't was beautiful and hard,
Where to his invis'd properties did tend,
The deep-green emerald, in whose fresh regard
Weak sights their sickly radiance do amend;
The heaven-hued sapphire, and the opal blend
With objects manifold: each several stone,
With wit well blazon'd, smil'd, or made some moan.

Lo! all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiv'd and subdued desires the tender,
Nature hath charg'd me that I hoard them not,  
But yield them up where I myself must render;  
That is, to you, my origin and ender:  
For these, of force, must your oblations be,  
Since I their altar, you expatiate me.

O! then, advance of yours that phraseless hand,  
Whose white weights down the airy scale of praise;  
Take all these similes to your own command,  
Hallow'd with sights that burning lungs did raise;  
What me, your minister, for you obeys,  
Works under you; and to your audit comes  
Their distant parcels in combined sums.

Lo! this device was sent me from a nun,  
Or sister sanctified, of holiest note;  
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,  
Whose rarest havings made the blossoms' dote:  
For she was sought by spirits of richest coat,  
But kept cold distance, and did thence remove,  
To spend her living in eternal love.

But O, my sweet! what labour is 't to leave  
The thing we have not, mastering what not strives?  
Paling the place which did no form receive;  
Playing patient sports in unconstrained gyres?  
She that her fame so to herself contrives,  
The seas of battle scath'd by the flight,  
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

O, pardon me, in that my boast is true!  
The accident which brought me to her eye,  
Upon the moment did her force subdued,  
And now she would the caged cloister fly;  
Religious love put out religion's eye:  
Not to be tam'd, would she be immur'd;  
And now, to tempt all, liberty procured.

How mighty then you are, O hear me tell!  
The broken bosoms that to me belong,  
Have emptied all their fountains in my well,  
And mine I pour your ocean all among:  
I strong o'er them, and you o'er me being strong,  
Must for your victory us all congeat,  
As compound love to physic your cold breast.

My parts had power to charm a sacred sun,  
Who, disciplin'd, I dieted in grace,  
Believ'd her eyes, when they t' assail begun,  
All vows and consecrations giving place.  
O most 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 stale example? When thou wilt inflame,  
How coldly those impediments stand forth  
Of wealth, of filial fear, law, kindred, fame?  
Love's arms are peace, 'gainst rule, 'gainst sense,'gainst  
shame;  
And sweetens, in the suffering pangs it bears,  
The 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;  
Methi cheek a river running from a fount  
With brinish current downward tow'd apace.  
O, how the channel to the stream gave grace!  
Who, glad'd with crystal, gate the glowing roses  
That flame through water which their hue 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 elef't effect! cold modesty, hot wraiths,  
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;  
My white stole of chastity I daff'd;  
Shook off my sober guards, and civil fears;  
Appeared to him, as he to me appears,  
All melting; though our drops this difference bore,  
His poison'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenteous of subtle matter,  
Applied to cauter's, all strange forms receives,  
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,  
Or swooning paleness; and he takes and leaves,  
In either's apiness, as it best deencies  
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 seape the hail of his all-hurting aim,  
Shewing fair nature is both kind and tame,  
And veild in them, did win whom he would main:  
Against the thing he sought he would exclain;  
When he most burn'd in heart-wish'd luxury,  
He preach'd pure maid, and prais'd cold chastity.

Thus, merely with the garment of a grace  
The naked and concealed fiend he cover'd;  
That th' 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 glowed!  
O, that fore'd thunder from his heart did fly!  
O, that sad breath his spungy lungs bestowed!  
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming owed,  
Would yet again betray the fore-betray'd,  
And new pervert a reconciled maid!
THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM.

INTRODUCTION.

[The Passionate Pilgrimage By W. Shakespeare. At London Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paukes Churhychard. 1599. 15mo. 90 leaves. The title-page first given to the edition of 1612 ran thus: "The Passionate Pilgrimage. Or Certain Amorous Sonnets, belonging to the Passionate Pilgrimage, 1599; the same, augmented. By W. Shakespeare. The Third Edition. Whereunto is newly added two Looe-Epoisses, the first from Paris to Helen, and Helen's answers backe againe to Paris. Printed by W. Jaggard." The title-page substituted for the above differs in no other respect but in the omission of "By W. Shakespeare."]

In the following pages we have reprinted "The Passionate Pilgrimage," 1599, as it came from the press of W. Jaggard, with the exception only of the orthography. Many 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 two-fold—of that Barnfield formally, and in his own name, printed them as his in 1598; and next, that he reprinted them under the same circumstances in 1605, notwithstanding that he had seen the earlier edition. The truth seems to be that W. Jaggard took them in 1599 from Barnfield's publication, printed by John Jaggard in 1598. In 1599 W. Jaggard went even more boldly to work; for in the impression of "The Passionate Pilgrimage," 1599, he only reprinted Barnfield's poems of 1598, but included two of Ovid's Epistles, which had been translated by Thomas Heywood, and printed by him with his name in "The Troia Britannica," 1599. The Epistles were added, with some little ambiguity, to appear in "The Passionate Pilgrimage" of 1612, to have been also the work of Shakespeare. When, therefore, Heywood published his next work in 1612, he exposed the wrong that had been thus done to him, and claimed the performances as his own. (See the Reprint of "The Apology for Actors," by the Shakespeare Society, pp. 62 and 66.) He seems also to have explained to W. Jaggard; for the latter cancelled the title-page of "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1612, which contained the name of Shakespeare, and substituted another without any name, so far discrediting Shakespeare's right to the work contained, although some were his beyond all dispute. Malone's copy in the Bodleian Library has both title-pages.

To what extent, therefore, we may accept W. Jaggard's assertion of the authorship of Shakespeare of the poems in "The Passionate Pilgrimage," 1599, is a question of some difficulty. Two Sonnets, with which the little volume opens, are contained (with variations, on which account we print them here) in Thorpe's edition of "Shakespeare's Sonnets," 1609: three other Sonnets are added to "Love's Labour's Lost," which had been printed the year before "The Passionate Pilgrim" originally came out:—and, it is said, "their author, notoriously belonging to Marlowe and Raleigh; a sonnet, with some slight differences, had been printed as his in 1596, by a person of the name of Griffin; while one production appeared in "England's Helicon" in 1600, under the signature of Lyndo. The various circumstances attending these, wherever any remark seemed required, are stated in our notes, and it is not necessary therefore to enter further into the question here. It ought to be mentioned, that although the signatures at the bottom of the page are common, to the copy containing this poem beginning, "Lord, how mine eyes throw gaves to the east!" we meet with a new and dateless title-page, which runs thus:—"Sonnets to sundry Notes of Musick. At London Printed for W. Jaggard, and are to be sold by W. Leake, at the Greyhound in Paukes Churhychard." Hence we may infer that all the productions inserted after this division had been set by popular composers: that some of them had received a fresh title, and that the double title-page was used, as a band-aid, in their place. We refer particularly to the lyrical poem, "My floosk ied not," (p. 982) and to the well-known lines, "Live with me and be my love," (p. 989) the air to which seems to have been so well received by the public; and, in connection with this, we refer to the "Strange Histories," 1607, p. 83 of the reprint by the Percy Society.

One object with W. Jaggard in 1612, when he republished "The Passionate Pilgrimage," for the second time, was probably to swell the bulk of it; and so much had he felt this want in 1599, that, excepting the three last leaves, all the rest of the volume is printed on one side of the paper only, a peculiarity we do not recall to belong to any other work of the time: by the insertion of Heywood's translations from Ovid, this course was rendered unnecessary in 1612, and although the volume is still of small bulk, it was not so insignificant in its appearance as it had been in 1599. Only a single copy of the edition is known, although it is very probable that it had been republished in the interval between 1609 and 1612.

Nicholas Breton seems to have written his "Passionate Shepherd," 1604, in imitation of the title and of the style of some of the poems in the "Passionate Pilgrimage." To the two first books of the production "Love's Labour's Lost," which Breton was led to imitate the title, and of verse form of some of the pieces in it. As "The Passionate Shepherd" is a great curiosity, not being even mentioned by bibliographers, and it is thus connected with the name and works of Shakespeare, an exact copy of the title-page may be acceptable.

The Passionate Shepherds, or The Shepherds Lame: set down in Passions to his Shepherdesses Aglais. With many excellent conceited Poems and pleasant Sonnets, fit for young heads to pass away the time with ease. Also, by W. Shakespeare, and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Tower-Hill, near the Bulwarks Gate. 1604. 4to.

It is as small a poetical volume as we remember to have seen, excepting a copy of George Peele's "Tale of Troy," which was reprinted in 1604, of the size of an inch and a half high by an inch
the edition of 1609, we believe, has been preserved, and that
is among Capell's books in the library of Trinity College,
Cambridge. No other copy of "The Passionate Pilgrim" of
1612 has the two title-pages, with and without the name
of Shakespeare, but that formerly belonging to Malone, and
belonged to him, with so many other valuable rarities, to
the Bodleian Library.

"The Passionate Pilgrim," 1699, concludes with a piece of
moral satire, "Whilst asickle fortune strives," &c., and we
have followed it by a poem found only in a publication by
Broad. It contains some curious variations from the text of the first
edition in 1609. 46.

1 It is called "Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint." Of the
author or editor nothing is known; but he is not to be confounded with
Charles Chester, called Carlo Bufons in Ben Jonson's "Every
Man out of his Humour," and respecting whom see Nash's "Pierce
Robert Chester, dated 1601. Malone preceded "The Phoenix
and the Turtle," by the song "Take, O! take these lips away:" this we have not thought it necessary to repeat,
because we have given the whole of it, exactly in the same
words, in "Measure for Measure," Act IV., Sc. I. The first
edition in which it is found is in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Bloody Brother.
It may be doubted, therefore, whether Shakespeare wrote it, or,
like Beaumont and Fletcher, only introduced part of it
into his play as a popular song of the time.

Penniman," 1692. (Shakespeare Society's reprint, pp. 38, 59)
and Thomas's "Anecdotes and Traditions," (printed for the Camden
Society) p. 55. Charles Chester is several times mentioned by name in
"Skeat's "Anecdotes and Traditions," by E. Gillpix,
printed in 1695, as well as in "Ulysses upon Ajax," 1606.

I.

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
Unskilful in the world's false perjuries;
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 not I that I am old?
O! love's best habit is a soothing tongue,
And age, in love, loves not to have years told.
Therefore I'll lie with love, and love with me,
Since that our faults in love thus smoother'd be.

II.

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 wiser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
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 fiend.
Suspect I may, but not directly tell;
For being both to me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
The truth I shall not know, but live in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

III.

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 not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou fair sun, that on this earth dost shine,
Exhale this vapour now; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what fault is so not wise
To break an oath, to win a paradise?

I. This sonnet is substantially the same as Sonnet cxxxviii. in the quarto published by Thorp, in 1609. 2 This sonnet is also included in the collection of 1609. (Sonnet cxxxv.) but with some verbal variations. 3 This sonnet is found in "Love's Labour's Lost," but with some slight variations. Published in 1609. 4 We may suspect, notwithstanding the concurrence of the two ancient editions in our text, that the true reading was sugar'd, the long s having been, as in other places, mistaken for the letter f. 5 This poem, with variations, is read by Sir Nathaniel, in "Love's Labour's Lost."
VII.

Fair is my love, but not so fair as sickle,
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 falser to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath she joined,
Between each kiss her oaths of true love swearing!
How many tales to please me hath she coined,
Dreading my love, the loss whereof still fearing!
Yet in the midst of all her pure protestings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jestings.

She burn'd with love, as straw with fire flameth;
She burn'd out love, as soon as straw out burneth;
She fram'd the love, and yet she foil'd the framing;
She bade love last, and yet she fell a turning.
Was this a lover, or a lecher whether?
Bad in the best, though excellent in neither.

VIII.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then, must the love be great twixt thee and me.
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Doulant to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense:
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,
As passing all conceit needs no defence.
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodions sound
That Phæbus' lute (the queen of music) makes;
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

IX.

Fair was the morn, when the fair queen of love,2
Paler for sorrow than her milk-white dove,
For Adonis sake, a youngster proud and wild;
Her stand she takes upon a steep up hill:
Anon Adonis comes with horn and hounds;
She silly queen, with more than love's good will,
Forbade the boy he should not pass those grounds.
Once, (quoth she) did I see a fair sweet youth
Here in these brakes deep-wounded with a boar,
Deep in the thigh, a spectacle of ruth!
See, in my thigh, (quoth she,) here was the sore.
She showed hers; she saw more wounds than one,
And blushing fled, and left her all alone.

X.

Sweet rose, fair flower, unhurly 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 leav'st me nothing in thy will.
And yet thou leav'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.4

Venus with Adonis sitting by her,
Under a myrtle shade, began to woo him:
She told the youngling how god Mars did try her,
And as he fell to her, she fell to him.
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god embrac'd me;
And then she clipp'd Adonis in her arms;
Even thus, (quoth she) the warlike god unlace'd me,
As if the boy should use like loving charms:
Even thus, (quoth she) he seiz'd on my lips,
And with her lips on his did act the seizure;
And as she fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning, nor her pleasure.
Ah! that I had my lady at this bay,
To kiss and clip me till I ran away!

XII.

Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together;
Youth is full of pleasure,
Age is full of care:
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short;
Youth is nimble, age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild, and age is tame;
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O, sweet shepherd! his thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

XIII.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining glass that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies, when first it 'gin's to bud;
A brittle glass, that's broken presently.
A doubtful good, a glass, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.
And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded glass no rubbing will refresh:
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress.
So beauty blemish'd one, for ever lost,
In spite of paint, 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 descent on the dancing of a nevy.
Farewell, quoth she, and come again to-morrow:
Fare well I could not, for I supp'd with sorrow.
Yet at my parting sweetly did she smile,
In scorn or friendship, nill I construe whether:—
't May be, she joy'd to jest at my exile,
't May be, again to make me wander thiser;
"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
Both cite each moving sense from idle rest.
Not staring trust the office of mine eyes,
While Philomela sits and sings, I sit and mark,
And wish her lays were tuned like the lark;
For she doth welcome day-light with her ditty,
And drives away dark dismal-dreaming night:
The night so pack'd, I post unto my pretty;
Heart hath his hope, and eyes their wished sight;
Sorrow chang'd to solace, solace mix'd with sorrow;
For why? she sigh'd, and bade me come to-morrow.

Were I with her, the night would post too soon;
But now are minutes added to the hours;
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon;
Yet not for me, sheio sun to succour flowers!
Pack night, peep day, good day, of night now borrow:
Short, night, to-night, and length thyself to-morrow.

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 trusty knight
Was wounded with disdain:
Alas! she could not help it.
Thus art with arms contending
Was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning
Did bear the maid away;
Then hullaby, the learned man
Hath got the lady gay;
For now my song is ended.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month was ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair,
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find;
That the lover (sick to death)
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath,
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow;
Air, would I might triumph so!
But, alas! my hand hath sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
Vow, alack! for youth unmeet
Youth, so apt to pluck a sweet.
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

XVII.
My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amiss:
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this,
All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
All my lady's love is lost (God wot):
Where her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
There a nay is plac'd without remove,
One silly cross
Wrought all my loss:
O frowning Fortune, cursed, fickle dame!
For now I see
Inconstancy
More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I,
All fears scorn I,
Love hath forlorne me,
Living in thrall:
Heart is bleeding,
All help neading,
O cruel speceting!
Fraughted with gall!
My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
My wether's bell rings doleful knell;
My curtail dog that wout to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
My sighs so deep,
Progress to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight
How sighs resound
Through heartless ground,
Like a thousand vanquisht men in bloody fight!

1 an hour: in old eds. Steevens made the change; moon having the sense of month. 2 This is the first piece in the division of "The Passionate Pilgrim." 3 This poem, in a more complete state, and with the addition of two lines only found there, may be seen in "Love's Labour's Lost." This poem also printed in "England's Helicon," (sign. H) a miscellany of poetry, first published in 1600, (reprinted in 1612,) where "W. Shakespeare" is appended to it. 4 In "England's Helicon," 1600, this poem immediately follows "On a day (alack the day!)" but it is there entitled, "The unknown Shepherd's Complaint," and it 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. It had appeared anonymously, with the music, in 1597, in a collection of Madrigals, by Thomas Weelkes. 5 "Love's denrying" in "England's Helicon." 6 "Heart's renying" in "England's Helicon." 7 Part. 8 Both editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim," have Wist for My, which last not only is necessary for the sense, but is confirmed as the true reading by Weelkes' Madrigals, 1597.
Clear wells spring not,
Sweet birds sing not,
Green plants bring not
Forth their dye;¹
Herds stand weeping,
Flocks all sleeping,
Nymphs back peeping
Fearfully:
All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
All our merry meetings on the plains,
All our evening sport from us is fled;
All our love is lost, for love is dead.
Farewell, sweet lass,²
Thy like ne'er was
For a sweet content, the cause of all my moan³
Poor Coridon
Must live alone,
Other help for him I see that there is none.

XIX.*

When as thine eye hath chosen the dame,
And staid the deer that thou shouldst strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as partial fancy like:
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk,
Lest she some subtle practice smell;
A cripple soon can find a halt;
But plainly say thou lovest her well,
And set thy person forth to sell.²

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will clear ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dispersed her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay,
Her feele 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."²

And to her will frame all thy ways:
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ring in thy lady's ear:
The strongest castle, tower, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

¹ So both editions of "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "England's Helicon.
² "Loud belle ring not, Cheerfully.
³ "The Passionate Pilgrim," and "England's Helicon," both have love for lass, which the rhyme shows to be the true reading, as it stands in Wellesley's Madrigals, 1667. So "England's Helicon" and Wellesley's Madrigals: "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, has love for woman. In some modern editions, the stanza of this poem has been given in an order different to that in which they stand in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599; to that order we restore them, and that text we follow, excepting where it is evidently corrupt. The line, "As well as partial fancy like," we have corrected by a manuscript of the time. The edition of 1599 reads: "As well as fancy party all might," which is decidedly wrong. Malone substituted "As well as fancy, partial taste." The manuscript by which we have corrected the fourth line of the stanza also gives the two last lines of it thus—
"Ask counsel of some other head.
Neither unwise nor yet unwed.
But no change from the old printed copy is here necessary. In the manuscript the whole has Shakespeare's initials at the end. So the manuscript in our possession: "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599, has it, "She will not stick to round me on the ear." This poem, here incomplete, and what is called "Love's Answer," still more imperfect, may be seen at length in "Percy's Reliques," Vol. I. They belong to Christopher Nowes and Sir Walter Raleigh; the first is assigned by same to Marlowe, in "England's Helicon," 1669, sign A 2) and the last appears in the same collection, under the name of Ignoto, which was a signature sometimes adopted by Sir Walter Raleigh. They are, besides, assigned to both these authors in Watton's "Angles," (p. 146, edit. 1592) under the titles of "The milkmaid's song," and "The Milkmaid's Mother's Answer."
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 man,
Save the nightingale alone :
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefulls'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by;
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain,
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee.
King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.

Whilst as fickle 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 in his ear:
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice:
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandement;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then, farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed
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 chaste wings obey.

But thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Augur of the fever'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 obsequy so strict.

Let the priest in surprize white,
That defunctive 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;
Phœnix 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 Phœnix' 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.

1 This poem is contained in R. Barnfield's "Encomion of Lady Pecunia," 1598. It is also inserted in "England's Helicon," 1600, (H. 2) under the signature of Ignatius; but as Barnfield reprinted it as his, in 1605, there can be little doubt that he was the author of it.
2 "England's Helicon" here adds this couplet:—
   "Even so, poor bird, like thee,
   None alive will pity me."
3 This is the last poem in "The Passionate Pilgrim," 1599. It is a separate production, both in subject and place, with a division between it and Barnfield's poem, which precedes it; nevertheless they have been incasently coupled in some modern editions.
4 This poem is printed, as we have given it, with the name of Shakespeare, in Robert Cheaster's "Love's Martyr, or Rosaline's Complaint," 1601. It occurs near the end, among what are called on the title-page, "new Compositions of several modern Writers, whose names are subscribed to their several Works."
Whereupon it made this threne,
To the Phœnix and the dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOΣ.
Beauty, truth, and rarity,
Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix' nest;
And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

Leaving no posterity:
'T was not their infirmity,
It was married chastity.

Truth may seem, but cannot be;
Beauty 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 sigh a prayer.

Wm. Shake-speare.

THE END.
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